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Of the many recent notices which have appeared of the KNICKERBOCKER in the public press, we give the following:

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'In no other Magazine has this feature been so thoroughly carried out. In the earlier numbers of *Blackwood*, the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' hold a similar place, but they have long since been discontinued; and the grave has closed over most of those who held their ideal symposia in the 'Blue Parlor' at 'Ambrose's. The 'Editor's Table' of the KNICKERBOCKER still survives, as hearty in its criticisms on men and things as it ever was, and as sparkling and racy to-day as it was when jokes were plenty and stories untold. The success of this periodical disproves the general assertion that our Magazines must necessarily be ephemeral in their existence, although many have been started, lived through a more or less sickly existence, and given up the ghost, or merged their identity with that of another, since the patriarch of American Magazines first issued its numbers to the world.'— *Boston Daily Transcript.*

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THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

AND now the 'Shenandoah' was again at sea, bound to Cadiz, and poor Midshipman Jenkins lay upon a locker, thinking of the faithless Harmonia!

'I say, Gray,' cried the unfeeling Hart, 'I wish you would administer a dose of oil or magnesia to 'hot poker John,' to carry off that love attack of his, for he eats nothing, looks like a ghost, and is as melancholy as a sea-sick monkey.'

'I would rather prescribe salt-horse and slap-jacks, taken in alternate doses of a pound each,' replied the assistant surgeon addressed. 'But do n't be uneasy, our love-lorn swain will soon be on his feet again, you may rely upon it. I was in a far worse way than he is when I joined this vessel, and now I have the digestion of an ostrich, and the corporation of an alderman, as you know.'

'Pray give in your experience for the benefit of the mess, Doctor,' said Maddox.

'*Ciertamente*,' assented the medico; 'and to make it the more effective, I will endeavor to do so in the true novelist style. On the left bank of a classic stream, known as the river 'Onion, which, taking its rise in the Green Mountains of Vermont, flows in a north-westerly direction, until its waters commingle with the blue waves of Lake Champlain, lies the romantic village of Punkinania; a place no less celebrated for the extraordinary size and rare flavor of the *fruit* which it produces, and from which it takes its name, than for the surpassing beauty of its 'gals.' Fairest among these was Hopeful Tripp, a bouncing lassie of sweet sixteen, who created as sad havoc among the youths of frigid Punkinania, as did Marcela with those of sunny Spain. Many of her rejected lovers (as was natural) took to weeping and *whaling;* not a few sought relief from their sorrows in the assiduous cultivation of the *punkin;* and one poor fellow, Simeon Dodge by name, whose brain was supposed to have been slightly crazed by the frowns of his Dulcinea,

took to the flute with such inveterate ardor, that in less than a month he had blown himself into a galloping consumption, which galloped him off in a trice to the land of spirits.

'Such was the state of affairs when one afternoon in April last, as I sate on the porch of my father's mansion, which is situate in the heart of that same Punkinania, the fair Hopeful came sailing by. As she had the wind 'right in her teeth' at the time, she displayed a swelling bow that threw me into a perfect state of ecstasy — for I was never an admirer of your clipper-built women — and when after passing the house, she wore short round on her heel and re-passed it on the other tack, running large, I struck my colors at once, since I felt that it was useless to offer resistance to a *counter that a Dutch galliot might have envied.*

'To cut a long story short, being blinded with love, I immediately recalled to mind the pathetic, poetical story of the wise man who 'jumped into a bramble bush;' and plunged into a courtship of the damsel with 'all my might and main;' and I flattered myself that I was prospering in my suit, when, to my great annoyance, I received orders to this vessel. 'James,' said my father to me, as I handed them to him for his perusal, 'I am sorry to part with you, but still I am glad you are going to leave this village; for that Hopeful Tripp you have been waiting upon for the past month, is a proud puss, who thinks herself too good for mortal man; and depend upon it, she would *trip* you up, if you staid. And, even if she were to take a fancy to you, that mean old mother of hers, the widow Tripp, who is as rich as Crœsus, would n't let her marry you, for she fancies that every man who looks at Hopeful is after her money-bags.'

'This speech, however, far from cooling my ardor, only inflamed it the more; and as my orders compelled me to leave home on the following day, I resolved to dive at once into *medias res;* for which purpose, covered with blushes and buttons (I had donned my best uniform for the occasion) I entered Mrs. Tripp's 'keeping-room' just as the village clock struck twelve. Here I found Hopeful busily engaged in the dissection of a mince pie. 'Take a piece, Doctor,' said she with a winning smile; 'it 's so nice.

''Tan't half so nice as you are, Hopeful,' said I; and then down I went on my marrow-bones. But, before I had time to utter a syllable, in rushed the widow, with her gown tucked up above her knees, and a long-handled scrubbing-brush in her hand.

''Drat you, Jim Gray!' said she. 'What on airth are you a wearin' the knees of them are span new trowsers out for, before my gal! Jest you get right up neow, and go straight hum. You do n't get none of my money, you pesky, lazy feller you, now I can tell *you!*' And with that she up with the brush and sprinkled me all over with dirty water. Well of course a saint would n't have put up with such treatment as this, and I *was* mad, and no mistake; so, springing to my feet, I yelled out: 'You darned old pelican, you! who the devil do you suppose wants your money? I only thought of courting your daughter, because every body in the village says it would be a mercy to take her away from such a cross-grained, miserly old cormorant as you are!'

''Blood and thunder, Maddox, I wish you could have seen the old woman's eyes sparkle as I concluded this speech. I saw there was no time to lose, and in hot haste made tracks for the street-door; and to this day I have never been able to satisfy myself positively as to which reached it first — myself or that termagant's brush-handle — my back, however, bore evidence of our having come out in company, and as its testimony was corroborated by that of *nine Spanish cardinals*,* I suppose I ought to place implicit confidence in it. Upon the morrow's morn, a sadder and a wiser man, I took my departure from the paternal roof, and my feelings may be better imagined than described, to use a stereotyped phrase, when, filled with love and bruises, I reached the 'Shenandoah.' You need n't laugh, Hart, for I was very ill, indeed; and it took a power of brandy to cure me, as Scouse here can testify. Gentlemen, my yarn is spun. As Byron hath it:

''THE little I have said will serve to show'
To what abominable lengths a short, thick-set old woman, with her clothes tucked up, and a brush-handle in her hand, will sometimes go:
The more especially if she catches a *medecin*, (not a Frenchman either) in a blue uniform coat and drab-colored pants, down on his knees,
Passionately a strivin' her 'gal' for to please.'

Scarce had we got an offing from Cape Henry before it came on to blow a furious gale from the eastward, which lasted four days, during all which time we were carrying sail heavily, to keep off a lee shore; and as the mercury, the while, stood but little above zero, men and officers suffered severely. Many of the former were badly frost-bitten, and of the latter, Maddox, Fearless, and myself were laid up with inflammatory rheumatism, in the spar-deck cabin, which Captain Blazes, with his usual kindness, had placed at our disposal.

Our surgeon, Doctor Salado, was a queer old stick, who had but one mode of treatment for all the ills that flesh is heir to. 'What is the state of your liver? How are your *byowels?*' were interrogatories put to each sufferer whose name appeared on the 'sick-list;' and let the reply be what it might, his invariable prescription was a dose of salts; and if, after partaking of this panacea, the patient failed to report himself cured, the good doctor would give his coat-tails a quick, nervous twitch to starboard, and protest that the disease was purely an imaginary one, wholly beyond the reach of medicine.

'Well, Mr. Maddox,' said he as he entered the cabin one morning, 'how did the salts work?'

'Capitally, Doctor!'

'And you feel quite relieved, of course?'

'I am sorry to say I do not. I am at this very moment suffering the most excruciating agony!'

'All imagination, my young friend, I assure you!'

Here Maddox, uncovering his left foot, which was dreadfully inflamed, and swelled to the dimensions of a bushel basket *almost*, placed it in very close proximity to the surgeon's nose, dolorously exclaiming as he

* OUR doctor had, evidently, read QUEVEDO: '*Salió de la carcel con tanta honra, que le acompañaron doctentos Cardenales, sino que á ninguno llamaban Señoria.*'

did so: 'Gracious heavens, Doctor, can imagination swell a man's foot up to this e-*nor*-mous size!' Whereupon Salado beat a hasty retreat, leaving us thenceforth to the tender mercies of his assistants, Wells and Gray, both of whom were exceedingly clever in their profession.

Still our confinement was long and painful, and the ship had almost reached her destined port before any one of us was enabled to leave his cot. Our mess-mates, however, endeavored by every means in their power to beguile the weary hours of sickness, passing most of their time, when off duty, by our bed-sides, and entertaining us with all the *news of the day*. From them we learned that our mess having become short of 'grub,' a committee of ways and means had been called to devise measures of relief; the which committee, after a long debate, deemed it expedient to appoint one of their number, Hart, a commissioner, with plenary powers, to treat with our mortal enemy, old Screw, the purser, for the loan of a half-barrel of ship-biscuit and a bushel of beans. The mission was an exceedingly delicate one, and Hart felt the full responsibility of it; yet, nothing daunted, he set about the execution of it without delay; and obtaining an interview with Mr. Screw in his state-room, he unfolded to him the object of his visit, in an eloquent speech of a half-hour's duration, of which I now remember nothing more than that in it he compared the state of the mess 'to the great desert of Sahara, and the well-known benevolence of the purser to one of its oases.'

'And so you think,' said the *contador*, 'you could get along well enough with some bread and beans.'

'I think we could.'

'Would n't you like a little rice?'

'If you please.'

'And some beef and cheese?'

'Oh! thank you, purser, you are really too good. We will be most happy to take any thing you can lend us.'

'Very well, my dear Sir,' said the amiable Screw, in the blandest possible tone of voice, and patting Hart affectionately on the shoulder as he spoke; 'be pleased to present my respectful compliments to the members of your mess, and say that I cannot think of *lending* them any provisions, but it will afford me infinite pleasure to *give* each and every individual of them — *two biscuits and a bean!*'

To this sketch of our generous benefactor, I deem it unnecessary to add another word, save that he was ever thereafter known throughout the service as 'Old Beans.'

As day dawned on the morning of the twenty-sixth of February, the fair city of Cadiz was discovered close under the lee, and by breakfast-time, we had let go both anchors off 'the castle,' whereat we sick reefers were exceedingly rejoiced, as our kind-hearted captain had promised, some days before, to let us take a run to Seville for the benefit of our health, as soon as the 'Shenandoah' reached port.

After dinner we left the ship in one of the quarter-boats, together with Major Pipeclay, (who was suffering from pneumonia, and designed passing several days ashore,) and landing at the Custom-house steps, we proceeded in a body toward the 'fonda Inglesa.'

Now it so fell out that this being the first day of the Carnival, the whole Spanish nation was given up to fun and frolic. At every corner were to be seen grotesque figures *en mascaro*. On one hand there were 'bulls' and 'bears,' and on the other, dogs and monkeys. Here strutted a *rooster* of the Shanghae breed, and there a peacock, vain of his plumage.

The balconies of the houses were lined with dark-eyed señoritas, who sprinkled us with flour and rose-water as we passed, and ever and anon one more daring than the rest would throw *her babies* at us, to the no small detriment of our *cabezas*, and the serious annoyance of the Major, who kept getting redder and redder in the face, until one of these missiles struck him full on the chest, when being no longer able to contain his indignation, he broke out with: 'Now just you look here! I've had a pain in my breast for more than twenty days, and if you throw one of those accursed rag babies at me again, I'll knock your heads off with a brickbat, by George!'

To this speech, *so intelligible to them*, the merry maidens replied only by shouts of laughter and the exclamation: '*Mira, mira!* que Quixote!' Whereupon Pipeclay, raising himself up to his full attitude, (he was about seven feet tall, and as thin as a garter-snake,) shook his fists at them in an ungovernable rage, at the same time earnestly enquiring of them 'If they *saveed the police and the mayor!*'

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

THREE happier fellows there were not in all Andalusia than Fearless, Maddox, and myself, as we found ourselves, at sun-rise on the last day of the Carnival, aboard the steamer 'Rapido,' which was rapidly bearing us out of sight of the spires of Cadiz. Among our fellow-passengers were an English cockney and a French beau, who afforded us an infinite deal of amusement. The Frenchman held a poodle in his lap, which he evidently regarded with the fondest affection. 'Sare,' said he to Maddox, 'do you speak the French?'

'I do not.'

'Vare well, den I must spoak de English, which I speak it a little, but not too much. *Regardez, s'il vous plait.* I mean you shall regard, if you please, at my leetle dog. *Vraiment, c'est un excellent chien. Voila sa queue! Ah! mon cher Sare,*' said he, rolling up his eyes and shrugging up his shoulders, until his ears were hid by his coat-collar; 'I have see many, vare many leetle dog, but sich a dog on sich a tail, I never have see, Sare!'

John Bull stalked sullenly about the upper-deck, with his Murray's guide-book in his hand, not deigning to converse with any one, but occasionally asking an *unnecessary question* about the places which we passed.

'What island is that?' cried he as we shot by a low mud-bank.

'That?' replied Fearless, who was standing beside him; 'why, that, my dear Sir, is the Island of Barataria, which that prince of rulers, Sancho Panza, governed so ably in the reign of Don Quixote the First!'

For this valuable piece of information, the cockney had not the polite-

ness to return thanks; but, as he immediately took from his pocket a memorandum-book and a pencil, I presume he 'made a note of it.'

These two gentlemen, by the way, put up at the same hotel with us in Seville, and one evening got excessively 'screwed' on some rare old Monongahela which Maddox brought with him from the ship; whereupon they displayed their national prejudices in a most diverting manner: the Englishman roundly swearing, as he staggered off to bed, that in no country other than England could a man get 'a *decent* piece of roast beef, or a tender beef-steak,' while the *Crapaud's* last words were, as he rolled under the table: 'American very fine! Englishman — God damn!'* Let the editor of the *London Times*, who prates so *prosily* of the *entente cordiale*, 'put this in his pipe and smoke it.'

About ten o'clock we reached the romantic Guadalquiver, with which I was at first disappointed, as the scenery at its mouth is tame in the extreme; but after ascending it about ten miles, it became so beautiful, that even the morose Englishman was heard to exclaim more than once: 'How lovely! how very, very lovely!'

On the right bank of the river, as far as the eye could reach, were orange and lemon groves, and green meadows, in which the fierce bulls of Andalusia were quietly grazing, little dreaming of the coming *corrida de toros*. On the left, the land gradually rising, became mountainous in the distance, until mingling with the clouds it was lost to view. Tortuous throughout its whole extent, the 'trembling river' became so winding in its course as we approached the far-famed Giralda of Seville, that now the city was on our right, now on our left, and again, we were running directly away from it.

At three in the afternoon we disembarked at the *alameda*, opposite the College of St. Elmo, from which point a brisk five minutes' walk carried us to the *fonda de la reyna*, the which hotel I beg to recommend to all travellers for its neatness and good cheer.

After dining we sallied out to the *paseo de las delicias*, where in one hour I saw more pretty women than I had seen in the whole course of my previous life. Some were as fair as a snow-flake, with blue eyes and auburn hair; others with fair skins had dark hair and eyes; and others again had rich olive complexions, and *such* eyes — so large, so dark, so languid, and yet so piercing, that Maddox under their influence became quite poetical, and leaning against 'Cæsar's column,' he exclaimed:

> 'Oh! never talk again to me
> Of Betsey, Jane, or dear Amelia;
> I'll give freely the ugly three
> For one fair maiden of Sevilla!'

In the evening we went to the San Ferdinand Theatre, where we made the acquaintance of Count Fustado, a captain in the Spanish Navy, who very kindly took us behind the scenes, and introduced us to his particular friends, the *bailadoras*, who, at the time of our introduction to them, were standing on the stage in readiness to dance the

* A fact.

bolero. Suddenly they poised themselves on their left toes, and raised the right to a level with their eyebrows, and we, desirous of conforming in all things to the customs of the country, followed their good example. At this instant up went the curtain, and as we scampered off the stage in confusion, such a cry of 'los Americanos!' went up from parquette and boxes as made our ears ring for an hour afterward.

After the play, feeling the need of some refreshment, we dropped into a café in the vicinity of our lodging, where, to our amazement, we found two lanky specimens of 'the universal Yankee' engaged in earnest conversation; and, as they spoke in a loud tone of voice, not caring a 'continental damn,' as they said, themselves, whether any one overheard them or not, we had the full benefit of all that fell from their lips:

'And so, Bill,' said one, 'you served as an ingineer with these ere blamed *dagos*, you say. Now du tell how you lik 'em!'

'Wal, Nathan,' replied his companion, 'pritty well, considerin' they *are dagos;* but, burst my outboard delivery, if you can ever get 'em to grapple any thing!'

'As how?' rejoined the first speaker: 'I swow, Bill, I can't exactly come at the sense of your observation. And you a Nantucket boy, too? Why, you 've surely hearn tell of Josh Pease's prayer?'

'I can't say I have.'

'Wal, then, I'll tell it ye. You see Josh had ben out on a whalin' v'yage along with uncle Jeremiah Starbuck — him as told old Capting Bunker 'he axed for nuthin' but civilities, and them of the commonest kind' — and the first day to hum, his mother, like an old fool, goes and sets a dish of green corn on the table; and so, Josh, who had n't seen nuthin' fresh for mor'n ninety days, falls right to, and eats the hull of it, which was eighteen ears in all. Wal, 't an't no kind of use to say he had an attack of cholera after it, for that follows, in course. And as the poor fellow was a wrigglin' about, like a pisin-sarpent, with his puddin'-bag all of a hard knot like, his mother, who was a strict Methodist, brings Elder Nubbins to his bed-side:

''My dear Josh,' said the Elder, who had ben a sea-farin' man in his youth, 'you 're bound for the other world, and no mistake, and I want you to pray with me.'

''I 'm in so much pain, Elder, that I can't pray!' says Josh.

''Oh! let me beg of you to pray!' cried the elder.

''I tell you I won't!' snarled Josh.

''O my son! have you no pity for me?' snivelled the old woman: 'have you no byowels of compassion?'

''Wal, I should raypher kalkerlate I 've got nigh on to forty on 'em *here!*' yelled Josh, with his hands on the pit of his stomach.'

'At length the poor fellow consented to pray, providin' they 'd leave him alone awhile; so his mother and the Elder went out of the room; but, bein' naterally curous to hear all he said, they unanimously concluded to stop outside of the door, and listen. What they heerd, no one could find out for a long time. By-and-by, however, it leaked out that Joshua's prayer was: 'O Lord! I 'm not like these ere cantin' Methodists, what expects you to do every thing for them, and an't no-

wise willing to help themselves. Now, all I ask is to be relieved of a dozen of these ears, and *I'll try and grapple with the other six!*'"

Bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, as the Yankee concluded his yarn, we made ourselves known to him, and invited him and his friend to accompany us to our hotel, where, notwithstanding our *invalidity*, we managed to make a pretty strong night of it.

'Gentlemen,' said Mariano, our guide, to us one morning, as we rose from the breakfast-table, 'I have a rare treat for you to-day. The corregidor has given me permission to take you through the *carcel mayor*, where you will see that noted *bandolero*, Pedro Montés.'

'Lead on, Mariano! we follow,' said Fearless; and so without further words we sallied from our inn, and soon found ourselves within the prison-walls. As we entered his dark and noisome cell, the bandit rose from a wooden bench on which he had been reclining, and, in his rich Castilian tongue, courteously bade us be seated. Then turning to Mariano, he said interrogatively: 'These are English officers, I suppose?'

'No: they are Americans.'

At this reply, an expression of pleasure flitted across his wan features, as leaning against the grated window of his dungeon, and resting his wearied head in his wasted hands, he became lost in thought.

He was a young man prematurely old. Age had not silvered his hair, nor furrowed his swarthy cheek, but trouble *had;* and in every line of his handsome countenance, Grief and Care were legibly written.

'Caballeros,' asked he abruptly, at length awakening from his reverie, 'do you speak Spanish?' and Maddox having replied in the affirmative, the pale prisoner, clanking his chains as he spoke, thus continued:

THE BANDOLERO'S STORY

To you, caballeros, who, born in a blessed land of liberty, dare to think, and to act independently, I take pleasure in relating the history of my life, that you may judge from it for yourselves, whether the heart of Montes be as black as these fetters would paint it.

I was born in Madrid. My parents being in easy circumstances, I received a liberal education, and three years since, at the early age of nineteen, graduated at the university of Salamanca. No sooner had I taken my degree, than my father proposed that I should travel until I attained my twenty-first birth-day, when I was to make choice of a profession for life; and as he coïncided in opinion with that Chinese philosopher who says, 'A man should be thoroughly acquainted with his own country before visiting another,' I turned my steps, at his desire, toward Granada.

As I was one day loitering about the streets of that city, my attention was drawn to a group of young girls, who, seated amid the ruins of a mosque, were busily occupied in weaving garlands of flowers, while an old Moor — a professional story-teller — was recounting for their entertainment one of the thousand-and-one legends of his people. Doffing my *sombrero*, I approached the ladies, and apprising them of the fact of my being a stranger, respectfully requested permission to become a

participator with them in the Moor's narration; which privilege was frankly and graciously accorded to me.

Among the señoritas was one whose pensive face, and large dreamy eyes—darker than the night, and brighter than the noon-day sun—soon drew me to her side; and entering into conversation with her, I found, to my surprise, that she was Doña Maria de Montes, a distant relation of my own, to whose father I had brought letters of introduction. You can readily surmise, caballeros, the result of this chance meeting. The acquaintance thus unexpectedly made, soon ripened into friendship, friendship into love; and in less than a month from the day of my first casting eyes upon her, my fair kinswoman was solemnly betrothed to me in the presence of her father confessor; and a day appointed for our marriage.

I now gave up all thoughts of visiting foreign lands, and resolved to adopt the profession of arms; whereupon I set off for Madrid, to solicit from the minister of war a commission in the 'Queen's Guards,' then on duty in the palace of the Alhambra, where some of the royal family were temporarily residing. But 'man proposes and God disposes!' Before I reached Cordoba, a courier overtook me with the maddening intelligence that on the very day of my departure from Granada, my *novia* had been forcibly abducted from her father's house, by the Marquis of Cadiz, a nobleman whose vices were the reproach of the kingdom.

Knowing my inability to cope with the powerful marquis, I continued my journey to Madrid, to ask the protection of Her Majesty for Mariquiña; and, at the same time, I wrote to the venerable Archbishop of Granada, imploring his influence in her and my behalf. The cleric sent me a response, filled with much pious counsel, and an admonition '*to conform myself to the Lord's will*,' while Her Majesty, whose sympathies were entirely with the libidinous marquis, (for you must know, caballeros, that this 'Queen by the grace of God' is so noted for her scandalous amours, that she is contemptuously styled by the lower classes, '*el guante usado*,') actually reprimanded me, *a plebeian*, for daring to complain of one of her nobles.

And so, Church and State having mocked me, I had recourse to those whom Spain has ever had more cause to bless than to curse—I mean the *bandoleros*, whose captain I soon became.

I now passed whole nights in devising schemes of revenge for the injury I had received; and in a year from this time I had reduced the proud Marquis of Cadiz from a state of affluence to one of comparative beggary. Still I was unable to get possession of his person, or of that of Mariquiña.

At length, however, word was brought to me that a woman dying in a peasant's hut, not far from our place of rendezvous, desired to speak with me. This woman, caballeros, was *my novia*. I spare you the recital of her wrongs! She was buried at the mouth of a cavern, which served as a retreat for our band, and with my own hands I erected a cross over her grave.

This was but a month ago; and two days thereafter I stood upon the same spot, face to face with my enemy. It was mid-night, and the

torches of my trusty followers, who encompassed us, threw a fitful glare over the scene:

"'Don Gaspar de Aguilar, Marquis of Cadiz,' said I, 'you are now standing beside the grave of her whom you so deeply wronged. Prepare to meet thy GOD!'

"'I wronged her, it is true,' faltered the wretch; 'but, believe me, I had respect unto her honor.'

"'Are you speaking the truth?'

"'I am.'

"'Then swear it by that cross.'

'And as the trembling coward knelt and kissed the sacred emblem, I buried my stiletto in his bosom; thus sending him, with a lie upon his lips, back to the hell from whence he sprung.

'And now, caballeros, I am here, a captive condemned to the *garrote*. But think not I mourn my lot. No: life has no charms for me now. And although I am doomed to an ignominious death, I have the sweet consolation of knowing that my grave will be watered by the tears of my companions, and my memory live in the hearts of thousands of the poor, whose necessities I relieved from the overflowing coffers of the Marquis of Cadiz.'

As the *bandolero* ceased speaking, my mess-mates and I sadly and silently withdrew from his presence; and when, a week later, news reached us, as we were going out of the harbor of Cadiz, that his sentence had been carried into execution, one of our number at least wept over his untimely fate.

SHADOWS.

THE shadows which at sun-set flit
  Across my room with noiseless wings,
I know not why, but yet to me
  They seem like living things:

I feel that they are living forms,
  From earthly grossness free:
The kindred of my soul they seem,
  Come back to visit me:

The sun sinks down, they flee away
  Through the unopened door;
They leave behind no change of form,
  No foot-prints on the floor.

Oh! ever since my friend has lain
  In her dark, silent tomb,
I've wished that I might steal from life,
  As shadows from my room.

Yellow Springs, (*O.*,) *Dec. 4th*, 1857.

THE FRENCH SETTLERS OF ILLINOIS.

I.

In the dark and cold December nights
  Which come in winter's train,
When the cheery fire within burns bright,
  And without are sleet and rain,
I love to read with strange delight
  Old stories o'er again:

II.

Old stories of that by-gone time,
  When this dear land was young;
When settlers from a distant clime
  Would speak in many a tongue,
Of other homes, and youth's sweet prime,
  And their native ballads sung:

III.

When thy French settlers, Illinois,
  Encamped along thy shore,
And the merry '*Coureurs des Bois*'
  So gayly plied the oar,
And sent their chorus songs of joy
  The lake's blue waters o'er:

IV.

When the French peasants crossed the sea,
  Another home to find,
And Picardy and Normandy
  Lay smiling far behind,
They found amid the forests free
  A welcome warm and kind.

V.

O the merry, merry times they knew,
  Full many a tale has told,
When all the Western summer through
  The sun-shine's shimmering gold
Lay o'er the broad, bright 'Common Field,'
  Which all alike might hold:

VI.

When down the narrow village street,
  O'erhung by balconies,
Their cheerful tones, and dancing feet,
  And Norman melodies,
Made all the summer evenings sweet,
  O'er-arched by starry skies:

VII.

When hardy *voyageurs* with cheer
  Come back from lake and sea,
And peasants wonderingly would hear
  Their tales of prowess free,
And they gayly sung for maiden's ear
  '*L'amour me reville*:' *

* '*L'amour me reville*' is still sung by the French boatmen on the North-west lakes.

VIII.

When Jesuit fathers came to rear
  The Cross amid the wood,
And the fort and chapel, side by side,
  Amid the village stood,
With Indian wigwams gathered near,
  A dusky multitude.

IX.

St. Genevieve, Kaskaskia,
  And Prairie du Rochér!
Thy villages so blithe and gay,
  Thy maidens sweet and fair,
Thy primal days have passed away,
  Among 'the things that were:'

X.

Gone with the dwellers of the fort,
  Who statelier presence bore,
Who in the gay King LOUIS' court
  Had mingled oft of yore,
And still, amid these Western wilds,
  Their country's costume wore.

XI.

Ah! therefore do I love to sit,
  These stormy winter nights,
While fire-lights' flickering shadows flit
  Along the hearth, like sprites,
And think of these old primal days,
  With all their rare delight;

XII.

For they bring the summer to my heart,
  And sun-shine to my room,
All brightest forms to being start,
  They chase away the gloom;
And 'mid them all is wafted past
  The ripened grape's perfume;

XIII.

Like that which haunts my memories
  Of a summer passed away,
When underneath Provençal skies
  I wandered day by day,
Through quiet old-world villages,
  Which, lapped in sun-shine, lay:

XIV.

When the convents' silvery bells pealed out
  At 'vesper and at prime:'
The village songs, the peasants' shout,
  The merry vintage chime,
Still haunt my heart, this winter's night,
  Like tales of olden time.

ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

THE CASKET OF ACHMET BEY.

BY EBEN BARTON.

In the winter of 18—, while ascending the Nile with a Frenchman named Gardet, in pursuit of adventure, we had occasion to stop at the town of Ossiût. Gardet was a Frenchman by birth, and had been my companion for three years, through all my Asiatic wanderings; and a mutual attachment having arisen, he now considered himself as an inseparable constituent of mine. He was a man shrewd by nature, of undaunted courage, but so garrulous that I never breathed to him my plans until they were ready for fulfillment. Of myself, all the reader need know is, that I had been travelling in Egypt and Asia; that I spoke the language fluently, and flattered myself that I understood Oriental manners and character pretty thoroughly. By birth I am an American. As we always made it a point to pay our respects at head-quarters, we at once went to see the Governor, Achmet Bey, a fine-looking Oriental, a Turk by nation, although, as he told us, a resident for twenty years of Egypt. We found him at his palace, about half a mile from the river, seated on a divan of beautiful needle-work, before which was one of the finest and most gorgeous of Persian mats. On his right was a long *nargileh*. He rose as we entered, received us with cordiality, and bestowed on us every attention that inherent politeness could devise.

After smoking with him for some time, and conversing on Egyptian topics, he showed us many curiosities, and all his accoutrements: among them was a saddle, richly mounted with silver, which was presented to him by the Pasha of Egypt. While examining its workmanship attentively, I noticed a small pocket on one side, which seemed to be filled with coin. Observing that it had attracted my attention, the Governor, who had worn an anxious countenance throughout our visit, nothwithstanding his cordiality, remarked that he had lost the key to it, or he would be pleased to show me the contents, which he also valued as being the Pasha's gift. He then handed the saddle to an attendant, and, making a sign for my companion to follow with our dragoman, he linked my arm in his, and after glancing at my face, as though to read in it the probability of my being trustworthy, and apparently concluding that I was, confided to me that *he had been robbed*.

After pausing to note the effect produced by this announcement, he continued:

'About a week ago my brother, who resides at Stamboul, sent to me a small iron safe, curiously bound with Damascene steel, and studded with brass. It was a gift long promised me, and I prized it as my very beard. I showed it to many persons, but opened it before few, lest they should so envy the contents as to steal it from me.'

'And what did the box contain so precious, that you so carefully guarded it?' I asked.

'That which I most valued, was a signet-ring, set with the most beautiful opal eye ever beheld: there were also jewels of countless value; some of them I presented to my Harem, but far more than I gave, remained. There was also the key to the saddle-pocket, at which you were just now looking. What was my consternation to find this morning, that it was gone!—stolen from beneath my head, while I slept! And now,' he continued, dropping his voice still lower, 'I want you, who are famed for your shrewdness,' (alluding to an occurrence in Cairo,) 'to discover the thief; if you try, and fail —— But I know you will succeed; if you do succeed, one-third of the jewels you are the means of restoring to me, shall be your own.'

He paused as we reached his palace, and entered. I determined to undertake the recovery for him: the reward would enable us to continue our wanderings, for at least another year, in my dearly-loved East.

'I consent,' said I, when we were again seated, 'to try my powers, to have returned to you the treasure you have lost.'

Achmet rubbed his hands with delight, and already congratulating himself on his success, bade me ask any thing of him I needed. 'I want,' I replied, 'a permit to go anywhere through your town I please, and to enter any house through your domain; and finally, that you say not a word to any one concerning your loss.'

He readily promised secresy: he had been too much chagrined to mention it before, and gave me the paper I wanted. I told Gardet that I should remain at Ossiüt for a few days, and requested him to leave with the boat at night for Upper Egypt, and remarked that I would overtake him by horse-back in four or five days at the most. I farther requested him to give out that I was on board, and to make any excuse he pleased for my non-appearance. This done, I rejoined Achmet Bey, and desired him to show me the room from which the safe was stolen. It was in the second story, and could be reached only by passing through two smaller chambers. Having reached it, I desired to be left alone: and now began a survey.

The room was sixteen feet square: on the east and west sides there were no openings. The walls were wattled and hung with red tapestry; but for economy, this was stretched tightly along the wall. The ceiling was composed of beams, on the upper side of which planks were fastened. There was apparently no opening communicating with the loft above. A lounge, covered with damask, occupied one portion of the room, while ottomans of various patterns were disposed in the corners. On the north side was the door of entrance. This I examined carefully, and found upon the wooden bolt, which could be drawn only from within, no mark of violence, nor even a fresh scratch. On the south side of the apartment were two windows, small, it is true, but still of size sufficient to admit the ingress of an ordinary-sized man. One was latticed, the other had the lattice removed. I examined both the sills: there was no rubbing of the paint, and no sand remaining which could have been brought by the foot of an intruder.

I was puzzled. The floor yet remained to be examined. It was of red-and-blue tile, and appeared solid throughout; there were no marks

of foot-steps upon it; and in some places the dust had accumulated undisturbed. I now descended, and was met by Achmet. I put on an expression of intelligence, but declined conversation; and to his question, 'Any trace yet?' I simply replied: 'Wait! ALLAH will not let wickedness go unpunished.'

It was now nearly dusk, yet I began to reconnoitre the exterior of the palace. It was of an oblong form, and its greatest length was from east to west. There was but one tree very near it, and that was a gigantic palm, which towered twice the height of the palace, at about a yard's distance from its walls. I next examined the windows of the chamber from below. There was a blank wall to their very sills. I then searched the ground, for indications of the use of a ladder; and in so doing, found the marks of feet. There was a deep indentation as from a jump, beneath the window which had no casement, and from this first mark, a single track led off to the village. But in these tracks there was one peculiarity, which was particularly observable from the loamy soil: all the heel-prints were deeper than those of the toe. It had now become dark, and I reëntered the palace. To avoid questioning, I immediately retired — not to sleep, but to think.

And now let me trace the conclusions to which I came. I argued that the thief was one of those to whom the treasure had been shown: that he must have been courageous, to have taken that which an armed man most prized, from beneath the pillow on which he slumbered: he must also have been athletic, to place sufficient confidence in himself, in case of discovery. I farther reasoned that he must have been of the higher order, to know that a few shining stones were of immense value, and to have been permitted to view them by Achmet Bey. Next, to the question, 'How did he enter?' I argued after this manner: He assuredly did not get in at the window, for the foot-prints all pointed away from it: then, as the heel-prints were deepest, he must have *taken those steps backward*, to mislead any observer from his true mode of exit; and he made the counterfeit of a leap, to further that impression: *ergo*, he must have been a cunning man.

I now returned in fancy to my scrutiny of the room: all was examined except the ceiling, and as it was next to impossible that he had entered from the walls, floor, or window, he must have come from the roof. But one other suggestion presented itself, and that I at once dismissed. It was this: Could he have been hidden in the room? There was no place for concealment, except behind the tapestry, and this, as previously stated, was so closely connected with the wall, as to make the hiding of a man impossible,

I now summed up the result in these few words: The box was stolen by a cunning fellow; he entered by the roof, and probably departed the same way; the thief must be of the higher rank. After which conclusions I dismissed all farther thought from my mind, and slept.

The next morning I examined the roof by means of a pole, and soon found a board which yielded to my pressure. I piled one ottoman upon another, and with ease removed the plank entirely. On one side of

the adjoining plank I discovered a small piece of blue cashmere; a mere shred, it is true, but from it I learned two important things: I was right in my conjecture that the thief was of high rank, for the material was costly; and second, that the man, whoever he was, was dressed in a blue robe. So costly was the cashmere, that I at once concluded that he would continue to wear the robe, notwithstanding the rent; so I had now to look for a man who wore a torn or mended blue robe. I drew myself up into the loft, where I found a piece of palm-rope made fast to the rafter above, long enough to have materially aided egress; and I availed myself of it to descend again into the apartment.

I now went round the building once more, and satisfied myself that the palm-tree was the means of attaining the roof. But from its size, it must have been a man of extraordinary frame who could grasp it. Beneath it were footprints, but whether of the thief or not, was now immaterial to me. My chain of evidence was thus far complete. My host met me, and inquired what progress had been made? I told him only a portion of my discoveries, and asked him for the key of the box. This he produced, and gave into my possession. He asked if there was any thing else I desired? 'All I now want,' I replied, 'is a full suit of Turkish clothes, so that I may pass as one of your relatives from Stamboul, and then I can almost insure you success.'

He furnished me with what I desired; and I was soon arrayed in the rich garb of a merchant-prince. One remark, however, which he made while I was disguising, excited my suspicions as to his ultimate intentions toward *me:* he earnestly desired me to give up to his keeping my revolving pistol. This I declined, and only took the greater care to keep it on my person, as well as the two silver-mounted flint-locks (which, by-the-way, oftener far do not go off, than prove availing,) that he gave me to complete my disguise. Thus attired, and armed with pistols, pass, and key, I went to the rude blacksmith of the place, feeling sure that the thief would have to employ his assistance in opening the casket, and asked him if he could make me a key like the one I at the same time presented to him. His brief reply was:

'What will you take for *this*, which I now hold?'

'Why do you wish to purchase it?'

'I have been trying to make one of a similar pattern for the last two days, but cannot succeed; and Abdallah Effendi has promised me eighty piastres if I succeed in opening a box for him.'

'Who is Abdallah Effendi?' I inquired carelessly.

'Hist! here he comes! Let no one know I told you that he had lost the key of his box, for I promised by Allah to keep silence.'

Giving the man a nod, as much as to say, 'I'll keep your secret, and will return directly,' I left his shop, taking the key with me. Going into the bazaar opposite, I could observe Abdallah Effendi at my leisure, without being myself perceived. There stood the man I wanted; tall, of Herculean frame, with little black twinkling eyes, dressed in a deep blue cashmere robe, whether torn or not I neither saw nor cared, so firmly was I persuaded of his identity with the thief, as he stood talking to the one-eyed blacksmith, Hassan El Kebir, with all the earn-

estness and watchfulness of a man who has to confide a secret to a second party, and who fears discovery therefrom.

He soon left the shop, and I followed him at a little distance to his house, which he entered.

Returning to the palace, I told my host that the culprit resided near the Jews' quarter, in the neighborhood of Abdallah Effendi, or as he was sometimes called, El Shereef, from the fact that he was one who claimed descent from the Prophet. I requested him to send Abdallah on a fool's errand, I cared not where; alleging, as my reason, that I did not want him to see me prying around his neighborhood. The true reason was, I dreaded his wrath on discovering that he was over-reached. The next day, Abdallah having been sent to Manfaloot, HEAVEN only knows on what pretext, I went to his house, and had penetrated to the door of his harem before I met with any opposition. This was guarded by a single eunuch, to whom I read my pass from the Governor; and at the same time, to quicken his comprehension, slipped into his hand a twenty-piastre piece. A good deal of argument, and another gold-piece, carried the day, and, like Don Juan, I entered the harem, that tabooed spot, by strategy. Knowing from its sacredness that it would be the place of deposit, I had calculated on finding the casket there: and I was not mistaken!

The room was a large one, painted and adorned with far more taste than a mere cursory Egyptian *Howaji* would dream of finding there. Three of the wives of Abdallah were in the room, and two of his children. The exclamation, and then the repeated cries and screams they made at my intrusion, caused me to fear that their guard would forget the favors past, and returning to his duty, kill me.

I succeeded, however, in quieting their fears, by informing them that I was a relative of their husband, and had instructions from him to present personally to them an order, (here I showed my pass — an old deed would have done as well, for I knew they could neither read nor write,) for the iron box which he had *purchased* two days before. They whispered together, looked at me and then at the pretended order, and finally decided to give me the box. Accordingly they withdrew it from its concealment beneath the ottoman on which they sat, and gave it to me. I took it quietly, appeared in no hurry to leave, (and to tell the truth, I was not, for such divine beauty I had never witnessed before, and fear I never shall again,) sipped a glass of sherbet, gave them the 'order' to show their husband, and quietly putting the box under my robe, reached Achmet Bey's in safety, and bestowed my prize, unknown to any one, securely in my apartment. Toward evening I packed up my European clothes, and took them to a thicket outside the town, to the south. I then returned, opened the box, *selected my third* of the jewels, and then replaced it under an ottoman.

The next morning at day-break, I took the horse Achmet had placed at my disposal, and riding to the thicket, fastened my bundle to the saddle-bow, and left him in charge of a boy, giving directions to await my return, and then walked home. After our morning meal, I told Achmet that I had every reason to believe that we had been successful, and proposed to walk with him. I took care to see that my host had not

his pistols with him, as I feared he would regret the loss of so large a portion of his jewels when again within his grasp. We conversed pleasantly until we reached the thicket, where I mounted my horse, talking rapidly all the time, and threw the boy a piastre.

'And now, mine host,' said I, 'ALLAH be praised, let me tell you that I have found your casket: with the saddle-key, it is beneath the ottoman in the room from which it was stolen: guard it better this time.'

'But your reward?' inquired Achmet, evidently growing anxious.

'Have I not this robe, this horse, and these pistols?'

'But were you not to have had one-fourth of the jewels?'

'You told me *one-third* at first, and fearing that my share might be but an eighth, or perhaps none, if left to your bounty, I have helped myself to a full third: the remainder, with your opal ring, are safe at home; and now ALLAH be with you!'

So saying, I spurred my fleet Arabian, saw Achmet feel nervously for his trusty pistols, and then run toward the palace, as if to make sure of the remnant of the jewels. The only excuse I could ever frame for Abdallah's theft was the extreme beauty of those for whom he evidently designed the treasure.

For myself, I reached Gardet in safety, and amused him with a recital of my adventure. Instead of returning by the Nile, we went across the desert by caravan to the Red Sea; and after a year's farther travel, the costs of which were defrayed by certain jewels, ever to be remembered, I returned home, bringing some of the finest with me, as specimens of the contents of THE CASKET OF ACHMET BEY.

TO ——.

THOU ART NOT MINE.

YES! often have those deep dark eyes
  Shed their soft light on me,
As twin stars on a summer night
  Look out upon the sea;
And I have sipped the sweetest dew
  From those dear lips of thine:
Yet felt the bitter, bitter pang,
  Thou wert not wholly mine!

And I have clasped thee to my breast,
  And watched thine half-closed eyes,
And heard thy manly voice, so sweet,
  Speaking to me in sighs:
And fainting with excess of bliss,
  Have laid my burning breast on thine!
Only to feel more bitterly
  That then thou wert not mine.

Elmira, (N.Y.,) Nov. 12, 185. EMMA.

'DOLORES.'

BY F. 'BRET' HARTE, CALIFORNIA.

SEVILLE'S towers are worn and old;
Seville's towers are gray and gold:
Saffron, purple, and orange dyes,
Meet at the edge of her sun-set skies:
Bright are Seville's maidens' eyes,
Gay the cavalier's guitar:
Music, laughter, low replies,
Intermingling; and afar,
Over the hill, over the dell,
Soft and low: Adagio!
Comes the knell of the vesper-bell,
Solemnly and slow.

Hooded Nun, at the convent wall,
Where the purple vines their tendrils throw,
Lingering, looking, wouldst recall
Aught of this giddy scene below?
Turn that pensive glance on high:
Seest thou the floods in yon blessed sky,
The shores of those isles of the good and blest,
Meeting, mingling, down the west?
E'en as thou gazest, lo! they fade:
So doth the world from these walls surveyed;
Fleeting, false, delusive show;
Beauty's form, but hectic's glow.

. . . . .

'The convent-walls are steep and high:
DOLORES! why are your cheeks so pale?
Why do those lashes silent lie
Over the orbs they scarce can veil,
E'en as the storm-cloud, dim and dark,
Shrouding the faint electric spark?
Canst thou those languid fires conceal,
Which scorched the youth of fair Castile?
That tender half-distracted air —
Can that be *faith;* or is 't despair?
That step, now feeble, faltering, slow;
Is that the lightly-tripping toe
That gayly beat the throbbing floor,
Or woke the echoing corridor,
By purple Tagus' rippling shore,
A summer month ago?'

Sister, listen, nearer, higher!
Voices sweet in the distant choir:
'*Salve! salve! ave Maria!*
VIRGIN, blest with JESUS' love,
Turn our thoughts to thee above!'

. . . . .

'DOLORES!' Mark ye that dying fall?
'DOLORES!' Ho there! within the wall:
Fly ye! the Ladye Superior call:
A nun has fled from the convent wall!

K E - W A - K U - N A H .

THE ROAD THAT LEADS HOMEWARD: THE SPIRIT-WAY.

I HAVE been gazing on one of the summer's most gorgeous sun-sets. It has brought to mind a little incident I wish to relate to you: a pleasant memory of my forest wanderings, which neither change of place, or time, can ever make me forget.

Some three years since, I was away with a party of friends upon the banks of one of the far northern tributaries of the Mississippi, miles and miles above the Falls of St. Anthony! All around was Nature's wild dominion: it was one of the homes of her forest children, whom we had travelled so far to meet in council.

On a little hill-side, sloping westward, with a thin grove of pine behind, and a wide stretch of hazel-copse and open prairie before, we sat as the summer day drew near its close. The council-circle was not yet broken. Foremost there in the ring, were hoary chiefs, surrounded by their grim, scarred warriors, listening with solemn attention to the words of their 'New Father,' and, in turn, rising in grave majesty to reply.

Among the chiefs was one old man, whose venerable appearance from the first had excited our attention. His long hair was silvery white, contrasting strangely with the clear, dark eyes and dusky brow, above which was a rudely-braided wreath of evergreen — a simple chaplet beside the gaudy fillets of his brethren. The hands of the old man were palsied with age; and his feet, from weakness, had long since ceased to lead the warriors on their trail, or to follow in their paths. All the afternoon he sat leaning a little forward upon the felled council-pine, listening with absorbed interest to every word that fell from the lips of the speakers; but as the sun sank lower and lower toward the far distant line of the horizon, his attention seemed diverted by the gorgeous splendor of that evening sky. The deep fire of excitement slowly faded from his eyes, and in its place grew a softer, mistier light, as when one gazes through a dream medium on some picture of tranquil beauty. We watched him closely, wondering much what might be the dream of that century-old man whom the world called 'savage.'

Slowly sank the sun; and as one-half the circle of its rays disappeared beyond the boundary-line of vision, the old chief rose, and pointing with a trembling finger toward the track of the departing orb, exclaimed: 'Ke-wa-kū-nah!'

There was sudden silence in the ring; and while we who knew not the meaning or force of the sentence, gazed with reverential awe upon the singular old man, the interpreter repeated after him, in a tone scarcely less impressive than his own, 'Ke-wa-kū-nah!' *The road that*

leads homeward! Oh! how our hearts thrilled there in the forest, as that simple but beautiful figure of speech was interpreted to our understandings, and we saw before us in the magnificent track of the summer sun, the red man's spirit-road — the road that leads *homeward!*

The red man looks westward for the Land of Spirits; but wherefore, is not certain. Some suppose it to be only the dim tradition of a lost home, from which they may have been expelled in by-gone years; but whether such supposition be true or not, thither in his bewildered imagination he expects to return in the 'Road of Souls.' It is with his face toward the evening sun, with his blanket wrapped around him, with his gun resting on his shoulder, and his fire-steel and flint in the pouch by his side, that the Chippewa is placed in his grave, to follow on the sun's invisible way. Question them; they will tell you their spirit-path is *well-worn;* that it is *straight* and *open,* but very *long;* that the traveller must camp out three nights on his journey: he will then reach a deep, dark river, over which is a rolling log, difficult to pass, and which once gone over, takes the form of a huge black serpent, forever guarding the path of return. This is the road which their ancestors have trodden from generation to generation. By the way-side grows the great red strawberry, which the soul may eat to satisfy its hunger and to quench its thirst. On a blasted pine sits a great eagle, to counsel the spirit as it passes, and warn it of danger, like a grandfather! But when the river is reached, the soul has no longer need of aid or counsel. There the spirits of his relatives who have passed before him, come to meet him with lighted torches, to help him over the dark stream, and to lead him by the hand to their beautiful fields, where are clear lakes, running brooks, and forests of game! A land where there are no droughts, nor wintry snows, but where souls may hold festival through all the year.

Such is the red man's paradise — a paradise not unlike the Elysium of the more refined and cultivated Greek. Neither is it very far removed from the more spiritual and holy heaven of the Christian believer, as pictured in the Apocalypse of the New Testament. I venerate the red man's belief; and whether the eye of Christian or heathen sees in the sun's evening way the 'Ke-wa-kū-nah' of souls, the figure is full of beautiful meaning!

Such was the vision in the eye of that old Indian chief — while the reality was but just before him. Already the friends of his youth, who had reached the Spirit Land, were lighting their torches to meet him beyond the sun-set river, Soon the hands of the living would turn his face toward the west, and wrap his blanket around him for his last journey; and the next traveller may look in vain for the figure of the venerable old man. But if our feet ever wander away again to the forests of 'Crow-Wing,' we will ask for his resting-place, and reverently lay a stone on the little mound which those who love him will rear above his dust.

JANE GAY FULLER.

THE PLACE BY THE SEA.

I HAVE found just the spot that I wanted,
  The place I have looked for so long,
Where the climate is really enchanting,
  The air full of unwritten song.
Where the women are radiant and rosy,
  And dress as their grandmothers did,
Where the old folks are happy and cosy,
  And children behave as they 're bid.

It 's a place by the edge of the ocean,
  With the charmingest sort of a beach,
And picturesque rocks on the margin,
  The billows are chafing to reach;
Where the meadows slope down to the breakers,
  And breakers dance up to the land —
The debatable region between 'em
  A surf-beaten crescent of sand.

Serene are the skies of the summers,
  As Italy ever could boast,
And sweet is the breath of the breezes
  That hallow the lovable coast.
The surf, booming over the ledges,
  The dreamiest melody makes,
That comes to the ear like the murmur
  The sea-shell forever awakes.

The place is remarkably quiet,
  Where steam-whistles never are heard;
Where the plover is tame as the robin,
  The woodcock a let-alone bird.
It 's too far away for the sportsman
  To come with his pestilent gun,
And too great a distance from railroads
  For lovers of fashion and fun.

The men are not talking of dollars,
  They have something to think of beside,
And are always at church on a Sunday,
  Without ostentation or pride.
The women are simple and modest,
  Though willing enough to be seen,
But would run from the last style of bonnet,
  And blush at a stiff crinoline.

There the sea air gives relish to chowder;
  There apples will keep into spring;
There the rot is unknown to potatoes,
  And corn is a very sure thing.
The chickens you find on the table
  Are old-fashioned pullets, and fat,
And the lamb that you get is not mutton —
  And surely there 's something in that.

No telegraph startles the dreamer
  With news of the shocking and vile,
Though a newspaper, printed in Boston,
  Enlightens folk — once in a while.
No Irishman comes with his blarney,
  For it 's out of the way of a priest,
And of all the inducements to tarry,
  This last is not one of the least.

Moreover, they tell me that never
  Was poverty known in the town;
That the poorest have money invested,
  And pay for their purchases, *down*.
It follows that one thing is lacking,
  And that 's a poor devil like me:
So I think I will pack up to-morrow,
  And go down to that place by the sea.

G. H. C.

Ellas-Land.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

SCENE, a law-office; time, ten o'clock in the forenoon. Door opens quietly. In comes a man of small stature, wiry and nervous build, keen restless gray eyes, neatly dressed, with a searching glance about the rooms, and a cat-like tread. He looks cautiously at the young man who assists me in copying and preparing papers; commences conversation with me on indifferent topics; looks again at the clerk, and pauses. The young man, never dull of comprehension, perceives that he is in the way, gets up and leaves the office. The client follows him to the door, shuts it after him, places his ear to the key-hole to follow the retreating footsteps of the clerk, comes back to his chair, and commences conversation in almost a whisper, looking from time to time over his shoulder, lest some one should approach unheard. He is now invited into a more retired room, another door shut between him and the world, and proceeds to business.

'Shocking want of confidence among capitalists. Five millions first Mortgage Bonds on Grand Trunk Inter-Oceanic Rail Road; large amounts pledged to secure certain paper in banks. My name on the paper! Money short! Bonds will not sell! Several hundred thousand first-class stocks and bonds of my own; can't sell any of them! Consider myself worth, at a moderate estimate, half a million; but selling securities at present rates could not pay my debts! Notes and bills running like locomotives. Must go to protest! collaterals must go at forced sale! so much thrown on the market will go for a song, and debts remain unpaid! Feel justified, indeed consider it a duty to protect myself from untimely ruin: sorry to involve indorsers, but in times

like these, one must not be tenacious of doing as he would choose! Wish papers drawn in haste to put certain property, not to be under cover, but where I can control it.'

'Sorry to advise, Mr. Blodget, in a case of so much urgency without fuller opportunity to make arrangements, but very apprehensive the kind of arrangement sought is inadmissible. The law is stiff and hard, and refuses to be bent for exigencies, and rather sharp, too, to unmask. Would be glad to serve you, but see no proper way to accomplish the object. Better let the bonds sell.'

'But,' says Mr. Blodget, 'they will not sell. They have no basis!'

'How is that?'

'The notes were given to raise money to begin the work; and as fast as the work is done, there is so much basis for the bonds. If we could have sold them all, at fair rates, there would have been just so much basis, by laying out the money on the road. All a very fair transaction, and would have been a nice thing, but for an unexpected lack of confidence. Have made some beautiful operations that way, very safe to all parties, but never saw such a panic! Capitalists will not look at a rail-road bond or stock certificate. Have done my duty, and must wash my hands of it.'

Mr. Blodget left me. A few days after this, a crowd was gathered in front of one of the principal banking-houses. The doors were shut, and a notice was posted to the effect that the bank was in a sound condition, was believed to be able to pay its debts, but owing to want of confidence, was obliged temporarily to suspend. The fact was whispered about that large rail-road acceptances had gone to protest, collaterals of stocks and bonds had depreciated, and currency had run short. Soon another and another banking-house were besieged with throngs of anxious depositors wishing to draw their money. Another and another door was shut, and notices posted not unlike the first. Mechanics who that morning ate their breakfast with a comforting sense of money in bank, impatiently elbowed their way through crowds to find themselves too late. Widows who had placed their mite beyond the reach of robbers and of fire, in vaults of wonderful strength, and whose weekly dole was magnified by a consciousness that their check would be honored in bank, now collected like stricken creatures, nervous and pale. Merchants who never went to protest, saw their means of payment locked up, but their paper still at large, and running with dire speed toward maturity. Those nicely-dressed gentlemen, behind mahogany counters, whose little heads were accustomed to nod wisely on subjects of exchange and finance, who seemed born to gloves and fast horses and country-seats, and who rode high fortunes by reason of their skill in banking, shrunk to smaller dimensions. Confidence had diminished! They could no longer pay with a gracious smile, without money to pay with. They could not get paper *done* because nobody would *do* it. There was abroad an awful sense of insecurity. If these very wise and sharp men have not been wise and sharp, where is wisdom to be found? Was it foolish to trust them? Where is this misfortune to be fathered? The throng sets toward still another banking-house, and in the fierce desire to check their money before the bank fails, individuals press forward with vehement

zeal. So compact is the mass squeezing to and through the door, that no one individual can make an impression upon it. The mass absorbs the individual purpose and will of its components, and seems to have a purpose and soul of its own. In this stage of the panic a pale woman approaches, with hectic cheeks and hollow cough, with her pass-book. She sees how impossible to work her way through the crowd, and exclaims in despair:

'What *shall* I do? What *shall* I do?'

Our former acquaintance, James, opportunely stepped forward and inquired:

'What is the matter, Madam?'

'Oh! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!' exclaimed she. 'I'm sick. The bank is going to break, and my little money is there — all my money. What *shall* I do?'

'Give me your pass-book, Madam, and I will get through, and get your money, if possible.'

She gave him her pass-book without hesitation. The bank she had long trusted with her money she was unwilling to trust longer, but she trusts in a moment this man whom she had never seen. James, with a good deal of vigor and adroitness, made his way into the crowd, and was borne forward with it to a point near the door, when he happened to think that if he should get in, it would be useless. He could not expect the money to be paid on his check. But how could he get back? He raised himself so that the crowd almost lifted him from his feet, and by a spring, threw himself horizontally on top of the human mass, and thus rapidly made his way again to the open street. He explained to the woman the difficulty, and told her she must go in herself. He then cautioned her to pay no attention to others, but await her opportunity. Possibly a passage might be made; and if so, she must go in, not waiting to give any attention to what should pass outside. He then ran with eager speed to the middle of a street crossing the one on which the bank stood, and distant one block and a half. There he stood erect, looking steadily up street. Some of the persons in the crowd at the bank were curious to know what he was looking at, and moved toward him. At first they went by twos and threes: soon they were followed by dozens, and in a short time the siege of the bank-door was raised, the crowd having dissolved and hurried to see what James was looking at. The woman drew her money just before the hour for closing the bank-doors for the day. They were never opened afterward.

In the evening I went over to Nathan's to see Father Green. Nathans himself was quite knocked up with fatigue. He said he had worked his way into the crowd, and to the door or counter of every bank that had been run. Emily was sorry to see him so fatigued, and hoped he had no money in either of those banks. He thanked God, not a dollar! not a dime! not a red cent! They had been doing business on false principles. They should handle none of his money. Emily suggested playfully that they were pretty well protected against losing *much* by deposits in any bank.

'And now, huz,' said she, 'what *did* you worry yourself to death for, by getting into those crowds?'

Nathans was slightly put upon his dignity by this question. He began to say something about its being impossible for women to understand business; but reflecting for the first time that there had not been a shadow of motive beyond the contagion of a general panic, for him to mix up with a run upon the banks, he turned his answer into a joke, assuring her that he liked to see what was going on, and to study the business of a run' psychologically.

The door was suddenly thrust open, without ceremony, and in stalked General Cleaver in a state of excitement. His first words were:

'It beats the devil!'

'What beats the devil?' said I.

'It is like the case in Scripter,' said he, perspiring freely, 'where Mary Magdalen turned seven devils out of a hog, then swept and garnished the animal, and when it was swept and garnished, it was tenfold more the child of sin than ever!'

After delivering these sentiments, he wiped his face with a handkerchief, and addressed himself more especially to me:

'Been out of town; come home, found the devil to pay and no pitch hot. Went to your office; gone home; went up the hill, panting like sixty, to your house; not at home; told to come over here. Here I am, soul and body! A little the d—dest muss I was ever in. One hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars deposited with B. & B. for a big pork business. All gone to Tophet! On Blodget's paper for fifty thousand; Blodget gone to Tophet—also! I was worth two hundred and fifty thousand, but at forced sale the margin will go to Tophet, just exactly nip and tuck—also! I am cleaned out, done for, ruined! Can't you put me into the United States Court, or into Chancery?'

General Cleaver was a man, who, in seeking help, never cared to shut the door, or to know who was present. But the conversation was of a character so entirely personal to himself, that other persons soon left us to our consultations. Unfortunately, not much could be done for him. For all present purposes he was ruined; but if he would hold on to his legal rights, and not part with them under influence of panic, he might regain a portion—how large, or how small, of course no one could tell. The question arose as to what course should be pursued concerning his indorsements: to let his property go at once to pay them, or to go through a protracted contest, hoping for some relief? General Cleaver settled that question quite promptly. When he put his name on a piece of paper, it said Cleaver, and it meant Cleaver. He might be as poor as Job's turkey; it would be nothing new; he was used to it: but his name had always been Cleaver, and it always should be. When that name was called, he would stand up to it or die. He was the man it referred to. We agreed that the holders of his indorsement should have his property at once, at fair prices; and since they could do no better than to take it, they must allow something near its value.

'Day after to-morrow,' says Cleaver, 'we move back into the little rooms we used to occupy, if we can rent them, or some others like them. We will go to rooms in the fourth story, if necessary; but no creditor shall ever say I turned a corner to dodge him.'

It seemed to me that Cleaver never was so grand and rich before. I had known him when poor and hopeful, and when rich and conscious of power. There had always been something staunch and genial that I liked. But now he shone in my eyes with a kind of radiance; and I think he saw what was going on with me, for he seemed conscious of my regard. When ready to leave me, he pulled out his wallet, and proposed to pay a fee. I put it off, by saying it would do some other time.

'Are you willing to trust me?' said he.

I told him I would trust him now more cheerfully than before his loss: then I only believed him to be honest; now I knew him to be so. The course he was taking would buckle his friends to him with iron grapnels.

'But,' said he, 'an honest man may die; and then what becomes of those who trust him, if he leaves no property?'

'Fortunately,' said I, 'an honest man may die, and die poor; but what better investment can a living man have than in the affections of an honest man who has passed over Jordan? Now, General, I want nothing more said about fees. Perhaps I shall ask you for fees some day. It is the way legal doctors get their living. They are not consulted until the patient is sick, and then must be paid or starve. Therefore, I shall keep an account, and when I need it I will present my bill. But say no more about it. You did not use to ask me for my bill so promptly. You took it for granted I would present it when I wanted the money. With me your credit is as good as ever it was.'

We shook hands in parting very cordially. I watched his figure receding in the dim star-light, and among the deep shades, until it became, at no great distance, a shapeless spectre. In this condition it seemed to remain, and at length became more distinct. The General reappeared, and beckoned me toward him.

'They say,' said Cleaver, 'as how women always put all their meaning into a postscript. This new state of affairs makes me womanish. The thing most in my mind I did n't say at all. I wanted to, but it sort of choked me. How is this 'ere row to affect Adeline? Won't it take the shine off? Won't she have to come down a peg or two?'

'There it is again!' said I. 'Animal magnetism, spiritualism, I hardly know what; but I was thinking of the same subject.'

'One thing,' said Cleaver, 'I know. She shall not be the daughter of a sneak. I shall face the music.'

'It will be a trial to Adeline, no doubt,' said I. 'But I rather think it may do her good. She has good health and beauty, and she has acquired polished manners. With her wealth, manners, and beauty, there was danger of her being flattered and spoiled — a little spoiled. This will try her heart and her discretion. She will think and feel more, and be more of a woman. I give my legal opinion,' said I laughing, 'that Adeline will stand the test, and that she will carry herself through it triumphantly. You know, General, that there is such a thing as rising superior to circumstances. Other people are apt to judge us by our own standards. If we magnify our wealth and belittle ourselves, they do the same; on the other hand, if we respect

ourselves more than our money, other people respect us, without reference to our property.'

The General, after considerable conversation, said he thought he would have a good serious talk with Adeline, and tell her how she ought to meet her change of circumstances.

'Suppose, General,' said I, 'you defer your talk for a week or two. It may happen that Adeline will be equal to the situation; and if so, perhaps you ought not to deprive yourself of the happiness of giving her credit for it.'

'Good!' said the General. 'I'm up to that. I wonder I did n't think of it. Adeline has got a good deal of her mother in her. She is almost Maggie over again. I'll bet you a barrel of pork, if you dare, that she goes through it like a lark.'

The General went off, whistling a cheerful tune, and this time did not return.

All interruptions on account of business having ceased, we recurred to the condition of our sick friend, the Florentine. The doctor, who had often cautioned us against giving any cause for excitement on her part, had at last told us that she had remained so long in her present condition, that she had better be roused from it. No new or fatal symptom had intervened; but she could not much longer endure the slow exhaustion of disease. To continue in the same condition was to shut out all chance of recovery. She might now be removed to another room. New scenes might be presented to her; and if means could be found to rally all that remained of the forces of life to a final struggle, the time had come when this was less dangerous than her prolonged monotony of prostration. Sometimes since her sickness she had repeated: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' She had declared herself to be a believer, but that she had not been baptized. Sometimes when apparently sleeping she would whisper: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' Your mother and Emily had avoided the topic, and endeavored to lead her mind from it, as a topic of probable excitement. A scene of baptism might be more than her slender hold upon life could sustain. But she continued to repeat: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' Now that the doctor had given permission, it was determined no longer to postpone the desired rite. None of us at Ellas-land thought of any clergyman for that occasion but Father Green. The particular reasons known to him and me, why his presence should be felt in that sick-room, were not known to your mother or Emily; but they had been accustomed to his presence, and wished no other. When Father Green and Emily and I arrived, we found your mother had raised the sick woman upon bolsters almost to a sitting posture. She had put upon her a fresh white gown, and had placed a white flower in her hand. She explained to us, in another room, that the Florentine had seemed happy at the approaching solemnity, but her brain was perhaps a little wandering. She talked of her bird singing, and of the companion bird near her. No moon that night looked into the windows of the sick-room; but the curtains were drawn, and from the bed-side could be seen through a raised window dark outlines of foliage traced against a clear sky. The candles threw a dim

and flickering light. We felt, if we did not look, like spectres. The sick woman alone seemed to breathe the life of a new and profound emotion; but it seemed to me like the sorrowful joy of flowers blooming upon a grave. For a moment Father Green was pale as if he too were about to enter the gates of death. Something like a tremor passed through his large frame, but he mastered it. He repeated the passage so often repeated by the sick woman: 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.' He then explained in a few quiet and solemn words the privileges of the baptismal rite, and, in doing so, likened it to a wedding with Christ. It was a union of true love, without reserve; and if entered upon with a trusting, meek, and faithful spirit, unsealed for us exhaustless fountains of rest and peace. He then repeated a hymn, which we four endeavored to sing:

'When I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour,
Bow all resigned beneath His rod,
And bless His sparing power,
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

'Oh! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though trials fix me there,
Is still a privilege most sweet,
For He will hear my prayer:
Though sighs and tears its language be,
The Lord is near to answer me.'

The singing was surely not good. It had a dim, funereal sound, which we could not overcome. Father Green was obviously not quite satisfied. It was for him, more than any of us, to take care that the effects should not be depressing. I fancied that he never exhibited more wholeness and self-command than now. He immediately pronounced a single stanza of another hymn, in a strain so different, that we sung it cheerfully. His faith seemed already to be crowned with assurance of fulfillment:

'Father of mercies, God of love!
Then hear Thine humble suppliant's cry;
Bend from Thy lofty seat above,
Thy throne of glorious majesty:
One pardoning word can make me whole,
And soothe the anguish of my soul.'

With tenderness he laid his moistened fingers upon her forehead:

'And now, Harriet, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!'

He knelt by the bed-side, with one hand delicately soothing the forehead of the sick woman, and prayed. Her eyes became riveted upon his upturned face. A faint auroral light alternately beamed and faded upon her features: it settled into a gleam of fixed intelligence: her wan, emaciated arms were with difficulty and much trembling lifted: they fell upon his broad shoulders, as with a low, moaning sound of recognition, she fell upon his neck, and rested there.

AUTUMN.

I.

Down by the brook the maples stand
With the sycamores hoary,
Their heads have been covered by Autumn's hand
With radiant glory.

II.

The rushes that grow by the river's brink
Are bending lower,
The meadows are brown and bare as when
Left by the mower,
The ploughed fields by their side await
The busy sower.

III.

The searing woods are silvered o'er
With a dull white haze:
The morning mist can scarce be pierced
By the bright sun's rays —
The sun that sinks to rest too soon
These glorious days.

IV.

Where the gray rocks shut the river in,
The tall pines stand,
Looking, in their robes of green,
So calmly grand:
They care not if by tempests tossed,
Or breezes fanned.

V.

The flowers have hid their tender heads
From the wind's rude blast,
The dahlia alone, in her velvet robe
Blooms to the last;
But the biting frost warns that her reign
Is nearly past.

VI.

The sun sinks down between the hills
And dyes the river,
The cold moon-beams through the murky blue
Like diamonds quiver,
And the stars gleam out on the brow of night,
More bright than ever.

VII.

But the mournful wind among the trees
Is sadly sighing:
'Though Earth at rest in her gorgeous robes
Seems calmly lying;
The glory fades, it only tells
The year is dying.'

Helen Earle.

Allegheny City, Oct. 18, 1857.

MY COUSIN DEBORAH.

IN FOUR PARTS: BY R. A. OAKES.

'T is better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.' — ALFRED TENNYSON.

I. A RETROSPECT.

I HAD graduated with distinguished honor.

So said the *Mapletown Gazette*, and sitting in the dingy old room, which for the last four years, with the exception of an occasional and sometimes most weary absence, had been my abiding place, with my feet complacently crossed upon the window-sill, while I inhaled alike the warm, sun-shiny air and the fragrance of a rich Havana, I read the somewhat eulogistic notice which the editor of that paper had seen fit to give the closing exercises of the graduating class of which I was a member.

Yes, I, Philip Massingale, had graduated with distinguished honor. My wardrobe, (it was but a scanty one,) worn and thread-bare, was securely packed in a hair-trunk that much resembled one belonging to Willis's quondam friend, Mr. Forbearance Smith, and I was ready to leave forever the walls which had so long sheltered me.

Yet, despite the fragrant odors of my Havana, a parting 'treat' from a class-mate, and despite the eulogistic notice in the columns of the *Mapletown Gazette*, I was indulging in bitter thoughts. My college life had been a most weary one, one of trial and bitter privation, endured without a murmur, and now, thank GOD, so honorably terminated. In the winter season I had been compelled to go out into the wilderness — to me a most drear wilderness — among rude, uncultivated, yet oftentimes warm-hearted people, whose ideas of book-learning never went beyond the three Rs, reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic; and there, day after day, in the bitterness of a proud spirit doing brute service, had I trudged through snows waist-deep to teach a few uncouth, unkempt urchins — not ideas, GOD never blessed or cursed them with such — how to shoot. It was a miserable pittance to be sure, that I gained from such labor, but, with the most rigid economy, it kept my body and soul together a part of the year which followed.

I 'boarded round' — a significant phrase, whose meaning every poor country school-master learns with all its variations; sometimes going miles through mournful yet ever verdant pine forests, over roads travelled only by lumber-men, to get my rude fare and still ruder lodgings; and at night, when all the family had retired — they were primeval people, accustomed to unremitting toil and early hours, alike at night and morning — I used to rake forward the coals, and throwing a few fagots upon them, lie down, like Ben Franklin, upon my breast, to learn, in such a manner and by such scanty light, the lessons which my class-mates at college were going over in comparative ease.

In haying and harvesting, which usually occurred during the summer vacations, I used to go out among the farmers, taking my chance with men accustomed to severe labor from childhood, turning my swath with them, pitching my windrow with them, and with them receiving the same wages. Sometimes I went down to my uncle John Massingale's, a hard man, but an honest, as the world termed him; one who asked God's blessing on his meat, and thanked Him night and morning. From him I received no more favors than his other help. With them, 'ere the high lawns appeared under the opening eyelids of the morn,' I took my place in the field, and through the long, weary day, under the burning sun, I bore my part. Most truly did I then and there fulfil the injunction of the Scriptures, for by the sweat of the brow did I earn my bread! At noon, when the conch-shell sent its mournful echoes swelling over the hills, like the wail of wintry winds, calling us to dinner, I washed at the same water-spout with the blackened workmen, wiped on the same towel, and eat at the same board. I do not speak of this because I think myself better than they, or worthy of daintier fare, but because my uncle John Massingale, my own father's brother, whose helping hand he had known so often in his hour of need, sat in the room above, and from silver service partook his meat, nor deigned to think of his poor kinsman below; nor I do not recount to you my hardships for your sympathy. Once, nay twice, I had a sympathy broader than all the oceans of the mighty earth, and far more precious, though they enshrine within their bosoms armament and merchant-man and spice-ship laden with amethyst and red gold.

My first recollections are of the great metropolis of wealth and affluence, and most of all and dearest, my mother's love! O minds of richest, rarest imagery, Tennyson or Shelley, or sweetest of them all, and next to Shakspeare, sweetest of all the earth, 'poor John Keats!' you have no words to paint it, though your pens be steeped in heaven's beauties, and wielded with all Job's tender pathos. Oh! well has the poet said:

> 'Happy he
> With such a mother! faith in womankind
> Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
> Comes easy to him; and though he trip and fall,
> He shall not blind his soul with clay.'

My father was a merchant, fair to do with all the world, but unsuccessful speculation ruined him, and he died broken-hearted, close followed by my mother. Then was I left alone in all the world, penniless, homeless, fatherless, and worst of all and hardest to bear, motherless! God indeed have pity on him whose bursting manhood-leaves know not a mother's prayers!

With heart so bruised and broken, what could I do? I reached out blindly through my fast-falling tears, and as though it were the only harbor for my poor life-hulk, so early wrecked, in all God's world, I turned my poor face beseechingly to my uncle John Massingale. With a cold smile lighting up his features, like the great sun on a weary wintry waste, he said his house was mine, and that his roof should always shelter me; but his lip said it only, not his heart, so hollow and

meaningless broke it upon my ear, like some old Grecian oracle; and rather from unwilling hands take the bread of dependence, I would have placed my lips in the dust of God's highway, and died like any beggar!

But Cousin Deborah, O sweet Deborah! with her dark eyes all a-glow with tenderest sympathy, and her white bosom swelling up with tears that would gush out, placed her hand lovingly in mine, and in her sweet, winning, gentle way, won me from my grief's first bitterness, and so my heart 'leapt captive to her feet,' and now lies buried with her! I cannot paint to you my Cousin Deborah; I doubt me much if Raphael himself could do it. She was indeed

'One
Not learned, save in gracious household ways;
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing paradise;
Interpreter between the gods and men,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread; and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music.'

II. MY COUSIN DEBORAH.

Ah! truly my Uncle John Massingale was a hard man, but an honest, walking upright before the world, and dealing out his niggard charities where the breath of fame could do their heralding; and it behooved him now to notice his poor kinsman in some small respect, who might say with Cæsar, looking over the weary battle-field of his college life, *Veni, vidi, vici:* so came the offer, cold and courteous, and winding up with written words of affection, of a situation as Principal in Linklaen Academy, of which he was trustee.

What motive had I for accepting it — I, Philip Massingale, who had struggled up and conquered without his aid when most needed — what cared I now for the situations he might obtain for me? The world was a broad world, a most broad world, and manly independence and force and vigor might hew out for itself a road through the flintiest rock, and make the desert path breathe all the odors of Araby. Why did I accept his offer then, and find myself seated at his table again, not with his common help, to be sure, but still at his table? It was the sweet face of my Cousin Deborah; the one great lodestone where every hope of life and death lay centred. And now I fold my hands in calm and patient waiting, while the mournful melody of these two lines from Coleridge's 'Wallenstein' rings in my ears and thrills my heart like music:

'Thither where she lies buried!
That single spot is the whole world to me.'

But I pass to brighter scenes in my history, not forgetting that my life-beaker, if it has had its dregs of bitterest sorrow, has had also its foam-bead of joy.

If the welcome I received from my uncle John Massingale was cold and courteous, that from my Cousin Deborah was as warm and tender as my heart could wish. I have neglected to mention that my aunt

was dead, and that Deborah presided over the household. After the tumult of greeting was over, she showed me to my room, and once away from beneath her father's eye, she grasped my hands in hers, and whispered she was so glad that I had come. Oh! how the warm blood gushed to my heart; and as she turned and left me, it seemed as though I could have fallen down and kissed the hem of her garment, and risen up a better man for that single act of earthly devotion.

I was sitting one Saturday morning, in the sweet month of June, within the low piazza that overlooked my uncle's garden, watching the ever-changing evolutions of a beautiful humming-bird, whose golden crest varied in color as often as he changed his position, when my Cousin Deborah startled me from my intent observation, by asking me if I did not wish to go to the Rowans, a particular field upon my uncle's farm, to pick strawberries with her. Starting up gladly, I seized the basket which she held in her small hands, and through the lush June grass, trampling down butter-cup and daisy and the golden dandelion, went we to the Rowans.

Oh! the sweetness of that June-morning walk! how the memory of it comes back to me through the long lapse of weary years, as fresh and vividly as though it were but yesterday, filling my soul with such a tenderness, that tears will gush up to water anew the dead and withered hopes of my heart!

The hedges were all athrill with liquid melody, from the thrilling spink-spank-spink of the bobolink, who lifted his white crown from the tender green of the grass, to the carolling welcome of the robin, with his red vest, and the sweet song of the pewit. Away over the broad wavy meadows a thousand blossoms, gold and white and crimson, looked up into the sun-shine, while the long, narrow, sword-like blades of grass, still dabbled with the morning's dew, reached their heads up lovingly to snuff their fragrant odors.

Adown the middle of the Rowans ran a gurgling stream, winding its silver eddies, radiant with the sun-shine, through all the luxurious garniture of the pleasant June. Thick set were its banks with purple violets and gold-eyed cowslips, while the spotted lily, from the graceful curve of its slender neck, dispensed its nods and becks most loyally. Further back, nestling in loving clusters, were the crimson tufts of the balm-flower, contrasting their beauty with budded lupines and sweet-swelling anemones. Down toward the lower end of the meadow where the little stream wound itself into the woodland shadows, the narrow leaves of the willow turned up their silver lining, as though to put to shame the sun-shine, and then laughed and quivered all over at such a fine conceit. The queen of the meadows stood up in all her regal loveliness, and, nodding their yellow turbans, like Arabs doing homage, a thousand graceful adders'-tongues received the languid favors of the passing breeze. Oh! how glorious and grand and full of loveliness was that June morning, and queenliest of all those meadow-beauties was my sweet Cousin Deborah, whose

'———feet
Seemed far sweeter than the sweet
Wild-flowers that would follow her
With iridescent eyes.'

I cannot tell you all that passed between my Cousin Deborah and myself on that beautiful June morning. Locked up within my inmost heart are her sweet words of tender cheer, like the pulsing melody of sweetest music. On a rock where the moss had woven its brown and green and gold, where a thousand scarlet columbines hung down their jewelled heads, we seated ourselves, unmindful of the golden dimples that made so tempting the crimson berries at our feet, and ere our loitering foot-steps left the Rowans, my sweet Cousin Deborah was promised me forever! In patience waiting for that good time coming, far off, and through long weary years it might be, when I might ask her of my uncle John Massingale, and not fear his cold refusal.

III. IN THE INDIES.

Yes, to wait patiently and hopefully until I might hope to gain my uncle John Massingale's consent. Alas! poor Philip! what a hopeless task is yours!

Thereupon, much to the surprise of my uncle, my resignation was sent in to the trustees of the Linklaen Academy. What could their poor five hundred dollars a year do toward making acceptable to my uncle John the suitor for his daughter Deborah? After much and grave debate, and some remonstrance, my resignation was accepted, and my connection with the Linklaen Academy then and there terminated. Not with much regret upon my part, I grant. It had been a weary toil to me, attended with much tribulation of spirit, and sanctioned only and made sweet by the presence of my Cousin Deborah. But now it was terminated, honorably and forever; my poor name on the faculty-page, with the college-appendix, appearing for the last time, and I no more troubled with the requests and desires of tender parents and watchful guardians.

Then came the bitterest scene of all, whose every act is burned into my heart and brain as though with a red-hot iron. The parting with my Cousin Deborah! It is needless to tell you that it was true and tender, broken with sobs, and filled with fervent vows. All the hopes and prospects of the future were discussed freely and fully. There was no restraint between us. She was content to wait hopefully and trustingly, she said; her heart was mine wholly and forever: but she wished to have her father's consent gained, and then she would surrender her destiny to my hands, and take no thought of the future. Oh! blissful words were those, dropping like balm upon my aching heart. Wherever I might be, this sweet assurance should be mine: that one heart, if no other, in all God's world of beating hearts, should beat warm and true for me forever. That no shadow of doubt should come between, but ever hoping, ever trusting, wait patiently until that sweet time should come, when with God's sanction binding us together, we might go hand-in-hand smoothing each other's pathway down to the green grass of the tomb! Alas! dear Deborah! as your soft cheek rested over that heart whose inmost thought and every throb was yours, and yours only; while you breathed those sweet words of trust and everlasting love, you little thought that you would never find resting-place there again; that the cold, unloving arms of Death would take the

place of those that were twined so lovingly and so tenderly around you, and that he by whose side you hoped to tread out the rosy hours of life, should go groping on alone, the world grown dark from thick-falling tears; whose hands just grasped the fruit Hesperian to find them only Dead-Sea fruit. O Deborah! my sweet Deborah! I watch above your grave, and wait the coming hours which in the end shall see us finally united!

So I went back to the great metropolis, among my dead father's former friends. At first I did experience some difficulty in obtaining a situation, I grant; but perseverance accomplished her end finally, as she always will, and sending back a word of cheer to my sweet cousin, I embarked for the Indies.

To me, those were five long, weary years I spent away from Deborah, unblessed by a single word of communication to let me know that she was well, and still hopefully trusting. For the latter I had no doubts; but how doubly sweet it would have been to hear even from the cold lips of a stranger, that my Deborah was living, and if living, waiting. So the time crept slowly onward. Toil was mine, encountered willingly, borne up under manfully, and in the end crowned with success. Fortune smiled upon me with no niggard smile; and like the genii of the fairy tale, every thing I touched turned into gold; at least, so it seemed to me: and as the long five years drew slowly to a close, I felt as though I possessed wealth enough to win the favor of my uncle John.

I cannot paint to you the tremulous anxiety of that homeward voyage. How the great waves took up our giant ship as though it were a cradle, and rocked its inmates into peaceful slumber — into the safe embrace of dear old Mother Earth. All sweet imaginings took possession of my soul, as I walked the deck and thought of Deborah: pictured to myself our meeting, which should last until the SEPARATOR of all delights, as the Arabs say, should part us. And so I went on dreaming golden dreams, not knowing that GOD's hand was upon me.

IV. IN PEACE.

I DID not remain long in the city, as you may well suppose. Whatever business I had there to do was done quickly, and my glad feet turned toward my sweet cousin's home. It was a bright June morning, as beautiful as that on which my Deborah had promised to be mine in the old meadow called the Rowans.

The sun was shining beautifully, and the air was all perfume as I drove up the avenue that led to my uncle John's stately farm-house. There was an air of sad neglect about it, in the closed blinds and the untrimmed lawn, that struck a cold chill to my heart, and with a trembling hand I raised the knocker for admittance. After long waiting and repeated application of the iron knob, the door was opened, and a woman whom I remembered as kitchen-maid stood before me.

Inquiring for my uncle John, she told me he was not at home; and in the next breath asking for Miss Deborah, she shook her head and smiled sadly; then brightening suddenly, she asked if I was Mr. Philip Massingale, and on my affirmative, she bade me wait a moment, disappeared to return with a package addressed to 'Philip' simply, in my dear cousin's well-remembered writing.

That letter lies open on the desk beside me, blotted with many tears — her tears and mine — and full of holy hopes and prayers for me. I cannot transcribe that letter to these pages. No mortal eye has ever seen it but hers and mine. And sitting here in my quiet library, I look out and see the white stone that marks her resting-place looming up through the fast-falling snow.

My uncle John is dead. Before she died, sweet Deborah told him of our hopes, our love; and standing by her grave, he grasped my hands, and with great tears rolling down his cheeks, implored my forgiveness, and called me his dear son. Of wealth I have enough and to spare; nor am I morose and always sad. God, in His manifold mercies, saw fit to chasten me, and bowing my head humbly, I watch and pray. In literary ease my life flows sweetly onward: genial and pleasant, sanctioned with sorrow and not unblest.

The pathway to that white stone which glimmers through the fast-falling snow, is often trod, and no matter how wild the storm, is ever open. In the summer-time, oft-going and returning feet wear away the tender grass; and in mournful, patient, waiting trust, I stand, with head uncovered, and read these marble letters:

'Deborah Sleeps in Jesus and in Peace.'

WINE-SONG: FROM LANJOU.

Now, while the wine in the gleaming glass glances,
See through its mimic waves floating fine fancies:
Down in the seething flood
Of the grape's purple blood
Is the Mirth-god's abode:
Deep in the chalice
Joy has his palace.

Now moving fitfully, whirling in dances,
Oh! how my senses the sweet sight entrances!
See, glides a merry band,
Strays from a fairy land;
Love, with a ray-like wand,
Leading the chorus,
Flitting before us.

Ripples, like drapery, now seem concealing
Shapes traitorous bubbles would fain be revealing:
Spirits most delicate,
Keeping their tiny state,
Wavering, seem to wait;
Tremulous groups,
Like uncertain hopes.

Here is a Lethe for cares that oppress us;
Here is a gladness waiting to bless us:
E'er any envious slip,
Lift to the ready lip:
Let Jove his nectar sip,
Red wine be ours,
Cups crowned with flowers.

Hasclee Vadenropt.

A STRANGE STORY.

BY 'CASTLEMAINE.'

In the year 1854, while residing in Boston, I became acquainted with George Braybœuf, a young English gentleman, then travelling in this country. He was of an eminently insular nature, and possessed all the reserve and stiffness so characteristic of our cousin, John Bull; and our first intercourse seemed unlikely to result in any thing like intimacy. His bluff, phlegmatic ways were little assimilated to the mercurial temperament of a young American, nor did we have many things in common. In his veins ran some of the best blood of England. He was rich, and, as I said before, had all the hauteur of his race; while I was a student in the office of the eminent jurist, the late Judge Gray, with little else to depend upon for a livelihood than the labor of my brains in articles for the weekly newspapers. Braybœuf had brought letters of introduction to Judge Gray, who had shown him the usual minor attentions of dinner-invitations, and the like; and had introduced him to me, with the request that I would show him the lions of the town and its environs; which attention I performed rather as a task than otherwise, for I did not then possess a very warm regard for our transatlantic relatives. I had shown him all the objects of historical interest about Boston with a malicious pleasure, however, as there is nothing about them very flattering to British pride. He viewed every thing after the manner of the race, with a calm stolidity: I taking care to enlarge upon the victories of American, and the reverses of British arms, endeavoring to provoke him out of his national reserve; but to no purpose: I could not vex him into any warmth of expression, and I was fairly disgusted with him. One afternoon, having exhausted most of the objects of interest about Boston, I proposed a sail down the harbor. He readily assented, and we drove down to Long Wharf, and engaged one of Mahan's boats. Hoisting the sail, we stood down the bay as far as Fort Independence; I, of course, descanting upon the wonderful strength of the structure, for the benefit of my companion, and pronouncing it impregnable, at the same time inquiring if the English had any such fortresses: to which he replied that he thought not; the one at Gibraltar perhaps approached it as nearly as any in strength I winced a little at this home-thrust; but rallied enough to say that I believed Gibraltar was designed by an American engineer; to which veritable remark he deigned no reply, but proposed we should land and examine the post more closely. This we did, spending perhaps an half-hour; when, as we were returning on board, Braybœuf's foot slipped, and he fell into the water; the tide was running rapidly, and I knew he could not swim; but being tolerably expert in the art myself, I plunged in, and after some little trouble succeeded in saving him. On being brought to the shore, he simply said, 'Thank you, Castlemaine,' in so indifferent a tone, (as if I had just passed him the salt,) that I

felt half a mind to throw him in again. But from that time his manner toward me changed, and I could see pulsating beneath his English surface a warm heart; and as I knew him better, I became much attached to him.

Shortly after this, as we were sitting in his room at the 'Albion,' looking out upon the Bay — one of the Cunard steamers coming in, a train just going, shrieking and puffing, out, over the Eastern Rail-road, its long streamer of smoke trailing behind it, and curling gracefully up over the Maverick hills; the whole city instinct with life and motion — I said: 'George! suppose old Dr. Franklin could have had the wish gratified that he expressed upon seeing a fly taken from a bottle of old wine become revivified, and crawl about the table; and, as he desired, when he had seen the end of the Revolution, and the firm establishment of our government, had been placed in a puncheon of New-England rum, and could come to life again, and look upon this, his native village, this afternoon, would n't he stare?'

Suddenly the whole manner of Brayboeuf changed. He seemed to fairly emerge from his English shell into a different being. So complete was his transformation, that I said: 'Why, my boy, what is the matter? You seem so much interested in my very original remark, that one would think you were the lightning-catching philosopher, himself.'

Said he: Castlemaine! I am going to tell you a story, so strange that it passes belief; one which I have never breathed since its events transpired: I can hardly expect you to give it credence, I can only tell it to you.'

'You know I am an officer in Her Majesty's Coldstream Guards: we are quartered, when in London, in the Tower; that is, our mess-room is there, and the officers of the day remain there during the night. On the twenty-second of May, 1851, Harry Lacy and I were doing 'guard duty.' Dinner was over, the other officers had gone, and left Harry and me to solitude, alone in the Tower. We lit our segars, and began conversation, which turned, naturally enough, upon the building in which we were: its wonderful history, the deeds of blood its grim walls had witnessed. We got so engaged in the conversation, and the oaken walls were lit up by the coal-fire burning in the grate (we had not lighted candles) with such weird and fanciful shapes, that, I vow, it seemed as if I could trace upon the ceiling, among its carvings, childish shapes which grim shadows were smothering, and murdered kings struggling with mail-clad assassins. Out of the gloom seemed to stalk in majesty the dignified and grave figure of the Sixth Henry; while behind him crouched, with sinister face, and drawn dagger, the Third Richard. From before the pointed oriel windows seemed to stretch a black-draped scaffold, and upon it a line of weeping queens bowed their heads to the block. Distinct among them was the sad face of 'the mournful Anne Boleyn,' measuring with white and jewelled fingers her slender neck, and smiling upon her masked executioner. All these I thought of, and many more things, while Lacy was rattling away, till he suddenly asked: 'George! did you ever see the place where the young princes were buried under the Tower stairs?' I said: 'No!' Said he: 'It is just the dismal place you would imagine: let 's go and see it!' Being in the humor to 'sup full of horrors,' I

acceded to his proposal, and, lighting our guard-lantern, we left the apartment. The glimmering light fell strangely upon the low and narrow passage by which we proceeded, and our shadows upon the wall seemed to take the shapes of men in armor, while every puff of wind wailing through the crannies and loop-holes of the massive walls, seemed to rise into a sigh or a groan. We descended the great stone staircase, and under its huge arches of solid masonry, looked upon the spot where were laid 'those twin roses on a single stalk,' as Shakspeare calls them — the infant Princes of England, smothered by command of Richard the Third. We viewed the place mournfully for a moment, and turned to retrace our steps, when a fancy seized us to extend our explorations, and beneath an arch, and through an oaken door, studded thick with massive nails, we passed on into the Tower vaults. Through apartment after apartment we groped along, now stumbling against a fragment of rusty chain which, fastened to a ring-bolt, had confined some poor wretch, who had dragged out a life worse than death, deprived of air and sun-light, in these living tombs, until our way ended in what seemed a sort of lumber-room; in it were stored pieces of rusty and broken armor, shattered spears, huge battle-axes, broad-swords, and maces, that, in their strange and terrible shapes, seemed to bring back the days of the Crusades, and the strong arms that had wielded, and the strong hearts that had prompted, the blows of these weapons of another age. At the extremity of the apartment lay upon its side a huge cask or butt of an antique and singular shape, something like the casks in which Bordeaux brandy is imported, but longer, and with more swell to the bilge, or middle of the cask. It had strange old-fashioned fastenings to its hoops, which were of the willow of the South of France. Approaching it, and striking upon it lightly with our fingers, we discovered that it was filled with some sort of liquid. Harry shouted, making the damp walls resound strangely with the echoes of his merry voice: 'Huzzah! a prize! who knows but it is wine, rare old Burgundy, and may serve yet to enliven many a dinner for the Coldstreams? This is a good night's work for the mess, if we can only manage to have it quietly bottled off down here, and taken to the wine-cellar: we'll taste it, at all events!'

'By the light of our lantern, scraping away the gathered mould of years, we discovered the bung of the cask, covered with sheet-lead, and sealed in yellow wax, as nearly as we could make out by the dim light, with the broad seal of England: we scraped it away, crumbling beneath our fingers.

''And now,' said Harry, 'how to start the bung? Oh! I have it! I've seen the coopers do it in the docks;' and drawing his sword, for we had not removed our side-arms at dinner, he said: 'God grant it may never shed more generous blood than that of the grape!' and struck violently upon the staves. At the second or third blow, the willow-hoops, weakened with age, gave way, and the oaken staves fell in, while the blood-red wine, gushing out in torrents, deluged us completely. As soon as I could recover my breath, for surprise and laughter, I said, 'Well, Harry! a pretty mess we are in, and all our clothes at our lodgings;' when on looking at the *debris* of the cask, we saw lying the body of

a man, dressed in the costume of the fifteenth century, and with features as placid and fresh as if in a quiet sleep. We both started back in surprise and terror, and it was some moments before we recovered ourselves sufficiently to examine still farther the body. The garments, though now soaked and stained to a deep crimson hue, seemed of rich fabric, and were adorned with gold lace and jewels, which, untarnished by the wine, shone in strange contrast to the sanguine tint of the cloth upon which they were embroidered; by his side was a diamond-hilted sword, and upon his finger a massive ruby ring, upon which, as I looked, I made out the well-known crest of the Dukes of Clarence. By George! Castlemaine, the whole thing flashed upon me in an instant. Who else could it be but George Duke of Clarence, drowned in a butt of Malmsey, in 1483, by his brother, Richard the Third! I said as much to Harry, and for a few minutes we cogitated upon our best course to pursue. Leaving the body there was out of the question, and roaming about the vaults and crypts of the Tower might be thought a rather serious matter by the Colonel of our regiment; so finally we concluded all we could do, would be to remove the body to the mess-room, dispose it quietly and decently, and in the morning take Colonel Harcourt's advice in the matter. Accordingly I supported the head and shoulders, while Lacy preceded me, carrying the lantern and bearing the feet, and we crept along toward the mess-room; arriving there, not without difficulty, for the body was that of a stalwart man, we laid it upon the rug before the grate, while we spread a cloak upon a couch, which we prepared for its reception: these preparations occupied some moments, and while about them, I fancied I heard a gasp, but supposed it was only fancy, until on returning to remove the body, and stooping to lift the shoulders, I felt upon my hand the faintest possible breath. I looked again, and the chest heaved with the faint and struggling motion of a dying child. I rushed to the side-board, and pouring out a glass of brandy, while I raised the head, held it to the lips, to which color had come; and as I turned the glass, with a gasp, a portion of its contents was swallowed. Lacy and I immediately set at work, rubbing the hands and chafing the temples: respiration grew more regular, color came to the face, and as I felt anxiously the artery of the wrist, I felt the pulse coming with a thread-like beat. We continued our exertions with increasing success; finally the eyes unclosed, and looked wildly around: I held the brandy again to the lips, and he spoke, gasping out: 'Richard! Richard! I am thy brother, and by thee I die!'

'He gazed anxiously around the room, seeming to take in with the eyes you would imagine a man would look upon another world, its contents. Around, hung pictures of British victories: Waterloo, Gibraltar, the Nile, Trafalgar, all won during his long sleep. Just over his head, in companion niches, stood busts of Nelson and Wellington; at the end of the room was a portrait of Her Majesty in her coronation-robes: upon all these he looked with wondering eyes, till, endeavoring to speak, he fell back in my arms, with a rattle in his throat, and all efforts to rouse him proved unavailing. He was dead! O Castlemaine! if he could have lived! Lacy and I laid him mournfully upon the couch,

and I passed to the window. Over the masses of rolling cloud was coming the pomp of May-day dawn, spires of gorgeous red shooting athwart the murky gloom of the flying night like the banners of an advancing army; and as I looked, the sun rose in full beauty, and his beams fell upon the roof of the Crystal Palace, illuming its pinnacles and turrets with unearthly beauty, as it stood, the glorious monument of the progress of the ages, glittering like a vast diamond in the sunlight, within Hyde-Park. Upon my ear fell the sound of the morning gun, and from the peak of your ship 'Nightingale,' lying in the Thames, ran up the Stars and Stripes: the gun was echoed by one from your frigate, the 'St. Lawrence,' as her ensign floated on the morning breeze. All the panorama told of the present; and as I turned to the silent, clay-cold figure of a past age, that had tottered so strangely for an instant at the open door of the present, before falling back again into its long sleep, I felt that I would have willingly have laid down my own life, could George Duke of Clarence have looked for one hour with me upon the prospect from that Tower-window. As I turned and spoke to Harry, there were tears in his eyes; and as we looked upon the body, as it lay there in quiet dignity, we felt an awe for the remains of such august mortality that revolted at the impertinent curiosity its strange discovery must excite; and so mournfully and heavily bearing it away, we deposited it beneath the flag-stones of the vault from which it had been taken: and have since, until to-day, never spoken of this strange episode in our idle lives, save to one another.'

L I L L I A N.

She is resting, calmly resting,
  On her little snowy bed,
And there 's a hushed and quiet stillness,
  For Lillian is dead.

With hands close-folded o'er her breast,
  And snow-drops here and there,
And roses white, and violets,
  Wreathed in her golden hair:

She slumbers; but it is the sleep
  From which she 'll waken ne'er again:
Heart-stricken ones kneel there and weep,
  And tears fall like the rain.

Round her meek mouth there hovers still
  An holy, solemn look,
As if her childhood-spirit, freed,
  Had looked in 'Life's own book.'

Kiss her pale lips and snowy brow,
  Smooth back her silken hair;
It is not long she has to stay —
  Guard her with loving care.

M. N.

Murphysboro, (Illinois.)

MY ADVENTURES IN SMITHBURGH.

BY JOHN BRADSHAWE.

'MAKE you a pair before Saturday night, Sir,' said the shoemaker.

'Can't wait,' said I: 'going out of town by the next train.'

'Oh! well, now I think,' replied he, 'here is an uncommon nice pair that may be'll fit. They was made for a gentleman that did n't take 'em: too small across here, you see. Try 'em on, Sir? Ah! yes, so, so, exactly. Why, they fit like — like they 'd been made for you!'

They did fit tolerably well, so I bought them. In five minutes more I was seated aboard the cars in Chatham-street, and in half-an-hour more, was steaming and rattling away out of the city, toward my destination. I was going on a collecting expedition to that secluded 'little rural paradise,' Smithburgh, which, as you are aware, is situated about a hundred miles back of the City Hall, and is about the same number of years behind the metropolis in the 'modern improvements.' One of the Smithburghers was in debt to my employers, (the great house of Naryred and Company, of whom you have doubtless heard, Pearl-street, just below Fulton.) The aforesaid Smithburgher was rumored to be on the eve of 'suspension,' hence my hurried journey. Be it remembered that these events occurred two years ago, at which era debts were still collectable.

'The shades of night were falling fast' when the train deposited my carpet-bag and myself at the Smithburgh station. I was soon ensconced in the tavern; an ambitious wooden structure, very garishly white, and very lavish of piazza without, which qualities were counterbalanced by its being very dirty and very cramped for room within.

When I went over, in the evening, to the store of my delinquent debtor, I did not find him; and a very brief conversation with the people whom I did find, served to inform me that I had come on a fruitless errand. He had not only suspended, but had decamped out of Smithburgh into parts unknown. He was a dead loss, so far as Naryred and Company were concerned. All that could be done with him, was to put him down on the debit side of the profit and loss account. There was nothing for it but to go back.

'And when does the next train go down?' inquired I of mine host at the 'Hotel.'

'No train down till 11.55 A.M.,' was the curt response.

Just my luck. No money, no assets, no collection, and now no train. I should have to stay fourteen hours longer in this dismal country tavern. Tired and very ill-humored, after nodding an hour over the same paper I had read the day before in town, I took my candle, and took myself off to bed.

It must have been near mid-night, when I was suddenly roused up by a thundering explosion:

'BANG!'

Bewildered and sleepy, I sat up in bed, trying to make out whether Naryred and Company had 'burst,' and were unable to pay ten cents on the dollar; or whether I was aboard a Mississippi steamer which had 'collapsed a flue,' and was about to be scalded with hot steam; or whether ——

'Bang!' suddenly went a second explosion, and I made out to comprehend that something was being fired off under my window.

Jumping up, I rushed to the sash, and peered out. Sure enough, there was a crowd of men and boys, gathered round what looked like a dilapidated anvil, ramming it down for a third discharge.

It must be election day in Smithburgh, thought I, and they are rejoicing over the result. Confound the successful candidate, whoever he is, making such an infernal racket!

Just then, one of the youngsters, looking up, caught sight of me, standing in my shirt at the window. He hurriedly spoke to the others, and then one shouted:

'Boys: let 's give him three cheers!'

And they did.

'Hoo-oo-raw!'

'Hoo-oo-oo-raw!'

'Hoo-oo-oo-ra-a-a-aw!'

I shrank back, and crept shivering into bed just as gun number four went off, amid another set of cheers. One-and-thirty times did that infernal piece go off; I devoutly praying each time that it might burst, and so stop. Then there were more cheers. Then there was a bonfire, blazing up so suddenly into the window that I thought the house had caught fire. Then there was 'Hail Columbia' and 'Yankee Doodle,' on a cracked fiddle and a wheezy clarionet. At last, the Babel quieted down, and I, wondering considerably what it was all about, fell asleep.

But if I was mystified about the doings of the night, I was considerably more puzzled by the goings on of the morning. My host met me with a most profound bow, and was deferentially solicitous about my health. The bar-keeper bowed reverentially when I passed him. The bar-room idlers all respectfully rose to their feet, (staring hard meanwhile,) as I walked through. The chamber-maid dropped as many as fifty courtesies, one after another, when I happened to meet her in the hall, and so overwhelmingly civil was every body, that I half-imagined I had stepped out of free-and-easy America into courteous France.

On looking round, I perceived the house itself was marvellously changed, over-night. The scrubbing-brush must have been busy since day-light, for the floors were freshly scoured, and the windows glistened with polish, while the furniture was 'set round' in the primmest kind of order. The landlady, although it was the slatternly hour of eight o'clock in the morning, was arrayed in majestic black silk, and her cap, with its multitudinous cherry-colored ribbons, was miraculous to behold. Mine host evidently had on his Sunday black suit, and had thrust himself into a clean shirt, starched to an extent that kept him perpendicular as a grenadier.

It must be, thought I, that this is county fair day; or perhaps they are going to have a wedding in the house.

'By the way, what was the firing for, last night?' I inquired.

'Oh! a mere six-pounder, Sir! but the best we have in Smithburgh. The boys thought they must have it out in honor of your arrival.'

'In honor of *my* arrival!' ejaculated I, taken all aback.

'Yes, your Excellency. But breakfast is ready. Will your Excellency walk in?'

My arrival! my Excellency! I was so astounded at the sudden distinction with which I found myself invested, that I could only mechanically walk in, and seat myself at the breakfast-table.

Certainly the 'hotel' had put forth its most strenuous efforts to get up that breakfast. There were broiled chickens and chickens fricasseed; there was a huge turkey; there was a roast sirloin of beef; there was a cold leg of mutton, and a hot leg of veal; there were ham and eggs, and ham without the eggs, and eggs without the ham; pork and beans; beef-steak; cutlets and chops; cabbages, beets, cauliflowers, tomatoes, and other vegetables, *ad libitum;* sausages; hommony; oysters and clams; salmon and shad; buckwheat cakes, biscuit, and johnny-cake; pickles to any extent; pies, cake, and sweetmeats; and whatever else it ever entered into the head of a country housewife to put on a breakfast-table, and a great deal that never was thought of before, for any such purpose. And my solitary chair was the only one set for this repast! It was appalling.

For attendants, I had the landlord and the landlady, the young lady 'help,' magnificent in ribbons and jewelry, and the bar-keeper, in blue coat and brass buttons, and an enormous display of wristband. They all four bustled about, running over each other in their eagerness to serve me, while the host, rubbing his hands, and smiling apologetically, remarked:

'Sorry we have nothing better to give you, Sir; but your coming so privately, last night, took us rather by surprise. Hope you'll be able to make a breakfast, Sir.'

I ate breakfast in amaze, cogitating whether these extraordinary attentions could be the result of the wide-spread fame of the house of Naryred and Company, or whether I had really achieved a distinguished reputation without being aware of it. At any rate, the breakfast was substantial, and no illusion. I inwardly resolved I would always patronize this tavern, whenever I came to Smithburgh.

Presently I observed indications that I was not only an object of attention, but of curiosity. Faces, as of persons standing on chairs, appeared behind the three panes of glass over the door, staring intently at every mouthful I took. When I looked, the faces suddenly ducked out of sight. When I looked away, they reäppeared, or were succeeded by others, staring in turn. The window opening on the street was darkened all at once, and on turning round to see the reason, I surprised a crowd of urchins, piled in tiers, flattening their noses against it with intense staring, all of whom vanished as I looked. The landlord, by incautiously opening the door which led to the kitchen, caused a sudden rustling and scampering, and a suppressed scream, which led to the ir-

resistible conclusion that a bevy had been taking turns there, staring through the key-hole.

Breakfast was hardly over, before there came a rap at the door, followed by the announcement that some gentlemen were waiting to pay their respects to me. By this time I was past being astonished at any thing, so I unhesitatingly desired them to be shown in. The door was flung open, and in bustled a pompous-looking elderly man, in black broadcloth, with a huge gold watch-seal dangling from his fob, a gold-headed cane in his hand, and a pair of gold spectacles astride his nose. His face was very red, but a stern determination was written on every feature of it. A lank, solemn-visaged individual, and another, short, stout, and smiling, followed. Behind them came, I should think, nearly the entire population of the village, of all ages, sorts, and sizes, squeezing in so as to completely fill the room, only leaving a respectful circle, about three feet in diameter, in front of me; and every one of them staring at me as hard as he knew how.

Advancing to the verge of this opening, the pompous man, with one arm extended at right angles to his body, and the other thrust beneath his coat-tails, addressed me after this fashion:

'Mr. PRESIDENT: Honored and Respected Sir: This is a proud day for Smithburgh. Unexpected as was your coming, it is welcome — welcome to our homes, our h'arths, and our bosoms. Long have we watched your gigantic career, whether in shedding your life-blood in your country's cause, upon the fervid plains of Mexico, or in boldly guiding the helm of the Ship of State, amid tempests that threatened momentarily to wreck her on the shoals of a fathomless abyss! But we knew the eye of the American Eagle was fixed upon you; and the result would justify our predictions. We knew that the — a — a — shafts of vile calumny were aimed at your devoted head; but we knew also that they rankled against an impenetrable shield, which would quench them forever into — to the ground. Sir, you *are* welcome. In the name and on the behalf of my fellow-citizens, I tender to you the hospitalities of Smithburgh, and the freedom of the city, trusting you will excuse the box, with which, for lack of timely warning, we are unprovided.'

I stammered out some bewildered acknowledgments in reply to this harangue, apparently to the disappointment of the assemblage, who evidently expected from me a speech, in similar style, in return. But as their orator had remarked about the box, for lack of previous warning, I was unprovided with any speech to make.

Recovering himself a moment after, the spokesman blandly introduced himself as General Smith, and then proceeded to introduce his townsmen.

'This, Sir, is Deacon Jones, one of our first men, and a fellow-member of the Committee of Reception, of which I have the honor to be chairman. Dr. Davis, Sir, the other member.'

The Deacon and the Doctor grasped my hand until I thought they never would leave off shaking it. Twice did the Deacon open his mouth as in act to speak; twice were his emotions or his modesty to much for him, and the mouth closed again without utterance. Mean-

while, others behind pressed forward to be introduced and shake hands in turn.

'Squire Staples, Sir, a great friend of yours, and an original Jackson man from the start; Mr. Tompkins; our clergyman, Reverend Mr. Peterson; Mr. Betts, Mr. Dobson, Mr. McGuire, Judge Jenkins, (one of our first men, Sir,) Captain O'Flynn, of the Smithburgh Guards; Mr. Jacobs, Mr. — a — (I forget your name) — ah! Mr. Slimkins, a highly-respected draper and clothing merchant of our place, Sir — not one of our folks politically, but we shall have him one of these days, yet;' (a laugh and a significant nudge from Mr. Slimkins;) 'Mr. Schnuphausen, one of our adopted citizens, and one of our hardest workers, Sir — true as steel and regular as election comes round; Mr. Hodges, Sir, the editor of the Smithburgh *Weekly Messenger*.'

'My only regret, Sir,' said this latter luminary, a lean, cadaverous young man, with a strong odor of Monongahela whiskey, 'is that I had not known of your arrival earlier, that I might have announced it in an extra this morning.'

'It is of no consequence,' began I.

'Oh!' said he, interrupting, '*you* may say that, Sir, but I cannot suffer so important an event to pass without an extra. It will come out this afternoon; already in type; goes to press at one o'clock.'

'Well, I declare,' here broke in General Smith, 'if there an't the post-master at last. Thought it was about time you was getting round. Here, Sir,' said he, taking the new-comer by the arm and leading him up to me, 'here is a gentleman that is bound to stand by you through thick and thin. This is Mr. Higginbotham, our post-master.'

Mr. Higginbotham, his face beaming with satisfaction, grasped me by both hands. 'My dear Sir, I am under everlasting obligations to you. It will never be forgotten, I assure you. And if work for the party is wanted, I am the man.'

'Higginbotham always was sound as a nut,' remarked the General; 't an't likely he'll change now he 's got the commission.'

'Are you on your way to Washington, Sir?' here interposed Deacon Jones.

'I! Oh! no,' said I.

'Going up to Concord, perhaps, Sir?' said 'Squire Staples.

I also disclaimed this imputation, wondering what the deuce I should be going to either place for.

'Saw you were travelling privately like, and perhaps wanted to avoid observation, otherwise we should have got up a celebration for you. Thought you 'd prefer to have us just come round and see you quietly in this way.'

Queer ideas of quiet these Smithburghers have, thought I to myself — turning a town topsy-turvy out of a regard for privacy!

'Knowed him!' here burst out an energetic little man, who had been conversing *sotto voce* with Dr. Davis at my left elbow; 'Knowed him! I'd a knowed him any where. Why, he 's just the picture of himself right over again, that is, without the horse.'

'Your Excellency is a younger-looking man than I expected to see,'

said the Reverend Mr. Peterson; 'your onerous duties do not wear upon your health, I trust? They must be oppressive.'

'Ah! yes,' said Dr. Davis, whose plump, oily appearance testified that he took but little of his own medicine, 'brain, Sir, brain,' significantly tapping the spot where his own mental apparatus was located.

'I reckon there 's a right smart deal of head-work to be done in that sitooation of hisn,' said Mr. Dobson, an honest, farmer-like looking man, clad in sheep's gray, addressing the company generally.

'Yes, Sir!' 'That 's a fact;' and 'Faix, ye may say that same,' chimed in a chorus from the outsiders of the circle.

'Would you have any objection, Sir,' said Mr. Hodges, dropping his voice to a whisper, 'to indicate which way, in your experienced judgment, our election is going to go?'

'Why really,' replied I, 'living as I do, and taking so little part in politics, I——'

'I understand,' said he, nodding and interrupting; 'I understand. Quite right; in your exalted position, one can't be too cautious of what he says. You are quite right. I beg your pardon for making the inquiry.'

Here a dead silence ensued for a brief time, the insiders of the circle apparently being talked out, and the outsiders too much awed by the dignity of the occasion to venture any remarks.

'I wish Lootenant Reed was here,' at length observed 'Squire Staples; 'he 'd a been delighted. Probably you did n't know him, but he fought with you in Mexico. He 's a giant of a fellow, six feet two, and a perfect dare-devil.'

It struck me that, although I had never been in Mexico, yet, if this belligerent lieutenant entertained the impression that he had fought with me there, he might possibly want to fight with me again in Smithburgh. So I mentally hoped he would not return before I left.

'May I beg the honor of just one moment's private conversation,' entreated a shabby-genteel personage, drawing me aside by the coat-button. 'I am an attorney and counsellor-at-law; but business is poor here. By the way, I ought to mention that I have always worked hard for the party, and never dreamed of asking any thing. Any body will tell you so. But what I was going to ask you was, whether, if I come down your way, there would be any chance of my getting an office? I would n't think of such a thing if it was n't for my straitened circumstances. There really do n't seem to be nothing for me to do up here.'

Ah! thought I, he is thinking of going to New-York to practice, and wants to know about renting an office there. So I told him: 'Certainly, he would have no difficulty in getting one, though it was rather late in the season.'

'Yes, I know that,' said he; 'I ought to have been on hand at the fourth of March. But you really think I could do something in that way? And about how much do you think it would be worth?'

I told him there was a great difference in the rents, that they ranged from fifty dollars up to five hundred, and even eight hundred, or nine hundred dollars.

'Yes, so I supposed, by what I seen about 'em in the blue book. One of them eight hundred dollar ones would be just the thing for me.'

I could not help thinking it would be a long time before he would do business enough to warrant him in renting an eight hundred dollar office. But before the colloquy proceeded further, it was broken off by the landlord's bringing the information that it only wanted fifteen minutes of the time for the down-train, and that 'they were waiting so escort me to the cars.'

Having by this time come to the conclusion that Smithburgh was one vast asylum and all its population lunatics, I submitted resignedly to the programme that appeared to be marked out for me. I walked out, the crowd within respectfully following, and the crowd without cheering vociferously as I made my appearance.

Captain O'Flynn's Smithburgh Guards were drawn up in a line before the door, in their gorgeous uniform of yellow coats with green facings, and blue pantaloons with a red stripe down the side, and were standing in obedience to the order, 'Present arms!' They wheeled into marching order; the drum and fife struck up 'Hail Columbia,' General Smith took me by the arm; the other two committee-men divided between them the honor of carrying my carpet-bag; the citizens paired off by twos behind us, and away we marched to the railroad station, a crowd lining the side-walks, 'the ladies' thronging the windows and waving white handkerchiefs; the crowd cheering; the dogs barking; the little boys with sticks and paper caps marching alongside, and General Smith, all the way, pouring into my ears the deep gratitude of the town for the visit, the equally deep regret that they had not had time to get up a more befitting 'celebration,' and urgent entreaties that I would repeat the visit 'when Congress adjourned.'

Arrived at the cars just in season, I parted from my hospitable friends on the platform, with more hand-shakings, and a whispered entreaty of 'Do n't forget the office,' from my shabby-genteel friend; and as the train moved off, nine stentorian cheers from the assembled gathering actually drowned the locomotive's whistle.

I had become so used to adulation and admiration by my morning's experience, that I half-expected to be greeted with similar demonstrations aboard the train; and half wondered whether the city bells would strike up a peal of welcome in honor of my return, and whether I should find the Common Council and General Sandford with the first Brigade of N. Y. S. M., waiting at the dépôt to escort me to the City Hall.

Nothing of the sort transpired, however. Nobody took any particular notice of me, either on the train or when I got off of it. I had quite sunk into my original insignificance.

I walked home to my lodgings without exciting any attention in the streets. Reaching there, I pulled off my new boots, which had proved rather tight, and sat down in easy slippers to rest and cogitate upon my singular adventures.

Some writing on the inside of the lining of one of the boots attracted my notice. I took it up and read, in a large round hand, '*Franklin Pierce.*'

The mystery was explained! In hastily purchasing ready-made

boots, I had bought a pair made for the President. When I set them out over night to be blacked at the 'Smithburgh Hotel,' the waiter had read the name, and communicated the important secret to the landlord, from whom it had spread like wildfire through the town. I had been passing with the Smithburghers for President Pierce!

I have not ventured to show myself in Smithburgh since. I have never heard of General Pierce's going there either, so I suppose they are not undeceived to this day.

P.S.: If you print this story in the KNICKERBOCKER, don't let any copies of it go to Smithburgh.

IN THE FOREST.

WE lie beneath the forest shade,
  Whose sunny tremors dapple us:
She is a proud-eyed Grecian maid,
  And I am SARDANAPALUS;
A king uncrowned, whose sole allegiance
Obtains in dusky forest-regions.

How cool and liquid seems the sky!
  How blue and still the ditance is!
White fleets of cloud at anchor lie,
  And mute are all existences;
Save here and there a bird that launches
A shaft of song among the branches.

Within this alien realm of shade,
  We keep a sylvan passover:
We happy twain; a wayward maid,
  A careless, gay philosopher:
But unto me she seems a VENUS,
And Paphian grasses nod between us.

Her drooping eyelids half-conceal
  A vague, uncertain mystery;
Her tender glances half-reveal
  A sad, impassioned history;
A tale of hopes and fears unspoken,
Of thoughts that die and leave no token.

'Oh! braid a wreath of budding sprays,
  And crown me queen!' the maiden says:
'Queen of the shadowy woodland ways,
  And wandering winds whose cadences
Are unto thee that tale repeating
Which I must perish while secreting!'

I wove a wreath of leaves and buds,
  And blooms with golden chalices,
And crowned her queen of summer woods,
  And dreamy forest-palaces;
Queen of that realm whose ancient story
Makes life a splendor, death a glory.

MAY DREAMS.

BENEATH the new-leaved maple trees that drop
  Their gulfs of shadow on the warm, deep grass,
In dreamy sort I lie, while down the slope
  With idle face the cloud-shades pass,
    And flitting o'er the stream,
Drift up the mountain wall that zones the vale,
And vanish like the memory of a dream
    When night grows pale.

The incense from white-tented fields of bloom
  Makes it an ecstasy to lie and breathe
The cool airs from the forest's emerald gloom,
  Where wine-dark runnels with gray mosses wreathe,
    And sombre pines complain.
A soft and wooing touch is in the air,
A touch like lovers' lips that close with vain,
    Impassioned prayer.

On kindling hills and slumbrous mountain-sides
  The air melts to an amethystine sea,
Folding each piny crag and scar in tides
  Of hazy, dreamy unreality.
    Ancient, vast, and solemn,
The smoky peaks loom on the sky afar,
As when on Arctic seas an ice-berg's volume
    Hides Hesper's star.

Thoughts of the loved and lost: scenes that were dear,
  Because in other eyes their beauty shone;
Fair ghosts of hopes and pleasures reäppear,
  And glow with saddened splendor not their own.
    Thus in the plaintive shell
The ripple's whisper and the tempest's roar
Of its remembered shore, or sink or swell
    For evermore.

Far-wandering winds and melancholy seas,
  The wash of surges on a desert isle:
White rafts of cloud, like anchored argosies,
  Green eastern wolds that in the sun-set smiles:
    Such visions fade and come
In shadowy glimpses of those old abodes
When Progress, primal curse of earth, was dumb,
    And men were gods.

These daisied meadows piping shepherds dance,
  Rude altars smoke upon the windy lawns,
Misshapen Satyrs peer from woodland haunts,
  The forests echo to the laugh of fawns,
    And everlasting PAN,
His curled horns prankt with wreaths of varied blooms,
His ancient sway o'er nature, brute, and man
    Again resumes.

The green-haired Nereids pour their foaming urn
  In yonder willow-girdled chasm, where
The noisy wild bee blows his breezy horn
  And leafy murmurs lull the sleepy air:

The idle waves ensue,
A stream of wrinkled silver to the main,
Like some rare dream of song that wanders through
A poet's brain.

The round earth is a mighty censer, swung
By hands sublime before the starry choir:
Its rhythmic hymn by rolling worlds is sung,
Its incense drifts from fields of flowery fire,
Being's exhaustless source!
Each May that stirs th' insensate clod to tell
Of coming bud and fruit, in man restores
Life's miracle.

BRITISH AND FRENCH ART IN NEW-YORK.

John Bull, in the plenitude of his good nature — but we must digress thus early from our subject, after the fashion of the veritable history of Tristram Shandy, to defend this expression, lest some one of our downright Yankee brethren, with his prejudices refreshed by a glance from his window at his pet granite obelisk, should take us to task for advancing such heresy as that John Bull is ever good-natured. Now, albeit that our male parent (we take him to be the husband of our mother country) has gained the reputation of being a grumpy and somewhat belligerent old codger, yet we cannot but give him credit for an occasional amiable low, when we see him caring for the amusement of his herd by Sydenham Crystal Palace and Manchester Exhibition, even while all Europe is shaking red flags at him across the Channel, and black ban-dogs are worrying his fair cows and tender calves in the far-off pasture-field of India.

John Bull, then, in the plenitude of his good nature, has not even forgotten his prodigal offspring in these troublous times, but has sent over for our admiration and instruction, an Exhibition of British Art, with a royal good fellow of a British custodian to aid our weak perceptions in the discovery of its beauties. Let no captious grumbler whisper in our ear, that may be, after all, it is but a trading speculation of some London print-seller, who did not go to see Church's Niagara, and never heard of Cropsey or Kensett, but believed that 'the Americans do not know what pictures are, and will buy any thing that has a name to it.' Did he, too — good, honest advocate of the French Alliance — promote the sending of a more showy representative congress of Gallic painters, and calling it 'The Exhibition of Paintings by Modern Artists of the French School,' forward the interest of each sales-room by generous rivalry! Out upon such damnable heresy, and let us learn gratefully our first lessons in the appreciation of high art, without making faces at our kind preceptor. Let us premise that we have never been to 'the other side,' and knowing only Ruskin, the 'Art

Magazine,' and kindred publications, let us enter humbly upon the task of discovering, first in the British Exhibition, the beauties of art, in the works of painters whose talents are therein exalted. Hermes! Thot! or by whatsoever name thou art called, tutelar divinity of artists, forefend that we should discover, within this thy shrine, the Bathos of Art!

Our unaccustomed eyes are first attracted to strange, bright-colored pictures, vividly distinct in all their details, of impossible boys and unearthly infants, with grass of brightest green, running up into where we look for the sky; we do not like to exhibit our ignorance before the Briton, so we appeal privately to our countryman, quondam editor of the '*Crayon*,' who has lent his taste and judgment to aid in the arrangement of the galleries and hanging of the pictures. These are works of the new school of Pre-Raphaelite painters, We approach the representation of a yellow-haired boy, whom, at first sight, we judge to have lain so long upon his mother's grave, that his white-duck sailor-trowsers have become mildewed, but the improbability of this theory leads us to the conclusion, that these gray spots are the shade of a tree, which, as it does not appear, we receive on faith. In the back-ground (if the remembrance of there being no perspective taught in this school had not flashed upon us, we should have thought it up a grassy hill) a lamb hidden from its mother by an intervening tomb-stone, is intended as an allegorical coädjutant to the main subject, the presence of which is one of the technical characteristics of this school; but so awkward is the whole composition, an otherwise pure and touching sentiment is spoiled by the bad company it has got into. Finally we turn away with fixed determination, in our secret mind, to gyrate our small brother in order to discover whether it be possible for the most flexile of mortals to assume the position of that boy upon the grass.

> '—— *quam quam ridentem dicere verum*
> *Quid vetat.*'

This is not Art; neither do we conceive it to be a fair exponent of that school of art, which, still new to our times, has called itself by the unfortunate and undescriptive name of Pre-Raphaelite. We are fully mindful that the school is an infant one, yet in its primary department, but we submit that too many square feet of daubed canvas (of which the picture we have first come upon is no unfair sample) go to prove, that the spirit and intention of its teachings are misunderstood by many professing to call themselves by its name, who are bringing it into disrepute, if not into ridicule, by their false representations. If we rightly understand the *animus* of its founders, its Pre-Raphaelism consists not in an assumed unlearning of all that art has gained since the days of Raphael, in absence of perspective, in glaring tapestry coloring, or in a mock religious sentimentality. The all-pervading spirit which gives it life are those elements of ideal beauty, which Ruskin has, with quaint force, named the Lamp of Truth and the Lamp of Religion. Much maudlin talk there has been of Earnestness and Earnest men, but there is behind, or shall we not rather say above, all this, elevated upon a height from which the unreal has fallen, a genuine love, inborn with every

noble heart, that craves for that truth and energy of purpose which constitute real earnestness? Herein, therefore, we find the power, after which this school of painting is now half-blindly groping.* Seeking no aid from melo-dramatic contrasts of light and coloring, it needs not to rob itself of all that Art has learned; it may be all truth, and yet have breadth, and depth, and effective force of composition; foreground and back-ground need not to be rolled out flat, like the pie-man's crust, and plastered, thus distorted, on the canvas; your crag, two miles away, needs not to topple over the heads of sheep here at our feet, that the artist may prove himself too much in earnest with his main design for any care of such trivial considerations as distance, relative distinctness, or real appearance to the eye.

The marked feature of the paintings of this school, as they strike the mere casual observer, is the finish which is given to all the details, even to those of the most trivial importance; every leaf and every blade of grass seems to have been made the subject of a study, and in an extended landscape the effect is displeasing and false. The eye in looking, rests but upon few objects, and these the ones to which it is attracted by some exciting cause; so in painting, the objects, which give the name and character to what is painted, have a distinctness to which all their surroundings must be subordinate. Thus in portraits, the most pleasing finish, more common in crayon drawings than in painting, is that which makes the head a finished study, but leaves the figure a mere blur of hasty pencil-strokes. Where but few objects are represented, and no great extent of surface painted, we are not affected by this glare. 'Middlemas' Interview with his Unknown Parents,' by Windus, would not be immediately detected as belonging to this school; but three figures are introduced, and, as the interest centres naturally in them, the elaborate finish does not so stare us in the face. The same effect of unity subduing this too great distinctness is observable in 'Ophelia,' and 'April Love,' by Arther Hughes, the painter of what we have already described as the 'Mildewed Boy,' a name which has universally supplanted that of the Catalogue, 'Home from Sea; The Mother's Grave;' but we cannot say as much for 'A Finished Sketch,' by the same artist, of a fearsome maiden, who is braiding long strands of yellow tow, no doubt a wig, for no such hair ever grew on human head.

Happily for the reputation of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, there is in the collection a small copy of Holman Hunt's noble and now world-renowned painting, 'The Light of the World.' We cannot convey any idea of its beauty by mere description. The design is simple and quaint; the SAVIOUR is standing at a door, strong barred, and grown over with ivy, thorns, and worthless weeds; HE has just knocked, and, with anxious face and half-bowed head, listens for the soul's reply; the time is evening, and the pale-green shimmer of an English moon-lit night but half reveals the objects in the back-ground, while the SAVIOUR'S figure and the door are brought out in strong relief by the gleam of the lantern which HE carries, hung by a chain from HIS left hand. CHRIST is represented with the golden crown and royal jewelled robe of HIS exalted state; but we cannot better embody both the details of the

picture and its religious sentiment than by copying from a letter of Ruskin, in which he gives his conception of its meaning:

'. . . . I speak of the picture called 'The Light of the World, by Mr. Holman Hunt. Standing by it yesterday for upwards of an hour, I watched the effect it produced upon the passers-by. Few stopped to look at it, and those who did, almost invariably, with some contemptuous expression, founded on what appeared to them the absurdity of representing the SAVIOUR with a lantern in HIS hand. Now it ought to be remembered that, whatever may be the faults of a Pre-Raphaelite picture, it must at least have taken much time, and therefore it may not unwarrantably be presumed that conceptions, which are to be so laboriously realized, are not adopted in the first instance without some reflection. So that the spectator may surely question with himself whether the objections which now strike every one in a moment might not possibly have occurred to the painter himself, either during the time devoted to the design of the picture, or the months of labor required for its execution; and whether, therefore, there may not be some reason for his persistence in such an idea, not discoverable at the first glance.

'Mr. Hunt has never explained his work to me; I give what appears to me its palpable interpretation.

'The legend beneath it is the beautiful verse: 'Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear MY voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with Me.' (Rev. 3: 20.) On the left-hand side of the picture is seen the door of the Human Soul: it is fast barred; its bars and nails are rusty; it is knitted and bound to its stanchions by creeping tendrils of ivy, showing that it has never been opened. A bat hovers about it; the threshold is overgrown with brambles, nettles, and fruitless corn — the wild grass 'whereof the mower filleth not his hand, nor he that bindeth sheaves his bosom.' CHRIST approaches it in the night-time — CHRIST, in HIS everlasting offices of Prophet, Priest, and King. HE wears the white robe, representing the power of the Spirit upon HIM; the jewelled robe and breast-plate, representing the sacerdotal investiture; the royal crown of gold, inwoven with the crown of thorns; not dead thorns, but now bearing soft leaves; for the healing of the nations.

'Now when CHRIST enters any human soul HE bears with HIM a two-fold light. First, the light of conscience; its fire is red and fierce; it falls only on the closed door, on the weeds which encumber it, and on an apple shaken from one of the trees of the orchard, thus marking that the entire awakening of the conscience is not merely to committed but to hereditary guilt.

'This light is suspended by a chain, wrapped about the wrist of the figure, showing that the light which reveals sin appears to the sinner also to chain the hand of CHRIST.

'The light which proceeds from the head of the figure, on the contrary, is that of the hope of salvation; it springs from the crown of thorns, and, though itself sad, subdued, and full of softness, is yet so powerful that it entirely melts into the glow of it the forms of the leaves and boughs, which it crosses, showing that every earthly object must be hidden by this light, where its sphere extends.

'I believe there are very few persons on whom the picture, thus justly understood, will not produce a deep impression. For my own part, I think it one of the very noblest works of sacred art ever produced in this or any other age.

'It may, perhaps, be answered, that works of art ought not to stand in need of interpretation of this kind. Indeed, we have been so long accustomed to see pictures painted without any purpose or intention whatsoever, that the unexpected existence of meaning in a work of art may very naturally at first appear to us an unkind demand on the spectator's understanding. But in a few years more, I hope the English public may be convinced of the simple truth, that neither a great fact, nor a great man, nor a great poem, nor a great picture, nor any other great thing, can be fathomed to the very bottom in a moment of time; and that no high enjoyment, either in picture-seeing, or any other occupation, is consistent with a total lethargy of the powers of the understanding.

'As far as regards the technical qualities of Mr. Hunt's painting, I would only ask the spectator to observe this difference between true Pre-Raphaelite work, and its imitations. *The true work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature in the position, and at the distance, which the arrangement of the picture supposes. The false work represents them with all their details, as if seen through a microscope.* Examine closely the ivy on the door in Mr. Hunt's picture, and there will not be found in it a single clear outline. All is the most exquisite mystery of color; becoming reality at its due distance. In like manner, examine the small gems on the robe of the figure. Not one will be made out in form, and yet there is not one of all those minute points of green color, but it has two or three distinctly varied shades of green in it, giving it mysterious value and lustre.'

That there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, was never perhaps more practically illustrated than when that step carried us from this glorious work of true art, to Miss Liddal's 'Clerk Saunders and May Margaret.' 'Sketch for a Picture'? We hope, for the fair artist's sake, that she does not call it, like Hughes' Rosamond, a 'finished' sketch. If this be not the Bathos of Art, where shall we seek it? We would fain describe this effort of Pre-Raphaelism run mad, but, like the notorious swearer when the freshet carried away his mills, we are 'not equal to the occasion.'

In another painting, 'King Lear,' by Mr. F. Madox Brown, we find, in strange medley, faults of the artist, and faults of his school, mingled with high merit of both. The figure of Lear, and the face of the Fool, are above all praise; but Cordelia, in the effort of the artist to make her true to her ancient Briton character, is a Billingsgate fishwife gone into high tragedy on the boards of a provincial theatre. We are pleased, too, with the bright sunshiny landscape, looked out upon through an open window, but it did not need to be made tumbling in at the window to give it greater truth. Why will not these soldiers of a new crusade in art, learn wherein their power lies? But one more long look at Hunt's 'Eve of St. Agnes,' (also a small copy of the original,) and we have done with the Pre-Raphaelites.

Although their pictures are not in greater number, or, with few exceptions, of greater merit, than the productions of other British artists, whose names, if not their talents, are here represented, yet in them centres most of the interest of the Exhibition. Their style is new, quaint, and attractive; and, if they are no fairer samples of what this school has done, than are the other pictures of the present state of British art, even in its infancy the school is stalwart.

In strong contrast to the works of the Pre-Raphaelites, we turn next to five water-color sketches of Turner's, and, after finding the proper *focus* of vision, (a matter of some little study,) we sit quietly down, in a chair we always find opposite to them, for a season of enjoyment without alloy. We already know something of Turner; a few of his paintings, though not the best, have, before this, found their way across the water, and the Art Magazine, and many well-executed line-engravings, have given us a foretaste of his power.

The sketches in the Exhibition were carefully chosen to teach rather the peculiarities of his style than the height of majesty to which his finest works have soared.

We borrow the quaint fancy of a brother artist, likewise a poet, who classed them thus: 'These two are like a simple melody in music; these are a harmony; and this bewildering, half-finished looking sketch, is an orchestral symphony not yet completed.' The first pair, 'Coast Scene,' and 'The Jetty,' are specimens of Turner's early drawing; the others, of later works; but none are finished paintings. The 'Swiss Valley,' especially, has a strange, misty character, with half-drawn figures peeping out from a dun haze. We rise from the contemplation with an unsatisfied craving, and come back again to gaze, and gaze again, into that dim but grateful mysticism. Had all the Exhibition been thus collected; had the living artists been but enabled to select from their own works, and thus have done themselves the justice that has been granted to the dead, the critic's occupation had been almost all praise.

It is not our purpose to give a descriptive catalogue of the Exhibition, a very thankless task, but simply to convey an idea of it as a whole, in respect of its being a representative of modern British art. We know the difficulties under which the collectors must have labored; even supposing them to have been earnest in their purpose of giving us a fair representation; which is but half the truth. The finest works of the artists are in the possession of British owners, who would not risk their transportation, or, even if this risk were trifling, do not care enough for teaching the half-savage Yankees how to appreciate the nobility of art. But viewing it as it is, we were half-tempted to yield a regretful acquiescence to the remark of one of our own artists, that, if these men can paint so badly, they cannot be so great as British acclamation has enthroned them. Jove nods at times, however, and the misfortune of the Exhibition, as a whole, is, that it has caught him just on the nod.

We had heard much, for instance, of Noel Paton, as among the first of living Scottish artists; but there never has been so much as an engraving of any of his paintings in this country, and the only approach to a representation of his work, which we have seen, was a photograph

taken from his last painting of 'Home,' in the possession of our friend McC ——, over whose return to his own land, and the cause of it, we must here record our sorrow. We sought out, therefore, with some eagerness, the only one of his paintings in this collection, which is rendered conspicuous in the catalogue by three verses from Coleridge's 'Genevieve,' appended to the name. We started back in positive horror. The subject was trivial — the color bad — the figures ungraceful and unnatural. If that is Coleridge's 'Genevieve,' *we* we would not have gone out on such a dreary-looking night to meet her by the light of the moon — but then, we are an old bachelor. The picture is an outrage upon Paton's reputation, and he should have burned it before he ever permitted it to come over here as a sample of his style and execution.

The water-color galleries are by far the most complete in their representative character; but few great names are wanting, and the pictures are good; in the department of oils, however, we miss some of the most noted of British artists, and others have their genius so feebly shadowed forth, that they had been gainers by their absence. We have enough of bad pictures in our native exhibitions, without requiring to import such wastes of paint and canvas as Burton's 'London Magdalen,' or Fred Leighton's 'Romeo and Juliet.' The absence of any of Millais' paintings is, we believe, shortly to be atoned for, as two of his pictures are engaged to be sent over as soon as the Manchester Exhibition is packed up and distributed.

We cannot close our notice of this collection, without stopping for a moment before a simple, life-like picture, by F. B. Barwell, called 'The London Gazette, 1854: Bad News from Sebastopol.' It has all the distinctness of detail, and the earnestness of the Pre-Raphaelites, but does not belong to them; we hardly know why; so difficult is it to draw the line of distinction between the earnestness and purpose of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, and the same qualities in other artists.

The figures are of two women in the lower class of life — house-servants or wash-women, as the ironing-table stands in the background. One of them has just read, in the Gazette, the death of her husband or lover, and, still clutching the paper, has thrown herself upon the floor, with her face buried in the lap of her companion. The whole figure expresses an agony too deep for words, or tears, or even motion. The face of the other is a master-piece. It is a hard face, hardened by care, and poverty, and toil, and its own heart's bitterness, but this natural rigidity has melted into such an earnestness of hopeless, helpless pity, as only he can appreciate who has seen his friend crushed down by such a weight of misery as no words of sympathy can reach.

To the attractions of this Exhibition has lately been added Miss Hosmer's 'Beatrice Cenci,' which, although it does not come within the scope of our discussion of British art, we cannot pass unnoticed; but, as it has already been exhibited in Boston, and, both there and here, fully discussed in its proper character as a work of American art, the mere mention of its presence will suffice to recall the enjoyment of its beauties, and the criticism of its defects.

Turn we now our steps to the French Exhibition — a name more descriptive than that of its advertisement; for although, as we have previously hinted, it is the offspring of a Londoner's Yankee notion, not only are the pictures, but the appointments of the gallery, and even the catalogue, decidedly French. In the catalogue, after the names of the artists, their receipts of various medals, cordons, etc., are emblazoned with a care and pertinacity so intensely French as to be almost Spanish. The frames of the pictures are all of the brightest and most elaborate gilt; many of the oil paintings (there are but three water-colors) are glazed; and upon the tables we find, strange objects in an art gallery, magnifying lenses, for the examination of paintings of the Meissonier school, but which are used indiscriminately by the well-meaning spectators.

We note also the presence of two large mirrors; not cleverly managed, however, as the one at the exhibition of Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair,' which, being inclined at an acute angle with the face of the painting, produces an effect almost stereoscopic by the sudden change of the angle of vision. We are led to judge, therefore, that these mirrors are meant to reflect, not the paintings, but works of art, which walk, and flirt, and even flatter themselves that they converse. Every thing, in short, tends to impress us with the idea that it is a 'sensation' sales-room, and, not even in the intention of the originator, an exhibition of art.

But in the paintings themselves, even in most of the few which fairly represent the French school, we discover the same gilded, and glazed, and got-up-for-effect appearance. There is about them a certain surface grace and elegance, but utter soullessness, which as much exhibits the national characteristics of the French people, as do the rugged but earnest efforts of the Pre-Raphaelites give expression to the true fire, which warms the British soul under the cold and formal exterior of the animal man. Take, for instance, 'The Prayer,' by a third-class medallist of 1853 and 1855 — Trayer; a child in a pink-silk dress and worked apron, trimmed with French lace, is kneeling on a plush-covered chair, before a lady in a maroon-colored velvet jacket, etc., etc. We sicken with the effort of dress-making details.

Or look at what is universally considered to be the only first-rate picture by a first-rate artist in the collection, (if we except the three paintings by Rosa Bonheur,) 'The Chess Players,' by Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier. Our first impression of the source of excellence in this picture is, that it is the same as characterizes the little Persian paintings on ivory, which, accompanied by a lense, are handed round as curiosities, and you are called upon to 'look at each hair of the beard, how distinctly it is drawn.' The faces, the figures, the very twisting of the legs, are all expressive and well drawn, but there is a smooth, genteel, drawing-room air about the coloring and composition, that robs it of its life. It is a painting — carefully and correctly painted — but the paint, and the care, and the correctness, so interpose themselves between you and the subject of the picture, that you forget the last, in your magnifying-glass examination of the former.

Pre-Raphaelism could never have sprung from the soil which nour-

ishes these precise and refined productions of mechanical skill. There is not in the whole collection a single picture, never so good, or so bad, that shows the struggling of a lofty spirit, seeking to free itself from the fetters of conventional science, or the short-comings of its own mechanical power, and striving, without due knowledge, to give expression to its noble thought.

We concede that these are not the best works of the artists represented, nor are many of the best artists represented at all, but we hold that the fault is of the school, and of the national character which gave it birth.

But we must from this general category make some exceptions, and, not going beyond the names actually represented, we would class by themselves as a distinct race, yet all differing from one another, Rosa Bonheur, Edward Frere, Isabey, Hamon, Palizzi, Ary Scheffer, and Horace Vernet. We include the latter from what we know him to be, not from any merit in the one little picture, 'The Combat,' in which he has saved himself the trouble of painting the men, by shutting down their vizors, and the horses, by covering them up in their cloths and trappings, but leaving visible three well-drawn legs, a head and a tail.

Palizzi we do not esteem as an artist of the highest order, but his goats are not moral, refined, and well-behaved goats, and one little kid, in 'The Approaching Storm' has a real spice of the devil in his saucy face, and the flirt of his heels, that is quite refreshing in the midst of so much starched propriety.

It was a happy thought we met with lately, in an article speaking of 'The Horse-Fair,' that Rosa Bonheur paints animals as they are, mere brute beasts, while Landseer always represents them in some moral relation. The remark has even more truth in reference to her pictures in this collection than to the 'Horse-Fair.' Those two laboring, panting oxen, dragging a plough, are good serviceable animals, such as any farmer would be proud to own, but the composition of the picture is strikingly bare and rugged. The same is true of many of the paintings of this eccentric genius that we are familiar with from lithographs and copies; she paints portraits of animals with a truth and real vitality, that have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed; but, with few exceptions, her ability to do more is never exhibited, although there is a feeling among her admirers, that she has a higher power, foreshadowed in 'The Horse-Fair,' and in the foreground, and the sweeps of mist, in her 'Denizens of the Highlands,' which will yet make itself known and felt. The 'Limier Briquet Hound' is esteemed the finest of her three representative pictures, and we also notice in it quite an effective back-ground of forest perspective. Dubufe's celebrated portrait of her, the head of her favorite bull in which, is said to have been painted in by herself, is also in the collection. A portrait of the Empress Eugenie, by the same artist, is tame and stiff.

Five charming little 'Scenes in Humble Life,' by Eduoard Frere, are the pets of the exhibition. They are truthful, life-like, and have a home-like element of beauty which touches the heart and awakens its sympathies, while the unobtrusive skill of their composition and coloring pleases the eye, and gratifies artistic or technical criticism. The

figures do not look as if they were sitting to have their portraits taken, but are real, natural, home-spun little bodies, too much engaged in their occupations of dressing dolls, and cutting carrots, and shelling peas, to notice that other folks are staring at them. The face and figure of 'The Young Artist,' a girl in somewhat higher life than the others, are beautiful and touching. This artist is not to be confounded with Theodore Charles Frere, whose extraordinary looking landscapes may be very truthful, and may be gratifying to Eastern travellers, but they all appear to have been painted in one color, and then besprent with red sand of the Arabian Desert.

The style of Jean Louis Hamon is in direct antagonism to that of the Meissonier school. He is as much too indistinct in his coloring and drawing, as the other is too careful and elaborate. The 'Girl Watering Flowers' is not so defective in this respect, and is simple and lifelike, although the arrangement of the drapery is rather too classic for the subject, but the the 'Children at Play,' otherwise a lovely little group, are too indistinct in their outlines, and have a faded, washed-out kind of appearance. One little tot, who, dragging along a dead rat by the tail, has gone to the old *bonne* to have his nose wiped upon her apron, and another Bachanalian-looking youngster, who has kicked off his shoes, and is 'playing horse' with them, are especially animated and truthful. Another picture by the same artist, a 'Girl Asleep,' is bad in color and stupid in design.

Three views, by Eugene Isabey, we have also excepted from the over-refined precision of drawing which characterizes the French School. His 'Old St. Valery,' a combined land and marine view, is to us one of the most pleasing paintings of its class; there is noble ruggedness in that old gray pile of irregular building, standing out in the middle-ground of the picture, which is impressive and grand. It has, too, a free dash about its mechanical execution, which is more pleasing to the eye than Ziem's Venitian Canal Views, or even the white, misty 'Coast View' of Gudin.

Ary Scheffer's style, and the painting which here represents it, 'CHRIST crowned with Thorns,' are both too well known to need more than a passing mention.

We bow to the celebrity, and the long list of medals, which have been granted to Conture, but, save in the representation of two little boys, we should never have discovered in 'The Minstrel' the cause of his celebrity or the elements of his power. We submit to higher authorities, and hold our peace.

Passing by in rapid review a pleasing 'Scene in Auvergne,' by Auguste Bonheur, a 'Reaper,' by Fischer, Muller's 'Reading the Scriptures,' and a number of well-executed landscapes by Lambinet, (but sharing the faults of his school,) let us come to the conclusion of the whole matter. If the exhibitions are equally below the standard of a fair representation of 'British Art,' and the 'Paintings of the Modern Artists of the French School,' and may therefore be fairly considered as representing the comparative condition of each, we must give our judgment that the former is in, by far, the most living, healthful, recreative state of animated existence.

OUR CAPTAIN'S BURIAL.

I.

Here, where we found him,
Down by the wood,
Sword-knot and epaulet
Stained with his blood,
Lay him to rest
Under the sod!

II.

Over the prairie,
Riding alone,
He met the Camanches —
Help there was none!
There they set on him,
Fifty to one.

III.

Hemmed in and surrounded,
He took his last stand,
Here, by the maple,
Sabre in hand,
Looked his last look
On the sun-lighted land.

IV.

See how he fought them!
Look there, by his side:
More than *one* savage
Fell e'er he died:
We were but distant
Half-an-hour's ride.

V.

See how the scalping-knife
Did its work there:
Wipe off the blood
From his forehead so fair;
Reverently put back
The soft curling hair:

VI.

Cut off one lock
For his mother to keep:
He was her only one —
How she will weep!
Sobs will not wake him
Out of his sleep.

VII.

Is the grave ready?
Look while you may:
Think how he left us,
Only to-day,
Whistling a tune,
As he galloped away.

VIII.

Keep back your tears, men,
Soft is his rest;
Dearest and bravest,
Kindest and best!
Be the turf over him
Light on his breast.

IX.

Fire but one volley
Over our dead;
Keep for his murderers
Powder and lead:
More than *his* blood
On this spot shall be shed!

X.

Mount now, and ride!
E'er the afternoon sun
Sets o'er the mountains,
Shall justice be done!
More than *one* life
Shall be answer for one,

XI.

How shall we miss you,
In fort and in field:
Miss the clear voice
From the lips Death has sealed:
Think how for vengeance
Their silence appealed!

XII.

But regret or revenge
Never 'll shade your blue eye,
Or raise up your head
From the grave where you lie:
Forever, Friend, Leader —
Our Captain — good by!

Carvill Drake.

LANDLORD WYPE.

BY KIT KELVIN.

In old times — say neighborly times; or in other words, when some of us were boys; when stage-coaches were the world, and the blustering, bragging *whips*, the potentates of it, curiosity — eager, prurient curiousity, was fully developed. Illustrations of an exalted nature were thickly strewn over New-England, more particularly among those who were labelled and recognized as tavern-keepers; a title, by the way, *now* known as landlords and proprietors. The one appellation, a rustic wooden handle; the other, more more modern, ivory, mahogany, or cut-glass *knob*.

Latter days have swept away, and wiped out, much of this meddlesome element; and yet there is enough leaven still left to secure fair specimens of the unadulterated grain.

Landlord Wype was the owner of a fine hotel in a quiet village. He was always fat, having commenced life by pulling down twelve pounds avoirdupois. When a boy, he was of that kind who wore short trowsers of a brown, dingy hue, and shone as if polished with brass-filings. In the winter he ornamented himself with a long narrow strap of calf-skin, which depended on both sides of his legs, and met in obtuseness under a heavy, crushing pair of pegged cow-hide boots. The warm aroma (?) of a school-room, which, being remembered, is very pungent, was the general atmosphere which surrounded this planet.

Growing up in this juvenile, circumscribed way, he finally polished himself by attending a boarding-school, from October to April, during which time he suffered much from the various liberal bestowments of his school-mates. At the end of his minority, his father, a man of means, finished his education by sending him to sojourn awhile in town. The time was exceedingly short, however, as in ten days he returned with but one shirt, and a suit of second-hand clothes, that were orinally made for a larger person. His natural garrulity forsook him when questioned as to the cause; but there were rumors of a country youth who had fallen into the hands of evil ones, and had been fearfully *vendued*. Eventually he entered the profession of catering for man and beast, in which he became very successful; and time had settled him into a certain dignity of manner, greatly assisted by an enormous amount of adipose substance. Such was his life-condition, made public by a handsome swing-sign, emblematical of *ego non tu*. Thus:

> Wype's Inn.
>
> SEMPER NON PARATUS.

At Wype's Inn, by a blazing hickory fire, in an old-fashioned arm

chair, sat a guest. He was neither old nor young; he had neither black nor gray eyes; a nose neither aquiline nor pug; a mouth neither large nor straight; hair neither black nor white; a forehead neither massively melancholy nor basely low; neither splendidly equipped nor meanly clad; boots neither Wellington nor cow-hide; he was neither smoking nor chewing; he had no silver or gold snuff-box, nor charms upon a pendent chain, nor an elaborately-chased finger-ring; neither a pensive nor an abstruse look; neither ogling through an impudent eye-glass nor staring at vacancy; neither biting his lips, nor striking the air with clenched fists, nor uttering harsh expletives. When he came, he did not tear up on a mettled charger covered with foam, nor spring cavalier-like, and summon a groom with a voice of wonted command, nor rush upon the host, with torn accents, for brandy and water, nor chuckle a pretty bar-maid under the chin with the leer of a *roué*, nor whip his boots with a *distingué* air, or a sportsman's flourish.

Yet he had two eyes, one nose, one mouth, hair upon his head, fully-dressed, his feet resting upon the floor, while he was looking upon the bright red coals that fell and sparkled from the burning wood. He had entered his name upon the office-book, and taken a room. I have forgotten one thing. He was not in love, neither meditating an abduction.

(Dear Knick: Allow me to apologize for so minute a description, exact and just as it is, by saying, it is *highly* essential so to do, to compete with the present descriptions of all heroes we read of, figuring in stories: and you know one does not wish to be *isolated*, when his pen is appearing before the public! *Verbum sat!*)

'Sir! did you ring?'

The guest turned listlessly, and his eyes fell upon an orbicular-bodied, little, pompous man, who had opened the door, and was approaching, rubbing his hands with a corresponding sympathetic forward nod of his head, while his face was ornamented with a bland, hotel-like smile.

'I did not!' (Quietly.)

'Ah! beg your pardon, Sir.' Pause, while the bustling little man pricked the fire, and looked up the chimney, and punched the fire again.

'I admire that blaze; do n't disturb it.' (Querulouly.)

'Ah! beg pardon: was not thinking.' And the little man looked out of the window. Then he placed a chair that stood awry; then he looked at his guest, who was looking into the fire; then he pulled hard upon his cravat, and settled his heavy stomach lower into his trowsers; then he fumbled some keys, and a copper or two in his pockets, and finally jerked out a bandana pocket-handkerchief, and made a loud cracking noise with his nose; that is, he blew it.

'What the devil do you want?' and the eye of the guest scanned the little man.

'Ah! beg pardon: no offence I hope. Thought I would come up and see if you were comfortable. It is rather chilly, Sir.'

'Somewhat!' replied the guest. He had read his man, and was again calculating the distance from the fore-stick to the coals.

'Yes,' said the host, with a heavy breath, reducing his gastric regions perceptibly by so doing.

Another pause, in which the pompous host, somewhat puzzled, squared a table, and kicked up a charred cinder into the fire. Then he arranged a mantel-ornament, and did not like the change, and replaced it. Then he ventured again:

'It has the appearance of a frosty night.'

'Ah!' responded his guest.

'Well, I hope you will make yourself comfortable, Sir.'

'Thank you.'

'Sam!' said the landlord, as he returned to the office. 'Sam! did you ever see the gentleman in Number Two before?'

'Never, Sah!'

'Well, Sam, say something else; you are too short, disrespectful. That 's all Number Two says: only replies. He 's a devilish queer subject: something wrong, eh?'

'Dunno, Sah. Looks like him be a gembleman, Sah.'

'Sam! watch him!' and Landlord Wype ran his eye over the name recorded. 'Paul Pim, M.O.M.O.B.; and that 's strange, too. What does M.O.M.O.B. mean? eh, Sam! Depend upon it, Sam, there 's something wrong. He must be watched.' And thrusting his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets, he wheeled, and faced the grinning African.

'Yes, Sam, *watched!*'

'P'raps, massa, he is *incog.*'

'In what?'

'*Cog*, massa; dat is, do n't want to know hisself.' And Sam rubbed his large flat nose, and looked very wise, while Wype paced hurriedly to-and-fro, and looked wise, too.

'Ting-a-ling — ling!'

'Eh, Sam, Number Two. Go up directly. Have your eyes open. Be on your guard.'

'W–w–why, Massa, you almost make me scared; but de LORD is my shepherd.' And Sam limped away.

Friend of old memories, Clark, did you ever see a negro, over a *certain* age, that was not foundered, maimed, or crimped in some extremity, or that had two whole eyes? Well, Sam was of full age and had all these necessary *colored* perfections.

'Wal, Massa,' said Sam outside Number Two. 'Come in.'

'Yes, Sah,' and the African presented the most of his head, which was nearly covered with a gray, grizzly coat of wool, while his face was darkened by a flat substance called a nose.

'Yes, Sah.'

'Ebony, approach!'

'Yes, Sah.'

'Is your name Cæsar, Pompey.'

'Sam, Sah.'

'Ah! Sam, that 'll do — short. Well, Sam, I intend tarrying here some time. I want a great deal of attention. Post-office twice a day, boots ready blacked, and meals in my room; and, Sam, I wish no intruder, or interruption of any kind.'

'Sartinly, Massa. Dis child is of dat complexion. Dat is, Massa, I will see your orders obeyed.'

'Sam, you look clever; and hark ye, can you keep a secret?'

'Like de dark grave, Massa.'

'Here, Sam! I believe you. Here is some change you can stow away for a rainy day. My business is secret.' And Paul Pim, M.O.M.O.B., and the African held close converse, until a double rap outside closed the conference. It was Landlord Wype.

'Ah! beg pardon, Mr. Pim — Sam!'

'Remember my charge, Sam.'

'Most dubitably, Sah!'

'My orders have been given to your servant, Sir,' exclaimed Mr. Pim, turning his eye upon the curious host and again into the fire. 'Are your terms in advance?'

'By no means, Sir; all right, Sir. Breakfast at seven, dinner at one, tea at six, Sir. Meals in rooms extra. Suit yourself, Sir.'

'Ah! very well. I have informed Sam.'

'Yes, Sah, de gembleman has 'formed me.'

'Good night, Sir,' said Mr. Pim.

'Good night, Sir,' said Mr. Wype.

CHAPTER SECOND.

Prior Wype was a funny, pompous, obsequious, kind-hearted, suspicious, credulous, officious, inquisitive man, with a small head and ponderous stomach; slightly bald, and wore a hard-starched collar, just grating his ears.

He slept uneasily that night. His dreams were a mixture of pugilistic encounters and fawning attention. In one he had bodily and boldly attacked Mr. Pim, extracted the great secret, and had been carried triumphantly in a sedan chair by the villagers, and made chairman of a meeting, the object and determination of which was to subdue Independent Tartary. During these visions he had severely pounded his innocent wife, and finally awoke with an exhausted, ancient, and mouldy feeling, which obliged him to swallow an extra allowance of Santa Croix and bitters to revive his flagging energies.

'Sam, have you waited on Number Two?'

'Yes, Sah; he has broken his fast. He be a gembleman, Sah; I no think he's suspissus.'

'What have you discovered, Sam?'

'Nothing petiklar. But what he say now and den I put togeder and think I can say he is no bad pusson; and, Massa, I think he be some big 'un in cog.'

'Well, Sam,' (mildly;) '*perhaps* it *may* be so. I think he is high bred, and we will act warily.'

'Pend on 't he's over and above. He writes a good deal and seems to study more. He looks into the fire, and I see his lips move. Dat is all I see out ob de way, Massa!'

'Ah! well, I hope he is no *bad* character, for the sake of my house. Supposing, Sam, you take up a bottle of champagne. It may do good.'

'Most dubitably, Sah. A good dodge.'

Knock — knock — and Mr. Pim was interrupted.

'Come in.'

'Yes, Sah; Massa's compliments.' And Sam undertook a wink from his clear eye.

'Very good, Sam; and dinner.'

'We have fresh cod and beef-steak.'

'Well, Sam, bring up, and my thanks to Mr. Wype.'

Now Landlord Wype was excessively excited, and not a little annoyed at the studied silence of his guest. Mr. Pim paid his bill weekly; was much reserved, and conversed but little. With Sam he was more communicative, and this suggested to Wype he might have designs upon his servant and take him away. Between unexplained circumstances the host began to wear a care-worn look. He had consulted his wife with great caution, hoping to be in part relieved of his increasing anxiety.

Mr. Pim took a walk twice a day, and generally in the same direction, following the road due east, until lost in a copse of wood some half-a-mile distant.

Urged by his insatiable curiosity, and goaded by dissatisfaction, Prior Wype determined upon a cruise of exploration, and accordingly put in execution this liberal enterprise, allowing his guest some half-hour's start. Not a corner, fence, nor undulating ground escaped his vision, until he espied the object of his search seated beneath a maple, reading a book.

'It is very singular; devilish queer,' said Prior Wype.

The rattling wheels startled Mr. Pim, and looking up, met a courteous bow from the landlord.

'Ah! Mr. Wype, will you take a passenger?'

And immediately the poor host found himself with his mysterious guest going — he knew not where.

Prior Wype had as yet discovered nothing as to the intentions of Mr. Pim, (who had been with him now some ten days,) and driven by extreme curiosity, rallied his courage for a leading question.

'Do you belong to the army, Sir?'

'Yes, Sir; to *the great* army.'

'Major?'

'It might be so called.'

'I see upon the book some initials.'

'Which shall be explained before I leave,' resolutely replied Mr. Pim, turning eagerly upon Prior Wype, who met his eye, and stammered:

'Ex-cuse me, Sir.'

'Yes, Sir. Do you know of any reckless dare-devil I can depend upon for a few days, who will do as he is bid, even if blood is the consequence?'

'My God, Sir — I — I — do n't — w-w-what *is* the business?'

'I will see you again, Sir. I have to get out here. Thank you.'

Between great fear and intense excitement, Prior Wype turned the first corner and pushed eagerly for home, determined that his house should be no harbor for such a person as he had now fully convinced himself

Mr. Pim was; a dangerous character; a person intending high mischief, or murder.

'Sam!'

'Yes, Sah. Why, Massa! you look pale; what is the matter?'

'That devilish Major must be attended to *at once.* He intends murder, Sam — murder.'

'Mighty Gorra!'

'Yes, Sam, he wants Tom Spill to help him.'

'Y–ah — yah.'

'You black scoundrel, laugh again and I will flog you.'

'Massa Wype, who is Major?'

'Number Two. He did n't deny the title; and I think he belongs to a set of pirates, or brigands!'

When Sam turned away, there was much meaning in a sly, stray smile wrinkling about his big flat nose.

That afternoon was spent by the landlord in a confidential talk with sundry neighbors, all of whom fully indorsed his fears and counselled immediate action. Mr. Pim was considered (using all charity) a dangerous man, bereft of principle and piety. Some of the neighbors enlisted in the secret ostracism had ugly favored damsels, whose virtue must be preserved *for* themselves if not *by* themselves, for Mr. Pim was not mal-formed. Before morning, the quiet village was full of surmises and excitement, and Mr. Pim, M.O.M.O.B., was fearfully discussed and imaginatively torn to shreds.

The object of all this discussion and curiosity, mingled with bitter suspicions and trembling fear, had quietly returned from his walk, and as quietly retired to his room. His bell had summoned Ebony, who informed Mr. Pim of the present condition of affairs. Sam was fully in the secret, and enjoyed it exceedingly.

The village clock clanged eight P.M. Mr. Pim was once more measuring the distance from fore-stick to red coals, while by his side, out-spread upon the table, lay 'The Beauties of Irving.'

Rap — rap — rap.

'In.'

'Ah! Mr. Pim — alone?'

'Quite so, Mr. Wype.'

'Hem! Keep comfortable, Sir, I hope?'

'Very.'

'Mr. Pim — hem! You spoke yesterday of a bad character to help you.'

'I did.'

'Well, Sir; we do n't have such persons among us.'

'Ah! Quite a moral community, egad! hardly credible; human nature, you know, Mr. Wype, is treacherous.'

'True,' (trembling.) 'But, Mr. Pim — Major, I mean — I am a peaceable man, and have kept a respectable house,' (here the landlord used his pocket-handkerchief upon his face, which was teeming and exuding from every pore agonizing drops,) while Mr. Pim sat musing upon the crackling wood, with an occasional sharp glance upon his

victim, while his cigar gave slight symptoms of ignition between his fingers, in small spiral columns of blue smoke.

'Well, Sir, this is satisfactory.'

'Your question yesterday ——'

'Ah! yes — for a thorough-bred ruffian — I have made other arrangements — much obliged, Mr. Wype,' (sternly.)

'Oh! — other arrangements, Mr. Pim?' while a paleness stole over and settled upon Prior Wype's face.

'Yes, Sir — decidedly — and in consequence, shall be obliged to leave in the mid-night coach.'

'Lord have mercy!' and Prior Wype fell upon his knees; 'Mr. Pim, you have ruined me!'

'How is this, Sir Landlord? What do you mean? Have you not received your full tale of all charges? Do I still owe you? Have I begged, borrowed, or stolen from you?'

'No — no,' whispered Wype; 'but the black deed you have done! Oh! how could you make my house such a resort?'

'Now, Mr. Wype, rise; have done with this weakness. Very likely I owe you an apology; but, Sir, what is done, is done. Now, Sir, I leave to-night, and have ordered Sam to prepare my luggage; but I am willing, and *will* give you ample satisfaction. You will please give notice to your Selectmen to meet me here in my room in one hour.'

Landlord Wype raised his head, body, and legs, and there was an animate, silent happiness in them all, as he moved to the door. It was opened and closed upon the reviving proprietor.

Mr. Pim sat down; a hearty yet silent cachinnation troubled him, until tears filled his eyes. After a space of some minutes, he rang the bell.

'Yes, Sah!'

'Come in. Sam, when I ring again, be on hand.'

'Yes, Sah — yah — y ——'

'Entire silence — you can go.'

The village clock clanged nine — the hour when Prior Wype and the three wise men were to receive the great secret.

Mr. Pim heard the opening and shutting of doors, and confused voices below. He imagined the meaning. Wicked to the last, he again made other arrangements, and was pacing the room with a troubled look, as he was summoned to the door. He opened it but partially, to see the panting host, well backed by sturdy yeomen — not three but six.

'Ah! Mr. Wype; you will pardon me, but I find I am necessarily blocked, for the present. I have letters to write, and papers to fill out, and you will kindly excuse me, until eleven; I shall then be ready, and will ring my bell.'

Hard breathing and suppressed whispers filled the hall; but they faded with the dark objects who went below, headed by Prior Wype, and seating themselves before the fire, opened dark and mysterious converse *vs.* Paul Pim, M.O.M.O.B.

Number One favored burglary.

Number Two suggested a spy.

Number Three spoke of revenge, as the object.

Number Four agitated abduction of Sam.

Number Five, elopement with some young lady.

Number Six, madness. But Prior Wype argued murder, in the first degree.

All were harmonious in suspecting *something*, and *that* something was feared to be highly criminal. The postponement of the meeting was ably discussed, and means resorted to whereby the victim should not escape them. Two were placed beneath the windows of Mr. Pim's room; these were armed with clubs. Two in the upper hall, and two at the entrance; while Prior Wype was by turns visiting all, and supplying them with *the fortiter in re*, by carrying hot toddies, and assuring them of his hearty coöperation in the event of a struggle.

The clock clanged again; it was ten. Mr. Pim was napping it, in view of a night's ride. The sentinels were still on guard; but one outside was found dozing upon his post — supposed to be from hot poculents.

Mr. Pim sprang up, rubbed his eyes, and looked at his watch, as the musical peal of the clock chimed the hour. Snuffing his candles, and poking the fire, he rang his bell, and was busy stowing away papers, as the valiant Falstaffian committee entered. There was no lack of courtesy on the part of Mr. Pim, but his visitors were very mute, and even Prior Wype showed unmistakable evidences of a mutiny, made courageous by his numerous police.

And now, Mr. Pim having seated the committee, stepped aside and opened the meeting.

'Gentlemen, I dare say I address those who are invested with public power. You are called upon by your friend Mr. Wype, to stand godfather to the secret which is about having its birth. Circumstances render it imperious that I should be brief in my explanations, as I must leave in the mid-night coach, and have arranged accordingly. Gentlemen! instigated by humane impulses, and for the mitigation of Mr. Wype's feelings — and, farther, for your own benefit — I have inconvenienced myself much, in allowing myself to be thus publicly discussed. Gentlemen! it would be, and, in fact, *is*, quite unnecessary for me to appellate myself a modest person — but I am. I have never sought notoriety. I have never accepted office, from the fact, I never had it offered; but presuming it *might* be, I 'll assure you, gentlemen, I should not even then accept, unless it *paid* well. I premise thus far, to convince you my intentions are generous, without egotism or vanity.

'I am the son of a poor clergyman, and was educated very strictly.' (Evident sensation, Prior Wype hitching his chair nearer to his right-hand man, and whispering.) 'At the age of eighteen, I left home: on my departure, my father called me into his study, to give me his last benediction and counsel. I well remember his serious aspect, gentlemen, as also his sage advice. To tell you all, would scarcely be proper; but in finishing, he gave me a letter, to be read once a month; and as I seated myself in the coach, he waved his hand to the driver,

and approaching the window, said, low but distinctly: 'Paul, remember the initials you will find in your letter — M.O.M.O.B.,' and bowing, he withdrew, and I rolled on. I need not say — but will — time has gathered that venerable man to his fathers, and he is at rest. But with him was not buried his advice. However far I have strayed from his righteous ways, I have conscientiously clung to the memorable initials, and which now stand upon the book below. It has always created some surprise — and more talk; but this I pass over, knowing human nature is extremely meddlesome — highly illustrated in the present case. I have seen it has made Mr. Wype unhappy, who evidently has vaccinated you all with the true virus; and I fear the disease is prevailing much in your village. I am the cause, no doubt, gentlemen; I regret, exceedingly, to be aware of this fact; but it cannot be avoided. Yet there is always a physician at hand, and as I have been the cause, so I can be the cure.'

At this interesting juncture, the sound of distant wheels came upon Mr. Pim's ears. He stepped to the door.

'Sam! is my luggage all ready?'

'Yes, Sah.'

'Gentlemen! I will no longer detain you: M.O.M.O.B., when filled out properly, reads, and emphatically means: *Master of my own Business*! Gentlemen, good-evening!'

There was but one sound heard distinctly, and that emanated from the immense cavern of Sam's jaws. It was, Yah wah! Yah chee! Yah hoo!

The horn sounded without, and Mr. Pim, attended to the coach by faithful Sam, closed it against him, Prior Wype, his wise police, and the quiet villager, forever.

LINES: ON A PICTURE OF LEDA.

BY JOHN S. KEASBEY, M.D.

Ah! Leda! frail one, thou art fair:
Thy floating locks of golden hair,
Like waves upon some dancing run,
When kissed by rays of setting sun,
In falling gild thy bust below,
As downward they in masses flow.
Thy eyes with passion's fire that glow,
Are wet by melting of the snow
Of thy eye-lids, so pearly white,
Which, drooping, hide nigh half the light
That beams from out thy azure eyes,
Like stars that shine from misty skies.
Thy form with peerless beauty teems,
Like those we see in fairy dreams,
When Fancy, freed from earthly chains,
Roams wildly free Elysian plains.

Well might the great immortal Jove,
When o'er thy unveiled form did rove
His burning gaze, ay, instantly
Desert a throne and heaven for thee:
And as a swan he sought thy arms,
To revel 'mid thy luring charms.
Like foam upon the wild wave's crest,
So he upon thy billowy breast
In triumph rode. The deed was done,
And weeping Nature veiled the sun.
Leda, farewell! stars bright as thou
Have fallen swiftly from the brow
Of queenly Night, and left no trace,
Not even of their burial-place;
While thou, only a myth, a shade,
Hast been by bards immortal made.

AUTUMN SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LENAU.

BY AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON.

I.

YES, yes, ye noisy ravens,
  High in the morning gloom,
Again is Autumn dying,
  Ye flutter round the tomb!

II.

All leafless are the bowers,
  The empty nests we see;
The meads have lost their flowers,
  O short, sad jubilee!

III.

I'm wandering and gazing
  Into this troubled sea;
I am alone and freezing,
  And listening to thee.

IV.

To me, too, it is Autumn,
  And up the mount I wear
The load of withered branches
  That life gave me to bear.

V.

Bright flowers once were springing
  From out the mighty sheaf,
And fairy songs were ringing
  In tune with every leaf.

VI.

The burden ever bearing,
  I patiently must wait:
To mourn departed pleasures
  Is Autumn's mournful fate.

VII.

Shall I forbear all others,
  And with the twigs content,
My winter's fire kindle;
  Oh! say, is 't this ye meant?

VIII.

Remembrances but sharpen
  For me the winter's wo:
Ah! me, 't were better far to toss
  My bundle in the snow.

Brooklyn, Oct., 1857

LITERARY NOTICES.

GUY LIVINGSTONE: OR 'THOROUGH.' Ich habe gelebt und geliebt. In one Volume pp. 487. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

YEARS ago we remember having been dreadfully bored with the constantly-recurring question: 'Have you read Mr. S——'s Travels?' It was a very pleasant work: and yet it was a sort of conversational aperient, much resorted to by young ladies with a taste for modern light literature. We always answered '*No*;' and were thereupon assured 'that there was a rich treat in store for us.' With great self-denial, we are still reserving this pleasure for some future day. Is it a spirit of perversity that makes us all dislike beforehand a book which every one is praising? — or is it not, rather, the conviction that in literature, at least, the judgment of the people is not an infallible criterion of what will suit us? There are books which, having read and highly enjoyed, we have ventured to commend to a friend, only to have the satisfaction of seeing him yawn over this, and swear at that. We once asked an acquaintance to read 'EMERSON'S English Traits;' since that he doesn't consider our most elaborate and well-considered critical opinion of a book 'worth a bottle of Congress-water.' After many such failures and rebuffs, we prefer to give our readers such an idea of a new book, by quotations from it, as will enable him to judge of it for himself, while we are as well satisfied as ever of the correctness of our critical acumen.

The author of '*Guy Livingstone*,' who calls himself FRANK CAREW, we take to be an old acquaintance under a new name. The book opens with his entrance into a large English school. GUY LIVINGSTONE is the hero of the school: 'He was about fifteen,' says our author, 'but looked fully a year older, not only from his height, but from a disproportionate length of limb and development of muscle; which ripened, later, into the rarest union of activity and strength I have ever known. When FRANK enters the school-grounds GUY notices him, and says to the boys gathering around him: 'Do n't bully him more than you can help, fellows.'' This interference in his behalf coming from the 'Count,' as GUY was called, has the effect intended, and FRANK is left unmolested. FRANK and GUY are soon sworn

friends. At the ripe age of seventeen GUY's estimate of the weaker sex, says his biographer, was nearly identical with that formed by the learned lady; who to the question, 'Did she think the virtue of any single one of her sisterhood impregnable?' replied '*C'est selon.*' This opinion, among others of questionable morality, he had 'imbibed sitting at the feet of his evil GAMALIEL,' Sir HENRY FALLOWFIELD.

GUY LIVINGSTONE goes up to Oxford at the age of seventeen, and thither, six months afterward, the author follows him. 'GUY's favorite pursuit was 'hunting;' but he threw off the superfluity of his animal energies in all sorts of athletics; in sparring especially, he attained rare excellence; so well known was it, indeed, that he passed his first year without striking a blow in anger, through default of an antagonist, except a chance one or two ex changed in the *melée*, which is imperative on the fifth of November.'

We have the following glimpses of some of CAREW's college-acquaintances; of 'WARRENORE, too good for the men he lived with, a DAVID in our camp of Kedar; a LAUNCELOT in his devotion to womankind; a GALAHAD in purity of thought and purpose. I have never known a man of the world so single-hearted, or a saint with so much *savoir vivre.*' 'LOVELL, with his frank look and cheery laugh, the model of a stalwart English squirehood; and PETRE, equal to either fortune in reverse or success; calm and impassible as ATHOS, the mousquetaire; regarding money simply as a circulating medium,' ruining himself like a prince. 'He edified us greatly on one occasion by meeting his justly-offended father with a stern politeness, declining to hold any communication with him by word or letter till he (the sire) could express himself in a more Christian spirit.' 'And true TOM LYNTON, not clever, not even high-bred, but loved by every one for the honestest and kindest heart that ever was the kernel of a rough rind.' At a supper where the fathers of England were being discussed, 'and every one had a stone to throw at his ruling officer, TOM, who, though his own sire was an austere man, could not bear to hear the absent run down, broke in with, 'Well, gentlemen, remember they 're our *fellow-creatures*, at all events.''

At Oxford GUY LIVINGSTONE rescues his friend CAREW from the hands of the police; an awkward 'fix,' in which accident, not guilt, has placed him. CAREW 'hears something pass his cheek like the wind of a ball, and the policeman's grasp on his neck is relaxed all at once;' and he is at liberty. As the heroines of the RADCLIFFE school of romances say: 'I turned to thank my preserver — but he was gone.' 'In spite of Peace-Societies, and homilies against the brutal sports of the ring, there is something in a fair stand-up fight, with only the weapons provided by Nature for our self-defence, that enlists the sympathies of every manly Saxon heart;' but for lack of room, we shall refrain from quoting the description of the desperate encounter in which this gallant rescue involved our hero: his antagonist being 'the third best man in England,' and out of which he came victorious — of course. CHARLIE FORRESTER, whose golden rule was the Arabic maxim, *Agitel lil Shaitan*, 'Hurry is the devil's,' is a prominent character in the book. We allude to him only to show how he made himself famous: 'It was at a pic-nic at Cliefden, CHARLIE was hardly nineteen, and had just joined the — th Lancers of Hounslow; he wandered away and got lost

with KATE HARCOURT, a self-possessed beauty, in high condition for flirting; for she had had three seasons of hard training. When they had been away from their party about two hours, she felt, or pretended to feel, the awkwardness of her situation, and asked her cavalier, in a charmingly helpless and confiding way, what they were to do. 'Well, I hardly know,' FORRESTER answered languidly; 'but I don't mind proposing, if that will do you any good.'

'A fair performance for an untried colt, was it not? Miss HARCOURT thought so, and said so, and CHARLEY woke next morning with an established reputation.'

The author of this book (and we venture to 'guess' that our old friend and long-time correspondent, CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED is the man) has evidently given some of his many pleasant days and nights to the study of THACKERAY. How like HENRY ESMOND is the following *apropos* to the poor curate, who is led on by GUY and the author, to propose to ISABEL RAYMOND:

'WHAT right had we to make of that man a puppet for our amusement, because he was shy and stupid and slow? He was as true in his devotion, as honorable in all his wishes, as confident in all his hopes till they were blasted, as any one that has gone wooing since the first whisper of love was heard in Eden. If his despair was less crushing than that of other men, it was because his principles were stronger to endure, and, perhaps, because his temperament was more tranquil and cold. As I have said, *he did his day's work thoroughly*, (think of this, sentimental youths, who pine for something out of your reach,) and that helped him a good deal. Let us not trust too much to the absence of feeling in these seemingly impassive organizations. I wonder how often the executors of old college fellows, or of hard-faced bankers and bureaucrats, have been aggravated by finding in that most secret drawer, which ought to have held a codicil or a jewel, a tress, or a glove, or a flower? Perhaps the dead miser valued it above all his bank-stock, and kissed it oftener than he did his living and lawful wife and children. What is it worth now? Say, as the grim Dean of St. Patrick wrote on his love-token: 'Only a woman's hair.'"

The introduction of FLORA BELLASYS—GUY'S CIRCE—the black cat on his shoulder, is a good specimen of the author's playful vein:

'CHARLEY FORRESTER, FRANK CAREW, and GUY LIVINGSTONE are riding to Brainswick to a 'meet of the hounds.' 'By-the-by,' GUY observed, as we were driving over in his mail phaeton, 'I wonder if we shall see the BELLASYS to-night? I know they were to come down about this time. Steady, old wench! where are you off to? (This to the near-wheeler, who was breaking her trot.) I think you'll admire her, FRANK; but *gare à vous*, she is dangerous. Eh, CHARLEY?'

"'Well, you ought to know,' answered FORRESTER, 'I never tried her much myself. She's two or three stone over my weight. I wonder what she has been doing lately? They sent her down to rusticate somewhere at the end of the season. She ought to be in good condition now with a summer's run.'

'LIVINGSTONE smiled complacently, as I thought, as if some one had praised one of his favorite hunters, but did not pursue the subject. When I came down to dinner, he was talking to a lady in dark-blue silk, with black lace over it, a wreath curiously plaited of natural ivy in her hair. I guessed her at once to be FLORA BELLASYS. She was the handsomest brunette I had ever seen. For some time they talked nothing but common-places, evidently feeling each other's foils. The real fencing began with a question from FLORA, if he was not surprised at seeing her there that evening.

"'Not at all,' was the reply. 'I knew we must meet before long. It is only parallels that do n't, and there is very little of the right line about either you or me.'

"'Speak for yourself,' Miss BELLASYS said; 'I consider that a very rude observation.'

"'Pardon me,' retorted GUY; 'I seldom say rude things, never intentionally. I do n't know which is in worst taste, that or point-blank compliments. Without being mathematical, you may have heard that the line of beauty is a curve.'

'FLORA laughed: 'It is difficult to catch you. What have you been doing since we parted?'

"'That is just the question which was on my lips, so nearly uttered, that I consider that I spoke first. Now will you confess, or must I cross-question some one else? I will know. It is easy to follow you, like an invading army, by a trail of devastation.'

"So you do care to know,' the soft voice said, that could make the nerves of even an indifferent hearer thrill and quiver strangely. After listening to it, it was very easy to believe the weird stories of Norse sorceresses and German wood-spirits and nixies, luring men to death by their fatally musical tones.

"'Simple curiosity,' GUY replied coolly, 'and a little compassion for your victims. They might be friends of mine, you know.'

'FLORA: 'The dead tell no tales.'

"No, but the wounded do, and they cry out pretty loudly sometimes. I suppose all the cases did not terminate fatally. Will you confess?'

"I have nothing to tell you,' FLORA said very demurely and meekly, only for once her eyes betrayed her. 'Mamma took me down into Devonshire, where we have an aunt or two, for sea-breezes and seclusion. I rather liked, at first, having nothing—yes, I understand—really nothing to think about. I used to sleep a great deal, and then drive a little obstinate pony, to see views. But I do n't care much about views, do you? Then mamma was always wanting me to help her look for shells and wild-flowers; and the rocks hurt my feet, and the bushes never would leave me alone in the woods.' She shuddered slightly here.

"'The BUSHES! a Devonshire family of that name, I presume?' GUY interrupted with intense gravity. 'How wrong of them! They are very ill-regulated young men, down in those parts, I believe.'

"'Do n't be absurd; I never saw a creature, for months, between fifteen and fifty. Are not those ages safe?' (A shake of the head from LIVINGSTONE.) 'I began to be very unhappy; I had no one to tease; my aunts are too good-natured, and mamma is used to it. At last I had the greatest mind to do something desperate—to write to you, for instance—merely to see the household's horror when your answer came. You would have answered, would you not? I should not have opened it, you know, but given it to mamma, like a good child.'

"'Of course; I know you show all your letters to your mother. But that ruralizing must have been fearful for you, *poverina!* People were talking a good deal of agricultural distress, but this is the most piteous case I 've heard of. So there were really no men to govern in that wood?'

"'Not even a little boy,' said FLORA decisively. 'There were two or three from Oxford in the neighborhood; I used to see them sitting outside their lodgings in the sun, like rabbits, but they always ran in before——'

"'Before you could get a shot at them, you mean!' broke in GUY; 'you ought to have crept up and stalked them cleverly.'

'FLORA threw back her handsome head. 'I do n't war with children. It went on just as I tell you till we left for our round of winter visits, which have been very stupid and correct, till now.' I hardly heard the last two words, she spoke them so low. There was silence for several minutes, and then GUY leaned back to address me:

"'Do you remember ARTHUR DARRELL, of Christ-church, FRANK, the man that used to speak at the Union, and was always raving about ebon locks and dark eyes?'

"'I remember him well. I have not seen him for years; but I heard he was getting on well in the law.'

"'He 'll have time to get tired of brunettes, if any one ever *does* get tired of them, before he comes back,' said GUY. 'He 's just gone out to try the Indian bar.'

"'What could have put such an idea into his head?' I asked very innocently.

"'I can't say,' was the reply. 'Men do take such curious fancies. It was a sudden determination, I believe. The beauties of the Eastern hemisphere began to develop themselves to his weak mind last summer, while he was down with his people in—Devonshire.''

FLORA sees she is detected, but is quite unembarrassed, and simply puts on the look of one of those excellent people who 'do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.'

After all, this is a *mere* flirtation—although FLORA seems to love GUY as well as such a born flirt can love—and GUY's engagement with CONSTANCE BRANDON is soon announced. FLORA is the DELILAH who comes between him and his chance of domestic happiness with CONSTANCE. GUY and CONSTANCE part—she in sorrow and he in anger—and GUY's wanderings commence. From Paris he is recalled to the dying CONSTANCE. (A previous letter from CONSTANCE, asking his return, is intercepted by FLORA.) They are reconciled, and CONSTANCE dies—happy.

After the death of CONSTANCE, FLORA tries once more the effect of her

blandishments upon GUY, and finds him adamant. She tries to win from him one kind word to take with her, at parting. 'At least,' she says, 'in memory of the past, will you not say you wish me well?' Inexorable as fate, GUY replies: 'I remember nothing of the past except your last act, (the suppression of CONSTANCE's letter,) for which I will never, never forgive you. I form no wish for your welfare, or the reverse. There shall not stand the faintest shadow of a connecting-link that I can break asunder. Between you and me there is the gulf of a fresh-made grave, and no thought of mine shall ever cross it. So help me GOD in heaven!'

This the author considers too severe; but we cannot help thinking that it was simple yet tardy justice to CONSTANCE BRANDON and to — himself. The book is written throughout in a spirited and pleasing style. The morals of the author are probably those of a man of the world. Evidently a gentleman and scholar, and master of a dozen different languages, he does not always perhaps take sufficient pains to conceal these facts from his readers. Our knowledge of the classics having grown somewhat rusty from disuse, we have no hesitation in saying, that while reading 'Thorough,' we found a copy of 'ANTHON'S LEMPRIERE,' (from the press of the same enterprising publishers, by the way,) an excellent thing to have in the house.

THE POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: Selected and edited by the Rev. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT; with English and American Additions, arranged by EVERT A. DUYCKINCK. Illustrated by One Hundred and Thirty-two Engravings. HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS sumptuous volume comprises selections from the choicest productions of more than a hundred of the foremost poets of the century, profusely illustrated by a score or so of the most eminent artists of the day. The skill of the engraver and printer, aided by the clearest of type and the daintiest of cream-colored paper, has been tasked to render the casket worthy of the treasures of Poetry and Art which it enshrines. The English editor confines his selections to the works of his own countrymen. This we cannot regret, since it left the field of American Poetry and Art open for the discriminating taste and ample knowledge of Mr. DUYCKINCK. The additions of the American editor make up a third of the bulk, and fully as large a proportion of the poetical and artistic worth of the book. Every one knows that DANA and BRYANT, HALLECK and LONGFELLOW and WHITTIER have written some of the most exquisite poetry of the century; this volume shows that we have artists, also, who may fairly claim a place by the side of the best in England. BIRKET FOSTER's landscapes, of which this volume contains a score, do not, in grace of conception and delicacy of handling, excel those of our countryman HILL. DARLEY's illustrations for HOLMES's 'Lines on Lending a Punch-Bowl' and for BRYANT's 'Song of Marion's Men,' are fully equal to those of GILBERT for LONGFELLOW's 'Drinking Horn' and CAMPBELL's 'Hohenlinden;' while his 'Connecticut Schoolmaster' and 'SAINT NICHOLAS' are in their way altogether unequalled

by the contribution to this volume of any English artist. As a book for the holidays and for all days; an ornament to the parlor-table, or the library shelf; an incentive to quiet thought or cheerful talk, it will be long before we shall have another volume to equal this.

THE KNICKERBOCKER'S ADDRESS TO THE STUYVESANT PEAR-TREE: Respectfully dedicated to the KNICKERBOCKERS of Manhattan Island. By HENRY WEBB DUNSHEE.

THIS clever poem was read by Hon. JAMES W. BEEKMAN before the Saint NICHOLAS Society, at its Anniversary, December 6, 1856, although it has but recently been published. It was most cordially received when read, and deservedly so: for it is full of the true KNICKERBOCKER feeling, while the execution is appropriately simple, free, and flowing. We annex an extended apostrophic passage, which, while it is scarcely a fair exemplification of the character of the entire poem, will yet afford the reader some idea of the felicity of the whole performance:

'THOU saw'st when the Usurper came, the Nation to despoil,
Of the dominion exercised upon her rightful soil:
Thou saw'st the throng that gathered round to carry to the grave,
Thy lord, the last Dutch Governor — the honest and the brave:

'When LEISLER ruled, who died by fraud — when KIDD the rover sailed;
And when the negroes at the stake in direful accents wailed;
When infant Liberty assayed to seek her just redress,
And ZENGER gained for after-times the Freedom of the Press:

'When the bold Sons of Liberty the people's cause espoused,
Destroyed the tea, contemned the stamps, and patriot zeal aroused;
When Tories fled clandestinely, suspicious of the day,
And laurels crowned The Hundred on the shores of Deutel Bay.

'Perchance thou saw'st the patriot band, with dauntless Captain SEARS,
Who with his lead, triumphant rode, amid the people's cheers:
Or gav'st thy fruit to please the taste of CLINTON and his corps,
Who ruled, where British power will rule, triumphant, nevermore.

'For 't was thy glory to behold, (the conflict nobly won,)
The entry of that noble band, led on by WASHINGTON;
When the sad sighs from Wallabout were hushed by the applause
Which filled the sky above the land where triumphed Freedom's cause.

'How vast the changes Time has wrought in this thy island home:
The handful has become a world, to which th' oppressed may come:
The rivulet, once pure and small, is now the turbid stream;
Then, Nature ruled all absolute, but Art is now supreme.

'Could'st thou but speak, I 'd question put, concerning him of yore,
Who prized thee, ere he brought thee from his distant, native shore;

Who nurtured thee so carefully, till thou hadst taken root,
And then reclined beneath thy shade, while feasting on thy fruit.

'Famed trees there are in other lands, revered in hoary age,
To which the traveller fondly turns upon his pilgrimage:
While gazing on their stately forms, his thoughts are backward cast,
And though he breathes the present age, he lives within the Past.

'Thus to thy shrine, thou ancient tree, will KNICKERBOCKERS hie;
And standing on their native soil, beneath their native sky,
In contemplative mood recall those names of sterling worth,
Through whom they trace their ancestry — the Noble Men of earth.

'Famed less for show than solid parts; of staid, reflecting mind;
Famed less for vain than useful arts; magnanimous and kind;
Respected and beloved at home, feared and admired abroad;
True to a fault with fellow man, and faithful to their GOD.

'Each year we see thy goodly boughs adorned with mellow fruit,
Proclaiming to the world that thou hast still a living root:
Thus may the branches of the stock renowned on history's page,
Bring forth the fruits of sterling worth through every passing age.'

The cut which stands at the head of this notice is an accurate representation of the 'STUYVESANT Pear-Tree.' We have passed the original five hundred and sixty-two times and a half, and ought to know.

STEAM AND THE WIRE: A RETROSPECT. By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN LANGFORD: a Pamphlet Poem. Calcutta, India: J. F. BELLAMY, 'ENGLISHMAN'S PRESS: 1857.

JUST look at this: here comes, in a single night's parcel from town to our little 'Cedar-Hill Cottage' on the Hudson, a letter from a correspondent who writes from 'where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save his own dashings;' another from Melbourne, Australia, written by a concert-giving friend, ('S. C. M.,') who 'means yet to sing in Jerusalem,' and who, we believe, *has* sung every where else; and 'thirdly and lastly,' the above-entitled poem, which has borne our name on its envelope, by the over-land mail, from Calcutta in India, *via* England, to our pleasant sanctum, this frosty, star-shiny, moon-lighted, bracing, crispy December night! Come to think of it, very divergent seem the sources when were derive these friendly missives.

The patronymic of the author of '*Steam and the Wire*' should indicate an American pen: but we mainly doubt. From certain internal evidence, we judge Mr. LANGFORD to be an Englishman. In a well-written dedication of his little poem to Professor MORSE, the author takes occasion to say:

'To WHOM could I better inscribe such a production as the following then, than the man who, under the auspices of a powerful and liberal Government, has been the instrument for conferring such inestimable benefits upon science in general, and that of his own land in particular? Much as I could say upon the subject here, I dare not do so, lest the words of my dedication alone should overshadow the gift, and I be accused of placing as it were, a ponderous head upon a pigmy frame. Suffice it to say that I, and those who surround me, are no strangers to the unrivalled success which has attended all your endeavors to improve the working of the *Electric Telegraph*. It is with this knowledge, that I venture to beg your acceptance of the following very imperfect summary of 'Progress,' ancient and modern, in anticipation of those gigantic undertak-

ings which are destined to make the depths of the Ocean the 'highway' for thought and language, even as its surface has been for ages past the highway for the commerce of the world; undertakings which are about to re-people regions rendered desolate of old by the wrath of an avenging God, and roll back from those channels the semi-barbarian tide which so long has flooded them, restoring that light and learning which first existed there, was expelled, but taking refuge in Europe, assumed that degree of strength which enables the same Europe to return it now four-fold.'

It will be conceded, we think, by most readers, that the poem opens finely:

'When, on Sinai's sacred crest, 'mid clouds and smoke descending,
Jehovah stood, and lightnings poured, the Heavens with thunders rending;
Then shook the hill, and feared the host, and trembled as they gazed
Upon the clouds which girt His form — the fire that round Him blazed:
While loud the trumpet's tongue proclaimed to wandering Israel's host,
Obedience to the voice of Him who led them forth when lost.

'Ere yet they murmured at His will, ere yet their hearts had warmed
To baser deeds and worthless gods by mortal fingers formed:
Ere they forgot the moving cloud which guided them by day,
The fiery pillar of the night, which lit them on their way:
The manna in the wilderness, the water from the rock,
The havoc poured on Pharaoh's host — the closing water's shock!

'*Then* were the rich lands tenantless, the valleys and the hills,
Where Europe slept in silence, with her forests and her rills:
Columbia's verdure went and came: her foliage and flowers
Bloomed, withered, died, and mouldered on, 'mid sun and storm and showers:
The wild beast roared in solitude, while flashing on the night,
The bright Aurora of the Pole, as *now* displayed its light!

'No human eye to gaze on them — no tongue to murmur joy,
No bark upon the silent lakes, nor weapon to destroy:
Save in the withered woods alone, where flashing bolts from Heaven
Uplit the scene, and poured the fire, amid the branches riven.
Then with no human eye to gaze, the forests blazed on high,
And prairies clad in lurid flame, towered threatening to the sky.

'*Then* was the Ocean desolate, e'en as it was of old,
When by His will, primeval waves from Night and Chaos rolled!
And harmless tempests swept along, ere Commerce yet had birth,
Or War had stretched her ruthless arm, save on the solid earth:
And Europe's rivers slept in peace, as yet untinged with gore,
Save that of beasts which drank and fought, and perished on the shore.'

The birth and progress of Commerce, and Letters, and the Arts, are well set forth, and vividly contrasted: the first, wafting to-and-fro over God's wide-spread and widely-divergent seas the riches of the earth: the second, filling the minds of men with the great thoughts of *other* men, created in His image, and long ago departed: the third, filling the imagination with the marvels of Architecture, which Greece and Rome have perpetuated to our time: which Time itself, changes of empires, earthquakes, and all convulsions of Nature, have not to this day overthrown: Painting, with its Colour, 'the best and most glorious gift of our Bountiful Benefactor:' Sculpture, in which the limbs of Beauty, 'the smiles that dwell upon her lip, of pleasure or of disdain,' are frozen in 'marble immortal,' till the fires that are to consume the world shall melt them with fervent heat: all these are well depicted and enforced. There are instances of affected similes and of bad taste, which one relucts to encounter in juxtaposition with so much that is poetically conceived and harmoniously executed. Take the annexed

stanza, for example, which could not be complained of by any body of proper taste and discernment:

> 'The aspect of the Frozen Poles remains unbroken still;
> As when in earth's first infancy, 't was frozen by His will:
> Bleak, barren, cold, and desolate, still looms the sea-lashed shore,
> The snow-clad rocks — the shrubless soil, which stretch from Labrador.
> While bleaching on the icy plains the wanderer's bones now rest,
> Who dared to strive with Nature's powers, and perished there unblest!'

It is hardly possible to conceive, and yet the fact is so, that in the very next verse our poet depicts a reflective, pensive porpoise, looking at the 'smoke, and sparks, and flame' of one of Collins's steamers, 'at midnight's dreary hour,' with infinite disgust. Likely as not. There is a shoal of them, 'all in a row, that roll as they go,' at this moment, reflecting the December sun on their brown backs, tumbling through the Tappaän Zee toward Haverstraw-Bay, where they will be 'hull-down' the 'hull' of 'em, before this hasteful and imperfect notice is finished. Talk of a reflective, pensive porpoise! He *has* some openness when he smiles, yet he is a melancholy-looking fish: but to a man of true feeling and accurate observation of nature, a porpoise seems a good deal of a hog. How much better is the following: it seems scarcely credible that the lines should have proceeded from the same pen:

> 'The islands are not tenantless — amid their groves are heard
> The voice of man, the engine's stroke, and not the beast and bird;
> From shore to shore, the white steam wafts the riches of the soil,
> Gems taken from the hidden mine — a conquered nation's spoil!
> Red piracy is overcome, and hushed the wretch's scream,
> Which oft arose ere yet was known the triumph of the Steam!
>
> 'Columbia is not desert now, man's engines too are there;
> Unceasingly, unwearily, their sounds are in the air;
> And there, as on old Europe's soil, is placed the magic Wire,
> Which, quivering sends a thousand miles, swift as Electric fire,
> The plans of man, whate'er they be, for Commerce, War, or Crime,
> Death — Famine, on the silent string, flash on from clime to clime!
>
> 'Beneath the bosom of the deep, Ideas flash along,
> A triumph of the mind untold in Prophecy or Song!
> And monsters of its oozy bed along the cable glide,
> While silently the words of man are quivering by their side!
> Along Newfoundland's misty coast the towering icebergs roll,
> And language flashes through the sea, 'neath fragments from the Pole!
>
> 'O'er swamp and forest, sand and soil, still glideth silent Thought,
> And travelling through Columbia's streams, sets rain and storm at naught;
> Upon the arid plains of Ind, her streams and jungles o'er,
> While murder shrieks upon the blast, and prowling tigers roar,
> Birds lighting on the magic cord, know not the electric fire,
> Which gliding through their claws proclaims the triumph of the Wire!'

And with this passage, we dart electrically from the 'Wire,' and shall proceed — it being just the time — to take a single glass of Mr. Sparrowgrass's 'Imperial Pale' Sherry, in conjunction with two large Boston crackers, splitted and well buttered, and eke a piece of fine mild '*Old English Cheese*,' which can only be obtained at *one* house in New-York — and that house has never been named in these pages. For the supply is never large, nor *can* it be. '*Customers*' are the fortunate ones: 'patronage,' *beyond* supply, is not desired.

INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY AT SAINT LOUIS, Missouri, April 23, 1857: Pp. 104. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY: St. Louis: JOHN HALSALL AND COMPANY.

IT is but recently that we had occasion to speak of, and liberally to quote from, Mr. EVERETT's Address at the inauguration of the *Dudley Observatory*, at Albany; that noble monument, which is destined to bear the name of its founder far beyond the records of the 'imperishable marble' and the 'storied urn:' it will henceforth be one of the 'fixed stars' of our noble Empire State. A report of the Address before us appeared in the columns of our daily press; but the present transcript is from the author's own hand: varying in nothing from what had been reported so correctly, save in a few verbal emendations: which fact leads us to say, in passing, that we this last summer heard an eloquent clergyman (whose discourse was reported for our journals in May or June last) remark, that there was not in Europe a corps of reporters, parliamentary or otherwise, who exceeded in intelligence, in dispatch, in *the literary skill to make a man with good thoughts speak his thoughts in good words*, the reporters for the daily press of the city of New-York. This we believe: *but*, in the white paper, the clear, bold type of the pamphlet before us, we have an added inducement not to lay down a distinguished literary effort like this, until we have studiously 'completed' it, from beginning to end. We ask attention to the subjoined passages:

'IT has already been a source to me of the highest gratification. I feel as if my conceptions of our common country had, in a brief space of time, been mightly enlarged. It is, of course, impossible to form an adequate idea of an extensive region, so distinctly in any other way, as by traversing it, and inspecting it in person. We may read the most minute descriptions; we may add up columns of statistical figures; we may get the boundaries and the list of counties by heart in manuals of geography; we may have at our fingers' ends tables of population, of the productions of the mine, the forest, and the field, of the number of natives, and the number of foreigners, and of the children between four and sixteen; but all this minute knowledge, though useful in its place, does not give a vivid idea of an immensely extensive and rapidly growing country. It is only when on board one of these floating palaces, we have stretched along the sea-shore, or traversed the sound, the river, the lake; or, mounted on the fiery wheels of steam, have rushed through winding valley and mountain gorge; crossing ridge after ridge, and stream after stream; counting our progress by degrees of latitude and longitude; passing from tier to tier of prosperous States; from rivers that roll into the Atlantic amidst the icebergs of Labrador, to those which pour their steaming floods into the Gulf of Mexico: it is only after this actual traverse and survey of the mighty region — its cities, its towns, its hamlets; its boundless extent, its infinite variety of field, and mountain, and flood; its wide range of climate and of production, natural and artificial, the work of Providence and man; the whole joyous and all but bewildering scene animated with its swarming millions, that we can fully understand the natural features, the vast improvements, the rapid progress, the impending future of the Union.'

Few readers will fail to observe the great breadth, beauty, and force of the following:

'As I go back in imagination from the prosperous days in which we live, to the date of these early adventures; as I trace in retrospection the history of the country from its one-and-thirty States; its twenty-eight millions of population; its thousand prosperous cities, its towns and villages innumerable, bound together in a great political confederacy which belts the continent; its commercial tonnage already the largest which the ocean bears on its bosom; its network of railways and canals, not inferior to that of the most powerful states in Europe; the innumerable steamers that crowd its

interior waters; the immense contributions which it pours into the general markets of the world; its churches, colleges, and schools, and all the countless institutions in which Christian charity gathers the orphan families of want to her maternal arms; in a word, this world of physical, intellectual, and moral resource, development, and action; when from this magnificent contemplation I retrace the line of history through the vicissitudes of policy and war, from the Union to the Confederation, from the Confederation to the Revolution, from the Revolution to the yet acquiescent state of provincial allegiance, and backwards to the feeble youth and dependent infancy of the colonies; when I see how steadily, as I pass onward from generation to generation, this exuberant contemporary greatness converges and shrinks up into a narrow strip of provinces along the coast, a few small, ill-built towns on the sea-side and the great rivers, some hundreds of straggling cabins on the western slope of the Alleghanies, not one subject to English jurisdiction west of the Ohio and Mississippi a hundred years ago, a half-a-dozen block-houses and missionary stations belonging to France, in the seventeenth century, beyond these frontier streams, a border ringing with the war-whoop and gleaming with the scalp-knife, great solitary rivers, as yet without a name or a burden, hurrying with idle lapse to the sea; and at last the awful silence of the eternal forest; I feel as if I were following the Father of Waters from its mouth back to its source; tracing it from emporiums of the world's commerce on the seaboard, between populous States, and beneath the walls of towering cities, leaving successively its grand tributaries right and left; upward and backward from the alluvial delta to the pleasant vicissitude of hill and valley; ranging with its parallel windrows of driftwood in great bends through broad zones of latitude and longitude; now tumbling for miles over broken ledges, and anon bursting through basaltic gateways, or sweeping across rolling prairies; from climate to climate; from the burning tropic back to the Arctic glacier; from the land where the sultry breeze is scented with the orange and the myrtle, up to the region where the hemlock and the pine defy the northern blasts; turning the flank of mountain ridges and making deep cuts through central plateaus — narrower, shallower, purer as you ascend — a gentle current, a rippling stream, a purling brook, a silver thread; till at last all that is left of the mighty river, whose stupendous floods at its mouth wage equal war with the stormy ocean gulfs, lies sparkling in a cool moss-covered spring, fed by the trickling dews of the morning, enamelled with Alpine flowers, in the bosom of the lonely hills.'

We have had somewhat to say recently in these pages, touching the late learned work of Mr. Eleazer Lord, of Rockland, in respect of *Language*, and the cognate views of the Editor of the '*Princeton Review*' upon the same theme. The reader of those references will read with pleasure the annexed passage:

'Language is the great mystery of our being. By the use of a few written or printed lines on paper, so like each other, that, in languages with which we are unfamiliar, (witness a Malay or a Japanese manuscript) there seems scarce any difference between them; this unseen, intangible, mysterious mental essence, compared with which a perfume, a sound, a lunar rainbow is gross and material, expresses itself to the eye; by the gentle impulse, the soft vibrations, which the lips impart to the elastic air, it expresses itself to the ear. To give the spoken word duration, I translate it into written character; to give the written sign a vital emphasis, I translate it into vocal speech. By one divine art, the dead letter, charged with a living meaning, sounds through echoing halls, and wins or storms its way to sympathetic hearts; by another, the fleeting wavelets of the air are crystallized into a most marvellous permanence, and become imperishable gems of thought, whose lustre no lapse of time can obscure; while, by the union of both, this incomprehensible being, the mind, gently wooed from the vestal chambers of our inmost nature, comes forth like a bride adorned for her lordly spouse, the word; clad in the rich vesture of conversation, of argument, of eloquence, of poetry, of song; to walk with him the busy or the secluded paths of life; to instruct and delight the living generations; ethereal essences as they are, to outlive columns of brass and pyramids of granite; and to descend in eternal youth the unending highways of the ages.

We thought Mr. Everett's address at the State Fair at Buffalo somewhat *too* elaborate. It seemed to us what the painters call 'a *crowded* composition:' but the present effort is 'without overflowing, *full*.' Speaking, as Mr. Everett always does, from a full mind, it is perhaps difficult for him to repress the exuberance of his rich stores of information.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Festival of Saint Nicholas.

THE twenty-second annual dinner of the Saint NICHOLAS Society was celebrated with all its characteristic pomp and ceremonial, at the St. NICHOLAS Hotel, on Monday, December 7, 1857; the natal day of its patron Saint having, this year, fallen upon Sunday, 6th, a *dies non*. The imposing preliminary ceremony of the installation of the newly-elected President and officers occurred at 6½ P.M., when the high dignitaries were formally inducted into office, and instructed in the duties of their several departments by RICHARD E. MOUNT, Esq., in a most gracefully-playful and eloquent address. The President, Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, having been invested with the insignia of office, (the tri-cornered cocked hat, and an embroidered collar of satin and gold, sustaining the silver badge of the order of Saint NICHOLAS,) then led the way into the banqueting hall, followed by the members of the Society, of whom about one hundred were in attendance. The daïs was occupied by the President, having on his right Mr. J. WARD, of the Saint GEORGE'S Society, Dr. CHARLES MACKAY, Hon. A. BELMONT, Hon. ROBERT J. WALKER, Governor of Kansas, Captain HUDSON, U. S. Navy, Hon J. J. ROOSEVELT, and Ex-President J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN: on his left, Rev. Chaplains VERMILYE and JOHNSON, President NORRIS, of Saint ANDREW'S Society, O'GORMAN, of Saint PATRICK'S, BONNEY, of New-England Society, ZIMMERMAN, Consul for Netherlands, Hon. Judge STRONG, and Vice-President VAN WAGENEN. The two long tables were presided over by Vice-Presidents BRODHEAD and VAN WAGENEN, and were well filled by members. Before taking their seats, Rev. Chaplain JOHNSON was called upon to address the Throne of Grace, and ask a benediction upon the bounties set before us. It was a most comprehensive prayer, and embraced the whole human race, for all mankind are *our brethren*. The table was beautifully ornamented with a statue of St. NICHOLAS, Fort New Amsterdam, 1630, the Garrison-Preacher of Harlem, the Friesland Country Girl, the Miller of Helvoetsluize, Fontaine à la Haäg, Tulips of Saärdam, ESMERALDA and her Goat, Temple of Athens, Scenes in Java, Pillar of Liberty, WILLEM of Oranien, and Memories de Surinam. The viands were of the choicest description, in the greatest variety and profusion, while the most excellent band of DODWORTH contributed in no small degree to the enjoyment of the evening.

After the proper interval for refreshment of the inner man, the PRESIDENT, having assumed the cockéd hat, which, we must be allowed to remark, has never rested upon the brow of a more worthy representative of the old Dutch Dynasty, (he was the very impersonation and embodiment of the Burgomaster) rose and said:

'SONS OF SAINT NICHOLAS: I stand before you this day with mingled feelings of happiness and pride, of exultation and sorrow. Many years, (he went on to say,) had elapsed since he before occupied that chair, and he congratulated the Society upon its prosperity during the interval. He did not know how it was that he was now called upon to preside over the Society, in this present season of distress, as it had been his fortune to preside at the time of the former financial crisis. This country seemed to be visited every twenty years with periods of calamity like the present. He was called to the chair of the Society at the time of the financial crisis of 1837, and under his administration — he would not say that it was owing to his good management of the Saint NICHOLAS Society — the season of distress passed away, and prosperity succeeded. And he would undertake to say that this time too, under his administration, the dark clouds would pass away, and all would be brightness and sunshine. He felt like a CAMILLUS coming back to rule over them; like a CINCINNATUS reassuming the reins of government. He complimented the officers of the Society, the Stewards, all of whose names began with *Van*, were fitting men to be in the Van-Guard of the Society. The speaker alluded to the Ex-Presidents of the Society, who had so well filled the Chair which he occupied. He spoke touchingly of those of them who were deceased, Chancellor JONES, OGDEN HOFFMAN, STUYVESANT, and MANLY. He regarded Chancellor JONES as the greatest legal mind of his age, and HOFFMAN as a great orator, both in Congress and at the Bar. He then offered as a sentiment,

'THE EX-PRESIDENTS OF THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY: Honor and reverence to the memory of the Dead, and honor and affection to the Living.'

The gilded effigy of the 'Bird of Saint NICHOLAS' was then brought in, and its head being duly turned to the eastward, to guard against the introduction of any caitiff Yankee, the first regular toast was announced.

'1. SANTA CLAUS: *Gude Heilig Man.* Music: '*Old Hundred.*''

The whole company rising, then sang the following hymn, to the tune of 'Old Hundred:'

'LET grown New-York its voice upraise
For him who in the by-gone days,
When we were merry, romping boys,
Brought to each child his Christmas toys.

'Of children's simple joys the head,
The children's bishop honored be;
True to his MASTER, who has said:
'Let little children come to ME.'

'And may New-Yorkers ne'er forget
The grace they in the children see:
Of all the outward graces yet
Most manly is simplicity.'

'2. THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. Music: '*President's March.*''

Which was then drank with all the honors.

'3. THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK. Music: '*Governor's March.*''

'4. THE ARMY AND THE NAVY: Guardians of our Rights; Champions of our Honor. Music: '*Star Spangled Banner.*''

Captain HUDSON, U. S. N., responded briefly. He had not expected to be called upon: he was quite taken a-back, and a sailor never should be taken a-back. The Army and Navy were equally serviceable to the country when the country called

them to her aid. He thanked them for the honor done him, and hoped the Society would ever prosper.

'5. HOLLAND: Her history is her eulogy. Music: '*Wilhelmus Van Nassauwen.*'

Hon. A. BELMONT, late Minister to the Hague, responded, and proposed the following sentiment, which was duly honored:

'THE SAINT NICHOLAS SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK: May its members unite in brotherly love, as long as the deep Zuyderzee washes the dykes of the Fatherland, and the broad Atlantic rolls his waves to our sunny shores.'

Mr. J. E. ZIMMERMAN, Vice-Consul for the Netherlands, also responded, and gave the following sentiment:

'THE GOOD WILL AND AMITY EXISTING BETWEEN THE NETHERLANDS AND THE UNITED STATES: May it shine in the hearts of all future generations, as exemplified by the Knickerbockers of the present day.'

'6. OUR CITY: The child of Holland. Honest dealing and love of order are her inheritance. Music: '*Home, Sweet Home.*'

Rev. Chaplain VERMILYE responded. When it was a question, whether, in consequence of the depression of the times, the annual dinner had not better be dispensed with for this year, he had found, on consulting the Constitution, that it was impossible: for the Society 'shall dine on the sixth of December,' are its words. Born and bred in this city, he was on both sides, and from beginning to end, a New-Yorker. I speak of New-York with great feeling, for I was brought up, in common with many of our associates, at the feet of that classical scholar and most rigid disciplinarian, JOSE NELSON. There was a social tie among New-Yorkers which, he hoped, would continue to bind us together for all future time, and be continued in connection with the Saint NICHOLAS Society. This city was once more Dutch than now. The old Dutch residences have, for the most part, disappeared, and the splendid new stone edifices have replaced them. The spirit of uprightness is the spirit that ought to actuate us. We suspend when we cannot pay. Our ancestors did not launch forth into *stocks*, of which I know little. Clergymen do not often indulge in this way. Let us act honestly. The love of order is still dominant among us. See our elections in this city, etc. When it is finished, New-York will be the most beautiful city in the world. I stand up for old New-Yorkers, whether of Dutch, Huguenot, German, Welsh, Scotch, English, or Irish extraction: we all meet here on common ground, and let us be one in love for this city and the Union of which it is a part.

'7. THE UNION: '*Eendraght maakt magt.*' Music: '*Hail Columbia.*'

Hon. R. J. WALKER, Governor of Kansas, being called upon, spoke as follows:

'MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: The honor has most unexpectedly been devolved upon me of responding to the toast, which, I believe, is universally given by the patriotic Saint NICHOLAS Society, in favor of the American Union. Although, gentlemen, most suddenly and most unexpectedly called upon, to respond to this toast, this is a theme which might well raise the emotions and sympathies not only of American citizens, but of the whole human race. It is one which men and nations might discuss, and upon which angels even might look down from their celestial spheres and rejoice with us, over the glories accomplished thus far by the American Union. But, gentlemen, great and glorious as it is, let us all take care that in our day and in our generation, nothing shall be done by any of us by which, in the slightest degree, this great Union, which has accomplished already, in less than three-quarters of a century, so much for our beloved country, and so much for the hopes of mankind, shall ever, by any of our acts or any of our sentiments, be placed in the slightest peril. Let us ever remember, gentlemen, that this American Union of ours is the best, the brightest, per-

haps the last experiment of self-government. And as it shall by us be maintained and perpetuated, or broken and dissolved, so shall the light of liberty shine upon the hopes of mankind, or be forever extinguished amid the scoffs of exulting tyrants and the groans of a worldly bondage. But, gentlemen, let us also recollect that there is a great principle which lies at the base of the American Union — that principle for which our forefathers fought through the war of the Revolution, and for which we, their descendants, have contended from that period down to the present moment to maintain. That principle, which not only lies at the basis of that Union, but at the basis of all our institutions, is the principle of self-government. It is the principle that the people in every State of this Union and in those inchoate States which, emerging from territorial pupilage, begin to ascend into the constellation of American States, when they form their first constitutions, shall, with you, the youngest, and the eldest of the American States, enjoy the principle of self-government. It is a principle, gentlemen, older than the American Union. It is the principle which led to the American Union. For, as to each one of the Colonies that subsequently became American States, the very principle for which they contended, and which induced them to separate from the mother country was a question involving not many dollars and cents, but simply a small tax on tea that scarcely touched the pockets of a single individual; but small as the question of money was, the principle was deep, was fundamental, was eternal. The principle for which they contended, and which led to that revolution, was the principle of self-government. And, gentlemen, permit me to say that the moment when in any one of the States of this Union — either the States now existing, or the States inchoate — this principle is, in the slightest degree, departed from, that moment will introduce the period when will be stricken down the fundamental principles of the American Government; the principles which led us to that revolution; and will have made the first and I fear, the last step back to monarchy and despotism. As to myself, then, gentlemen for that great principle I have contended all my life; for that principle I have lived, and, God willing, if necessary for that principle I am willing to die. Now, then, gentlemen, the great principle of Union we took from the United States of the Netherlands. It was there, gentlemen, that not only under the most tremendous perils and difficulties, not through the Seven Years' War, like our revolution, but for three-quarters of a century, your ancestors fought for the great principle of self-government. And they fought it under the banner of the United States of the Netherlands. We differ from them only in this, that they were the United States of the Netherlands, and now we are the United States of America. The great principle of Union and of Confederacy as distinct and separate States, in its first great successful example, we took from your ancestors in Holland. And how did they fight? How did they fight? There is nothing in the history of Greece or Rome, there is nothing in ancient or modern times, during that eighty years of contest and contumacy, that will compare with the heroism and devotion of your ancestors of the Netherlands in contending for these great principles. They were martyrs in their bloody battle-fields; they were martyrs in the dungeon; they were martyrs amid the torments and tortures indescribable, to which no people ever before have been subjected in the history of the world. But still, although in point of numbers, a small and inconsiderable people, contending with the ocean whose surges for the first time in the history of the world, they have driven back and conquered, thus reclaiming their country from the ocean monarch; for three-quarters of a century they contended for these principles, and finally they triumphed. Now, gentlemen, I am sure it would be very wrong in me, at this late hour of the night, to detain you with any further discussion of these great principles. But, with your permission, I will give you a sentiment:

'Holland, the first successful Example of Confederated Republican States: May it be maintained here until time shall be no more.'

Mr. Walker's address was received with renewed and protracted cheering.

'8. Our Mothers, our Wives, our Daughters, our Sisters, our Sweethearts. Music: '*Let the Toast be Dear Woman.*'

The *single gentleman* appointed to respond, was, unfortunately and unavoidably, prevented from attendance.

'9. Our Sister Societies: The grasp of welcome to every hand that comes to help us work out the destiny of New-York. Music: '*We're a Band of Brothers.*''

Mr. J. Ward, President of Saint George's, responded, and gave as a sentiment:

'The Saint Nicholas Society and its Benevolent Objects.'

'Mr. Adam Norrie, of Saint Andrew's, gave:

'The Commerce of New-York: Though sometimes arrested by a panic, its march is still onward to wealth and greatness.'

Richard O'Gorman, of Saint Patrick's, made a few remarks on the liberality and hospitality of this city to foreigners. He proposed:

'The Yacht Half-Moon: She missed the way to Kathay, but found a richer port on the shores of Manhadden.'

B. W. Bonney, of New-England Society, after a few remarks, offered:

'The Founders of New-Amsterdam and their Representatives: Ever honored and revered by those who came to help them in working out the destiny of New-York.'

The following letters of declinature were then read by Steward John D. Van Buren:

'*Sunnyside, December 4th*, 1857.

My Dear John Van Buren: I should have accepted your kind invitation to the Steward's preliminary dinner, had I not been very much worried by the dangerous illness of my factotum at Sunnyside.

'He still is very ill, but I trust is out of danger. I shall have you to get me excused, however, from the great Saint Nicholas Festival. I do not feel up to it. I rejoice to find that Verplanck is again at the head of the Society. He is worthy of all honor, as I know from personal acquaintance with his various merits, for more than half a century. Yours, very truly,

'John Van Buren, Esq.' Washington Irving.

—

'*Lindenwald, December 4th*, 1857.

My Dear Sir: I beg you to present to the officers and members of the Saint Nicholas Society, my thanks for their remembrance of me on the recurrence of their annual Festival, and to assure them that, although I am unable to accept their kind invitation, my heart warmly sympathizes with those feelings of reverence for the memory of our ancestors, love for the Fatherland, respect for the Dutch character, and hospitality and good-will to man, in which their Society had its origin, and which animates their celebrations.

I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours, M. Van Buren.

'Charles Vandervoort, Esq, Secretary of Stewards, etc.'

—

'Sir William Gore Ouseley presents his compliments to Mr. Vandervoort, and having this moment received the invitation for the seventh instant, with which the Saint Nicholas Society of the city of New-York has been pleased to honor him, hastens to reply to it, hoping that his answer may reach Mr. Vandervoort to-morrow.

'Official duties prevent Sir William Gore Ouseley from leaving Washington at this moment; but it is hardly necessary for him to say, that had it been in his power, he would gladly have availed himself of the flattering invitation of the Saint Nicholas Society.

'He is well aware that he personally has no claim of fellowship by birth with a Society commemorative of the days of 'Niew Amsterdam,' and is therefore doubly honored by being admitted vicariously, as he doubtless has been on this occasion, to represent his wife; Lady OUSELEY being justly proud of her descent from one of those ancient Dutch families, whose names are not only enrolled in the archives of the renowned historian KNICKERBOCKER, but have been, as has that of the VAN NESS'S, for generations linked with the history of New-York, and have shown themselves not unworthy sons of that great and prosperous commonwealth with which Sir WILLIAM GORE OUSELEY has the honor to be connected.

'*Willards Hotel, 5th December*, 1857.

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'*H. B. M. Legation, Washington, December 2d*, 1857.

'SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the first instant, conveying an invitation to me to attend the meeting of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, at New-York, on the seventh instant.

'You will oblige me by having the kindness to express to the Society my sense of the honor they have done me by this mark of attention, and my regret that I shall be prevented, by public business, from leaving Washington on that day.

'I am, Sir, your obedient, faithful Servant, NAPIER.

'CHARLES VANDERVOORT, Esq., etc., etc., New-York.'

—

'*Albany, December 4th*, 1857.

'CHARLES VANDERVOORT, Esq.:

Society of the Stewards of the St. Nicholas Society:

'DEAR SIR: I have delayed my reply to the invitation, with which I am honored by the Stewards of Saint NICHOLAS, as long as it was proper for me to do so, in the hope that I might be able to accept an invitation every way agreeable to me; but I regret to say that my engagements here, at this period of the year, are such as will prevent my being with you on an occasion so full of interest to all New-Yorkers, and especially so to me, seeing that an old friend, a son of New-York, distinguished alike for the high qualities and generous sentiments of a cultivated mind, is once more at the head of our Society and presides at the festive board. With the permission of the Stewards, I would ask leave to offer the following toast:

''GULIAN C. VERPLANCK: A name distinguished in the Literature of our Country, trusted in the Councils of his Native State, and honored with the confidence of his Countrymen.'

'With great respect, I remain your obedient servant,

'JOHN A. KING.'

—

A member sent up to the President the following distich:

'YANKEE DOODLE borrows cash,
YANKEE DOODLE spends it;
Then snaps his little finger at
Brother JOHN who sends it.'

Ex-President J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN being called out by the company, responded in an eloquent and characteristic address on Holland. He concluded with a sentiment.

Dr. CHARLES MACKAY, of England, author of 'A Good Time Coming,' and other songs, was then introduced by the President. He said: It may be that you have welcomed me as an Englishman and a stranger. There is an old story of a man, who, when asked if he spoke German, said, 'No: but his brother played the German flute. I have been in Holland: and I claim to be [illegible] of an Englishman and Scotchman, and one-twentieth of a Dutchman. I thank you for your invitation to your hospitable board.

Vice-President J. R. BRODHEAD proposed '*The Health of the Stewards*,' which was responded to by Steward J. D. VAN BUREN, who, with his characteristic wit and eloquence, narrated the great difficulties which had attended their enterprise, and of the triumphant success which had at last crowned their exertions.

Mr. WRIGHT, from Communipaw, New-Jersey, was then introduced, who, in a most happy manner, deplored the degeneracy of our neighboring State, and its *subjugation* by Rail-road Companies. He gave in conclusion:

'THE HEALTH OF HON. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.'

Dr. J. C. BEALES, Ex-President of Saint GEORGE'S, being called out, made a few remarks on the Dutch character. He alluded more particularly to the successful efforts of Dutchmen to '*keep out water*.'

Dr. BEADLE, being called upon, responded for the Physicians of the Society:

'The office of Physician is a sinecure, as the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS are *never sick*. Their temperate habits, their untiring industry, and, above all, their uninterrupted devotion to the pipe, with the use of the buckwheat-cake, enabled them to defy disease.'

Collector SCHELL was then, after much effort, induced to get on his legs. He contended for the independence of the State Sovereignties, as '*imperiâ in imperio*;' alluded to the many important posts of honor and trust, under the General and State Governments, which had been filled by members of the Saint NICHOLAS Society, showing the great confidence reposed in its members; and contended that the confidence was not misplaced. He concluded by giving:

'THE HEALTH OF GOVERNOR ROBERT J. WALKER.'

The Governor returned his acknowledgments, and expressed the belief that within twenty years, New-York would command the commerce and exchanges of the world, and, as a means of hastening that consummation, recommended the plan of the old Amsterdam Bank, of issuing no certificates save on deposits of hard specie. This was loudly cheered.

Dr. MACKAY made a few remarks after Governor WALKER. He spoke of England: there was 'life in the old boy yet,' for twenty, forty, ay, for two hundred years to come. There is yet room for both England and America in the world: let us pull together in peace and amity.

Mr. R. B. COLEMAN, of Saint NICHOLAS' Hotel, was called up by Mr. VAN WAGENEN, in a vote of thanks for his efficient coöperation with the Stewards. Mr. COLEMAN alluded to his entertainment of the various Charitable Societies during his connection with the ASTOR House. He hoped that he had made arrangements by which the Saint NICHOLAS Society would find a *permanent home* at the Saint NICHOLAS Hotel.

Mr. J. H. KIP proposed the health of '*Hon. Hamilton Fish*,' the founder of the Saint NICHOLAS Society; which was drank with all the honors.

Mr. G. F. TRAIN, author of 'Young America,' recently returned from a seven years' cruise around the world, made a few remarks complimentary to the Society, and to the city of New-York. At half past-twelve precisely, the Society adjourned.

We must be allowed to state that the occasion passed off most happily, and that the dinner was a 'complete success.' We were, however, sorry to miss many familiar faces, the representatives of *Old New-York*. Where were the STUYVESANTS, BREVOORTS, BENSONS, BLEECKERS, CRUGERS, DE PEYSTERS, FIELDS, HOFFMANS, OOTHOUTS, RAPELYES, REMSENS, VAN ANTWERPS, VAN BLARCOMS, and the VAN DAMS? Where was our *venerable friend*, Dr. J. W. FRANCIS, without whose presence no New-York reünion can ever be complete? — the Sons of Saint

NICHOLAS can never give him up, *venerable* though he may be, yet tough as Dutch kruller: the highest honors of the Society await him.

The singing of a hymn to Saint Nicholas was a new feature in our celebration, and was given with fine effect. The whole assembly rose, and sang the hymn to the tune of 'Old Hundred,' that great composition of MARTIN LUTHER, the glorious 'High Dutchman,' as it was originally written, and not in the emasculated version attempted to be imposed upon us by certain *Yankee singing masters*. It is proper to state, that the verses were from the classic pen of the senior Steward.

Contrary to the old-established usage of the Society, a *reporter* was invited by the Stewards, with the view of giving to the public the address of Hon. Governor WALKER. We venture the hope, that no reporter may ever again be introduced; Old New-York does not sanction this *modern innovation*, which, ere long, will insist upon intruding itself upon the privacy of our fire-sides, and the domestic circle, for the amusement of the general public at their breakfast-tables. It is a *Yankee invention*, and *as such*, must be frowned down by the Sons of Saint NICHOLAS. The world should know that the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE is the only *legitimate organ* of the Society; and to it all New-Yorkers will apply for the requisite information. Our thanks are hereby tendered to the Assistant Secretary, for his valuable services in procuring the materials for this report. J. G. A.

December 12*th*, 1857.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — THE '*Atlantic Monthly*' for December 'holds its own,' at least in *one* respect. The 'Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table,' as in the initial-number, is king over all his fellows in the well-printed pages which they severally serve to fill. He will be imitated, no doubt: there will be men, unlike him speaking from a rich mind, who will doubtless endeavor to elevate their farthing-tapers beside his clear-burning sperm: in precisely suchwise as the clever author of '*Nothing to Wear*' was imitated quasily by the writers of 'Nothing to Eat,' 'Nothing to Do,' and half-a-dozen of other 'Nothings,' of the same stamp. But they can't extinguish *his* light in their 'ineffectual fires.' 'It 's mighty aizy,' as poor POWER used to say, with a humming twirl of his shillelah, 'it 's mighty aizy to say, 'Put him out,' but who 's a-going to *do* it?' Listen to one or two of his pregnant subsections:

'——WHERE have I been for the last three or four days? Down at the island, deer-shooting. How many did I bag? I brought home one buck shot. The island is where? No matter. It is the most splendid domain that any man looks upon in these latitudes. Blue sea around it, and running up into its heart, so that the little boat slumbers like a baby in lap, while the tall ships are stripping naked to fight the hurricane outside, and storm-stay-sails banging and flying in ribbons. Trees in stretches of miles; beeches, oaks, most numerous — many of them hung with moss, looking like bearded Druids; some coiled in the clasp of huge, dark-stemmed grape-vines. Open patches where the sun gets in and goes to sleep, and the winds come so finely sifted that they are as soft as swan's down. Rocks scattered about — Stonehenge-like monoliths. Fresh-water lakes; one of them MARY's lake, crystal-clear, full of flashing pickerel lying under the lily-pads like tigers in the jungle. Six pounds of ditto one morning for breakfast. Ego *fecit*.

'The divinity-student looked as if he would like to question my Latin. No, Sir, I said, you need not trouble yourself. There is a higher-law in grammar, not to be put down by ANDREWS and STODDARD. Then I went on.

'Such hospitality as that island has seen there has not been the like of in these our New-England sovereignties. There is nothing in the shape of kindness and courtesy that can make life beautiful, which has not found its home in that ocean-principality. It has welcomed all who were worthy of welcome, from the pale clergyman who came to breathe the sea-air with its medicinal salt and iodine, to the great statesman who turned his back on the affairs of empire, and smoothed his Olympian forehead, and flashed his white teeth in merriment over the long table, where his wit was the keenest and his story the best.

'[I do n't believe any man ever talked like that in this world. I do n't believe *I* talked just so; but the fact is, in reporting one's conversation one cannot help *Blair*-ing it up more or less, ironing out crumpled paragraphs, starching limp ones, and crimping and plaiting a little sometimes; it is as natural as prinking at the looking-glass.]

'——How can a man help writing poetry in such a place? Every body does write poetry that goes there. In the state archives, kept in the library of the Lord of the Isle, are whole volumes of unpublished verse — some by well-known hands, and others, quite as good by the last people you would think of as versifiers — men who could pension off all the genuine poets in the country, and buy ten acres of Boston Common, if it was for sale, with what they had left. Of course I had to write my little copy of verses with the rest; here it is, if you will hear me read it. When the sun is in the west, vessels sailing in an easterly direction look bright or dark to one who observes them from the north or south, according to the tack they are sailing upon. Watching them from one of the windows of the great mansion, I saw these perpetual changes, and moralized thus:

'As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green
To the billows of foam-crested blue,
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
Half-dreaming, my eyes will pursue;
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray,
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way,
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

'Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun —
Of breakers that whiten and roar;
How little he cares, if in shadow or sun
They see him that gaze from the shore!
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
To the rock that is under his lee,
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

'Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
May see us in sunshine or shade;
Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
We 'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore!'

We think the 'slight emendations' in the following piece of pieced-verse, will remind the old readers of the KNICKERBOCKER of the sad fate which befel the effusion of a foregone bard in the pages of this Magazine, embraced in '*The Victim of a Proof-Reader*,' in the '*Ollapodiana*' papers:

'HERE is a little poem I sent a short time since to a committee for a certain celebration. I understood that it was to be a festive and convivial occasion, and ordered myself accordingly. It seems the president of the day was what is called a 'teetotaller.' I received a note from him in the following words, containing the copy subjoined, with the emendations annexed to it:

''DEAR SIR: Your poem gives good satisfaction to the committee. The sentiments expressed with reference to liquor are not, however, those generally entertained by this community. I have therefore consulted the clergyman of this place, who has made some slight changes, which he thinks will remove all objections, and keep the valuable portions of the poem. Please to inform me of your charge for said poem. Our means are limited, etc., etc., etc.

''Yours, with respect.'

'HERE IT IS—WITH THE *SLIGHT ALTERATIONS!*

'Come! fill a fresh bumper—for why should we go
While the ~~nectar~~ logwood still reddens our cups as they flow?
Pour out the ~~rich juices~~ decoction still bright with the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~rubies~~ dye-stuff shall run.

The ~~purple-globed clusters~~ half-ripened apples their life-dews have bled;
How sweet is the ~~breath~~ taste of the ~~fragrance they shed~~ sugar of lead;
For summer's ~~lust roses~~ rank poisons lie hid in the ~~vines~~ *wines!!!*
That were garnered by ~~maidens who laughed through the vines.~~ stable boys smoking long-nines

'Then a ~~smile~~ scowl, and a ~~glass~~ howl, and a ~~toast~~ scoff, and a ~~cheer~~ sneer,
For ~~all the good wine, and we've some of it here!~~ strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and beer
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Down, down, with the tyrant that masters us all!
~~Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!~~

The company said I had been shabbily treated, and advised me to charge the committee double—which I did. But as I never got my pay, I do n't know that it made much difference. I am a very particular person about having all I write printed as I write it. I require to see a proof, a revise, a re-revise, and a double re-revise, or fourth-proof rectified impression of all my productions, especially verse. Manuscripts are such puzzles!'

HOLMES' are no 'puzzles.' DOUBTLESS we have in our metropolis, in the great mansions of the Fifth-Avenue, and othersome marble and 'brown-stone-front' dwellings, in choice localities, sumptuous and splendid parties; but what are these, to a genuine old-fashioned *Country Molasses-Candy Party?* Such an one we recently attended at the spacious mansion of our 'distinguished friend and neighbor,' Colonel S——, who, being engaged in affairs of state at Albany, was unable to be present. The rooms were thrown open at eight to the assembled company—'small but select,' not more than twenty or thirty being present. (And now for a slight touch of JENKINS, who 'does up' the high-life-society sketches for the '*London Morning-Post*,' and his American apes 'on this side,' who write letters from the fashionable watering-places during the summer 'season:') 'The ladies were all very beautiful. There were Mrs. D—— S——; attired in a rich brown silk, white cape, and a charming lace head-dress; Mrs. M—— and Mrs. C——, attired in rich black silk dresses, with tasteful *coiffures* and ornaments; Mrs. Q——, in a charming green silk, with short sleeves and rich black velvet head-dress, and plain gold bracelets, which set off to advantage the delicate whiteness of her fair arms; Miss F—— S—— and Miss M—— C——, in exceedingly handsome and graceful *robes-à-quille;* Miss E—— D. C——, in a close-fitting white basque, with a delicately-tinted muslin skirt; Miss De P——, in a plaid merino, of a choice and elegant pattern; with others, which we cannot now recall. Among the

gentlemen were the Messrs. F—— and D—— D——; Mr. McG——; Mr. N——; Messrs. E—— and P—— H——; Mr. F——, with his courtly manners, and old-time reminiscences of similar scenes in the country; Mr. C——, very modest and retiring, but fond of fun, of the quiet, 'right sort;' and Mr. N—— Q——; all the male guests in black, save the last-named gentleman, who with his accustomed good-taste, wore an elegantly-fitting suit of rich dark brown, which the ladies one and all pronounced 'terribly becoming' to his fine figure and compact form. (O ye JENKINSES of America! how surely do you 'earn your wages!' The foregoing is the hardest piece of writing we have accomplished in a twelvemonth.) And now the music ceases, and we are summoned to the kitchen; spacious, commodious, and clean and neat as a new pin, in every part; the shields upon the walls (tin pans, dippers, sauce-pans, 'and things') shining as bright as polished steel. Manly and fair hands are laved and dried upon white napkins; 'blobs' of the sweet-smelling masses are given out from the ready and abundant 'tins.' And now the sport begins—a universal 'pulling' commences. Bejewelled fingers become 'all stuck up,' but are presently liberated again: that which was but now a black lump, has become a twisted golden string; until a casual spectator might fancy himself in a saccharine rope-walk, conducted by a score or more of half-demented 'manipulators,' 'pullers' and 'twisters,' of both sexes. Refreshments anon succeed in the dining-room, with beverages 'which cheer but not inebriate:' then all go up into the drawing-rooms, where singing, dancing, and waltzing, until only *just* the hour 'ayant the twal' close the performances. Such is a 'Molasses-Candy Party' at 'Cedar-Hill on the 'Udson.' - - - HERE ensueth a few more:

'Sparks and Cinders from the Grate-Blower.

SNAP THE FOURTH.

'I HAVE been often asked by strangers, (that is, persons from other cities, though men of intelligence, I admit,) why it is that there is, or seems to be, no centralization of a literature in Philadelphia? Why we have no recognized exponent of our own literary talent—no Philadelphia 'KNICKERBOCKER,' '*Atlantic Monthly*,' etc., etc., whose pages are devoted to the development and encouragement of the genius within us, if we had any? and that we had, was proved, they thought, by the contributions which went from here to fill the columns of journals and periodicals in other cities. Boston had its peculiar publications, sustained by its peculiar literati; New-York, ditto; other cities, ditto, ditto; while our talent went travelling through the mails after an 'opening.'

'This, and much more of the same kind has been said to me, and asked of me; but I have not answered. But, at length, impertinent individuals have hinted that the cause of this want here, (as well as of my silence on the subject,) was a lack of talent, a dearth of sufficient literary ability to get up and sustain a periodical from our own resources, with our own pens. They have asked: 'Where is your talent? Where, and who are your writers, authors, poets—literati, in short? Show us twelve—only twelve?'

'And I have not shown them.

'Wherefore? Because our men of mind, our poets, biographers, 'breakfast-table Autocrats,' etc., are, with a *very* few exceptions, men of such 'rare modesty,'

that their lights are hidden. They write, but do n't print. Their immediate family-circles know of, and appreciate, their talents; but the world — the world, Sir, is lamentably ignorant of them. That 's it, Sir!

'But we 've got them!. Men who think; men who argue; men who *evolve;* (*that's* a neat term, I flatter myself!) men who rhyme, and men who reason —— Why, only yesterday, I discovered a new Author in embryo: a Philadelphian, Sir, too, body and broadcloth. No other than my own third cousin, Doctor SKUTIS — GUY A. SKUTIS, M.D.

'SKUTIS, Sir, is about to shine upon the world of letters. After imitating the bad (for it is bad — *for the world*) example of Philadelphia genius, in 'hiding his light under a bushel' — of MSS. — for years, he is about to come forth mildly (not to rush) into print. He yesterday confided his intention to me, and the reasons that induced him to determine upon it, and brought me the *Introduction* to his proposed 'Book,' to read and criticise. I told him it was *good!* and he —— but, stop; I 've got it yet: (he left it for me to punctuate: he is rather weak on punctuation:) it won't tire you too much to have me copy it for you; will it? Beside, there 's a wholesome satire in it, that, in *my* opinion, is *good!* as I told him. And, beside, again, if you print it, it will serve him, as a tip-top advertisement of the 'Book,' *à la New-York Ledger*, you know; with the great advantage of being *gratis;* for you won't charge any thing: will you, friend KNICK? Any how, here it is! (with the punctuation perfected — a-hem!)

'(COPY.)

'NOTES OF PROMISCUOUS TRAVELS BY GUY A. SKUTIS, M.D.

'INTRODUCTORY.

'When my friend WAGGLES returned from his *European tour*, (of three weeks' duration, exclusive of the passages there and back,) he showed me a tolerably thick portfolio, and exclaimed triumphantly: 'There, GUY, my boy, is the material for my 'Book.'

''What book?' asked I innocently.

''My travels, of course: see here; that 's the title-page.'

'I looked, and read upon the first sheet of about a ream of foolscap: 'IMPRESSIONS OF THE OLD WORLD, SOCIAL, MORAL, AND POLITICAL: BY A TRAVELLING PHILOSOPHER.' I turned the leaf, and saw 'PREFACE' in large letters; but not another word: page third, totally virgin, and ditto the whole ream.

''What do you mean,' exclaimed Iin amazement, 'by calling *this* the *material* of your '*Book*'?

''Why, is n't it? What is the material of a book or a MS. but paper?'

''Of course: but you know what I mean. Where 's the contents, notes, chapters — the '*Impressions*,' in short?'

''In that ream of foolscap, my dear GUY, the sum total of any 'moral, social, or political impressions' that I am aware of having received, is recorded.'

''Oh! ah! I see! very good! ha! ha! a 'sell' — hey?'

''In frankness, yes: it *will* be rather a 'sell,' if it should have any sale.'

''Sale? What do you mean? You can't sell a title-page, and a ream of blank paper, for a book!'

''Of course not, my boy: I do n't mean to try. But I mean to fill the blank ream, and then '*sell*' it, and the public, together; to say nothing of the publisher.'

''But you said you had received no impress ——'

''I know, I know: but I 'm *going* to. You 're wonderfully unsophisticated for a literary amateur. Don't you know how books of travelling '*Impressions*,' etc., are fabricated? Thus: you ——'

''Fabricated?'

''Yes! do n't interrupt me. You take a '*trip*,' or rather a *race*, through foreign 'lions,' (or even you *do n't* take one,) buying cheap lithographs of celebrated scenes, edifices, etc., at each halt for dinner, or sleep. Then, upon your return, you go to a library, and get out several genuine Travel-Books of a moderately past date, and still more moderate celebrity. Then you get your *material* ready, and go to work thus: Taking Number One of the genuine books, you (having got a friend to write you a preface) turn to Chapter First. You find that the genuine traveller was therein delighted with city A, disgusted with steamer B, on river C, charmed with society D, and thought ruin E the finest, grandest specimen of architecture F, in the vicinity. You also find that he met on steamer, a disagreeable old fogy G, several noisy, fidgety children, and inquisitive women, which we will call collectively H. Very good! *You* commence *your* Chapter First. Therein *you* are *disgusted* with city A, *delighted* with steamer B, on river C, *bored* by society D, and (consulting your cheap lithograph of the place) think ruin E *much inferior*, as specimen of architecture F, to ruin X, which latter (with your eye on lithograph) you proceed to dilate upon scientifically, or what amounts to the same, unintelligibly. You wind up by a pleasant fiction of an intelligent tourist, with a fascinating daughter, and an interesting child with a romantic history attached to it, whom you met on steamer, and you promise to give the romantic history in a future chapter. (This you of course do n't do, by-the-by; but, by a master stroke of art, you keep up the reader's desire for the aforesaid romance, by dark allusions to it every few chapters, and farther promises for its future relation, and thus get him through your book hopefully.) You have now got Chapter First triumphantly completed, and turning to travel-book Number Two, you select a second chapter, as a guide to *your* Second Chapter, upon which you proceed to work in the same admirable manner. For Chapter Third, take Book Third, on similar principles, and so on, till having exhausted the number of books, you recommence with Number One, and repeat, and recommence and repeat, until you have worked through your material, and finished your '*Impressions*.' In order to be *eminently original*, however, you do n't travel in the same order as any of your prototypes, of course, but skip about quite in your own manner, which is done by simply changing the order of your models' chapters, and taking a tenth of one of *them*, for a fifteenth of *yours*, or a sixth for a ninth, etc.; being careful to keep your map by you, so that you do not make an impracticable jump across an impossible-to-be-jumped-over space of land or water, in the given time. Farther, you interweave, here and there, clever little anecdotes, adventures, and rencontres, with celebrated personages, foreign or domestic, which you may easily collect from private sources, among some of your travelled friends who never publish, and are too modest to 'peach,' if they should detect themselves, masked, in your pages. Your *lady* traveller friends are preferable for this little assistance generally, (though you must be shy of *literary* ladies and elderly spinsters,) as they have a natural love for contrabandistas, and an inclination to help all such little enterprises through. Lastly: In all your journeying from place to place, your meetings with *personages*, your descriptions of pageants, and your discussions upon historical topics, you must be extremely sparing of *dates*; in fact, it is better not to use any. Instead, for instance, of saying you arrived at A September third, or left B August ninth, or had the pleasure of being presented to His Royal Highness, etc., on the sunny morning of the first of June, etc., etc., say merely you arrived, etc., on Tuesday; left, etc., on Friday; was presented, etc., etc., on an unclouded summer morning, etc., etc. Then you go —— Halloa! Guy! I 'm a mummy, if he has n't gone to sleep!'

''I was very near it, I confess, FRED; but I've heard your explanation *in toto.* I don't place implicit confidence in it, though, WAGGLES. I can't believe that the charming Books of Travel I have read with such pleasure, were such infamous humbugs.'

''Come, come, old fellow! no personalities, you know. Wait till you read *my* 'Impressions;' wait till you see my success!'

'I waited!

'The 'Impressions' were published, read, admired, puffed, sold-out, went into a second edition, a third, are now going through a fourth. I am convinced! so convinced, that I am about to publish a similar 'infamous humbug' myself; with this difference; that I acknowledge, before I begin, the *humbug* alluded to. I confess that these about-to-be-written 'Notes' are as yet virgin sheets of foolscap; that they have no nucleus of memorandum-book, map, or even cheap lithograph. But one fact I desire to state, and in consideration of my frankness in the foregoing confession, I wish to be believed. This is, that all the scenes I intend to describe, *I have seen;* all the people I speak of, *I have met;* all the events I narrate, *I have had a personal knowledge of.* This is all! I shall use no dates, and my names shall all be nobody's names, that I know of. Reader, is my introductory satisfactory? —— [*End of Copy.*]

'Ay! *that's* the question! *Is* his Introductory satisfactory? I ask *you*, reader, and *you*, friend KNICK: *is* it — is it *not* satisfactory?

'And I conclude in the words of the New-York contemporary's 'specimen (advertisement) chapters,' above referred to: 'This is all that will be given (at present) of the (to be) thrilling and powerfully-written work' of my cousin GUY A. SKUTIS, M.D.'

'*Some* folks' *know* GUY ASKUTIS! - - - THE '*Rockland County Kite*' has been withdrawn from the *line*, and laid up for the winter, in the room which contains our sub-library, adjoining the sanctum. It is not, however, the KITE of which we said some time ago, that 'due notice would be given of its second appearance.' It is the '*Leviathan*' of American kites: of fine gauze-muslin; profusely illustrated, in bronze, blue, gold, and crimson, (chiefly from Mr. TROW's beautiful 'Specimen-book,') including, for borders, several rich circular lace-patterns, from the Ladies' Magazines, which we never found so interesting before. Mechanical improvements in bow, main-shaft, cross-bar, and belly-band, have been introduced. The result was — perfection. It arose, for the first time, on a day soon after the middle of November: that it was a heavenly day, with a fine stiff breeze, is all that we can remember; for our excitement was great, and our young (marry, and our elderly) audience dotted the russet hill-side, clear down to the cedar-screen beyond the lawn. *How* she glided up the blue empyrean! The line — five balls, strong as wire — went smoking over the double-gloved hand over which it 'paid out,' until it stood, diminished almost to a speck, far off, and right over the wide Tappaän-Zee. It was a beautiful sight! And while we were holding the line, (it was 'our watch' at the moment,) we saw a triangle of wild-geese high in air, 'to the south'ard a-steering,' twenty-five on each side, with a head-goose-captain, nearing the end of the long Pier, with their hoarse '*ke-lank! — ke-lank! — ke-lonk! — ke-lonk! — k'lank! — k'lank! klank!*' And just as they were over the out-works of the Pier, *our* 'Rockland' made its first dive, a circular swoop of half a mile in diameter: at

the same moment the *Pier's* 'Rockland' switch-engine sent up one of its unearthly shrieks: the goose-columns were startled: the commander wavered: they separated, turned round, took a long détour over Rockland Tower, and 'made the Hudson' again at SNEEDEN's Landing, whence they paused a moment to see JOHN VOORHEES *catch two shad*, and then sailed on their course. The '*Rockland Kite*' is daily 'on view' at the sanctum-library. Grits and shorts for our cow, oats and corn for our neighbor's chickens, postage-stamps, and other country-produce, received for admission. All good children admitted free. - - - TAKING his cue, we suspect, from the forcible remark of some observant author, that 'the great TOWN is but a great HOTEL, where multitudinous guests are variously accommodated,' a new metropolitan correspondent, (from whom we shall be glad to hear again,) among other philosophical reflections, gives us the subjoined. We judge that if his hotel, by some unnatural convulsion of nature, should be turned bottom upward, he would be found in the cellar: in other words, that his room is on the first floor from the roof. But listen to the reflections of our elevated philosopher:

'I ENJOY in my room (it is No. 773) the rich blessing of contentment. Having but little to lose, I have but little to fear. I never find, on coming in, that a skilful thief has relieved me of my hard gold, or that a riotous crowd has broken the windows and spattered my magnificent clothes with mud. I never have my dinner spoiled, and my feelings harrowed, by the unexpected coming of my agent, who breathlessly tells me that the Southern Fire-eaters have seized and confiscated my last cargo of goods, because an Abolition tract chanced to be found in the newspaper packing; or that the cholera has broken out on all my six plantations at once, and is daily sweeping off fourteen hundred of my negroes; or that the great commercial house of EXPAND, BURST AND COMPANY, which owes me three-quarters of a million, is just on the point of winding up! No, no; I am troubled with none of these things. I say, with some degree of pride, that I care nothing for money. I consider it belittling. If I had in reality the charge of the world, there should be *no* money. There should be no hoarding misers; making and losing fortunes in a day; no extravagance in princely houses, ruled over by capricious FORTUNE; no ghastliness in starving garrets, ruled over by stern, inflexible WANT. There should be no more of these! There should be no craving, except after goodness, and no necessity, except that of existence. Men should labor, as now; but it should be for the general good, and MY HOTEL should be free as air to every comer. And yet, after all, I am KING in my own hotel. What matters it that my sway is unnoticed and unacknowledged? Is not secret power always the best? My Hotel is a miniature world, containing within itself all the elements of life; and my guests are all *in transitu*. One day, from one of the lower rooms, I heard a feeble wail, announcing the dawn of life, and but a few hours after, I heard the cry from aged lips, which told me how slight is the distance between the 'beginning and the end.' Thus I was taught that DEATH is a mightier king than I.

'Number 773 is exactly the place for a king to live in; it is elevated, and all kings occupy elevated positions. To be sure, my throne is not very expensive, but the ancient sovereigns had poorer ones than mine; yet none had so great power as they. Indeed, I remember having read that the Empress CATHERINE of Russia, had a palace of ice, which surely was far worse than living in Number 773. And I have always observed that gilded thrones are attended with the loss of real

power. Good Queen VICTORIA, for instance, is not allowed to rule her own nursery women, which would be quite a respectable dominion for a person of moderate ambition. Again, Number 773 is just the place for a philosopher: it is my DIOGENES' tub. I think it a great pity that hotels with fifteen stories were not known two thousand years ago. To be sure, ADAM did n't need them, for he was very favorably situated for meditation. He had also a valuable assistant 'in the person of his accomplishedlady,' who was exceedingly desirous of adding both to her own stock of knowledge and to his. No man can philosophize properly in a constant change of scene; and this, I suspect, is the reason why the glorious Nineteenth Century is so lamentably deficient in this respect. But here, in Number 773, every thing is familiar. I know all the furniture, and I fancy that it knows me. I fancy that in the dripping of my cracked wash-bowl, as I leave it after a hasty toilet, I have as good a NIOBE, all tears at my departure, as can be found in all the marble statuary of No. 32. Now, what should I do, if I were rich? Of course, I should retain Number 773, unless I should move into Number 32, for the sake of experiment, and to make my old room seem the dearer to me on my return. And, of course, I should 'go to the Springs,' merely to get new opportunities for the study of character; and ——

'Suddenly, the gong sounded, throwing its brazen clamors through all the corridors of My Hotel, and arousing me from my reverie at my little window. Looking out, I saw several ragged urchins fighting for the short remnant of a cigar which I had just dropped; and I was pleased to fancy myself clad in royal robes, and scattering largesses with a royal hand. 'Ah!' thought I, as I rose to go down, 'these halcyon, golden days of mine are not yet over. I am still the unenvied, though not unenviable, the occupant of Number 773!''

—

AN inch of Laugh is worth an ell of Moan, in any state of the market. So thinks 'DEMOCRITUS,' whose wholesome essay followeth:

'WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE says well: 'All the world's a stage;' and this being so, is it not well to make it a pleasant performance, and go laughing through life? I hold that it is. Let us have the comedy first, for the tragedy comes at the end. Let us not make a solemn drama of our life, and perhaps die twice, as some fictitious actors do; for then do we dull the edge of it, and at the second performance our death will not be more regretted than is the '*Blue Pirate of the Dark Green Gulf*,' or any other melo-dramatic performer. It is well to make a kind of mellow drama of our life; but do it with all dignity, like honest JOHN FALSTAFF. With BEN JONSON, I hold it better to

—— 'MAKE the circle of your eyes
Flow with distilléd laughter.'

'DU BARTAS in 'hys Hystorie of y Worlde,' which treats not only of 'hys hystorie,' but of divers other matters, vilifies the greatest friend to jollity, tobacco, and says from its derivation of name, *Toi Bacchoi*, 'To Bacchus,' it evidently leads to drink. He speaks as one without authority, for he never tried it, or he must have sounded the praises of 'Heaven's last best gift to man.' He may have commenced tobacco-experience on a bad cigar, and so have become disgusted with the world, and tobacco: but over my old meerschaum, companion of my youth and college-days, I have had more of good-will toward men enter my heart, and more pleasant fancies enter my brain, than ever could come out of it: and as I look on the old battered head of my friend MEERSCHAUM, we hold such amusing conversations, as

make me sometimes to laugh aloud at my odd fancies: or perhaps he discourses of old times, and recalls to memory the jovial laugh, and the old faces of my youth. I think how

> 'THE mossy marbles rest
> On the lips that he has prest
> In their bloom:'

and I can but look upon him as a benefactor to mankind, when I think of the calm joy he has afforded to many who have long since finished their tragedy.

'I like to recall with him the days and the friends of old. There was SARGE, who always grasped MEERSCHAUM'S small waist with a whole hand, and in his hearty embrace old MEERSCHAUM would laugh aloud, and amuse us by breathing forth large wreaths, which, empty as the wreaths of Ambition, faded when we touched them, and vanished in thin air. There was my old friend TOM, who held MEERSCHAUM delicately between two fingers; but this dainty dalliance was never liked; and MEERSCHAUM breathed his soul so gently away, that TOM would have to light him up about once a minute. TOM tasted only the bitterness of the breath of MEERSCHAUM'S nostrils, and his own ideas were often correspondingly acrid. Although he was the jolliest of cronies, TOM always spoke with a degree of bitterness of the world, and thought it empty. There was honest old BUCH, in many respects a Dutchman, who never saw the point of a joke until the conversation had turned perhaps on a serious subject: *then* the previous joke would touch him; and perhaps as we would say, 'Poor FRED, he is gone from us!' BUCH would come out with such a mad burst of laughter, as would make the room ring.

'DICK said to me the other day, as we looked at each other in a small upper chamber, his apartments: 'JOHN, write a paper of and about old times!'

''What to do with it?' I asked.

''Print it,' he replied.

''*Dic Senior bulla dignissime*—DICK, old fellow, you are most worthy of a leather medal,' exclaimed JUVENAL and I. 'Who would it interest but ourselves?—and can we not recall them to each other?'

'His remark suggested to me that a few pages of my life-book might bring somewhat of pleasure to those who wish that the voices of those who have accompanied us in our labors may not become sad echoes in the distance of our memories: and hence I shall some day relate things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

'But what has this to do with life's stage? It is merely a side-scene; and as we play our part to the outer world, do we not occasionally glance our eyes to our friends at the side-scenes? Yes, we do! and there we often take the most pleasure.

'It may be a cloudy night; that is, our worldly affairs are dark: the house is empty, because our pockets are so. We see no friendly faces and applauding hands, because our prospects, like the night, are cloudy and dark. At such a time, it is pleasant to look upon the side-scenes, and see the merry old faces, and hear the applause of brighter days. Yes, as I have said, it is better to make a comedy of life: and when we have swaggered and laughed out our part, some friend shall say: 'Alas, poor YORICK!' Is this not better than to have him say: 'Happy fellow!—he is now at rest from the troubles of life, which so much disturbed him!'

'In order to make an amusing thing of life, one must be benevolent, and do all he can to make others happy. I recall one man I once made very happy: there are indeed many others; but *this* one I do especially remember: and I am sure he

remembers *me* well: it was my tailor; who, when I knew him not, requested the privilege of making for me choice apparel. I did n't want the clothes, of course; but merely to gratify him, I permitted him to make them; and, to tell the truth, they were unpaid for when I left him: but I think of the happy hours that man enjoyed as he put in the stitches: then, too, the malicious pleasure he took in dunning me, until he tired of it. Oh! the ingratitude of man! Notwithstanding the pleasure I had given him, he tried to wound my feelings by a dun! But I was resolved to laugh and be merry; and so, in a merry way, I heaped coals of fire on his head by paying his bill when he least expected it!

'I look out upon the world from my attic, and chuckle at its nonsense. I laugh to see the toiling, moiling worldlings taking so much thought for the morrow, for I am five stories nearer heaven than they; and although I have n't a shilling in my pocket, nor a whole coat on my back, I can yet laugh, and *might* grow fat, under certain circumstances. It is well enough to say, 'Laugh and grow fat,' but I, who have laughed through my life's part, am as delicate as homeopathic soup.

'Those who praise the 'Attic Salt,' little know the bitterness of that attic salt which is not classical: and yet I can laugh and smoke my pipe, although I go dinnerless for my tobacco, and consider myself SOCRATIC; for while I drain the bitter cup, I can do it with a pleasant face; and were not all the world selfish, and therefore miserable, we might all have a coat with whole sleeves, and be happy; and in that Golden Age, a coat out at the elbows, like my own, should be unknown: then would napless hats and empty pockets be remembered as a dream when one awaketh.

'In that happy Golden Age, every man's pocket would be as one's own. Should you wish to buy a newspaper of the man who merely carries them for his own amusement, then put your hand into his pocket, and having drawn forth the requisite amount, place it in his hand. Do you desire a carriage? Then call that man who drives merely to occupy his mind, and laugh at him when he holds out his hand for the fare: *he*, too, will laugh at his own wit in asking for pay.

'Let us, then, beseech MERCURY, the patron of thieves, to steal all the old hats and coats of the world, and put them carefully away, where they may be no more seen. When the Golden Age shall come, thieving and fraud shall flee away, and men will live a perpetual laugh: then there shall be no unhappy labor: I say unhappy labor; for consider the ant, who constantly toils so miserably for no other object than to make a place to die in. A little labor, now and then, is relished by the wisest men: let us labor as a pleasure, not as a task; and let those, like myself, who always find it a task, merely live to laugh, and make others laugh: to grow fat, and make others grow fat. Finally:

'Let us all, as far as we are able, 'work with a will' to make this Brazen Age look like a Golden one, to put aside the absorbing thought of 'THE DOLLAR,' and laugh out our part as well as we can; then, when the scene ends, we shall recall the many we have made happy, and may be called before the curtain to receive the praises of our audience.'

Good 'philosophy,' this. - - WE laughed in bed last night at the second anecdote which ensueth. 'Any way you can fix it,' it does not seem complimentary to the 'learned counsel' engaged in the case: 'A resolution, in the winter of 1850–51, was introduced into the Ohio Senate, that from that time forward Members of the Legislature should receive but three dollars a day for the time of their actual attendance, and should be required to swear to their accounts. Of course it was opposed and defeated. One

Senator of much common-sense, but no more imagination than a horse, spoke against it, as inconsistent with the dignity and character of the State; and in his flight he exclaimed: 'Here we have the spire of our Capitol ra-a-ising higher — and — *higher;* and' —— (stopping hesitatingly and slowly, and scratching his head,) '*well, as high as any other spire 'rebund.*' In the county of Pickaway, during the last term of 'the Court,' a suit was being tried on a contract for the purchase and delivery of hogs. One of the most able attorneys inquired of the witness on the stand: 'How *many* hogs had you ready for delivery at the time agreed upon?' The witness replied, in a slow voice: 'I should think about seven hundred and fifty: but I can't tell *to a hog* (please understand that the witness was addressing the 'learned counsel') the exact number.' - - - Do n't skip the subjoined: you will like it:

A Christmas Carol.

'FLYTTE YE FIRST.

'I PRAY thee, good Mother Fairy!
To give me the power to creep,
With a noiseless step and wary,
Where all are fast sleep;
To enter each quiet household,
And watch by the chimney hearth
Till the small folks search their stockings,
With smothered sounds of mirth?

'So my Fairy gave permission,
And, too, a bit of advice:
'Pass not the door of the poor man!
Ere you pause with the rich, look twice.'
She wrapped her cloak invisible
About my human form,
To hide me from mortal eye-sight,
And shield me from wintry storm.

'Ah! here is the poor man's blessing!
I said, as I entered first
A cottage, and stood by the chimney,
Where the sight upon me burst,
Of a dozen children's stockings,
Sized little, less, and least!
I cried, as I saw their contents,
'Content is as good as a feast!

'More faith I put in the proverb
As *twelve* struck the kitchen-clock,
And the children all awakened,
With that and the crowing cock.
First started a little damsel,
And then her brothers all,
Till uprose all but the babies,
Swift answering to the call.

'And soon came their eager footsteps,
Quick pattering down the stair,
Till there stood around me gathered,
A group for a picture fair.
Each clad in a little night-dress,
With small feet, bare and white,
They looked like a cloud of angels
Estray from the Fields of Light.

'Each felt of the hanging stockings,
And shouted aloud his joy,
Of each one had thought their Mother,
For each, Father had made some toy.
Then sure of SANTA CLAUS' coming,
Each back to his pillow crept,
And spite of waiting and watching,
Again the darlings slept.

'FLYTTE YE SECOND.

'Then a mansion grand I entered,
Yet met a sorrowful sight;
In the midst of costly trappings,
Where riches lavished their might,
Leaning over an empty cradle,
There sat a woman, who wept,
In comfortless, hopeless sorrow,
For her babe in the church-yard slept.
Her hand holds a little stocking,
But its wearer is far away,
And bounds o'er the Fields of Heaven,
In an endless holiday!

'FLYTTE YE THIRD.

'Away I flew to another
Abode of the favored few,
And ever to leave this household,
Was as much as I could do!
For up in the gas-lit chamber,
On the loving parents' bed,
Were gathered the dearest children,
With their presents all out-spread.

'One strided across the foot-board,
And sounded his trumpet shrill;
One perched upon the pillow,
And sang her Dolly still;
One showed the happy Mother
The prints of his picture-book;
One kissed awake the Father,
At her rich treasures to look!

'FLYTTE YE FOURTH.

'But away I went, right merry,
Still laughing aloud for joy,

Till I entered the silent chamber
Of a little dying boy.
He spoke in the gentlest whisper:
'Dear Mother! CHRIST JESUS will come,
And take me to spend this Christmas,
With HIMSELF in His own sweet Home!'

'FLYTTE YE FIFTH.

'Then I flew across the Ocean,
To the land of minstrelsy,
And danced with the German children,
Round and round their Christmas-tree.
I rejoiced with every nation,
But came back to England in time
To hear from moss-grown turrets,
The melodious Christmas-chime.
In 'Gloria in Excelsis,'
I joined 'neath cathedral domes,
Or song of the shepherds watching:
Old 'Sherborne' in cottage homes.

'FLYTTE YE SIXTH.

'In many a fine old mansion,
Hung the mystic mistletoe,
And 'neath it I kissed fair maidens,
Who blushed as they cried: 'No, no!'
Then the swains said, 'What's the matter?'
And declared, it was a shame
Not to have the *good* of kissing,
Since they had to bear the blame!

'FLYTTE YE SEVENTH.

On I looked at merry dinners,
And joyed in the children's mirth,
But saw in one Christian household
The heavenliest sight on Earth.
While gathered around the table,
In the midst of all the joy,
The mother's heart was crying
For her errant eldest boy.

'And I heard, at evening worship,
The voice of the father stern
Falter the blessed story
Of the Prodigal's Return!
I heard a sob in the doorway —
But the mother heard it first!
And, voiceless, clasped her first-born,
While I feared her heart would burst.

'I left them, praising JESUS,
Who came, at such a cost,
Almost two thousand years ago,
'To seek and save the lost.'

O—— Parsonage, December, 1857. I. Q. H.

Shall we hear from 'I. Q. H.' again? - - - 'THOMAS CRAWFORD, the American sculptor.' This a brief sentence: but it is one which is written in all forms of dignity, grace, and beauty, in 'enduring marble.' The American journals, far and near, have recorded the fact of his so widely-lamented death, and the sad causes which led to the melancholy event. As we stood beside his sable coffin, in Saint JOHN's Church, Hudson-square, we thought, while the beautiful anthem of the Church was swelling from the organ, and while listening to that sublimest of services, the 'Burial of the Dead,' how that form, instinct with GENIUS, had struggled, labored, triumphed — triumphed with a world-wide renown. The faithful WIFE was there, who had followed and shared his varying fortunes, with the true devotion of a true Woman's heart. Mr. CHARLES SUMNER, who sat at the head of the pall-bearers, brought us from Rome, years ago, and presented to us in our sanctum, the engraving of his ORPHEUS, the first of his great works, which, general as was the praise bestowed upon it, was but the very beginning of his upward and onward career. Miss SEDGWICK, too, then in Rome, GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE, Esq., then *our* 'Roman consul,' and HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, and that *other* HENRY, TUCKERMAN, (whose beautiful and feeling poetical tribute to the deceased sculptor, from the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, is copied and re-copied into almost every American journal which we open;) all these, and hundreds of others, in Boston and New-York, were warmly and deeply interested in his success. And, as we have said, that success, that renown, he won. But there he lay: his eye, that had dwelt so lovingly upon the glorious trophies of the art he so much loved, was dead to sight: the ear which had drank in the melting *Misérére* in Saint PETER's, was lost to sound! He has gone: but his memory will not die. Let us hope that the completion of his unfinished commissions will proceed only from

his own studio. He leaves operative artists who understood his designs, which he had perfected in his models, and which they can fully carry out in marble. To do otherwise, were unjust to his reputation, as well as to the loved and loving family which he leaves behind him. - - - FOURTEEN sets of electrified stereotype-plates of the novel of which the annexed passage is a 'thrilling extract,' are now ready for the 'groaning presses' of a popular metropolitan publisher:

'NIGHT dawned upon the turbid stream of the pellucid Clam, whose swiftly-flowing waters slept placidly beneath the pale and brilliant light of the cloud-hidden moon. By its barren marge, where grew luxuriantly the tall and waving grass peculiar to that region — a grass of the bluest crimson — stood pensively in a sitting attitude, a maiden, fair and beautiful as ever poet dreamed or blind man saw. Leaning against the gigantic trunk of a stately mullen, and at the same time, gazing fixedly downward at the waving foliage, which drooped motionless from overhead, she exclaimed in a tone of voice so low as to be plainly inaudible: 'Why is it, O unpitying Fate! that while I am standing here, I am not somewhere else? Why is it that while I am living, I am not dead? Fortune, unpropitious Fortune, smile upon me with thy sad countenance, and bedew me with the crocodilean tears that emanate from thy laughing eyes! But no, 't is useless! The hour is come that I am momentarily expecting; therefore, ye swiftly-flowing waters of the Clam receive me in the motionless depths of thy shallow stream.'

'With a frantic laugh, loud as that of a disappointed ja-hinney when he sees, invisible in the dim distance, the feathery flowers of the nutritious thistle, she sprang far out into the waters of the Clam, and sank, down, down, farther and farther, until the water reached the tops of her stockings.

'Oh! must she perish? Is there no hand to save? Ah! what is that which comes bounding over the hill with snail-like speed? On, on, it comes, faster and faster. It reaches the bank and plunges fearlessly into the stream. It is the gigantic poodle of the noble Count ALFONSO, who follows close behind. He seizes — the dog, not the Count — in his teeth, the dress of the dripping maiden, and supports her above the raging waves, until his master arrives and draws them both to the shore. Ah! then the scene that followed. The painter's pen, or the poet's brush, I needs must have to faithfully portray it. After about seventeen minutes of speechless silence, the Count exclaimed: 'O my dearest POLLYSERAPHINA! it is thee. O HEAVENS! I thank thee. And thou, my noble dog, shalt have a golden collar, plated with brass and set with Jersey pearls, to commemorate the service thou hast this day rendered me. I swear it by the star's calm light.'

'Then spoke the maiden with checked utterance, as if she had swallowed a pear too large for her beautiful throat: 'ALFONSO! O ALFONSO! why didst thou save me from a watery grave? Know that life has become hateful to me, and were I dead I scarcely think that I would ask for life.'

''Why speakest thou thus, my dearest POLLYSERAPHINA? Am I, thy own ALFONSO, not by thy side? In the language of SMITH, the immortal bard:

'COME twine thy heart around me,
Like a bean-stalk round a pole.'

Let us fly. Dost see that house on yonder hill? let us thither. 'T is but a short distance, not more than three-score leagues. Within it dwells that patriot, JONES, the Alderman of the 'Sanguinary Fiftieth,' who will tie for us the hymeneal knot. Within my purse I have two of those fragmentary parts of a dollar called 'dimes,' the income of which, when properly invested, will be amply sufficient for our future support.'

''Would, my dearest ALFONSO, that I could consent to wed with thee. Dost thou not know that I have sworn a solemn oath to my guardian HUGO DE CLAM, upon an almanac's dread leaves, that I will never wed thee while he lives?'

''While he lives? Ha! ha! then were he dead, as — as — as a '*rabbit*,' wouldst thou marry me?'

''Ay, ay, my own ALFONSO,' said the maiden

''Kye! eye!' laughed the poodle.

''Come to my arms, then, POLLYSERAPHINA — thou art mine! Know that the craven form of HUGO DE CLAM lies weltering in the brandy and water which flowed from him, when I, in self-defence, ran this my trusty weapon through his body,' and from beneath his doublet he drew a sanguinary tooth-pick of the best Damascus quill.'

'The two lovers . . . . .

The 'particulars' in our next! - - - NOTHING could be happier than the term '*jerky-mind*,' by the Breakfast-Table Autocrat. How many such 'minds' have we encountered! Never listeners to other guests at the table; forgetful that conversation is a property in common, from which no man has a right to eject his neighbor; (see BLACKSTONE, CHITTY, HILL's Reports, SALTONSTALL's City Hall Pandects, *et al.;*) always injecting 'remarks,' and interpolating 'observations'—and always, 'each and every,' at the wrong place: saying nothing of interest themselves, and only remarkable for preventing others from imitating their bad example. 'Such an one,' said a friend to us in the sanctum the other day, '*I* met recently, at the house of a friend. There was a self-possessed, observant, quiet, gentlemanlike English friend of our host at the dinner. A 'jerky-minded' person present, as the foreign guest 'took his eye and threw it around the table,' arrested his attention. Conversation waxed lively: polemical, political, artistic, and literary themes were successively broached. At length, in the 'last division,' something was said of CHARLES LAMB, of whom nothing could be said of *his own* that was not good, and nothing *of* him, by *any body*, that was not good also. 'I *knew* LAMB in the India-House,' modestly remarked our English friend, (who, *although* an Englishman, had been an 'American' in our metropolis for twenty-six years, and possessed not a particle of English prejudice;) 'my brother was in the same establishment, and ——' 'Did you ever hear,' said 'JERKY,' 'that remark of his about ——' 'As I was saying, my brother was in the India-House: and as we were both, in common with every lover of good things in the literary journals of London, great admirers of the papers of 'ELIA,' at that time the delight of the town. One day my brother said ——' 'Pardon: but did you ever see that awful sharp thing LAMB one day observed, when he was going ——' 'I was going on to observe, that one day my brother said: 'D'ye know that the veritable ELIA is with us?—has a desk there?—salary, and all that? I *know* him: come in to-morrow, and you shall see him.' The next day I called, and found ——' ''LAMB was a cur'ous fellow; d'you recollect the man's saying to him one day, 'LAMB,' says he, 'what was that that you said abeout that fat Englishman that came up to you, and said that he wanted ——' 'I called (as I was about saying when I was interrupted) the next day, about nine o'clock in the morning. My brother had stepped out on some business connected with his department of the house. Mr. LAMB was the head 'Error Clerk,' I believe: at all events, he was in that division of the clerical duties of the India-House. I opened the little low pew-door of the inclosure which contained his desk, being determined to introduce myself: so I walked up to him, and, hat in hand, said, with a respectful bow: 'Mr. CHARLES LAMB, I believe?' 'Y-e-e-s,' said LAMB slowly, feeling and coaxing at the same time his short, thin, gray whiskers: 'y-e-e-s, they *call*

me LAMB, yet, *but I am old enough to be a sheep!*' Perfectly LAMB-like was that reply, and it had the effect to silence the interruptions of the 'JERKY MIND' whenever afterward, during the evening, the quiet, well-bred narrator had occasion to relate an anecdote, or otherwise endeavor to do *his* part toward the enjoyment of the assembled company. - - - HERE is a 'side-blast' from the 'GRATE-BLOWER' which will well repay perusal:

'YOU know, dear KNICK, that 'Philadelphia Wistar Parties' are famous. 'Good things' are thereat enjoyed, gastronomically and intellectually, and many a reputation for wit has had its nucleus at the well-spread table of 'one of the Faculty.' Terrapin and champagne have a wonderful power of tickling the pineal gland, which is (or is not) the seat of wit.

'Well, I took HANKER to a Wistar 'Party' last Saturday evening, and one of the first men we stumbled over in the dressing-room, was Professor M———, a contemporary and intimate of the celebrated Doctor CHAPMAN, of side-splitting memory.

''PHYPPS,' said the Professor, after HANKER'S introduction, I read the KNICKERBOCKER; you understand? *Ergo!* I know the 'Grate-Blower;' and I saw friend CLARK'S introductory anecdote of *my* old friend CHAPMAN. It was n't one of his worst, but I 'll tell you another quite as good, which has never been 'prented,' and with which you may ROLAND' L. G. C. in return for his 'OLIVER.' *Videlicit.*

'The old Doctor had a friend from the *provinces*, (*Lycoming County*, probably,) in town for a day, and was showing him the lions. At ten minutes *after* twelve he reached the Mint, and finding the doors closed, pulled the bell. The porter opened one valve: 'I wish to show my friend the engine,' said the Doctor.

''Too late,' growled CERBERUS. 'Doors close at twelve.'

''But,' urged Doctor CHAPMAN, 'my friend leaves this evening, and I *must* take him through here before he goes.'

''Can't help it!' returned CERB. sturdily. 'Rules is positive; can't let nobody in after twelve!' and he 'made a motion' to shut the door in the gentleman's face.

'The Doctor was slightly *riled;* putting his foot against the oak panel, 'Stop!' said he with dignity. 'Do you know who I am?'

''No, Sir!' grumbled guardy, 'nor I do n't care; you can't git in now.'

''See here, you rascál!' cried CHAPMAN, in a voice of concentrated indignation: '*none of your Mint sauce!!*'

''Ha! ha! ha!' roared HANKER: 'what did the porter say to that?'

''He *threatened* to *lam* (*b*) *him*,' replied a base voice behind us. We turned, and there stood TURKLE.'

Look out for '*Turkle's Dinner!*' - - - NEVER, since our unanimous election, eighteen years ago, as a member of the St. NICHOLAS Society, at the nomination of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, have we so desired to be with the 'Sons' of that now renowned and always enjoyable 'institution,' as on the occasion of their recent Festival, on the seventh of December, at the Saint NICHOLAS Hotel. We longed to assemble and confabulate again with our brother-STEWARDS of past years, with whom, in due yearly succession, we were wont to have such pleasant associations. We desired to see once more in the chair our FIRST PRESIDENT, Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, now newly restored to an office, which, worthily as it has been filled since his 'first term,' has never been *more* worthily or felicitously filled than by himself. Well do we remember the pleasant scene at our initial Festival,

eighteen years ago: when Lord MORPETH, now Earl CARLISLE, favored the company with a brilliant speech, in which, alluding to the quaint dresses of the servants, (of the time of PETRUS STUYVESANT,) and the 'mirk' that filled the hall from multitudinous pipes, he said that he felt a kind of awe in such a presence: he felt, indeed, as if he were about to explore the Eleusinian mysteries! It was a season to be held in long remembrance: for the speeches that ensued, from the PRESIDENT and others, were scarcely less applaudingly received than the *truly* 'noble lord's. Equally delightful memories remain to us of many, many a subsequent Festival; and especially of those smaller sub-festivals, which precede and follow the *great* assemblage of the 'Sons of St. NICHOLAS'—the 'Tasting' and the 'Settling' Suppers. Ah! old brother-STEWARDS, (thanks to a kind Providence, nearly our entire body remains until this day, although 'some are not,') what memorable 'times' were *those*, at the old City-Hotel! With all our Society's 'officers' around us; with the most genial flow and glow of conversation, anecdote, and friendly repartée among them, and our other 'distinguished invited guests;' with no excess of participation, but keen enjoyment of, and hearty gratitude for, the 'good gifts' of the divine BENEFICENCE, so bountifully set before us by those princes of public hosts, JENNINGS and WILLARD, *par nobile fratrum!* We pause — to stop altogether in these our present fresh reminiscences, with the single remark, that important negotiations, connected with the KNICKERBOCKER, and then pressing, prevented our responding to the otherwise adscititious 'promptings' of the Stewards who form the present honored VAN-guard of the good old Society — long life to it! - - - THERE must have been, we rather think, somewhat of an amusing 'time' among certain of our 'Vishing Gompanie' to the 'Tracte' of IOHN BROWNE, in their sometime visit to the *Great State Fair at Buffalo.* This 'subsection,' (a 'committee of two,') with characteristic minuteness of scrutiny, not content with beholding the great objects of the exhibition, made a running call upon all the outside-shows, of which there were many, more or less attractive — or unattractive. Of the latter class was one which strongly elicited the interest of the softest-spoken, most tasteful, and most seductive of the 'party.' It consisted of '*The Cattaraugus Fat Girl*,' weighing five hundred pounds, and '*The Celebrated Cattaraugus Pig*,' whose weight exceeded that of his rival by some eight hundred pounds. The bland visitor asked after the general health of the 'Fat Girl:' 'how *long* she had been growing: how much *broader* than long she was;' and other the like innocent and natural questions, which were courteously and satisfactorily answered. At length he capped the climax of his laconic inquiries by asking, pointing with his cane to the huge grunting porker, gyrating and 'wabbling' his great white perforated trumpet-nose in a corner of the tent, '*Twins*, Madam, may I ask?' 'Sech rath!' as Mr. K. N. PEPPER would say: she endeavored to rise and follow the inquisitor, as, with his friend, he retired toward the door of her tent: but a weight heavier than that which weighed down Giant DESPAIR when he tried to 'put after' his two prisoners as they were leaving 'Doubting Castle' one morning, held her in check, and the two unchristian '*Hopefuls*' managed to escape. The question was wrong, and unnecessary! - - - HAVING a little choice

binding to be done, the other morning, we repaired to our old friend, Mr. James Somerville, who has served us to perfect acceptance 'for lo! these many years:' but he was gone from his old-time place, where we had had, lang syne, many a friendly and pleasant chat together. But we found him in new quarters, with

James Somerville and Brother

extending in huge honest gold letters, some two feet long, across the lofty and extensive establishment, embracing Numbers Forty-Three and Forty-Five, Centre-street, now one of the greatly-improved and most flourishing portions of the metropolis: an establishment which, for its purposes, is one of the most extensive and complete, we venture to assert, in this country — certainly in all 'Gotham.' Here resort, not only our great publishers, with their cart-loads upon cart-loads of printed sheets, of multitudinous choice books for 'immediate dispatch,' but many a tasteful bibliopole, your lover of old editions and rare bindings: and few be they who ever depart, at last, disappointed. With Scottish integrity, Scottish thrift, and practised skill, combined with unexceptionable taste, Messrs. Somerville and Brother have gradually built up their great establishment. A Somerville's bond is as good as a United States' Treasury-Note — and 'their word is as good as their bond.' Call for a book when you have been told 'it will *be done*,' and you will find the volume 'foranenst you,' executed precisely as 'per order.' Are we not doing a good service, not so much to the Messrs. Somerville as to our readers, in mentioning these facts? We certainly *think* so. - - - Coming to town the other morning, looking listlessly over a daily paper, our attention was arrested by the following:

'Pleasing Incident.—On Saturday, James G. Powers, of the printing establishment, Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob street, was presented with a handsome tea-set by his fellow-workmen, for the fair and impartial discharge of his duties as foreman during the past seven years.'

'Powers?' we said, (*sub silentio*,) 'Powers? By the Powers, that must be *our* Powers; our faithful, ever-watchful, always-correct foreman of the Knickerbocker at Mr. Gray's well-regulated printing-office.' And it was 'nobody else;' nor *is* there any body else who better deserves the unexpected tribute which was awarded to him by a corps of gentleman-compositors, who could not be exceeded in a like number, by the choicest selection which could be made from any similar extensive establishment in this city. It was an honor, honorably won, and most honorably bestowed. It is right-minded compositors who *do* such things. - - - Mr. 'N. B. Vineyard,' of Marengo, (Iowa,') have you a bit of broken looking-glass in your sham-poet's garret? If you have, please set it up somewhere where it will stand for a moment, and consult it. You will find it to render back to your probably not '*astonished* gaze' the counterfeit presentment of perhaps one of the meanest Things that walk the earth — a *Literary Thief*. You sent to us the poem entitled '*Thirty-Five*,' published in our last number, as *your*

own: your *name* was appended to it as *its author*; the place of your *residence* was also affixed to it, to identify your locality; and you requested an editorial reference to it by us, if thought worthy of that tribute. And yet you *knew*, when you did all these things, that the poem was written by N. P. WILLIS, Esq., some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and that neither your heart nor your mind (*your* heart and *your* mind!) ever conceived a sentiment or a thought contained in a line of it. No EDITOR, receiving yearly thousands of poetical communications, can avoid being the victim of such outrageous impositions, when the time of original publication is so remote. But faugh! 'Go your ways,' 'Mr. N. B. VINEYARD' of 'Marengo, (Iowa.') You were 'faulty,' Sir! - - - READER, did it ever occur to you, what was meant, in a sale of an establishment, mercantile or otherwise, in the city of New-York, by the term, the 'GOOD WILL' of the place? May we, without presumption, present you *our* idea of the same? The old CITY HOTEL, for example, had much '*Good-Will*' invested in all parts of the United States, including England, Canada, and parts adjacent. How *much* of that 'good will' was invested in WILLARD and JENNINGS? What would the ASTOR HOUSE be without STETSON? What would GENIN's establishment, opposite St. PAUL's in Broadway, be, but for the courtesy, the hap-hazard, pleasant chat of STOCKING and DEVOE, upon current topics, and the common-sense appreciation of that which might seem at the moment necessary to relieve the mind of a waiting customer? Ask any and all who have been detained by the completion of an order, whether STOCKING and DEVOE have not caused passing TIME to be 'as a thing of naught?' But more than all, and above all, in this kind, (and it will be 'realized,' we think, by many residents of this metropolis, and of country towns and villages adjacent,) we speak now only of the things which we do *know*, namely: that any one who has had occasion to transact business at Messrs. THOMAS HOPE AND COMPANY, at the corner of Chambers-street, opposite the Hudson-River Rail-Road Dépôt, could scarcely have failed to meet with Mr. REDMOND, who has an interest in that extensive and most trustworthy establishment. Can any customer say exactly *why* it is that they wait for *him?* For the reason, that he is never tired — never out of humor. This was said in *one minute*, 't'other night: *late* at night, and the last train about to 'go off': 'Madame, your coffee, mustard, apples, Worcestershire sauce, and Oolong tea, went by the two o'clock train.' 'COLONEL, good evening! Winter has avoided us hitherto, but I think is upon us *now:* The Elements, COLONEL, have become our Enemies — we must now make the most of our Friends. Your 'old Scotch' went up just three minutes ago: and if you had been here you could have gone too.' 'No, Madam — you told me *not* to send the coffee till you called: did you not?' 'I did: but I had forgotten it' 'Let me tie that little parcel to *this:* a dropping of *one* of these might make you lose the only train which will leave here for Peekskill to-night.' And so with every body: never at fault: of imperturbable good temper: directing a parcel — putting up three at the same time, and all snug, safe and sound — *forgetting nothing:* pen behind his ear: fulfilling five reminiscences of five orders given only a moment before: smiling upon a fair lady at the same time, who is bowing herself out of the

door — *such* is Mr. REDMOND, of HOPE AND COMPANY, opposite the Hudson River Rail-Road Dépôt, corner of Chambers-street and Hudson. Whoso doubts this to be a true portrait, let him (or her) test its correctness by personal observation. - - - ALTHOUGH we have in the neighborhood of forty pages of small type in the present number, we have nevertheless been compelled to omit many 'good things' from the 'Gossip,' from the pens of old and new correspondents, together with several notices of recent publications. We propose to 'bring up the books, in our next monthly issue, which, life and health being spared, will be printed by the middle of January, upon type entirely new: the handsomest Magazine, we venture, in advance, to say, ever issued in the United States. The following late works have been received, and await future notice:

LIVINGSTONE'S 'Travels and Researches in South-Africa:' Hand-Book of Rail-Road Construction: by GEORGE L. VOSE: MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston: 'PARTHENIA, or the Last Days of Paganism:' 'One Week at Ames, an American City of the Nineteenth Century.' LUCY HOWARD'S Journal: by Mrs. SIGOURNEY: 'New American Encyclopedia: edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA, and published by Messrs. APPLETON AND COMPANY: Poems by Mrs. LOUISA H. NICHOLS: 'White Lies,' by READE: Mrs. HORACE MANN'S 'Physiological Cook-Book': 'The Hashesh-Eater:' 'Poems by ROSA:' PARKER'S 'Golden Age of American Oratory': GRACE GREENWOOD'S 'Stories and Legends of Travel and History': 'Twin-Roses,' by Mrs. ANNA CORA RITCHIE, etc.

Of *all* these, 'more anon.' - - - WHEN we read, as we always do with pleasure, Prof. ADAM SYGHTE'S '*Wild Wood Notes*' in the Utica '*Morning Herald*,' depicting the sports of 'IOHN BROWN hys Tracte,' so freshly does he write, so fervently does he enjoy, that *we*, too, smell again the brown woods; scoot once more through the tangled forest; bump over the 'Godestverzaken roads as ever vas;' row over the silent, forest-fringed 'South' and 'North' lakes; beguile the 'SPECKLED;' slap the 'Punkies' (anathema!): chat amidst the smudge-fires — 'harmonize' in THE SHAUNTY! 'Bide a wee:' Memory fattens on these things: of which, life and health being spared, 'more anon.' - - - MR. GOLDSMITH, at Number 362 Broadway, has reduced, or we might rather say, raised, *Hand-Writing* to a *Science*. His instruction is thorough; his copy-books excellent; his success, during long years, complete. - - - WE peruse in a Boston (Massachusetts) daily journal thus: 'Mr. WIGGINS, a wealthy merchant, having been ejected from a city railroad car for refusing to pay his fare, has commenced a suit against the company, on the ground that he was not provided with a seat, and contending that it has no right to demand pay while not furnishing accommodations. The fare demanded was five cents.' WIGGINS is faulty. He should have *paid* the five cents, brought the action in trover, carried it up on sasherarar, in case of a demurrer, and *then* demanded the Habeas Corpus. We must have a sub-law-office in Boston. Suppose the case should go to the 'Appeals'? Knowing the 'COURT,' if 'she understand herself, and she think she do,' generally the plaintiff, being a man of means, would have little trouble in ruling the 'ruling.' (See HILL'S Condensed Rep. in Trov., pp. 4386, § 1280.) - - - OUR present readers, and the 'General Public,' are requested to read the *Advertisement of the Fifty-First Volume of the Knickerbocker, on the Second, Third, and Fourth Pages of the present Number.*

CONCLUDED FROM SECOND PAGE OF COVER.]

We put the KNICKERBOCKER in a new and unexpected use the other day on the Pond du Lac Road, namely, that of a protector against train boys. Hardly had we seated ourselves and got deeply interested in 'Vanine' until this paper boy came along with Harper's Monthly and Weekly, Leslie's Magazine, Godey's and several others of the same style, and these he thrust into the face of almost every passenger, until he reached our seat — saw the 'KNICKERBOCKER,' and with a hopeless look passed by, muttering as he went, "He never carries *that*, won't buy that." We had got into the 'Hut,' safe on the inside, with Mike and Hodge Keller, when always came the boy with dirty hands and clean 'pop-corn'—he too saw the KNICKERBOCKER, and passed by in respectful silence. 'Bound books,' 'Railway Guides,' 'Iowa Land Books,' all succeeded in the intuitively that they were debarred. Even the boy with maple sugar [illegible], seemed respectfully aloof.

We took to Vermont, Canada, and, in fact, a basket of oranges was thrust under our nose with the remark, "Two for a shilling!" The reader must draw his own conclusion from this 'o'er true tale.—*N. E. Christian Advocate.*

THE KNICKERBOCKER seems to gather fresh vigor from the years. There has been something in the mind of the Knick Knack particularly agreeable and beneficial to our old and ever-welcome friend. This is certainly one of the very best views he has ever made to the public. The February Number brims over with all class of fresh, gay, and original in the many departments of *belles-lettres* to which the Magazine is dedicated, and we question not that the taste of the reading community will produce an unprecedented demand for a periodical which, even in its darkest days, has always been a favorite.

The Subscription Illustration is a spirited and beautiful steel engraving of CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., of 'Hagenow Knipp's Sketch-Book.' It is a bright, pleasant face, and marvellously done. The [illegible] is rich with a variety of tales, sketches, ballads, descriptive pieces, criticisms, Editor's notes and [illegible], with the usual of other letter, even than usual, collection of quips, quirks, and quiddities which give this periodical that its distinctive brilliancy.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

THE MAY NUMBER of the KNICKERBOCKER opens into view. Its neat and elegant typography and binding; its [illegible] and its general merits, fill our ideas of a first-rate magazine, and provoke the curiosity to read. . . . . Our kindliest regards to you, Mr. CLARK, for the complimentary manner in which you have now treated our poor labors. We are under a load of obligation to [illegible] which, commenced 'pulling' in 1846, when our feeble child went away, sent with fear and trembling, our poor experiment, and which, on 'considering,' you entered as one of Our Knick's subscribers of Philadelphia. Thus your blessings endure that long, and your joy keeps pace with it! The intrinsic merits of the Knick, the manifest variety of which readers does not stale, with numerous and [illegible] pieces of poetry, make the Knick unquestionably the spirited of monthlies.'—*Rev. C. C. Goss, Philadelphia.*

'Little, little Jack Horner, in a corner,' in the time-honored KNICKERBOCKER, the oldest of American magazines, which always now and then, quaffs off the Elixir Vitæ (there is a fountain of it at Piermont,) and thus perpetually renews perpetual youth. We dread to think what will become of the KNICKERBOCKER when its proprietor, Clark, shuffles off this mortal coil. For LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK is the Magazine. He is Editor's Table' is more generally read, and more probably enjoyed, we venture to say, than any [illegible] of prose in any other periodical. He is gay and thoughtful as ever this month—fir wit and wisdom [illegible]—and is making up his mind, no doubt, for a great spring, in January, when he will be [illegible] a long volume.—*Dewey's Phila. 'Press.'*

TERMS.

Single copies, THREE Dollars a year; TWO copies, FIVE Dollars; THREE copies SIX Dollars—[illegible] in advance. Single Copies forwarded on receipt of 36 cents in money or postage stamps.

AGENTS ARE WANTED in every part of the country. Persons ordering the KNICKERBOCKER through Agents must look to them for the supply. BACK NUMBERS and bound volumes on hand.

JOHN A. GRAY, Proprietor.

Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob Street, Corner of Frankfort Street, N. Y.

FIFTY-FIRST VOLUME

OF

The Knickerbocker Magazine.

EDITED BY LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK.

PUBLISHED BY

JOHN A. GRAY, Nos. 16 and 18 JACOB STREET, NEW-YORK.

ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1858, is published *the First Number of the Fifty-first Volume of the* KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE. Since the death of its late lamented publisher, Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON, his interest has been transferred to the undersigned. The following is from the *Christian Inquirer:*

'THE fact that this Magazine is entering upon its Fifty-first Volume is sufficient evidence of the favorable reception which it has heretofore met with at the hands of the public. We take pleasure in announcing that its publication is in future to be confided to the hands of Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, who is determined to make it a truly American Magazine, worthy of the name, and second to no other publisher in this country. As Mr. GRAY generally accomplishes whatever he resolves upon, we have every confidence that his determination will be realized, and that the KNICKERBOCKER of the future will surpass even its long-sustained excellence. Our best wishes are, that it may prove as profitable to its new publishers as its merits will deserve. LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK is still to continue, as he has continued for twenty-four years, the editorial supervision of the KNICKERBOCKER.'

The EDITOR, with hat in hand, and one of his best bows, says: That while he is truly grateful for the *affection* which he has good reason to know exists throughout our country, in relation to the KNICKERBOCKER, he will yet spare no pains to increase that agreeable feeling between himself and his readers. Never, at any former period of the existence of the Magazine, had he more copious stores of *acceptable* materials, in prose and verse, at his command than now. The new volume will commence, and the subsequent volumes be continued, upon entirely new type, and the best paper; while the printing of Mr. GRAY, so well known in New-York, and throughout the country, will insure entire excellence, in every respect, in the typographical department.

Early and prompt transmission will always be insured to all subscribers to, or agents of the Magazine, whether near or at a distance from the metropolis.

[SEE SECOND PAGE.]

THE

Knickerbocker.

OR

NEW-YORK

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1858.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN A. GRAY, 16 & 18 JACOB STREET,
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LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, EDITOR---JOHN A. GRAY, PUBLISHER.

OFFICE, 16 and 18 JACOB ST., New-York.

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SINGLE COPIES, ONE YEAR, $3; TWO COPIES, $5; THREE COPIES, $

☞ All communications connected with the BUSINESS DEPARTMENT of the KNICKERBOCKER should be addressed to JOHN A. GRAY, 16 and 18 JACOB ST. All ARTICLES designed for publication—all LITERARY INQUIRIES—all NEW BOOKS and PUBLICATIONS should be addressed to LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, EDITOR KNICKERBOCKER.

A CITY journal says: "We congratulate our friend CLARK in having the place of his old associate, Mr. HUESTON, so well filled by Mr. JOHN A. GRAY, the well-known printer, whose excellent 'work' has given him a high standing among the professors of 'ye blacke arte.'"

The *Valley Spirit* says: "The publishers of THE KNICKERBOCKER WELL UNDERSTAND THE CHARACTER OF THE AMERICAN MIND, and present to it a monthly feast, such as meets its hearty approbation. It contains much that is DIGNIFIED AND SCHOLASTIC, whilst its humor is high-toned and original."

The *Bellows Falls* (N. H.) *Times*, in noticing the KNICKERBOCKER for January, 1858, says: "One of its best qualities is the GOOD ENGLISH in which all of its articles appear. We always like to read the KNICKERBOCKER. Its matter, besides being of THE BEST LITERATURE OF THIS COUNTRY, is remarkable for its purity of expression. Many of its articles remind us of Daniel Webster, whose style is similar. IT IS WORTH MORE FOR YOUTH TO READ, to learn the use of good language, THAN A YEAR AT SCHOOL. The EDITOR'S TABLE is a special feature of this Magazine, and is always racy and entertaining."

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

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A TRAGEDY OF THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

For fifteen long years I have carried a dark secret buried in my heart, until it has worn away my life; but now that I am tottering on the brink of the grave, I am impelled to make a confession, which, tardy as it is, I hope may render more tranquil my last sad hours. The tenacious care with which I have ever guarded the knowledge of my crime is no longer necessary, for no injury can now be wrought by a disclosure which, if earlier made, would have held up my name to eternal infamy as the blackest of my sex, and brought disgrace on one of the proudest families in the land.

To those who have loved and suffered I commit the story of my wrongs and my revenge, trusting that some pity will mingle with their condemnation of the broken-hearted woman who pens these few lines almost from her death-bed.

I was the daughter and only child of a Kentucky planter, and the blood of the South flowed in my veins in an impetuous current that was ever impatient of restraint and violent under control. My kind parents had always been over-indulgent with me, allowing me to follow the guidance of every wayward caprice; the consequence was, that I grew up proud, headstrong, and self-willed, conceiving myself to be as superior a person as the flattery of the little world in which I lived would have me believe. I had never been from home, except for an occasional visit to Louisville or Lexington. My ideas of life were therefore as crude and uninformed as possible. I imagined our State the finest country on the globe, and pitied any one who was not born within its limits. But my greatest pride and glory was in that world's wonder, the Mammoth Cave. My father's plantation lay in the picturesque valley under which run its subterranean corridors, and as the entrance was but a short distance from our house, it had been so frequently

visited by me that I knew every winding of its intricate passages, and often spent whole days in wandering alone through its mysterious vaults. Perhaps some of the most wholesome lessons I had ever yet learned were in the wonder and awe and knowledge of my own insignificance, which I felt in contemplating those sublime arches and mysterious caverns.

My education had been conducted by a series of governesses, over each of whom I had successfully domineered, until I reached my seventeenth year, when the last was dismissed, and my father concluded to secure a tutor, under whom my studies might be completed. I had a long vacation; but at length a young gentleman was engaged, whose father, a Boston merchant, had failed just as his son left college, and rendered it necessary for him to seek some means of support. I was fully prepared to dislike Mr. William Beverleigh. He was a Yankee, and I had been brought up to look with contempt on the whole race — a feeling which had been by no means lessened by the few specimens of it I had seen in some petty shop-keepers in Louisville and Lexington. Long since I have realized the absurdity of this prejudice; but then, young and ignorant as I was, I thought it at least a misfortune, if not a crime, to be a native of New-England. When, therefore, the autumn evening came on when he was to arrive, I sat awaiting his coming with a feeling of languid curiosity, not doubting I should be easily able to vanquish him, as I had my meek governesses. At last we heard the light wagon, which had been sent to meet the stage, drive up to the door, and my father went out to welcome the stranger. In a few moments he returned, followed by my new tutor. I looked up at their entrance, but my glance, which had been one of supercilious indifference, changed instantly into one of wonder and admiration when it fell on a slender, graceful youth, not more than four years my senior. He had long golden hair and deep blue eyes, and was beautiful exceedingly. Yes! since that night I have travelled far and seen many different men, of various nations; but I think now as I thought then, that the sun never shone on a fairer form and face than William Beverleigh's.

From this period the whole current of my life was changed. Of course I did not suppose I could entertain any feeling but dislike toward this Yankee shop-keeper's son. Contempt was impossible, his dignity of manner forbade it. I began to try him with the same wilful obstinacy and girlish tricks I had found successful in subverting all former authority, but I soon discovered that with him such conduct was of no avail. He had a gentle calmness of demeanor, against which the impetuosity of my ungoverned temper battled in vain. It was wholly impossible to rouse him from his cold reserve. He was as self-possessed on the back of the wildest horse in my father's stables, as seated in his easy chair; and among the gay young people who sometimes visited our house, his dignified courtesy won universal respect and esteem. Toward me he was ever amiable and kind, patiently explaining my lessons,

until from very shame of my ignorance, I applied myself as I never had before, and gradually became a docile and obedient pupil. I gave up all my former wild habits, and only entered the Cave once during the whole winter, and then it was as his guide, in order that he might see and enjoy its mighty wonders.

Thus the weeks passed by like a dream, and I was happier than I had ever been before — why, I did not ask myself. My days were spent in close attention to my books. I felt that I was improving. My tutor praised me, and I wished for nothing more. But this delightful period of tranquillity was abruptly closed, and closed alas! forever. One morning, in early summer, Mr. Beverleigh informed us I would soon have a vacation, as he should be obliged to go to Boston for a month. Going away! The thought of separation from him had never occurred to me. I looked vacantly at him until I understood fully his meaning, and then rose and hastily left the room. The idea that we must part, even temporarily, was so painful to me, that it opened my eyes to the true state of my feelings. I loved him! — loved him with my whole heart and soul. He was no longer to me a 'Yankee tutor;' he was my object, my life, my idol! Overwhelmed with the terrible discovery, I felt that I must be alone with it. I therefore left the house and bent my steps toward my old haunt, the Cave. I walked on, feverish and excited, under the magnificent domes and low-bending arches, until I reached the first river; there I climbed to an overhanging rock and seated myself beside that inky stream, whose mysterious source and outlet are alike unknown. Nowhere do those dark waters meet the eye of man except there; deep in the bowels of the earth they flow for a few yards across the Cave, between those gray walls and under that sombre vault. The gloom around me was intense, for the feeble rays of my little lamp lighted up only a few feet and threw but a fitful gleam on the over-arching rocks and the fathomless river. I sat there all day long, listening to the low murmur of the waves, and thinking fearfully of the great love that I felt welling up in my heart toward this Northern stranger. And was all this wealth of affection, this tumult of passion, to meet with no return? Alas! alas! I felt that it had been wholly unsought. He had always been kind to me, but nothing more; no glance of admiration or tenderness had ever fallen on me from those cold blue eyes, and yet I loved him, ay, worshipped, with all the intensity of my earnest nature, this proud, reserved man.

Long hours I remained there, surrounded outwardly by the gloom of the awful cavern and inwardly full of the darker horror of my unsolicited and unrequited love. At last, faint with fatigue and want of food, I rose and wearily retraced my steps over the five rough miles that lay between me and the upper air. As I came out into the broad road which runs some distance into the Cave, once used at this point for the manufacture of saltpetre, I extinguished my lamp, for I knew that a few steps farther would bring me to day-light. Already a faint gleam around a huge pro-

jecting stone marked out the path, and I hastened my steps until I passed the last turn and came in full view of the rough arch which forms the mouth of the Cave. The gray rocks around me looked more frowning than ever, in contrast with the beautiful picture of azure and green and gold that lay framed in the dark outline of the entrance like a gleaming jewel. The tangled vines hung in luxuriant masses, forming a floating drapery of rich green on either side; beyond, the sun-light flashed dazzlingly to my dimmed eyes from every point of rock and little patch of moisture; over-head, the great trees waved in the wind that never stirs the eternal stillness of the Cave, seeming to glow with a more vivid verdure; while above all, hung the deep blue sky, clear and brilliant as a sapphire. Many times before, I had seen this same effect of the glorious light outside, but now I paused, spell-bound, for there, lying on the bank with the amber rays of the setting sun shining on his golden curls, was the hero of my thoughts.

I was roused from my gaze of absorbed admiration by his coming down to the mouth of the Cave, and calling:

'Melissa! Melissa!'

'Here I am,' I cried, springing forward and eagerly seizing his hand.

He seemed somewhat surprised at my excited manner, as he said: 'Take my arm; you look quite pale and tired. Your parents have been much alarmed, and have sent every where in search of you, but I thought you were probably here.'

As we walked home he gently reproved me for going alone into the Cave, which, as I have said, he had visited but once. I assured him there was no danger, as I was quite accustomed to spending whole days there, without a guide. I remember his reply just as he reached the house:

'It seems to me very courageous in you to enter that gloomy cavern alone. I have never seen any thing that has so oppressed me with awe and horror as that place, and I can conceive of nothing more frightful than to be left solitary in its black vaults.'

These words sunk into my heart, and long afterward recurred to my memory with startling distinctness.

In a few days he left. How I controlled myself sufficiently to bid him a calm farewell I scarcely know. I only remember how dark the beautiful world was, when he was gone. I tried in vain to find amusement in my books, but it was only his presence and sympathy that had rendered them attractive. My greatest pleasure was in resuming my wanderings in the Cave, which had ceased so entirely since my tutor came.

At length the weary days rolled away, and Mr. Beverleigh arrived. But how my heart sank when he returned the impulsive warmth of my greeting with one of cold courtesy. Still, it was rapture to have him once more where I could see him and be with him. I studied and strove to please him, and subdued my quick temper to perfect gentleness. I became his devoted slave, hanging on his words and obeying his slightest look; but he, although

he seemed surprised and pleased at the change, was still as cold and reserved as ever. Sometimes, if he spoke to me in a tone a shade kinder than usual, I would think that perhaps pride prevented him from betraying any regard for me — he would not be thought to have endeavored to win his wealthy patron's daughter. As my love increased by daily intercourse with him, this idea grew upon me. I dared not contemplate the frightful possibility of his utter indifference, and at last convinced myself, that if he but knew that my happiness was at stake, he would forego his own pride and perhaps learn to requite my ardent affection.

It may seem surprising I should have thus forgotten all my ancient prejudices, my contempt of Northern shop-keepers, and have even been willing to overstep my maiden reserve and humble myself before this proud, cold man. But it must be remembered how deeply, how devotedly I loved. Every fibre of my being was twined around his image, and the wild tornado of passion swept down every barrier that stood between me and the attainment of his love. I was utterly reckless of every thing but this. My heart murmured his name all day long. My dreams were of him, and in his presence my soul lay sick and faint, with longing for one caress. I do not know why he never suspected my secret, but I do not think he did, for his own manner never changed; it was still the same amiable dignity as at first.

One evening in late summer we went out for a stroll through the plantation; I was studying botany, and the object of our walk was to gather flowers to illustrate the lesson of the day. We wandered on till we reached a distant wood, where the blossoms we were in search of were said to grow, but we looked for them in vain. Mr. Beverleigh, unwilling to return from an unsuccessful quest, led me farther and farther away from home, until we approached the swampy edge of Green River.

'You had better wait here, Melissa,' said he, 'it is too wet for you to venture farther, and I am sure I shall find the flowers there.'

He left me, and I retraced my steps a short distance, and spreading my shawl beneath the branches of a tree that stood on the brow of a gentle slope, at the bottom of which lay the marsh, sat down patiently to wait. How well I remember that scene! The moon, which was beginning to assert her supremacy over the dying day, and sending down a shower of pale arrows into the valley; the river, which wound between the dark trees on its banks, gleaming like molten silver, and the weird lights and shadows that played across the green slope before me.

My heart was full almost to bursting of its long pent-up passion, and when I saw my tutor, after a brief absence, coming slowly up the hill, I felt that the time had come when its tumultuous beatings could no longer be stilled. When he reached the tree, to my surprise he threw himself down beside me, saying, apologetically: 'I have had a hard tramp, and must rest a moment before we start for home.'

Then I could no longer restrain myself. I suddenly flung my

arms around his neck and concealed my face in his bosom, pouring out wild, mad words of endearment and love. The barrier once broken down, all my self-control was gone. What I said I do not know, but such eloquent passion as no woman ever uttered before, all the while straining him to my heart, and at last endeavoring to kiss his brow and lips — very pale and white they were during those few excited moments — but before I could accomplish my object and set the seal alike to my shame and my love, with a frantic struggle he freed himself from my embrace and rose to his feet.

'Miss Melissa,' said he, in hard, cold accents, 'you strangely forget yourself. I do not think I have given you any reason for this singular conduct.'

Even at this I was not convinced of the utter hopelessness of my cause. I threw myself weeping at his feet, and clasping his knees, begged like a poor wretch for at least some few words of kindness and love to repay my great devotion. But my abject misery, instead of moving his compassion, only seemed to rouse his contempt. He suddenly seized me and lifted me to my feet, then loosened my clinging arms, and said, in accents of bitter scorn:

'Have you no pride, as well as no maidenly reserve? Do you not see that I do not love you?'

I looked wildly at him for a moment, and read in those cold blue eyes and the curl of that haughty lip my hopeless doom; then, with a low moan, I turned and ran swiftly away. On, on I sped, not knowing where, so I escaped from the stony look of that marble face. I rushed over the rough fields, until I sank exhausted on the ground, and then a blessed period of utter oblivion followed.

I learned afterward that Mr. Beverleigh had hurried home as quickly as possible; but when he found, to his surprise, that I was not there, he had said that we were hunting for flowers and had separated, and he feared, as we were a long distance from the house, I might have lost my way. Immediately my alarmed parents roused the plantation, and I was found, after a brief period, by some negroes and brought home. When I was recovered from the swoon into which I had fallen, I was raving in delirium, and for days my life hung by a thread. My iron constitution, however, triumphed over the fierce fever, which at length left me weak and exhausted. The first day I was able to converse in answer to a faint question. My mother related what I have just written, and added that Mr. Beverleigh had, with my father's approbation, accepted the post of tutor to the son of a gentleman owning a plantation some ten miles distant.

'We thought he had better go,' concluded my mother, 'as his year of tuition here was nearly up, and we knew you would not be able to study for a long time to come; we were glad too, to have him gone, so that we might devote ourselves wholly to you. But tell me how you came to fall asleep in the wet grass when you know how dangerous it is at this season?'

'As Mr. Beverleigh said,' I replied sadly, 'I hoped to find

flowers in my path. I was searching for them, when suddenly every thing turned dark around me and I swooned away.'

It still seems a mystery to me how I ever regained even the small remains of my shattered health, that I at length recovered. After months of a miserable convalescence, without hope or without the wish to be well again, day by day I found myself to be slowly but surely gaining a stronger hold on that existence which had no charms for me, and from which I longed to escape. The total depression of my feelings was attributed by my relatives and friends, to my severe illness; and when I was at length able to resume my old habits, it seemed but natural that I should once more begin my solitary rambles on the hills, and wanderings in the Cave. But this was not until our brief winter was over, and the warm spring days had come again. But how different was this early summer from my last! Then I was dreaming bright dreams that I fondly hoped might be realized. Now my life was without an object and without a future. From this apathy I was roused by one more blow, the only thing which could move me, and sting me into madness again. A reliable rumor reached us that Mr. Beverleigh was engaged to Miss Minnie Haywood, the sister of his present pupil, a girl whom I knew to be a pretty, graceful fool — nothing more. I heard this with apparent indifference; but oh! how my crushed heart writhed!

Then vague thoughts of revenge presented themselves to my mind, and I wondered if by any means I could render his existence as wretched as he had made mine. Then I would try to form some plan by which I might humble this haughty man, and make him beg for mercy from me, as I had from him. This idea was my favorite one. If I could bring him to my feet by any means, how I would triumph: nor should he have more compassion at my hands, than I had received at his. Thoughts like these, but nothing more, I harbored, when an accursed accident gave me the power of a more terrible vengeance than any of which I dreamed.

One morning I prepared myself for a long day in the Cave. I walked on over the well-known path till I reached the first river. Instead of pausing there, however, I crossed in one of the flat-bottomed boats moored there for the accommodation of pleasure-parties, and went on to Echo River. There I sought out a little grotto, which the falling of some rocks had formed on its bank, and hanging my lamp from a projecting point, and wrapping myself in a shawl, I began another day of tormenting thought and black despair.

At the period of which I write, there were very few visitors to the Cave; but still occasionally in summer I was liable to interruption. The grotto where I sat, was, therefore, a favorite spot with me; for in it I was quite secure from molestation, as it was, I believe, wholly unknown, even to the guides. On this memorable day I had been there but a short time, when I was roused by the distant murmur of voices, which the reverberations of the

rocks brought to me long before I could see the lights of the approaching party. I hastened to extinguish my own lamp, for I always carried with me the means of re-lighting it, and then sat listlessly, wishing no one would ever come there to interrupt my meditations. Suddenly I heard a voice which cut me to the very heart; its accents were only too well-known. A moment after, the intruders came in view: there were only some dozen persons, and among them, arm-in-arm, were Mr. Beverleigh and his affianced bride. There was a light in his eyes, as he looked at the fair, frail thing beside him, which I had never seen there before. The very tone of his voice was softer and sweeter than I had ever heard it; and I sat peering from my little den, furious as a caged tiger, at their mutual endearments. They stood for a few moments a little apart from the rest of the group, and his devotion of manner rendered me frantic with jealous rage. They were the last to approach the boat, and he tenderly assisted her in, and was about to follow, when the guide objected, as he thought the little skiff would be over-crowded. Mr. Beverleigh stepped back, and stood alone upon the shore. One of the young men offered to wait with him, but I could see he thought the suggestion an imputation on his courage, and it was haughtily declined. So the boat slowly glided off and disappeared, with its gay party and bright lights, under the low, arching rock. He waved his farewell, and then stood looking about him, with a vague expression of uneasiness. I knew they had three-quarters of a mile to go, and the guide could scarcely return under an hour. His own words to me the day he found me in the Cave, the horror he expressed of being left there in solitude, recurred vividly to my remembrance, and yet smarting under the unintentional insult of his devotion to that girl, a plan presented itself to me by which I might have him in my power, and humble him at my feet. As soon as his friends were beyond call, I lit my lamp, and advanced from my retreat. As I came upon him, he uttered a surprised exclamation; but I greeted him very calmly, saying: 'How are you, Mr. Beverleigh?'

'Quite well, Miss Melissa. I am glad to see you are sufficiently recovered from your recent illness, to be in your old haunts once more.'

'Yes; I was sitting near when your party came up, and saw that you were left alone. I came to offer to show you a path which will lead you to the other end of the river as soon as the boat will be there. It is somewhat disagreeable, but I thought you might prefer it to remaining here.'

He hesitated a moment. I could see he thought it a strange proposal, and yet it was more to his taste than to remain there alone with me: I read that in his look, and my own purpose became more fixed. However, he thanked me, and accepted my offer, and we started on our way in silence.

Every one who has visited the Mammoth Cave knows that there is a narrow, winding path, running parallel with Echo River, though at some distance from it, which is called Purgatory, where

the rocks so hem one in on every side, that in some parts of the way it is impossible either to stand upright, or walk straight forward. Through this route, used by visitors only when the River is so high that boats can not pass under the low rocks which overhang it, I now conducted Mr. Beverleigh.

We had not walked far, nor yet reached the most dangerous part of the way, when he dropped his lamp, which went out. I took it in my hand, as if to re-light it, but without doing so, and went on a short distance, till we came to an open space, from which the point whence we started could be easily reached by several different paths. When I arrived at this spot, I paused, and standing a few feet from Mr. Beverleigh, said abruptly:

'Do you love Minnie Haywood?'

'I love her, and intend to marry her,' said he firmly; though I could see he looked at me distrustfully, and endeavored to approach a step or two nearer. Quick as thought I sprang around a large rock, and extinguished my own lamp.

'Melissa!' cried he in a startled voice, 'where are you? What are you going to do?'

'I am going to leave you,' said I; and I ran a few paces farther off, and then paused. My heart beat wildly, and I thought my moment of triumph had come. I expected he would call upon me, entreating me to return. But to my surprise, I only heard his footsteps for a moment, growing fainter and fainter, as if he himself was increasing the distance between us, and then all was still. Was it possible that his indomitable pride would not yield, even now? This mute defiance rendered me savage, and I thought with fearful satisfaction I would leave him in the awful situation in which I had placed him. Yet I paused a few moments longer, straining my ear for another sound, until the dreadful silence, which had never before oppressed me, overwhelmed me with unutterable horror. Still I seemed rooted to the spot. I would not follow him, if he would not come to me; but I stood waiting, expecting each instant to hear some sound of returning steps. But there was nothing but the profound darkness, and the eternal stillness. On a sudden, the thought struck me, that the guide might come and find me there, and I turned, and flinging away one lamp, fled blindly over the rough stones, guided only by my thorough knowledge of the place, until I was at a safe distance from the River. I then re-lit my lamp, and rapidly made my way out of the Cave. Once in the open air, I breathed more freely, but still hurried on, away from the gloomy cavern, which from that moment became to me a place of unimaginable dread.

I was soon at home. My mother looked up, surprised at my abrupt entrance, and said: 'I thought you were going into the Cave!'

'No!' I replied with an instinctive desire to conceal the fact of where I had been. 'I felt tired, and came home.'

I had only been absent some three hours, and from that day to this, no human creature ever knew that I was in the Cave at all that morning.

'I am glad you have returned,' continued my mother, 'for your father has just received news which obliges him to go to New-York, and he purposes taking us with him. He thinks change of air will benefit you.'

This information, which once would have given me the liveliest delight, now brought only a dull satisfaction that I should leave this place which I so detested, and which I feared would become insupportable to me, when my victim escaped from the living tomb in which I had engulfed him. I retired to my room, and made the excuse of a headache not to leave it all day. I felt the necessity of caution, and was determined to betray no outward emotion. I know not if I can describe my feelings at this period. Not one thought of relenting crossed my mind. I would not have reëntered the Cave for ten thousand worlds. No! his words of love for *her* rang too vividly in my recollection; and the haughty pride with which he turned away from me, was too fresh a memory. I felt a savage delight in the fright, the terror, the despair, into which I had plunged him. I knew there would be hours of searching before he could be found, and I thought of the tortures he was then enduring with positive delight. But I never dreamed of his death. No! I can truly say, that the idea of *that* never crossed my mind. I had quitted him in one of the thoroughfares of the Cave, the most likely place to be searched. When I left him there alone, I had no thought but of the dreaded hours of loneliness, which would seem like ages to him, that must elapse before he was discovered by his friends. No one, to my knowledge, had ever been entirely lost in the Cave; and I never contemplated the possibility that he would head the list of those who have perished in that awful darkness and silence.

Late in the afternoon, I heard the quick tramp of a horse, and looking out, I saw John Haywood, Minnie's brother and Mr. Beverleigh's pupil. He looked pale and frightened, and I knew his errand before I heard him call my father out into the piazza, and hastily tell him that my former tutor was lost in the Cave. In a moment, my father summoned three or four negroes, armed them with rude torches, and leaving a message for my mother, went off to join the search.

So then he was not yet found. My woman's heart began to relent, as I thought of the long hours he had been alone there, and how faint and weary he must be. I began to feel that his punishment was heavier than I intended. During the night that followed, in which no news came, I endured agonies as great as any he was then suffering. I pictured to myself his desperate struggles to regain the path, and the unendurable horror of the profound darkness around him. Then I thought if he should by any chance fall into one of the yawning pits with which the Cave abounds: and my head swam and my heart almost ceased to beat at the awful suggestion. At length the morning dawned, and my father returned quite worn out. All the household rushed to meet him, but the sad look of his kind face told us, before he spoke, that no trace of Mr. Beverleigh had yet been found. I asked a few eager questions, and

heard that the spot where I had parted from him had been searched again and again, so that there was no necessity for me to betray my dark secret, and I felt that, for my parents' sakes, it must be buried in my own breast.

I will not linger over the horrors of those next few days. At one time they found his lantern, and that renewed hope; I alone knew on how slender a foundation. Then the cap he wore was picked up; but after that, though all the neighborhood was roused to join the search, and the great cavern was illuminated as it had never been before, with the glare of a hundred torches, no farther trace was ever discovered to point out which of the many fearful dooms he might have encountered, was the fate of William Beverleigh.

A week passed, and all hope was given up, and I knew the brand of Cain was on my brow, and that I was a murderess. I had caused that man, whose life I would have saved at the sacrifice of my own, to perish by a death too frightful to contemplate. That being whom I would have surrounded with every luxury, had pillowed his dying head on the cold stones of that remorseless cavern, and had breathed out his last sigh amid its unutterable stillness and gloom. This conviction has never left me, day nor night. I have wept tears of blood to wipe out my awful crime, but all in vain. I am ever consumed by the fires of an unavailing remorse, which is burning away my life.

My dark story draws to a close, and it is well my task is almost done, for my failing strength, and trembling hand, warn me to hasten its completion.

My father took us North, and himself carried to Mr. Beverleigh's parents the news of his loss. But there were many children, and theirs was the sorrow which is softened by time, and cheered by hope. His affianced bride, on whom he had lavished the affection for which I had vainly yearned, found consolation in her widowhood in another love: and I alone mourned and wept over his memory. But all my tears were shed in secret. Outwardly I was calm, though my health failed so entirely that I did not return with my parents to Kentucky, but, by the advice of my physician, went abroad with some friends. Since that time, I have been a constant wanderer in search of health and happiness, always in vain: no other man has ever offered to fill the place of my murdered idol. I have lived a lone, sad, and unloved woman. I feel now that my hours on earth are numbered, and that the deadly disease which for years has tormented me, is about to claim its prey. Before these few lines shall reach the public eye, I shall have buried myself in a living tomb. I am going to reënter that dark Cave, the threshold of which I have not crossed for fifteen years, and there I will patiently await the coming of that death, which I hope to me will be a blessed release. The gloom and horror to which, years ago, I doomed my victim, shall be around me when I die: for I think that perhaps from amid the silent rocks which witnessed my crime, my last prayer for forgiveness will find acceptance.

THE EXPECTED MESSENGER.

THROUGH all that long and weary day,
  Till eve stole in and took the light,
  Till twilight ushered in the night,
The Messenger was on his way.

Restraining all our weight of wo,
  We sat within our darkened room —
  Sat waiting until he should come:
And naught was heard save breathings low.

Our blue-eyed baby lay asleep,
  And we sat watching over her;
  For oh! that coming Messenger
Would claim her ere the mid-night deep.

I clasped her closer to my heart;
  I gently smoothed the golden hair,
  And gently kissed the brow so fair,
And chiselled lips, set half apart.

And one whose hand was clasping mine
  Was sitting watching there with me,
  With deep convulsive agony
Upon his brow, in every line.

In vain to soothe our deep-felt pain
  We strove, for naught we knew could save
  Our bright-eyed baby from the grave,
Or give her back to us again.

The weary night still wore away;
  Perhaps he will not come till morn,
  Said both our hearts with anguish torn:
He may not come till break of day.

But list! a stirring of the air —
  There was no sound of opening door,
  Nor fall of foot-steps on the floor;
And yet the MESSENGER was there!

O agony! we saw how on
  Our baby's heart his chilly hand
  He laid, and snapped life's trembling strand:
And then the Messenger was gone.

We clasped the precious casket now,
  We wildly kissed the precious clay,
  And wildly kissed the tears away
That fell upon the pure white brow!

Since then have passed — ah! many years;
  But often do we speak of her,
  And that expected Messenger,
With bitter tears — with bitter tears!

HELEN EARLE.

Allegheny City, Oct. 20th.

CONFESSIONS OF A COUNTRY EDITOR.

I WONDER if the reader of this sketch ever edited a country newspaper; one of those four-paged sheets which are always hebdomadally behind with intelligence, which has been fully digested by every body that lives every where, except in the village where your 'map of busy life' is issued?

Our mutual friend C——, after twenty-five years' superintendance of his cherished 'KNICK,' can give you some idea of what the editor of a country journal has to undergo, but not of those *petite* miseries he suffers, if he be the unfortunate publisher of his own sheet.

'JOHN SMITH, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,' looks well, to the uninitiated, at the head of the 'Oaktown Bugle;' but, in reality, it is an honor without a redeeming trait, if it covers a realizing sense of personal debts, non-paying subscribers, bad writing, dough-head correspondents, dictating partisan leaders, and printers' troubles generally. Among the worst of these, are editorial 'leaders,' so called because the printer inserts *leads* between his lines of type, or because old Moneypenny *leads* you, by promises strongly resembling threats, to write them as he may suggest, without reference to your own opinions.

I once had a year's service at the business, as editor and publisher of the 'Wolftown Banner,' away out in Illinois; and I oftentimes found myself without sufficient 'rocks' to purchase a day's fodder, which as often was bought with a fulsome puff of the 'Wolftown Exchange,' at which hotel I would be thus enabled to 'achieve' a common dinner.

Then there was one annoyance which, from its continuity, became the rule, and its exceptions were but few and widely separated by time. The paper-seller did a 'cash or approved paper' business, and all the 'loose change' of the office, tightly collected, went into his pockets. More frequently, old Moneypenny was called in to give his personal security by indorsement, to keep up the regular issue; and these transactions soon led him to consider the 'Banner' as his own private property. This illusion caused him to domineer largely in the style of the politics and general course of the 'Banner.' One of the oldest settlers of the county, wealthy beyond his neighbors, the founder of the village, he became the 'Sir Oracle' of all things therein, and aspired mightily to congressional honors. Not few were the stormy articles which he wrote against opposing men and measures, and which I silently fathered as my own offspring, fearing his displeasure, much as I detested their tone and abusive personalities; for, with the privileges conferred on him by his station in life, he became a little tyrannical and garrulous with his years. Once he led me into a serious difficulty, which, while it laid me up in bed, and stopped the issue of the 'Banner' for a fortnight, ultimately redounded to

the benefit of that journal, and cancelled all the notes held against me by the paper-seller.

I had written a contemptuous notice of a public meeting of the opposition party, held on a previous evening. It disgusted me while I wrote it: but we were short of paper; the funds were low, and before my next issue, I should have to call upon Moneypenny for his valuable aid in getting a supply.

Just as I had finished the article, in came my dictator. Picking up my manuscript, he glanced over it.

'Pretty fair shot! — *very* fair! But, bless your soul, not half enough mustard and pepper in it: and you have n't done that scoundrel Meggles justice, blast him! Give me that pen: *I'll* set him up as he should be!'

So he scratched down an addition to my article, wherein Mr. Meggles, the opposition candidate for Congress, was 'set up' in a spirit and language so excessively strong and flowing that the Evil One himself might consider himself holy in comparison with the character sketched by Moneypenny. I objected to its harshness and to its 'going in' in that shape, but the curses of my wealthy *owner* soon led me to an acquiescence. The consequences, I felt, would prove disastrous, but — well, interest smothered my terrors, and 'in' it went.

I do not care to depict the sequel in detail, or the commotion the next 'Banner' created. The exasperated Meggles attacked me alone in the office, with a loaded cane-head, *pied* the standing 'forms' of the paper into a chaotic mass; poured on my prostrate form the contents of the type-cases, and left me pounded into the consistency of a jelly, and insensible.

Two weeks elapsed before I ventured from my bed-room. I found the office in the hands of my journeyman, and under the personal supervision of Moneypenny, fast assuming its quondam quietude and regularity. My dictator was there when I entered.

'Glorious!' he exclaimed, when he saw me; 'never was such a glorious action!'

I wondered what he meant. If he alluded to the fight in which I had been engaged, I could not, in my bones, feel the glory of it. If he meant the action of the types as they rattled on the floor and over my fallen form, on that memorable occasion, I still could not coincide with him. But his explanation, filled as it was with unpicked maledictions, soon enlightened me. He proposed the commencement of suit on suit in the Circuit Court against the victorious Meggles for assaults, and damages laid at fabulous figures.

In vain I remonstrated, but, too weak to argue, I succumbed to his will. Mr. Meggles was forthwith attacked, with the aid of my lawyer, on every vulnerable side. In three weeks the trials began. On the charge of assault, Mr. Meggles was fined 'one hundred dollars and costs.' On the claim for personal damages, he was mulcted in the sum of 'three hundred dollars and costs.'

Out of this windfall, I reserved the price of one coat, to replace the one demolished by my assailant, and with the balance, paid up

my paper bills in full. After that, we had, once more, a quiet spell of weather in the office.

I DISPLAYED, in fancy types at the head of the 'Wolftown Banner,' a line asserting that journal to be 'Devoted to Politics, News, and General Literature.' Of the first of these subjects I have already given my opinion and a partial experience; and the reader may judge how much I esteemed the life of a politician. However, I may as well confess that in the purlieus of Wolftown, politics were a staple article, and proved the main support of my paper.

Moneypenny and the 'ins' of his party always paid or indorsed for me liberally, to keep me going, and only required, in return, the aid of the press to advocate their principles and candidates.

As for news, sometimes we had something of a local nature to communicate that might interest the world at large; but this good luck transpired very seldom. Editorials, aside from political squibs, related principally to the fact that 'Z. Jones, at the brick-store, had received a nice stock of fall and winter goods; for particulars, see advertisement;' or that 'Widow M.'s hen had emulated the goose in the size of her 'last lay;'' or that 'B. Beebe's boy had nearly severed his little finger from his left hand with a new penknife, presented to him by his grandma.'

Foreign and domestic news generally ranged, in age, from seven to ten days older than in neighboring towns. We had no railroad in those days, running within forty miles of us, and our postal arrangement with Uncle Samuel precluded the possibility of obtaining a mail oftener than once a week. The time for the arrival of the mail was on Monday, and our publication-day was Saturday. The lapse of time between the two was favorable for the selecting and 'setting up' the intelligence thus received, but not at all advantageous to that freshness which adds a specific interest to general news. However, we claimed, in Wolftown, to be contented and philosophical people, so that items were greedily devoured, if they did strongly smack of maturity.

The 'general literature' department of the 'Banner' was, however, a favorite one with me. For this I selected weekly from my limited number of exchange papers, some magazine article, 'by one of our best American writers,' or an article from 'Household Words, conducted by Dickens;' a charge, by the way, of which he is about as innocent as is the barn-yard chicken unfledged.

Then I used, every month, to borrow 'Godey's of Mrs. Moneypenny, the only subscriber to that delectable but effeminate concern in all Wolftown. From this I would copy, in about six weeks, the entire contents, fashions and all, but, of course, without the illustrations.

Think not that Wolftown was without its literary aspirants, or the 'Banner' unfavored with contributions from pens more prolific than blessed with genius. Far different the case, I assure you. Some few of these favors attained to the dignity of print; but my

office-stove oftener became the receptacle of 'thoughts that burned and words that breathed.' I once made a calculation upon the number of 'Essays' written on the respective literary characters of William Shakspeare, Esq., and George Gordon Lord Byron, both of some poetical celebrity in times past. I think, now, I was favored within ten months with one dozen of each. Of this number I was cruel enough to burn all but one, and that treated of Lord Byron. It was judiciously written, and expressed the most sensible views of 'the literary meteor' that I had ever met with. It came chirographed in a bold, free hand, which I failed to recognize, and was, either by oversight or excessive modesty on the part of the contributor, entirely anonymous. I handed it to the compositor, wrote a commendatory notice of it, gave it to the world in the 'Banner,' and discovered, within a fortnight, that I had, unwittingly, published one of the best articles in Tuckerman's 'Thoughts on the Poets.'

I used to receive, on an average, about ten original 'pomes' every week from our village poets, accompanied by request to publish them, 'willy nilly.'

Now I have always borne the character of an accommodating, generous fellow, among those who know me best; but I have been stigmatized by the literary crowd of Wolftown, as a 'conceited, crabbed, consummate, confounded fool'—and why? Only because I could never find genius or common-sense, or poetry, in the rhymed effusions of 'Fanny Flowerleaf,' 'Wilhelmina Willow,' 'Frank Firleaf,' or 'Getty Greenleaf.' These four never failed to send me, at first, from one to six 'pomes' every week, which, like the Phœnix, (not John,) seemed to spring from their own ashes in my stove, so very similar were they to their predecessors. They all harped on the same themes—love and death, usually—and, bearing the same general features, reminded me, by their similarity, of a bundle of quills. In all I was informed that:

'In death we all must die;
Forever leave the earth;
In the cold ground must lie;
And wait our spiritual birth.'

'I TELL thee, thou fair one, I love thee!
Forever thou 'lt find me thy slave:
Oh! smile, like the heaven above thee,
On thy lover, and say thou wilt *have*,
Or he fain will lie down in his grave.'

Had I been a veritable disciple of Old Epicurus, their constant and vivid pictures of mortality held so unremittingly and *originally* before my eyes, must have forced me to renounce my comfortable creed, and devote myself to an ascetic and anchorite life. My mode of escape was by 'deferring' the publication of these poetic *morceaux*, on account of 'the crowded state of our columns,' to some indefinite period; and then allowing the manuscript to be

accidentally mislaid, at the same time expressing my regret that the world had lost so much of poesy by our carelessness.

I found it necessary, often by severity, to check the *cacoethes scribendi* of some few annoying ones, who, undiscouraged by my hints expressed in 'Notices to Correspondents,' continued to bore me, week after week, with their precious effusions. As a sample, the following were applied to two of the most persistent:

'Triticus will excuse us if we most positively refuse to print any of his balderdash. His 'Byron a Philosopher' is an effusion, aside from its abominable orthography, too obtuse for our understanding, and diffused over too much paper to convey his idea, if he had one to commence with. Byron was a good poet, but too hot-headed for a sound philosopher, and any such writer as Triticus must write himself an ass, ere he can convince us to the contrary.'

''Fanny Fairlocks' can do better by assisting her invalid mother at home than by copying a whole page of Tennyson, and sending it to us for publication as original. We trust that for her own sake she may quit putting her pen to paper for the press, and eventually become a good wife and mother, for which station of life she was evidently intended by Nature. As for poetry, dear young lady, cherish it in your heart as long as you can, but do not dream yourself a poet, or descend to despicable plagiary.'

Most generally, these 'first-rate notices' of mine would prove conclusive, and abate that particular nuisance. If the scribbler still continued to send his manuscripts to me, I kindled my fire with them, and merely mentioned *that* fact in my 'next,' connected with the real name of the contributor, and that would finish his attempts upon my literary department.

Had I continued to publish the 'Banner' for another year, I think I should have demolished the literary ambition of seven-eighths of the aspiring crowd with whom I labored. In fact, I was already considered a rural Macaulay in my critical notices; when an event occurred that dissolved my connection with the country press, as 'Editor and Publisher,' forever.

I had locked up the office one wintry night, and sought my lodgings in the Wolftown Hotel. My only journeyman and the 'devil' had also retired in peace to the bosoms of their families at an early hour. I was lying awake, dreaming of 'ways and means' to procure more paper, being at that juncture as penniless as before my encounter with Meggles. Suddenly I was startled by the cry of 'Fire!' Hastily dressing, I issued forth, as did every other soul in the hotel, to discover the seat of conflagration. I can hardly express the peculiar state of my feelings, when I discovered the 'Banner Office' entirely enveloped in a mass of flame. I did not, like Nero, indulge in violin practice, nor, like that *other* artist, sit calmly down and sketch the scene while the fire destroyed his house. No! I rushed to the spot, arriving just in time to see roof, walls, chimney, press, types, and ink-keg, fall simultaneously into the cellar, and become a fiery altar of destruction. I had no

insurance, and there was no help needed, after that, to ruin me. I went home a poor man; but with a strange sense of relief from a clogging weight. Moneypenny offered, the next morning, to set me going again in a new office, with new material of his own; but I respectfully begged the privilege of firmly declining.

My brother and I concluded that we would leave Wolftown forever, and seek our fortunes elewhere. We struck out a new line of business, in the next town.

We went to work digging wells. In three years we have dug fifty of those conveniences. We make a good thing of it. We get good pay; and although it is hard work most of the time, yet I like it better than editing and publishing a country newspaper. It is not attended with so many difficulties.

'Truth,' it is said, 'lies in the bottom of a well.' Brother and I have frequently found it there. We think we never found it so largely in Wolftown! Good night!

LINES: THE WIND.

BY R. A. OAKES

I

O WIND! your sweet breath on my cheek
Is harsher than December's rain:
It wakes a grief no tongue can speak,
It wakes anew a nameless pain.

II.

You blow the rose-scent in my face:
You bend the tall grass in your glee;
And kiss the lily with rare grace,
But wake in me drear misery.

III.

I hear you tramping through the wood:
The dead leaves rustle 'neath your feet;
And by the beach I pause and brood,
On days when dead leaves rustled sweet.

IV.

For then her small feet, through the wold,
Rustled the dead leaves as she came
Unto the beach, where manifold
The jasmin twines its clots of flame.

V.

I watch the pansies struggling up
Atween the dead leaves' crispy gold:
O bliss! thus MEMORY lifts her cup
From out my heart's drear blight and mould.

VI.

And down the path, behind the trees,
She comes as she came long ago;
Her soft robes in the thymy breeze —
I see them flutter to-and-fro.

VII.

I wait to hear her call my name,
In tones her loving welcome speaks,
And watch to see the maiden shame
Go crimsoning her rare pale cheeks.

VIII.

O heart! be still! the fluttering dress —
The loving words you long to hear,
Will never come again to bless,
Though still you wait from year to year.

The Lessons of Crime:

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN 'EXPERT.'

When the writer of these pages was yet a boy, he came across the extraordinary Narrative which it is intended shall here forcibly and faithfully be portrayed. Except the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' of Bunyan, the Adventures of Captain James Riley, on Sea and Land, and Roderick Random, by Smollet, it was the *only* book he had ever encountered, save his few school-books, and the 'Book of Books,' the Bible.

It made a strong impression upon his youthful mind, which, unlike many other youthful impressions, has never faded in after life, but seems rather to have increased with years. It is one of the great *Lessons of Crime, and its Retribution*, which once read, can never be obliterated. There was so much of romance, too, about the incidents recorded — such terrible visitations of punishment upon the performer of the guilty acts recorded — that the lesson proved a *good* one; and we venture to say, that its perusal may have deterred thousands from crime.

We shall begin with the history, or narrative of Stephen Burroughs, at the time he was a mere boy, residing with his father, a Presbyterian clergyman, in the town of Coventry, New-Hampshire. 'Even as a boy,' he himself declares, 'I became the terror of the people where I lived, and all were unanimous in declaring, that 'Stephen Burroughs was the worst boy in town, and those who could get him whipped were most worthy of esteem.'

Although his father, as we have said, was a Presbyterian, and he was educated in all the rigor of that order, yet his thirst for vicious jokes, and sinful 'fun,' as he terms it, was insatiable. Among other things, he was fond of pestering his superiors in age, particularly if they chanced to have reproved him for his misdeeds, or informed his father of his derelictions. An instance of this, (accompanied by many other juvenile tricks of a similar character,) is interesting, as showing how even such small occurrences had a decided influence upon the character which he afterward sustained, and in directing the course of his eventful life:

'A neighbor of my father's, an old man, had a fine yard of water-melons, which had been purloined by somebody, for three or four succeeding nights. The old man being of a hasty, petulant disposition, was determined to watch his water-melons with a club, and severely beat the thief. One night he took his stand in a convenient place for watching, unknown to any one. Accident made me acquainted with the old man's situation; and suspecting his intention, I went to a son of his, a young man of about twenty, and told him I saw a man in the water-melon yard, whom I suspected to be the thief; and advised him to go cautiously to the yard, and peradventure he might catch him. Accordingly the young man went; but no sooner had he got into the yard, than the old man, supposing this to be the thief, rushed from his hiding-place, and attacked his son with his club, and severely handled the poor fellow, before he found out his mistake. The son supposing the thief was beating him, bawled out to his father,

who he expected was at the house: 'Murder! father! father! murder! murder! This scene of merriment I enjoyed to the full, but soon paid for it. The plot being discovered, and the agent who set this machine in motion, clearly detected, complaint was made; and I tasted of the same food I had so ingeniously cooked for the old man's son.'

Thus early did retribution, even for juvenile offences, begin to overtake the young offender.

Young Burroughs, albeit a lad, had the military ardor strong upon him. 'Guy, Earl of Warwick,' he tells us, was his especial favorite, and he 'longed to tread the stage on which he had exhibited. I often viewed myself,' he says, 'at the head of armies, rushing with impetuosity into the thickest of the struggle of contending hosts.' With these romantic ideas of military prowess, the reader will not be surprised to learn, that in the year 1779, he ran away from his father, at the age of fourteen years, against his express commands, and in the spring enlisted in the regiment of the gallant Colonel Hagen, at that time stationed near Hanover. He was marched from there to West-Point, but without meeting with any occurrences worth relating.

When the regiment had arrived on the North River, however, they were constantly alarmed by the enemy, and had a number of skirmishes with them. At such times, young Burroughs was always kept back with the baggage, and never suffered to go into action, notwithstanding his earnest entreaties to be permitted to do so. This cooled his military ardor — 'filled him with mortification and chagrin;' and he soon after deserted, and returned to his father.

The kind, good old man immediately wrote a touching letter to General WASHINGTON, asking for his wayward son's discharge, regularly, from the service. Parts of this letter are very touching:

'As a sovereign GOD has, not long since, deprived me of four children, and has left me but two to survive their death; and as this son is a lad so much under the age that is commonly deemed necessary to constitute a soldier fit for the service, and I had ever designed him for a public education, your Excellency will please to indulge my request, that he may be regularly discharged from the service. Though I have the cause of America sincerely at heart, and ever have, and trust I ever shall, exert myself to the utmost of my ability in its behalf; yet your Excellency will not wonder at any degree of reluctance in me, against my son's engaging in the service, under my present circumstances. Your Excellency will please to signify your pleasure by the bearer, and due obedience shall be rendered to your commands, with cheerfulness. With daily prayers that the GOD of armies will be your shield and friend, and honor your Excellency as an instrument of complete salvation and deliverance to the United States of America, I am your Excellency's obedient servant,' etc.

As during the time his son was in the army, he had never passed muster, nor drawn any money or clothing, he was at once discharged, at his afflicted father's request.

We next hear of young Stephen at Coventry, *Connecticut*, under the charge of Rev. Joseph Huntington, then celebrated throughout New-England as an instructor of youth, of the very highest order. Here, again, we find the young reprobate engaged at his

old tricks, one of which was this 'practical joke' upon some neighbor who had offended him:

'One night we repaired to his house, and took logs from his wood-pile, about two feet in length, and piled them up against the door until they reached the top, laying them in such a manner as to incline into the house. After arranging matters in this order, we made a noise as if attempting to get into the old man's garden, sufficiently loud for him to hear; immediately upon this, the old man crept softly to the door, and opening it suddenly, down came the logs, so rapidly as to knock him to the floor, and cover him over. The noise which this made alarmed the family universally, with an idea that they felt the shock of an earthquake, and that the Last Judgment had arrived, which set some a-screaming, and some a-praying; and for a long time, these ideas so wholly occupied the minds of the family, that the old man could not get any assistance from the load of timber under which he was buried.'

Burroughs was suspected: but as he was seen to go to bed that night, and found in bed when the complaint was made to Mr. Huntington, he escaped 'scot-free.' He did not succeed so well on another occasion with the same victim; for he was pursued in the dark, caught by his coat-tail, which was torn off, and although his enemy was thrown into a deep and muddy ditch, he took the coat-tail with him, and bore it in triumph to the boy's master: in connection with his pupil's mutilated garment, it was deemed something more than merely 'collateral' testimony.

The young scape-grace varied such pranks as the foregoing, by turning over out-houses in the night, mounting and riding poor old horses through the streets, full tilt, without saddle or bridle, for which his devoted preceptor had to pay roundly, etc., etc.

Having left the school at Coventry, Burroughs enters the college at Dartmouth, New-Hampshire, where his peculiar reputation had preceded him; which led to his being courted by lovers of wild college-fun on the one hand, and suspected and watched on the other. He complains of having been placed at board with a sour, morose, suspicious, watchful clergyman — a rigid enthusiast, who understood nothing of human nature. In revenge for the efforts of this minister to make him submissive and humble, the student plays upon him 'tricks' of the same practical character which had distinguished him at Coventry. Several of these are related, some of which are very amusing, but we pass them by. His *cunning* was shown in avoiding discovery, almost always; as in the case of stealing at night a quantity of water-melons from a neighboring farmer, who kept them for sale. He was traced (as he discovered by overhearing an informer mention the circumstance to a tutor) to his room in college with the fruit. But he outwitted them all: for he rose early in the morning, went to the farmer, told him what he had done the night before, and paid him liberally for all he had taken. His triumph was complete, when, after being arraigned before the congregated authorities, amidst the sneers of the informer and his other enemies, the tables were so adroitly turned. Soon after this, and being 'disgusted' with the rigid regulations of the college, he 'left' it clandestinely, and returned to his father's once more, a disgraced student.

But here he did not long remain. At a little over the age of seventeen years, he left his father's house again, and directed his course to 'Newburyport, a small sea-port town in Massachusetts,' where many small vessels were fitted out for privateering. It was in the month of November: the season had become advanced, the snow was falling thickly, and to crown all his troubles, he was unable, after night-fall, to find his way through the dense woods. His horse had given out, he was 'sorely worn with fatigue and black thoughts;' and it was not until twelve o'clock at night that a dim light in the distance told him that a friendly shelter was near; a log hut, built in the very depth of the forest; a fire in the middle, the smoke of which eddied up through a hole in the roof. Asking how far it was to a tavern, he was informed that *that* was the tavern, and the only one kept in all the near region round about. He slept two hours 'upon a hard bed, after a harder supper,' and then 'put out' before day-light; arriving at length (whether late or early, he does not tell us) where was better 'entertainment for man and horse.'

Young Burroughs, arrived at Newburyport, sold his horse, saddle and bridle, and with the proceeds prepared himself for sea. Finding no privateers in port, he sailed in a packet which had a letter-of-marque to France. Having some knowledge of medicine, with the assistance of an old practitioner, who marked his medicines in the proper way for him, he entered the vessel as 'ship's physician.' Sea-sickness prostrated him till he reached the Island of Sable, where they went ashore. It was a dreary, barren place, with nothing to eat or to drink; and according to the sailors there, 'the abode of spirits and hobgoblins.' It was worse than sea-sickness.

With various adventures — now running after 'prizes,' which turned out after all to be American privateers — they at last fell in with a sail which promised something. She was a 'lugger,' showed no colors, and answered the American's hail in French. *She* had twelve six-pounders; the American carried 'eighteen *guns*;' but 'unfortunately the Thirteen Stripes waved over ten that were only of *wood!*' It was an Englishman in disguise, but the trick did not tell: there was a sharp conflict, in which Burroughs played a conspicuous part, as appears from documents; and the result was entirely in the American's favor. Forty guineas of prize-money to each, made them all quite satisfied with *their* share of the day's achievement.

Soon after, the brig sailed for America, and became becalmed off the Western Isles. At Saint Michael's young Burroughs saw the *impalement* of a Portuguese: a poor fellow tied to a cannon, and 'a man standing by with a stake sharpened at one end, which was driven into his body until it came out at the shoulder;' his shrieks and groans of agony filling all the air, and lingering for years after in the hearer's memory and imagination.

The 'good time coming' toward the *other* side of the Atlantic, was changed in returning. Our hero had quarrels with new and

inhumane officers; was ill-treated, kicked, cuffed and beaten; and was glad to arrive once more at Newburyport. Young Burroughs returned to his father's house, where he remained for the space of about one year; at the end of which time he commenced a school at Haverhill, Massachusetts. But *here*, also, a reputation had preceded him, which, in the hands of an old enemy, kept all the children from his school. 'With indignation,' he says, 'I quitted them and the school.' Then he took another, in a town eighteen miles farther off, which he became thoroughly *established* in before his old enemy heard of it; so that all subsequent efforts for his overthrow were ineffectual.

In the management of this school he was entirely successful; but on his return to his father's house, he joined some reckless lads in stealing a bee-hive, which they took to the college, and regaled themselves with its delicious contents. This did not escape discovery. The culprits were arrested, young Burroughs among the number; and they were about to be made a public example of, before the town; but a certain supposed widow, young and beautiful, whom young Stephen had been inveigling into his toils, was surprised, in common with her paramour, by the husband, who, after a long absence, suddenly appeared upon the scene.

Again 'wearied with life,' a life of incipient crime, he returns once more to his father's house, 'makes some small arrangements,' and leaves the country, with little cash, and small chance of honestly making more.

And now commence the more important 'Lessons,' which give the title to this veritable history.

Some business the young scapegrace must engage in. What shall it be? The law was too expensive, and its study would occupy too much time. Beside which, he had 'conscientious scruples' concerning the profession! He was too honest to become a lawyer! But there was *one* thing that he *could* do; he, a stranger, moneyless and friendless, 'with but a single 'pistareen' in his pocket'—*he could preach!* His previous character was somewhat against him, certainly: so was his present *dress*, which 'consisted of a light gray coat, with silver-plated buttons, green vest, and red velvet breeches! A pretty garb for a preacher: and he with no means to obtain another suit.

These weighty difficulties did not dissuade him from his first purpose. He would change his name, and offer himself to preach where he was not known—at some distance off, where he would be beyond the chance and danger of recognition. For his dress, he must make the best of it he could, since it could not be altered at present. Nor was it an insurmountable obstacle. Even if he failed in a first attempt, he had resolved not to be discouraged: he would '*repeat* the trial, until he *had* succeeded.'

Having held this parley with himself, he proceeded to execute his plan. He at once exchanged his horse for another much worse, and received three dollars for the difference. This furnished him with money for his immediate expenses in travelling.

He pursued his course down the Connecticut River about one hundred and fifty miles, when he thought he had travelled far enough to commence operations. Hearing of a place called Ludlow, where they were in want of a minister, he went there. It was on a Saturday. He stopped at 'the house of one Fuller,' a landlord, and a deacon of the church in which he was to preach.

Introducing himself, he soon received an invitation to officiate the next day. 'You will conclude,' says Burroughs, 'readily, that I did not refuse this invitation.' The greatest obstacle was now surmounted: he was 'fairly introduced into the ministerial function.' His thoughts at this moment, are well and forcibly expressed in his own language:

'After I had composed my mind sufficiently for reflection, I began to consider under what situation my affairs now stood, and what was to be done under present circumstances. I had engaged to preach on the morrow. I had almost forgotten to tell you that my name here was Davis. People had been notified that a sermon would be delivered: this business I never had attempted. It is true, the study of Divinity had come under my attention, together with every other subject of common concern, in a cursory manner. I concluded that sermonizing would not be so difficult as the other exercises of public worship. Many disagreeable possibilities arose into view. 'What,' said I, 'would be my feelings, should I make some egregious blunder in travelling this unbeaten road? I must be exposed to the mortifying consideration of being observed by a whole assembly, in this ridiculous essay to preach, and not be able to carry my attempt into execution; and all these things possibly may happen.' These considerations made so dismal an appearance, that I once concluded to get up, take my horse privately out of the stable, and depart, rather than run the risk of the dangers which were before me. But upon more mature reflection, I found the hard hand of Necessity compelled me to stay. When I awoke the next morning, my heart beat with anxious palpitation for the issue of the day. I considered this as the most important scene of my life: that, in a great measure, my future happiness or wretchedness depended on my conduct through this day. The time for assembling approached. I saw that people began to come together. My feelings were all in arms against me: my heart leaped almost into my mouth!'

These feelings, however, he conquered. When the time came, he 'fortified his countenance, and set out with his Bible and Psalm-book under his arm'—the only *insignia* of the clergyman about him: his singular style of clerical dress naturally exciting much remark. 'I could not persuade myself to raise my eyes from the ground,' he writes, 'until I had ascended the pulpit.'

Here he sat for a few moments in silence, collecting resolution for the effort to begin. He made the attempt. He found his voice at his full command: his anxiety was hushed in a moment; his perturbation entirely subsided; and he 'felt all the serenity of a calm summer's morning.' He went through the exercises of the forenoon without the slightest difficulty. 'No monarch on his throne,' he records, 'could have achieved a greater triumph.'

During the intermission, however, he heard whispers in swift circulation among the people, which annoyed him not a little: such as:

'Who *is* he, Deacon? He is a smart man, I should say, and evangelical: but what does he wear such strange clothes for?'

'Do n't know,' answered the Deacon; 'but we do n't want a

minister for his *clothes.* Is the *sermon* good? — that 's the main p'int.'

But the consultations among the leading members of the society, gathered in little knots under the trees about the church, resulted, it appeared, in the conclusion not to hire him. This information was distinctly but courteously conveyed to him, after the afternoon service, by his landlord, who advised him (having been a little disappointed himself, that his distinguished clerical guest had not 'received a call') to make application to a Mr. Baldwin, a minister at Palmer, a town twenty miles distant, for a knowledge of, and an introduction to, vacancies for a ministry. He does so: and Mr. Baldwin, after examining him in orthodoxy, and scrutinizing his ministerial garb rather closely, is at last satisfied, and gives him a letter to one Deacon Gray, at Pelham, eighteen miles farther on. Here he is hired for four Sabbaths, at five dollars a Sabbath: not a large price, as 'ministers go' now-a-days; but as the old Indian preacher said: 'Poor pay, poor preach.'

The town of Pelham was settled with the 'straitest sect' of New-England Presbyterians, very orthodox, very critical upon ministers; and when once disturbed, violent and overbearing in their passions and their opinions. They had 'called' and discharged several clergymen, and with the last two had had almost pitched battles.

After his first two Sabbaths, young Burroughs had borrowed enough to add to his 'salary' wherewith to endow himself with a habit suited to his calling. After the four Sabbaths were over, they engaged him for sixteen more.

One day he was called upon, in a private house, to preach a funeral sermon. The notes of this sermon, as of the others, were those of his father's old sermons, which he had taken with him from home. In the pulpit, it was all well enough; but being in a private house, the faded manuscript was *over-looked:* suspicions were excited; he was called upon to explain; and confessed ingenuously, that being suddenly called upon, and having no time to prepare a discourse, he had used the sermon of another person, an aged evangelical friend, rather than refuse to preach. But the suspicion was not allayed, that 'Mr. Davis' was preaching somebody else's sermons; and it was determined to *test him,* on short notice. So one Saturday morning, he was waited upon by one of the suspicious deacons, and requested to deliver, the next morning, a sermon from the first clause of the fifth verse of the ninth chapter of Joshua:

'*Old shoes, and clouted on their feet.*'

He promised to do it: but the study of it was at first rather unpromising: at length, however, the matter 'opened upon his mind,' and he conceived, and delivered the next morning, the discourse; which, for ingenuity and adaptation, is a very remarkable production. The synopsis which he gives of it is as follows:

'In handling this discourse, the exordium consisted of a description of the Gibeonites: the duplicity which they practised upon the Jews: the nature and

general tendency of deceit, etc. After I had gone through with the introduction, I divided my discourse into three general heads, namely, to consider in the first place, of '*Shoes;*' secondly, of '*Old* Shoes;' and thirdly, of '*Clouted* Shoes.' In treating of the first general head, namely, shoes, I considered them in a metaphorical sense, as showing our mode of conduct in life. We are all, said I, sojourners in this world, but for a season, travelling to another country, to which we shall, ere long, arrive: we must all be shod, in order to enable us to travel the road before us. We find the good man represented as having his 'feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.' All mankind are in a state of motion; none remain inactive on this stage of probation; all are moving forward with rapidity, and hastening to their final end. Not only the natural world, but likewise the mental, is filled with briers and thorns, stone, and rubbish, which wound us at every step, when we are not shod to guard us from those injuries, we should otherwise receive from those impediments. Mankind, finding this to be the case, have immediate recourse to such coverings for their feet, as they imagine will protect them from the injuries to which they are exposed, etc., etc.

'In treating the second head, namely, of old shoes, I endeavored to show, that they represented those 'who had been hewing to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, which can hold no water.' We find, said I, from the earliest ages of the world, mankind practising upon that system. They have continued ever since to tread in the steps of their predecessors, and to wear the same old shoes. The old shoes represent old sins, which mankind have made use of from old times, down to the present day. And would to God, they had been worn until mankind had been ashamed of them. A spirit of jealousy and discord, perhaps, may be accounted as old as any shoes now worn. How soon after the creation do we find this same destructive principle raging in the little family which then composed the whole human race. Murder was the consequence; revenge and hatred were perpetuated by it. Now I am possessed with this accursed passion, said Cain, 'whoever shall find me, shall slay me.' The direful influence of this passion spreads its dismal effects among all mankind, when it once prevails. Solomon, viewing the operation of this principle upon the human heart, says: 'Jealousy is more cruel than the grave.' It deluges countries, destroys societies, and renders man hateful to man. All civil and religious bodies are destroyed, when once this hateful monster is allowed an entrance. Ministers and people, parents and children, husbands and wives, fall a sacrifice to the influence of 'jealousy, that green-eyed monster, which makes the meat it feeds on.' Therefore, wo be to that people who cherish the seeds of jealousy, or practise after her counsels, etc., etc.

'In considering the last general head, namely, of clouted shoes, I observed that those who wore those old shoes, and practised upon a system of jealousy, were sensible of its odious and hateful nature, and, of consequence, ashamed to be seen by God, man, or the devil; nay, they were ashamed to be seen by themselves; therefore, they had recourse to patching and clouting themselves over with false and feigned pretences, to hide their shame and disgrace. This vice has been considered, by all wise men, as the most destructive to human felicity, and the least excusable and most unreasonable, of any passion incident to the human heart. It is a passion which debases the human character to its lowest ebb, as says a noted author: 'Where I see a jealous people, I expect, likewise, to see every thing base and sordid among them.'

'Look around, my hearers, and judge for yourselves; whenever you have felt this first-born son of hell triumphing in your bosoms, how soon has joy and comfort fled from your hearts? how soon has this doleful monster turned all the sweets of life into wormwood and gall? etc., etc.

'I concluded this discourse by an application of the subject, after the following manner: My hearers, where shall I apply this doctrine? Is it calculated for a people only at some great distance? Can we not bring it home, even to our own doors? Search and see. Try yourselves by the sanctuary, and if there your garments are not washed in innocence, you will find, 'Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin,' written on your walls. Will you suffer this hateful monster to rage among you? Will you wear these old, filthy, clouted shoes any longer? Will you not rather put on that 'charity which endureth all things, which hopeth all things?' Will you not rather be 'shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace?' etc., etc.

This sermon satisfied his congregation of his ability as a sermonizer: but, unfortunately, there was one of his hearers who had known him and his pranks in Coventry; and he felt quite confident his identity had been discovered. He was right in his conjecture, as he found by throwing himself in his way on the following day. He frankly told him all, and entreated him not to expose him, at a time when he had changed his course of life, and was, he hoped, engaged in doing good.

In the mean time, it must be premised, that the pseudo-minister had formed an acquaintance with a man of 'fine information, manners,' etc., with with whom and his 'amiable family' he became very intimate. One day this 'most agreeable man' tells him of a person in an adjoining town, 'a money-maker, known throughout all New-England as having the art of transmuting copper into silver, which would stand the test of the severest assay.' He becomes 'interested in the experiments,' and accompanies his friend, who is an accomplice, to the workshop of *the counterfeiters*. The experiments were performed: every thing was 'fair and aboveboard,' (of course!) and Burroughs returned to Pelham, having promised to enter the business, in which he saw, in his imagination, a splendid fortune already made. The gang concluded to charter a vessel, load her with copper, coal, provisions, etc., and retire to the Isle of Sable, where they could pursue their plans uninterrupted.

Such was the state of affairs when it was discovered by several persons who had known him in Coventry and elsewhere, that Mr. Davis was an impostor, and something worse, and he was compelled to take a horse and leave the house of his landlord in the night, the last before the conclusion of his ministerial contract. He says:

'THE next morning Mr. DAVIS was not to be found. My landlord was almost frantic with surprise and grief. The town was alarmed, and suddenly was all in a flame. About eleven o'clock P.M., a man came from Belchertown with information respecting the character who had exhibited among them as a preacher: this blew the flame into a ten-fold rage. No pen can describe the uproar there was in the town of Pelham. They mounted hue-and-cries after me in every direction, with orders to spare not horse-flesh. They perambulated the town, and anxiously asked every one for some circumstance which would lead to a discovery where I was. All this took place while I lay snug in the corner, observing their operations. In holding a consultation upon these disagreeable matters, every one was anxious to clear himself of being the dupe to my artifice as much as possible. 'I never liked him,' says one. 'I always thought there was something suspicious about him,' says another. 'He ever had a very deceitful look,' says a third. In fine, it had come to this, that not one now could discern any thing which ever appeared good or commendable about me, except one good old lady, who said: 'Well, I hope they will catch him, and bring him back among us, and we will make him a good man, and keep him for our preacher.'"

He escapes, however, and takes refuge in the town of Rutland, Mass., where he is pursued by the Pelhamites: arrested as a swindler: he places himself in a room in the second story, and locks the door. His luck at escaping holds good as yet:

'WHEN they came after me, they found my door locked, and immediately determined to break it open. They sent some of their number after an axe. Hear-

ing this, I jumped out of the window, on to the horse-shed, and off that on to the ground, close by those who were after the axe.

'Coming so suddenly among them, they had not time to recollect themselves, so as to know what this meant, till I had run the distance of twenty rods, when they started after me; but one of their number much exceeded the rest in swiftness, so that in running sixty rods, he was twenty rods before the others. By this time I was out of breath by running, and coming to a high wall, made of small stones, I jumped over it, and sat down behind it, by a tree standing against the wall. I took a stone in my hand as I went over, intending to knock down the foremost man, when he came up to me, which I supposed would be easy to do, as I should take him by surprise, and execute my plan before he could defend himself; after this should be performed, I could easily out-run the rest, as I should by this time be rested and be forward of them. An alder swamp, about half a mile distant, was my object.

'When the foremost man came up to the wall, I heard him panting and puffing for breath, and, instead of being able to leap over, he ran against it, and threw it down in such a manner as to cover me almost entirely from sight, the stones falling against the tree in such a manner as to do me no injury. The man ran through the breach of the wall, and continued his course about fifteen rods beyond me, and stopped until the others came up, who anxiously inquired what had become of BURROUGHS? The other replied, that he had run like a deer across the meadows, and gone into the alder-swamp!'

He waits in the swamp until opportunity presents, when he gets away: and we next find him preaching in Attleborough, Mass., nine miles north of Providence, Rhode-Island, under his own proper name. His 'call' was for four Sundays; having finished which, he returns in a long and gloomy night (moved by the ties of 'a generous friendship' and speculation) to his amiable friend, the counterfeiter, and his charming family at Pelham, where his 'reception was equal to his most sanguine anticipations.'

A long dissertation is given upon the necessity of living; upon being deceived by his accomplice; upon the art of making *good* counterfeits, etc.; but the *result* is, that Burroughs takes some twenty dollars of the good money to pass for goods; is arrested at Springfield, Mass., where he *had* passed some of it; is recognized by a Pelhamite post-rider, and exposed; then committed to jail. He was soon after tried, convicted, and sentenced to an hour in the pillory and three years' confinement in the House of Correction.

The jail in Springfield being thought insecure, Burroughs was removed to the jail in Northampton. How much crime may have been prevented, by a perusal of his sufferings and painful adventures in this at that time inhuman prison, will perhaps never be known. We shall let him tell his story in his own words, omitting much irrelevant matter in relation to his jail-companions, 'moral reflections,' etc. Portions of his adventures are equal to any thing in the Life of 'Baron Frederick Trenck,' that remarkable history of imprisonment:

'I WAS confined with a large chain around my legs, secured in the most critical manner, and then bound fast to the wagon in which I was transported; it being twenty miles between the two places. In this situation I was carried through the country. It was Sunday, and in the room of attending the usual solemnities of the day, people thronged the roads to see this procession: when we passed, the people would inquire with eagerness, who was the minister, being known more by that appellation than I was by my own name. When the minister was pointed

out to them, some would shout with joy, considering that I was now detected, notwithstanding that amazing fund of subtilty, which I could use when I had occasion. Their ideas of their own judiciary became highly exalted, in their opinion, for, said they, 'this man has been all over the world, playing pranks in all countries, but could never be brought to justice, owing to his amazing subtilty, until he came among us, and we have showed him what is what; he finds by this time that we are not such fools as he thought for.' Some examined my looks with great attention, to see if they could distinguish where that depth of knowledge lay which had set the world in an uproar. Some few dropped the sympathetic tear over our wretched state, apparently sensible that we belonged to the same human family with themselves, and were capable of suffering equally with others.

'About sun-set we arrived at Northampton, and were consigned to the abodes of misery. The ponderous doors growled on their reluctant hinges! The rattling of bolts, bars, and locks, reverberating through the hollow apartments of this dreary abode, made such an impression on my mind, that with difficulty I supported myself under this situation. The appearance of the CERBERUS, of these infernal abodes was equal to every poetic description of the Janitor of hell. Hail, ye infernal Powers! said I, who inhabit these regions; assemble your forces, gather your strength, and keep high carnival to-day, in consideration of those victims, which have now fallen a sacrifice at your shrine.'

Burroughs goes on to describe, that he was confined in a room on the ground-floor, and proceeds to give portraits of the three or four companions in crime and misfortune who were incarcerated with him:

'THE scanty allowance of provision which we received at this place, made us feel severely the pains of hunger. Those who had friends near them commonly received an additional supply from them, but those who had only what our keeper allowed us, to supply the calls of nature, often felt the griping hand of hunger, in addition to other inconveniences. All these circumstances made me feel an inconceivable uneasiness at my confinement. I would walk backward and forward across the room, by the whole day together, ruminating upon the possibility of making my escape. How I longed to be at liberty, is beyond my power to tell. Often would I wish that I was possessed with the ability of passing from place to place with the same facility, that we could discern objects at a distance in this place and that place. How quick would I then leave these hateful abodes, and wanton in the sun-beams of liberty! How easily could I then elude the iron grasp of this petty tyrant, who triumphs over the miseries of the wretched few under his control.

'Often would I contemplate upon the situation of the beggar, who gained his daily bread by the cold hand of charity, and yet walked at liberty, free as the air in which he breathed, capable of going to any place to which his fancy directs him, without let or hindrance; I compared his situation with mine, and in the comparison, I fell infinitely short of his state of happiness.

'I was determined to try some measure for my escape from this place. I peeped into every corner of the room; I surveyed all the barricadoes with which I was environed; I contemplated every possible measure which occurred to my imagination. I at last concluded to begin my operation upon the chimney-way, hoping that I could, by taking up the foundation of the chimney, get to the ground, and by that mean undermine the jail, and make my escape that way. We were determined to make the attempt immediately after the approach of night, as that was the only time in which we could work, without an immediate detection. Therefore, after the time of retirement, we pulled off our coats and went to work with a great degree of energy upon the stones in the chimney. We soon almost filled our room with stones and rubbish. In this situation we experienced great inconveniences for the want of light, being obliged to have recourse to pine slivers peeled off from a board, which kept one hand constantly employed in feeding the blaze, lest it should be extinguished, which would at once defeat all our purposes.

'As I was the strongest of the two, I kept WARNER feeding the light, while I labored like SISYPHUS in rolling huge stones out of the chimney-way. Happy

should I have thought myself at that time, if, HERCULES like, I could have turned the course of some mighty river under the jail, to have assisted me with its force, to sweep away those huge rocks.

'I labored and toiled without intermission, till about mid-night, when coming to a rock I could not possibly get out of the hole, I for a moment despaired of success, after straining with all my might a number of times to no effect. ROOD, seeing the situation in which matters stood, jumped out of bed, and helped to lift the stone from its place, and then returned again into bed.

'I again renewed my labor, and had overcome the greatest part of the difficulties before us, when the light became extinct for want of fuel, the board being all consumed. I tried to pursue the business in the dark, but found it in vain, and therefore was obliged to quit our undertaking. How much would I now have given for a farthing candle! but wishing were as vain as our expectations were unfounded. The necessity of our relinquishing the pursuit was absolute, and therefore, with a sullen reluctance, I yielded to the force of necessity.

'I did not entirely lose all hopes of succeeding yet in this method. As soon as day-light should afford an opportunity, I determined to renew my labors, and if by good fortune our CERBERUS should not make us a visit till some time in the morning, I was still in hopes of making the breach soon enough, to leave him to his own agreeable reflections, when he came to search our room, which he constantly did every day. Therefore, at the dawn of day, I again renewed my labor with increased animation. I struggled and toiled with the huge rocks in such a manner as to establish the belief, that in the course of an hour I should again flit upon the wing of liberty. But oh! horrid to relate! the thundering noise of the jailer, in opening his ponderous doors, throwing back the many bolts and turning the keys of the enormous locks, at once defeated all my expectations of freedom. The mighty castles which I had been building in the air, came tumbling over my head like a sweeping deluge.

'The jailer came into the room, and what was the scene pictured to his view? Rubbish, rocks, stones, and dirt, filled the room! Two men almost naked, covered with sweat and dust!

'The door was again immediately shut, and the jailer retired, but his absence was almost momentary. He returned with a band of flinty-hearted myrmidons, to assist in the execution of his diabolical system of revenge. We were taken by those patrons of humanity, tied to the grates, and received ten lashes each on our naked backs with a horse-whip. Immediately after this, we were put in the dungeon, where we lay two days, and were then removed into another room.

'The second day of my confinement, nearly night, I heard a terrible clanking of massy chains approaching toward my apartment. The door of the dungeon was opened, when lo! horrid to relate! a deformed VULCAN, attended with his grisly CYCLOPS, carrying with them a huge iron chain and all the tools for their infernal purpose.

'I was ordered into another apartment, and to work went those engines of cruelty. They, in the first place, made fast a flat ring around my leg, about six inches wide and an inch thick. This was connected with a chain, weighing about thirty-six pounds and ten feet in length. The other end of the chain was fastened to the timber composing our floor, with a staple driven in with a sledge, which made the whole jail tremble. After I was fixed in this manner, they left me to my own reflections, inwardly exulting at their mighty power, in making a poor wretch secure from enjoying the cold comfort of hoping for better times.

'I lay in this dismal situation about a fortnight, if I remember right. My leg, by this time, was worn by the iron around it, till the skin was quite off. In this situation, I became entirely impatient. My sufferings I thought insupportable. I cursed the day in which I was born. I cursed my friends, and all the human race, in the bitterness of my anguish! I roared with anguish! I raged like a Bedlamite!

'The obdurate heart of my CERBERUS was not moved by my situation; he was terrified, and durst not approach me. Yet that adamantine barrier which fortified the avenues to his soul from the approaches of compassion, remained entirely unimpaired, and prevented the least motion of pity from disturbing his repose.

'There are certain situations of suffering which will make a man mad — will take away every exercise of rational conduct — will reduce him to a state of desperation, so that he will rush into the most desperate danger. This was my situation at this time. I was determined not to endure these trials any longer; and, in the language of the poet, to end them 'by taking arms against myself, and all my woes at once.'

'I ruminated upon the means of accomplishing this design. Various were the plans which offered to my view, but none appeared so eligible to answer the state of my mind, as the terrible element of fire. Therefore, I determined to set fire to the jail, and, SAMSON-like, make a sacrifice at my death, which should atone for the cruelties I had suffered in my life!

'The flooring of the jail was laid with two thicknesses of timber, each thickness being about fourteen inches, and over these timbers a floor of inch boards. The boards which composed the floor I cut away, in such a manner as to be able to take up a piece about two feet long; the cracks between the timbers were about two inches wide, into which I dropped coals of fire, which fell down to the ground, twenty-eight inches below the floor, among shavings and other combustible stuff. The air drawing in strongly at the place where the fire was, it soon began to rage with great violence. I replaced the board in its former situation, placed my straw, which served for my bed, on the board, and lay down, with great composure, viewing my sufferings as fast hastening to an end.

'The floor being so tight as not to admit the blaze into the room, it sought a passage elsewhere, and soon burst out, through the underpinning, and blazed up to the height of the eaves of the jail, about twenty feet! This was a scene possessing more of the horrid sublime than any thing I ever met with during my life.

'At the dead hour of night, when all nature was lost in forgetfulness, to see columns of smoke and fire rolling up with a majestic power, enveloping me around, was a scene which surpasses all description! I viewed the operation of the flames with a tranquil horror! I now felt myself exalted above the operations of the petty tyranny of those who had exercised the rod of severity over me. Your reign, said I, will be short, and I shall not fall altogether unrevenged. It may serve as a memento to others, not to drive those to desperation, who have the misfortune to fall under their power.

'I soon found that the fire had loosened the staple, which confined my chain to the floor; therefore, I was at liberty to walk from one end of the room to the other, contemplating the progress of this dreadful devouring element.

'By this time, the prisoners in the room over-head were awakened, alarmed, and began to cry out for help. The jailor was aroused, the inhabitants gathered, and the bolts, bars, and locks, were in motion. They immediately came into my room, and finding me loose, conveyed me into the dungeon.

'Whilst I was in the dungeon, I heard the bustle among the people, in putting out the fire. From the expectations of some, I thought the danger increased, and from the operation of others, I thought it diminished. My mind was wavering between hope and fear, till about four o'clock in the morning, when I found the noise decreased until it became entirely silent. I now concluded they had subdued the fire, and of course, I should be called to an account as disagreeable as when I attempted to break jail.'

He was quite right in his conclusion, as he goes on to describe, in a style as 'thrilling' as that of any writer of romances in our time:

'ABOUT nine o'clock in the morning, I heard the usual tumult at entering the outer door of the jail. I saw a crowd were entering and passing along the passe-way, previous to their coming to the dungeon-door! The door opened. The high-sheriff, jailer, and about twenty more entered. I saw, by the appearance of things, that I must prepare for the worst possible event. The sheriff advanced with a cocked pistol, which he presented to my breast, and swore, that if I offered to resist, he would put me to instant death. He had an idea that I had become desperate, and would sacrifice my own life for the sake of ridding myself from the misery I was under, and obtaining revenge for the injuries I had suffered.

'He ordered his posse to advance and seize me. They advanced and laid hold of me. As soon as they had made me secure, the sheriff took hold of my hand

and twisted it round, so as to make the pain very sensible. I thought he would have wrung my arm off my shoulder. I was led out of jail in this manner into the yard. I was then tied fast to the grates, and stripped naked.

'The reason why I was carried into the yard was, that this mild distributor of justice might have a better opportunity to give his whip full scope without impediment. He improved his opportunity, and, with a whip commonly known by the name of hunting-whip, he laid about me with all his vengeance for about five minutes. I was then re-conveyed into the dungeon; when I was loosed from the iron I had about my leg, and in lieu of that, a large ring was put about each leg, with an iron bar running from one to the other. This bar was bolted to the floor. I then had an iron about my waist, and bolted to the floor: after all, I was handcuffed and pinioned.

'Here I was deprived of fire, of clothing, and exercise, till the time was nearly expired; and even the pitiful allowance of straw to lie on: but all this was nothing, compared with what I suffered with hunger.

'Those who know the cruel effects of hunger are the only people who can understand me, when I relate these facts. But few people have ever felt its effects; therefore, should I relate this story to people in general, not many would know what I meant.

'I had not been in this situation many days, before I began to experience the severe effects of the cold. As I could not stand, walk, nor step, the only recourse I had to keep my feet from freezing, was rubbing them against an iron spike, a little from my feet, perhaps three inches, which had either never been driven into the floor entirely, or else had started back by some means, the space of about four inches. This I wore very smooth with a perpetual friction. No person was allowed barely to look through the little aperture into the dungeon. This little hole was secured by a door, so as to hide every object from our sight.

'About the seventh or eighth day after my confinement in this Pandemonium, the pains of hunger became excruciating. Gladly would I have eaten my own flesh. I even had a hankering desire to get the excrements out of the vault, but that was out of my power. All my thoughts were occupied upon victuals. I could not conceive what I had been about through life, that I had not eaten more when I had the opportunity.

'I could not possibly conceive of the idea of a man satisfied with eating. That a man could be glutted with food so as to loathe it, was a fact established in my mind, by my own personal experience — yet, at this time, I could not believe it; indeed, I thought I knew to the contrary. Had I been possessed of an empire at this time, I should have parted with it in a moment, for a supply of food for the present necessity.'

END OF PART FIRST.

SONNET: AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

As a fair bark, rich-laden with the choice
Of every clime, sails gently up the bay
Of some far isle, while heaven's gales round it play,
And all the people from the shore rejoice;
So thou, full-freighted soul, hast come to me
Wafted, so dream-like, on my being's shore,
And every thought for gladness lifts its voice
And gloats upon the treasures brought by thee.
Italy's passion-fire, the gayety
Of France, and English maiden sweetness pour
From out thine eyes, while oft the purity,
The spiritual longing of a northern sky,
Far over all do seem to float and soar.
Blessed, who such bark shall haven evermore!

MY SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

'Familiar spirits: wizards that peep and that mutter.'—Holy Writ.

Vainly is the light of Reason brought to bear on themes like this,
Fraught with mysteries of ages, teeming with despair or bliss:
Telling of the mystic visits of departed souls to earth:
Well we know of guardian angels who attend us from our birth:
Beings ever hovering near us, shielding us from much of harm,
If we heed their admonitions, when our Conscience strikes alarm:
Never thought we though, till lately, that by force of our behest,
Those we ever loved, who left us, forth would come from sacred rest;
Paradise forsaking nightly, to roam from the spirit-land,
Though unbidden, fiends incarnate stalk abroad on every hand.

Scoffingly, I lately witnessed incantations on this wise,
Which convinced me that disputing were to disbelieve my eyes:
In a 'circle' at a table, hands enlinked, they summoned Dead,
Who, by rapping, though quite faintly, filled the credulous with dread:
Perchance tilting up the table, thus exciting giddy mirth,
Or intoning threatening language through the 'Medium' who held forth;
Then mahogany came sliding toward my shins, as if intent
By such agile extreme measures to impart the message sent:
Sent to me, a scoffing skeptic, who would not 'investigate'
Revelations far beyond the ken of my poor shallow pate.

Now a maiden gently murmured wishes half-supprest with shame:
She would know if her dear mother from the shades saw aught to blame
In a contemplated union with her pure soul's counterpart:
Scarcely was the warm thought uttered from a palpitating heart,
When vibrations of the table woke sensations of deep pain,
For the cabalistic answer meant: 'Think not of him again!'
Back the maiden started quickly, while the rose forsook her cheek:
Life no longer seemed to woo her: dark the world grew, chill and bleak.
Were it not her dark eye glistened with the gathering dew-drop's sheen,
I had feared she would have fainted—as a climax to the scene.

One less timorous bluntly questioned if the telegraph worked well,
When a message quick came to him, seething with the fumes of Hell.
Maledictions fierce and ghostly checked his speech and bade him cease,
While the rocking of the table made the fears of ill increase:
Withering words the lost soul muttered, through the medium of the seer:
Had Diabolus come in person to rebuke the cavilling sneer?
Silence brooded for some moments, when the tranced one moved her arm,
With such rapid oscillations, as created much alarm;
For her blows fell thick and heavy on a disbeliever's hand,
Quite convincing all who saw her that she 'd lost all self-command.

Ha! she pounded him to jelly, and compelled him to confess
That a convert she had made him, by such striking earnestness;
Laughter, loud and unremitting, swelled in chorus at that scene,
Doubters, joined by firm believers, shouting at the spirit's spleen:
Then in eloquence supernal flowed forth much mysterious lore,
Calming turbulence, and making all as seemly as before:
Cold as ice my hands became, deprived of all their nervous force,
Interlinked with those of damsels, electric fluid fled—of course!

'Music let us have, 't will lead us back to soberness again;
Soothing melodies please warble—let us have some sweet refrain:'

Skilful hands then quickly glided o'er the keys, while voices rose,
Gently stilling all the tempest of such mirth as overflows,
When the wanton spirits loosened, drive away all peaceful thought.
While the mournful air was breathing, these are lines my fancy wrought:

DREAM, oh! dream not, blinded mortal,
That thy sense can pass the portal
Of the shadowy realm of silence:
Dark to thee, and wrapped in gloom:
Still, oh! still thy heart's loud beating,
Patient wait, for time is fleeting:
Speeding years will soon discover
All that is beyond the tomb.

Widowed heart! oh! cease repining,
Gold is tried but by refining:
Purified may'st thou be ever
By internal fire that glows:
Radiant souls are swiftly flying
To that land, where sorrow, sighing,
Fearful eyes, can never enter,
Where the fount of grace o'erflows.

Mother! wouldst thou wean from heaven
Him who from thy soul was riven?
Would that not be highest folly?
Yes! 't were madness to desire.
Dream ye not, disconsolate lover,
What is hidden to discover;
Think ye not to pierce the mystery:
Mortal sense, why thus aspire!

Influenced by that conjuration, all sank back again in thought:
When at once, the music changing, seemed to be with madness fraught:
And my fancies, fondly cherished, were made manifestly false,
For I seized a huge grimalkin, whirled her in the 'Madman's Waltz,'
And thus showed my own sensation, when possessed by sportive sprite,
Until Puss and I were weary — weary with the spirit's flight.

Curious were the eyes that watched me, when, subsiding in a chair,
I outspread my fingers widely, and invoked a spirit there:
Startled by the table tipping over to me ere I spoke,
I essayed in vain to question, nor awhile the silence broke:
'T was my *Uncle*, they informed me, who was dead of years a score;
Demonstration I should have then, of deep secrets long in store:
'*Write — your — name!*' An inspiration seized the nervous 'Medium's hand,
Which like lightning grasped a pencil, at *my Uncle's* stern command:
Dashing o'er the paper deftly, tracing out that name! — that name!
Horror then sat on my features, and I scarcely could exclaim:
'JOHN! *my Uncle!* ah! how strongly does the hidden come to light:
Prove to me your place of dying, and the date: so, here, this night,
I may freely make confession, though, like THOMAS, doubting still.'

Sadly then a steady tapping told the years and place, until
All gazed at my gestures frantic, which seemed to corroborate
Tales that I myself had whispered, when with mirth I was elate;
Relative with such prenomen never had I had till then:
'Who's to blame?' But uncle JOHNNY broke the silence ne'er again.
Wretch! to speak so in my folly. Relatives do lie, they said,
None the less when they are numbered with the false, the lying dead.
Compliments were lavished out then, in that manner, on my kin:
Sacrilegious hints were thrown out, of unpardonable sin.

Gravity and gravitation then assumed to rule the board;
And they all with agitation o'er mysterious symbols pored:
Frivolous, vain, and petty questions were denounced in words of fire,
As the scrawled and spectral writing testified of kindled ire.
Then they called up each profession; wily lawyer, canting knave,
Man of balm and consolation, learned physician, breath to save;
But what caused great consternation, and made some cry out aloud,
Was the advent of one doctor, name suggestive of a shroud:
One whose conscience could not slumber for his slaughter done on earth,
Where for lucre he 'd still practise, though 't would desolate the hearth:
Scrupulously such I always shun, for life is short enough;
But that doctor — lurking demon! — would not heed my cold rebuff;
But he vowed that he would practise on my carcass, for my pride:
Yet redeemed not such a bold threat, else before this I had died.

'Wait a moment!' then I told them, 'and I 'll raise a spirit pure.'
Forthwith hieing from their presence, though my meaning was obscure,
Hard by, in a chamber sleeping, (for it now was late at night,)
EMMA, beauteous child, unconscious lay, apparelled all in white;
Little sprite of five bright summers, who awoke with smile-lit face:
Gracefully she stood uprightly, giving me a love-embrace.
When I took her from the cradle, to the crowd the table round:
'See this spirit!' then I told them, while my glee did loud resound.

When I sought again the 'circle,' after taking back the child,
They had summoned up a chieftain of the Red Men of the wild:
'MOUNTAIN-EAGLE bids thee, PALE-FACE, hence to flee, and come no more;
Thou 'st despoiled him, thou 'st allured him from the GOD he did adore:
The GREAT SPIRIT tells HIS children to avenge their nation 's wrongs:
Fire-water to cast from them — pest! — that misery prolongs.'
Thus the chieftain's proclamation, more at length, was emptied forth
From the mouth of eye-closed 'Medium,' (though 't is hard to tell its worth,)
Till one yawningly made mention, that the hour had grown so late,
That 't were well to cease all talking, and begin to meditate.
Then, disbanding, thence all sallied; some to have a dreamless rest,
Others shuddering, lest hobgoblins and grim spectres should infest
Each bed-chamber, every corner where a pile of clothes is hung,
Every nook, each bush or clothes-horse over which a sheet is flung.

That is how I was converted; (was it, think you, *in a horn?*)
Thus the sublime truths came to me, doctrines that I 'd viewed with scorn.
If you 've read in recent journals of bold tricks, most queer and droll,*
Which embodied spirits practised on two strangers, who did stroll
Where a social evening party sought the science to explore,
You 'll remember both the strangers made their exit by the door,
After having eased each member of the 'circle' of his cash,
Watch, or jewels, all surrendered as a jest — just for a *dash!*
'Ha! MACAIRE and STROP, how foolish they will look when wits return,
Shaking off their sleep mesmeric, how their reddening cheeks will burn!'
Confidence those spirits naughty had cajoled, despite police,
Who soon *jugged* the playful strangers, as a warning not to fleece.

* AMONG late Police Reports appeared the following: 'The notorious 'Confidence Man,' (just discharged from the Penitentiary, for some manifestation of early piety,) with a chum of the same ilk, went the other evening among some spiritualists. 'Confidence,' who was introduced as a gentleman from Kentucky, soon became *influenced* by the spirit of ROBERT MACAIRE, and his companion with that of JAQUES STROP, both seeming for the nonce to have lost all personal identity. A curious lady present, felt anxious to know how MACAIRE was wont to exercise his talents, when lo! the spirit of the thief manifested itself, to the infinite amusement of all present. MACAIRE went round the circle, collecting jewels, watches, and money. These he handed to STROP, who stumbled about in an unconscious (?) state, until he found the outside of the door, where he soon was rejoined by his comrade. The company waited a few moments; one becoming impatient, peeped out — both had left. After some trouble, the officers arrested them both; and yesterday they were committed to answer.'

But *our* 'circle' eye more sharply when a stranger we invite:
Place his hands upon the table, close our pockets all up tight.
Be advised, though, verdant reader, when you would our 'circle' join,
That no token will admit you without talismanic coin:
Would you deeper search the Occult, pierce the Future's secret store?
(If you would, and you really think you have a turn for profound psychological investigations, commence as soon as you please, (tickets one dollar) and after you have repeated the dose ten or a dozen times) —
Truth will burst with dazzling brightness on your mind — *perhaps* before!

(*New-York,*) *December*, 1857. W. H. Browne.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH

Running, with a fresh westerly breeze, through the Straits of Gibraltar, and by the 'hill of victory,' gladly we hailed the blue waters of the Mediterranean; and the wind continuing *en popa*, as the Spaniards say, many days had not elapsed before, with Ischia on the one hand, and Procida on the other, we were standing in, under a cloud of canvas, for the anchorage off the '*lanterna*' at Naples.

Here we found three of our national vessels; the line-of-battle-ship 'Indiana,' carrying the broad pennant of Commodore Frasier, the frigate 'Sabine,' and the sloop-of-war 'Huron,' whose officers, to the annoyance of Mr. Garboard, crowded aboard of us, while we were engaged in 'mooring ship.'

As soon as the order was given to 'pipe down,' we mids showed our guests the way to the steerage, where an animated conversation ensued, as to the manner in which the 'Shenandoah' had been 'handled' in coming up the harbor; and after a long discussion of this delicate subject, it still remained a matter of doubt to the large majority of us, 'whether or not the topsails would have been more easily 'clewed up' if the sheets had been started a quarter of a minute earlier' — Daw, who was an admirer of the first lieutenant, earnestly supporting the negative of this proposition, and Duet, the mathematician, as stoutly maintaining the affirmative of it.

'What sort of an officer is your first lieutenant?' inquired Weasel of Midshipman Brown, of the 'Huron.'

'A most miserable one indeed,' responded Brown. '*Why, he has no voice at all!*'

Now I was at a loss to comprehend the meaning of this reply, at the time, but I fully understood it some years later, when, in common with a large number of my brother officers, I stood upon the 'long wharf' at Pensacola, to witness the getting under way of the United States schooner 'Petrel' of forty-two tons, commanded by Lieutenant P. F. Windy. 'All hands up anchor!'

thundered the acting boatswain, Mr. Harvey, and instanter all was commotion aboard the schooner; the men and boys, fourteen in number, rushing with hurricane speed to the 'deck-tackle;' the master, Mr. Baker, taking two strides from the cabin-hatch to the forecastle; passed midshipman Duncan stationing himself amidships; and the commanding-officer standing as far aft as he could possibly get, as erect as an oak, and as stiff as a pump-bolt.

Presently, clapping with both hands an enormous speaking-trumpet to his mouth, which, projecting far beyond Duncan, almost touched the ear of the master, Lieutenant Commanding Windy yelled out:

'Are you all ready forward, Sir?'

'All ready, Sir!'

'Walk away the deck-tackle!'

The chain being soon reported 'in to a short stay,' Lieutenant Commanding Windy again bellowed out:

'Belay the deck-tackle! Lay aft and hoist the mainsail!'

And when the anchor was aweigh, he ordered the jib and foresail to be set, in a voice whose *trumpet tones* caused so violent a concussion of the air, that I was almost lifted off my feet by it.

'Splendid officer, that Windy!' cried Captain Grundy of 'the Washington Mutual Adulation Society.'

'Best I ever saw!' exclaimed three of his satellites in a breath.

'Great disciplinarian!' said sailing-master Hardy.

'Finest voice in the Navy!' stammered Commodore Doolittle.

'Not a doubt of it!' ejaculated Doctor Seaman.

'Almost equal to a Mahon jackass's, said little Charley Sinner.

'Almost equal? Far superior to it!' rejoined the others indignantly.

And then they all — Sinner excepted — joined in a laudation of Windy, which it was truly delightful to listen to.

For myself, I made no remark whatever, but I could not, for the life of me, help reverting to the time when my mess-mates of the 'Shenandoah' cried with one voice: 'Long live John Jenkins, knight of the double rations; and may he ever be blessed with the *two great requisites of a naval officer — a shrill voice and a capacious stomach!*'

We had been about a week at Naples, when Commodore Barriga Pompous arrived there in the frigate 'United States,' with orders to relieve Commodore Frasier, whose term of service had expired.

As Pompous was the junior of the two, the instant he hove in sight of Frasier's flag, he fired a salute of thirteen guns, which was promptly returned, and with interest, too; for no sooner had the 'Indiana' ceased firing, than the 'Sabine,' commanded by Captain Beale, senior captain of the squadron, commenced 'blazing away,' starboard and port.

'Why, how is that, Mr. Garboard?' cried our captain; 'the Commodore must have issued a general order to salute, which,

through some mistake, has not reached us. Fire away, as soon as you're ready, Sir!'

As Mr. Garboard counted thirteen, the little 'Huron' 'took it up,' as we say in the Navy; and so old Pompous received the very liberal allowance of fifty-two guns for his paltry thirteen.

Soon, however, Commodore Frasier sent his flag-lieutenant aboard of us to know 'why we had fired;' and Captain Blazes's explanation being satisfactory, nothing more was said to him on the subject; but Captain Beale returning for answer to a similar question, that his salute was intended as a *feu de joie*, to celebrate the advent of a *gentleman* to command the squadron, there was a grand 'row in the camp,' to be sure.

'The salute was a private one, and I paid for every ounce of the powder expended out of my own pocket,' quoth Beale.

'You have no right to fire a private salute from a public vessel,' dogmatically responded his superior. And so, without further parleying, the delinquent captain was arrested, and the first luff of the 'Indiana' placed in command of his vessel.

As Beale was a gallant fellow, though, and a general favorite in the squadron, notwithstanding his being somewhat erratic in his notions, and inclined to take his toddy rather stronger than was good for him, all his brother captains warmly interested themselves in his behalf; and the Commodore, who was as amiable and courteous a gentlemen as ever had the good fortune to smell gunpowder, was easily persuaded to restore him to duty.

Thereupon, a general jollification, upon the part of all the commanders of the squadron, came off at night in the cabin of the 'Shenandoah,' which lasted until near cock-crow, Captain Beale being the last one to leave the vessel.

As he staggered toward the starboard gangway, where stood four messenger-boys, each with a 'lantern dimly burning,' he threw his arms about Blazes's neck, and burst into tears. 'What's the matter now, Beale?' inquired 'the old man.'

'You real (hiccup) ly overcome, come (hiccup) over me with your ki-kind (hiccup) ness, Blaze-aze-us; you do in-deed!'

'My kindness! Why, what do you mean, man?'

'But you do (hiccup) me too, too much honor — in-deed you (hiccup) do,' continued Beale, sobbing bitterly, and steadying himself against the mainmast. 'All I ask is four li-lights, and ——'

'Four lights is all you have,' interrupted our skipper.

'Four! Do you think I'm bli-wind, then?' exclaimed Beale, pointing toward each one of the messenger-boys in turn as he spoke. 'Is n't *there* two (hiccup) boys with li-lights; and *there* two, and *there* two, and *there* two — and does n't four ti-times (hiccup) two make (hiccup) eight, I'd li-like to know?'

Under this pleasing delusion, the worthy *comandante lloroso* of the 'Sabine' betook himself to his ship; and his steward reports that the last words he uttered that night, as he turned into his cot, were: 'All I ask is four li-lights, and (hiccup) ne'er a one mo-wore, friend Blaze-aze-us!'

One bright afternoon in the month of May, I went ashore at Naples to witness the liquefaction of the blood of the great San Gennaro, of blessed memory.

As I entered the Duomo, a Neapolitan officer made his way to me through the dense masses of human beings that thronged every corner of the church, and politely led me to a seat just outside of the balustrade surrounding the sanctuary, whence I, of course, had a fine view of what my guide-book informed me was a 'most imposing spectacle;' yet, sooth to say, on this occasion it partook, to my mind, very largely of the character of buffoonery; and since I have had the opportunity of comparing it with the magic of the 'wise men of the East,' of which I may, perhaps, have occasion to make mention in the progress of this valuable work, I have been reluctantly forced to pronounce the whole *function*, one of the very *shallowest* pieces of trickery that ever *juggler* resorted to.

By the altar stood an austere-looking priest, holding in his left hand a glass jar or bottle, (containing, *it was said*, the coagulated blood of San Gennaro,) which he was violently rubbing with his right; while, kneeling in a circle around him, were the descendants of the saint, vociferously calling upon the shade of their pious ancestor to be present at the ceremony, and, for the honor of the family, to assist the priest in his manipulations.

After an hour's hard labor, however, the efforts of the holy father relaxed, and, finally, the blood still remaining congealed, his right arm fell, powerless, to his side.

Then arose, from all parts of the vast cathedral, bitter complaints against the saint; and the Gennaro family, waxing exceedingly wrathy, abused him in good round terms, declaring that however excellent he might have been in the flesh, it was quite evident he was but little better than he should be in the spirit, and that they, for their parts, were heartily ashamed of him.

'A nice specimen of a saint you are, I *do n't* think!' screamed one.

'To be all this time performing a small job like that!' cried another.

'Saint Paul or Saint Peter could have done it in one-third of the time!' shrieked a third. And now, being fairly under way, they continued to pour forth the vials of their wrath in a torrent of vituperation, such as no saint in Christendom could long have withstood the shock of; so poor San Gennaro was forced, like Martin Scott's coon, to 'come down;' and accordingly he put it into the head of the manipulator, to provide himself with a *spirit*-lamp of goodly dimensions, *by the aid of which the blood was most marvellously liquefied;* and all the people prostrated themselves, in exceeding great wonder at the miracle; and the Gennaro family wept aloud; and I — alas! sinner that I am! — I marched out of the church in double quick time, whistling to myself — Yankee Doodle!

I had not gone far, when a beautiful flower-girl, leading by the hand a bright-eyed, thoughtful-looking boy, of about four years of

age, tapped me lightly on the shoulder, and, in broken English, requested me to purchase one of her bouquets.

I was not in a particularly good humor at the time, for I was thinking of the tom-foolery, of which I had just been an eye-witness; and turning to the girl, I harshly bade her take herself off. In an instant, however, my heart smote me for my rudeness, and running after her, (for she had got a little distance from me by this,) I dropped a five-franc piece in her basket, and took from it a bouquet in exchange; and, as I did so, I observed a large tear trickling down her olive cheek — a tear of humiliation and shame! All the rest of the afternoon, the sad countenance of the girl haunted me, and a thousand times I vowed in my inmost soul, never again to add to the weary burden of the poor, the *bitter weight of an unkind word.*

The next morning it so fell out that I accompanied Gray on a visit to the extensive hospital, in the '*largo delle pigne,*' called the *casa degl' incurabile.*

As we entered the ward appropriated to surgical cases, we became aware, from the bustle pervading a crowd of medical students who were gathered together in one corner of it, that an operation had just been, or was shortly about to be, performed; and in answer to our queries, a nurse informed us that his Excellency, the great doctor Raphael Bombelli, had the moment before added to his exalted reputation by amputating the leg of a boy who had been run over by a *citadine.*

Drawing near to the sufferer, and looking into his agonized face, I recognized, to my grief and horror, the pensive features of the little fellow whom I had met, on the previous evening, near the 'Duomo.' His sister was on her knees by his bed-side, holding one of his tiny hands in hers, her fine eyes upturned toward heaven, as if seeking *there* for that consolation which was denied to her upon the earth, and her lips parted in prayer.

Kneeling by her side, I placed my hand gently on the boy's head, and, with my handkerchief, commenced wiping the perspiration from his cold, damp brow, when — God help me! — the good angel who sustained his feeble spirit, *looked through his eyes and smiled.*

And all that day, and for many days thereafter, Gray and I watched by the bed-side of the dying boy; and I marked that the smile never once left his face. At times it was feebler than at others, but still it was there: and I learned a lesson from it that no sermon could inculcate. And ofttimes, amid the false glare and hollow mirth of the revel, and in the solitude of my own chamber, I see that sainted smile; and when wearied with the cares of earth, as I sometimes am, I yield to the snares of the Tempter, and repine at my lot, the shade of that patient boy — now my ministering spirit — appears at my side, and I bow my head in contrition, and pray — pray that my last end may be like his!

At length it became evident to all that the child was sinking fast; and it was a beautiful and sanctifying sight to behold him,

as his hour approached, with his arms tightly clasped around his sister's neck, endeavoring to assuage her grief, and to hear him, with understanding far beyond his years — for his soul had strengthened with his body's decay — portraying the endless joys of the world to come.

And thus discoursing of our FATHER in heaven, and of the Blessed SAVIOUR, and of the Holy Mother, the child died.

This was in the early morning, and after informing the superintendent of the hospital that we would be back on the morrow to attend the funeral, the expenses of which we wished to be permitted to defray, Gray and myself left the *bouquetiere* alone with her dead, and returned to the 'Shenandoah.'

Toward evening we again went ashore, and strolling, in a thoughtful mood, along the western side of the hill of Lotrecco, we came, by chance, upon the *campo santo vecchio*, just as the sun was throwing his last rays on the crater of Vesuvius. Daily, at this hour, and in this place, the deceased paupers of Naples are indiscriminately *hurled* together, into one of the three hundred and sixty-six pits, *charitably* provided for their reception, by that pious king, Ferdinand the First.

As my comrade and I stood at a little distance, to observe this loathsome spectacle, I counted the number of the dead, and found them — men, women, and children — seventeen in all; all destined to a common grave!

And now, *the bodies being despoiled of their covering*, and thrown into the pit, the buriers were about closing it, when, with a wild, soul-piercing shriek, a girl, with disordered garments and disheveled hair, came running into the *consecrated* ground, and, but for the bystanders, would have precipitated herself into the *hallowed* abyss.

This girl was the *bouquetiere!*

With unsteady step, and reeling brain, I approached the pit, and beheld — O shame! O horror! amid a mass of corruption — *the earthly tenement of an angel!*

Ye who ignorantly prate of the many charities of Catholic climes, and would fain place a confessional in every corner of this fair land, think sometimes of the *campo santo vecchio* — and oh! ask yourselves if such a burial as I have described, be not fitter 'for the beasts that perish' than for man, 'whose soul goeth upward from the earth!'

When I inquired, afterward, at the hospital, the cause of the child's so hasty and indecent interment, I received for reply that he had been buried 'conformably to the rules of the institution.'

As to the flower-girl, Gray and I took care that she was suitably provided for; and should the reader of these memoirs feel sufficient interest in her fate, to desire to know more of her, he or she may, perchance, gain the requisite information from a future volume.

During our stay at Naples, the Duke d'Avalos gave a grand *fete champetre*, to which all the 'Shenandoahs' were invited, and

a glorious time we mids had of it dancing on the green with the pretty Neapolitan maidens. The fete commenced at ten in the morning, and continued until late in the afternoon; and was conducted on a scale of magnificence far exceeding any thing I had ever before dreamt of, giving great satisfaction to the company generally, and to Mr. Hoyle in particular, who, having partaken largely of the 'rosy,' was in a Dick Swiveller state of mind, and fully impressed with the dire necessity of letting the Duke of Avalos and his guests know 'what manner of man' they had among them.

With this intent, he 'double shuffled' up to the Marquise de Perot, a very charming little French woman, and came the 'back step' on her husband's toes; next approaching the Spanish ambassador with the 'heavy-sea-way-tread,' he seized that grave functionary by the waistband of his breeches, and throwing him into the air, as if he were a ball, he dexterously caught him on his descent, by the collar of his coat, and landed him in safety, to the great admiration of the company, in the precise spot whence he had taken him; and, finally, he wound up his wondrous performance by *reeling* gracefully up to the youthful Countess of Livorno, with the 'rolling motion,' and 'backing and filling' twice around her, each time imprinting a kiss on her cherry-colored lips.

'*Que diablo de hombre!*' cried the Spanish ambassador.

'*C'est un veritable bete!*' said the marquis.

'C'est un ange!' sighed his wife.

The pretty countess, with true Italian discretion, kept her thoughts, whatever they were, to herself; but it was remarked that she hung on Hoyle's arm during the continuance of the fete; and when we all set off, about sun-set, on our return to Naples, it was *her* carriage that conveyed Hoyle thither. And when I entered the 'San Carlos' that night, to hear the grand opera of *Hernani*, the first object that attracted my attention was the jolly luff, seated cheek by jole, with the beautiful Countess of Livorno!

There were in the pit of the 'San Carlos,' that same night, some twenty of our men, who had been on liberty since the morning. They were all a little 'fresh,' but perfectly orderly in their behavior, and they kept the house in a roar with their eccentricities.

Among them might have been observed our old friends Peterson and Ropeyarn, the former holding a spy-glass in his hand, through which he took an occasional peep at the *prima donna*, (who seemed to have greatly captivated his fancy,) and the latter with his 'call' slung around his neck, with which he piped '*belay*,' when his ship-mates seemed at all inclined to be obstreperous.

The opera was near its conclusion, when, most unexpectedly, the King of Naples made his appearance in the royal box, and instantly the orchestra commenced playing the National Anthem, while the audience rose to do homage to their sovereign. Our Yankee tars, however, not understanding what was going on, remained immovable in their seats, whereupon the captain of the guard, who was certainly a *veritable ane*, took the exceeding great

liberty of whacking one of them over the shoulders with his drawn sword. Scarce had he done so, however, before Hoyle swung himself from the box of the Countess into the parquette, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, he had the Neapolitan by the throat, and was playing 'ten pound ten' on his stupid *capo*, under the very noses of his guard.

Maddox, Jones and myself, who were the only other American officers present, rushed quickly to his side, together with two 'down East' merchant captains, who, 'seeing,' as they said, 'that there seemed to be a pretty considerable smart chance of a fight on hand, did n't mind coming in for a small sprinklin' of it themselves, providin' they were n't intrudin', jest for the honor of the 'gridiron.''

'Charge bayonets!' cried the lieutenant of the guard. But before his *soldati* could bring their muskets into position, Hoyle gave the order '*to board;*' and cheering with all our lungs, we rushed upon them with an impetus that nothing could withstand. In a trice they were disarmed, and as passive as sheep in our hands; so each one seizing an enemy by the nape of the neck, we marched boldly out of the theatre, headed by Hoyle and Maddox, and our rear covered by our gallant volunteers, who were loudly singing that inspiring ditty:

'On the *seouth* side of Nantucket *pint*.'

As soon as we reached the open air, we were made aware, from the rattling of drums, and blowing of bugles in all directions, that a large force was mustering to attack us, and, fearing that our retreat to the ship might be intercepted, we cut adrift from our prizes, (bestowing upon each of them a hearty kick as we parted company,) and made all sail for the mole, where most fortunately we found a boat awaiting us. As we stepped into it, we heard the heavy tramp of infantry, and the clatter of cavalry close in our rear, and scarce had we got a hundred yards from the mole, before a small army of about a thousand foot, and as many horse, took possession of it, and encamped there, in battle array, for the night.

Then, 'laying on our oars,' we gave three hearty cheers, which brought a volley of musketry over our heads; after which we 'gave way' in good earnest; and after landing the Yankees aboard of their respective vessels, we pulled in high glee to the 'Shenandoah.'

This was our last exploit at Naples. On the morrow, a formal complaint being lodged against Hoyle by the Neapolitan government, the Commodore deemed it advisable to send the 'Shenandoah' out on a cruise, until the affair had blown over. Two days thereafter, the Spanish ambassador and the Marquis de Perot sent an address to the king, in which they separately congratulated his majesty upon having got rid of a '*devil*' and a '*beast!*'

The Marquise de Perot went into deep mourning, while the poor Countess of Livorno, who was inconsolable at the loss of her *cava-*

lier servante, in less than a month from his departure, actually died of grief, and *not*, (as was falsely asserted in the 'Gazzetta,') 'from *swallowing a fish-bone.*'

—

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

THE bell had just gone two in the morning watch, and we were lying becalmed off the island of Sardinia, the crew being engaged in the intellectual occupation of scrubbing decks, and Fearless and myself idly lounging in the port-gangway — when all the galley-cooks, headed by their venerable chief, Sandy Scott, made their appearance at the mainmast.

As they stood there, uncovered, waiting the approach of the officer of the deck, Mr. Bobstay, their countenances wore an air of deep dejection; and it was evident, to the most casual observer, that all was not right about the '*coppers.*'

'Well, Sandy, what can I do for you?' said Mr. Bobstay.

''Deed, Misser Bobstay, I 'm gotten a berry onpleasant piece ob duty to perform, Sare, and dat 's a fac; but we 's all loadened wid our trials in disser mortal spere, bress the LOR!'

'Come, out with what you 've got to say at once!' cried the impatient luff. 'I 've something else to do beside listening to an old fool like you!'

'Ole fool, eh?' rejoined the offended Sandy, drawing himself up, and putting both arms a-kimbo. 'Well, all I 'm gotten to say on dat tickler pint am, dat ef you, or any odder ob de officers, can find any man in disser ship, dat knowledges more about bilin ob de bean-soup, or keepin ob de coppers clean, dan wot disser chile does, jes you bring him along wid you, and I 'll turn ober de galley to him *straight* — pots, sass-pans and all; and no questions axed — dat 's wot I 'll do — ole fool to be sure! De LOR knows, honey, old Commodore Hull nebber tought dis nigger one, dat day dat we lain so snug alongside de 'Give-em-are,' (dem dam Britishers wanted ob it bad enough afore we 'd done wid dem;) nor old Commodore Bainbridge, nudder — him wot 's dead and gone — de LOR be good to him! — de time wot we knocked dat ere 'Massa-do-nuthin'* (as de captin ob our main-top berry properly called her) into a cocked hat — ole fool indeedy! I knows berry well, Sare, dat all ob you *youngsters* takes us ole ones for fools; but dere am two sides to dat ticklar pint, too, what I wont purtend for to 'scuss now, kase *I 'm* got some ting else to do, as well as oder folks, Sare.'

Now if there was one thing more than another that pleased Mr. Bobstay, who was a gray-headed old bachelor, with matrimonial intentions, it was to hear himself called youthful; so tapping the old darkey gently on the shoulder with his speaking-trumpet, he remarked, blandly: 'I believe you *are* as brave an old fellow

* SEAMEN have a most extraordinary facility for *distorting* the names of vessels. Thus, they call the 'Susquehanna' the 'Suffering Hannah;' the 'Cyane,' the 'Sighing Ann,' etc., etc.

as ever 'planked' a deck, Sandy; and if I can serve you in any way, I'll do so with all my heart.'

'Dare, now, Mr. Bobstay, you talks like a gentleman, you does; de Lor a massy, you boys is all alike, you is! — always gwine to fly off de handle! But, as I was a sayin' afore, I 'm gotten a onpleasant piece of duty to perform — 'deed I has, Sare!'

'Well, go on, Sandy.'

'Mr. Bobstay, Jocko 's dead!'

'*Jocko* dead! what! the *monkey?*'

'Dat 's him, Sare.'

'Why, I saw him playing about the rigging last evening, as lively as a kitten.

'Dat 's a sarcumstantial fac, Sare, but he 's dead, nebber de less; and he so diwertin, too, wid his tricks!'

'And so fond ob ebbery body 'bout de galley,' said the ward-room cook.

'And sich a *soon* monkey, too,' cried he of the cabin.

'Uch, ah! he was all dat!' chimed in the others.

'Well, Sare,' continued Sandy, 'de manner ob de poor feller's deff was dis. You see, Sare, Jacko was berry like de cullered pussons, and could n't stan' de cold no how; so las night, when de fire was out in de galley, he don gwine, and crawl in de oben; and dare he lay berry snug and warm, I spose, till de day gin to break, at which time, I kindled ob de fire, and at de same time I don shet to de door ob de oben, kase I knowed de ward-room steward was a gwine to bake cakes for breakfast. 'T wan't long afore I heern Jocko scream. 'Who de debbil 's a teasin ob dat ere monkey?' said I. But nobody answer; and den anoder scream, and den anoder, and anoder, and anoder on de top ob dat, too. At las, after runnin' all around, and ebbery which way, kinder 'stracted like, I 'gan for to 'spicion in my mind what de matter was, and peeped in de oben, and dare was poor Jocko almos' burned to a crisp. He libbed about two minnits after I haul him out, Sare, and den he dropped stone dead jes in front ob de range. And de objec of disser meetin' at de mast am, Sare, to ax you to pleas hab de goodness to luff us launch de body from de starboard gang-way, kase he was so 'spectable a monkey, as soon as de carpenter's mate 's don finish a coffin wot he 's a makin of for him now, Sare.'

'Most certainly I will, Sandy,' responded the juvenile Bobstay; 'and you may bring him up as soon as you 're ready.'

Much gratified with this permission, the cooks *grinned* their thanks, and left the deck. In the course of an hour, however, they returned to it, bringing with them the mortal remains of their deceased comrade, which were borne on the shoulders of the venerable Sandy. They were all dressed in their 'mustering clothes;' and they looked as melancholy as the hired mourners at a rich man's funeral.

When they reached the gang-way, the body was deposited on the deck, for a few minutes, in order that the friends of Jocko might take their last look at his mirth-provoking features; which

ceremony being concluded, the corpse was consigned to the deep, amid the lamentations of the whole crew. In fact, I do not believe that the death of any officer or man in the ship would have caused such general regret as did that of 'poor Jocko.'

As Sandy turned to go forward, I noticed the tears coursing one after the other, down his wrinkled cheeks; and I heard him say, in reply to some consolatory words which Peterson was pouring into his ear: 'I knows berry well, George, dat you knowledges more 'bout most tings dan wot I does, but as to dat monkey's not having no soul, 'taint no kinder use for you to tell dis nigger notting 't all about it, kase in regard ob dat 'ticklar pint, dere am only ONE wot knows — and dat 's de LOR A'MIGHTY. I knows dare 's dose as says de monkeys an't got no reason nudder. Go way, childe! dey 's got a heap mor'n de *common nig*, any day ob de seben. Why, it am mor'n eight year, George, sense I fust made de 'quaintance ob Jocko, kase you see we was ship-mates two cruises afore dis, and I nebber knowed him to do nuthin dat a 'spectable monkey need be 'shamed ob doin', no how. He war a little mischievyous, I allows, but den he nebber did a right down mean onchristian act, no, nebber! And so you see, George, I b'liebes myself — do I do n't purten for to say sartin — dat Jocko had a soul jes de same as you and I habs, and dat one ob dese days we be all a gwine to meet agin in Daby Jones's locker, kase people may call em monkeys and brutes and all dat, but I tinks dey 's old-time people, I does — dat 's wot I tinks!'

Thus fully expressing his *psychological* opinions, the old cook left 'the presence;' and when I next met him he was busily engaged in 'bilin ob de bean soup,' preparatory to giving the ship's company their dinner.

Fair and softly blew the northern breeze, and gayly the 'Shenandoah' danced upon the billows of the Sardinian sea, as we ran along the coast of Sicily; and every one was predicting a speedy passage to Malta, (whither we were bound,) when a little after mid-night, on the sixth day of August, Cape St. Marco bearing north, distant about ten miles, the wind came out but-end foremost, as the sailors say, from west-by-south, while the sudden fall of the barometer gave indication of the approach of one of those violent tornadoes which so frequently sweep across the southern shores of the Mediterranean, bringing death and devastation in their track.

All hands being called, the ship was placed at once under close-reefed topsails and courses, and hauled by the wind on the starboard tack, with her head to the southward; after which the topgallant masts were sent on deck, relieving-tackles hooked, and, in short, every preparation made to breast the coming storm that good seamanship could dictate to men who, with

> 'THAT stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel,'

were fully determined to battle with their enemy *à outrance*.

'We are clawing off well, I think, Mr. Garboard,' remarked the Captain at two in the morning, (as the master reported the vessel

heading south-by-east, making five knots;) 'and if it blow no harder, we 'll be in a snug berth enough by eight o'clock.'

'It will blow a hurricane long before that, Sir,' answered the first lieutenant, in a subdued tone; 'and the sea is getting up fast, I perceive.'

'I know it well, Garboard,' hurriedly rejoined his superior, 'and I would give all I possess on earth for a little more sea-room; but as it is, we must make the best of it. We have but one resource ——'

'And that is?'

'To carry sail as long as the masts stand!'

'And when they *go*?'

The Captain replied not; but he raised his eyes and hands toward heaven, and the look and gesture were more eloquent than words.

'Come, Garboard,' said he, at length, 'we must have no more of this. You and I are old and tried friends, and know each other's strength, but I would not, for my life, have the crew share our apprehensions!'

'You need have no fear on that score, so far as I am concerned, Captain Blazes,' cried Mr. Garboard, reddening to the temples; 'for ——'

'Pray do n't misunderstand me,' interrupted the Captain, kindly and affectionately placing his hand on his lieutenant's shoulder. 'Believe me, Garboard, my greatest support during this trial will be to have *you* by my side.'

'May God bless you for those words, Sir!' And as the old salt spoke, unable to repress his emotions of gratified pride, he turned away his head to conceal the tear which was slowly trickling down his weather-beaten face.

By three o'clock the wind and sea had greatly increased, and the ship was laboring fearfully.

'Let the men and officers go below by watches, and refresh themselves with hot coffee, Mr. Garboard; we will need all their energies ere long,' said the Captain, quietly.

As I was seated cross-legged on the steerage deck, an hour or so after this, holding a pot of 'old Java' in my hand, which I was eagerly sipping, the hoarse cry of 'All hands!' resounding through the ship, summoned me to my post, and never, while life lasts, can I forget the appalling spectacle which presented itself to my horrified gaze, as I reached the upper-deck.

Day was just breaking; and, as far as the eye could reach to leeward, extended a rock-bound, surf-lashed shore, while the sky over our heads and the waves beneath us (save that their *crests* were fringed with foam) were as black as the shades of mid-night; and, as if these horrors were not sufficient to appal the stoutest heart, the roaring of the wind through the rigging, the creaking of the strained masts, and the groaning of the over-tasked vessel, were terrors that were *felt*, but can never, never be *described*.

'The masts are buckling like reeds, Garboard,' coolly remarked our commander. 'Send the men down from the tops!'

The first lieutenant had but just complied with this mandate, when, with a terrific crash, the topmasts went over the side, and at the same instant the courses blew out of the bolt-rope. The three lower stay-sails, which were bent in readiness for this emergency, were now hoisted; but although the 'Shenandoah,' lightened of her top-hamper, and relieved of her press of canvas, was comparatively easy, and 'lay to' like a duck, to use a favorite simile, the securing of the wreck was no trifling matter. At length, however, through the almost incredible exertions and indomitable gallantry of both officers and men, this difficult feat was accomplished, and, happily, without loss of life or limb. Yet, there lay the grim island to leeward — a monster Death! from whose clutches none could expect to escape — and our hearts sank within us, and all hope of deliverance was indeed taken away, when, in the course of an hour from the time of our losing our spars, it became evident to every man and boy in the ship, that, in addition to our *drift*, a current was setting us toward our enemy.

The cables were now bent, and every thing prepared for cutting away the lower mast, and coming to anchor on a lee shore — the starboard sheet-anchor being backed by the stream, and the other anchors with kedges — and Mr. Bobstay and the master having received their final orders, were sent on the main-deck with the port watch. After which the hatches were securely battened down fore and aft.

Then came the most trying time of all; when, there being nothing more to do, we were compelled (like a corps of veterans, exposed to the fire of an enemy, with orders to maintain their position without discharging a shot in return) passively to submit to our fate; and none but those similarly circumstanced can understand with what a feeling of absolute relief we realized the fact, about mid-day, that the struggle for life or death was at hand.

The Captain deeming it advisable to send the first lieutenant forward, now took the trumpet; and when we had approached within a mile of the shore, the ship, caught by a *roller*, suddenly falling off in the trough of the sea, and the quarter-master at the lead reporting 'twenty fathoms, and shoaling,' the stream-anchor was let go, and as soon as the stream-cable was taut, the weather-sheet. At the same instant, the staysails were hauled down and the helm put hard a-port; while clear and distinct through the trumpet, came the command to cut away the masts. But there was no need; for at this crisis, a high, combing sea came hissing and foaming over the weather hammock-nettings, just forward of the main-rigging, and when it left us, masts, spars, and boats, together with one officer and six seamen, were floating away to leeward. Yet, still calm and collected, amid the horror and confusion of this scene, our noble commander, and first lieutenant, retained their full presence of mind, instilling confidence into the breasts of all around them, by their manly bearing; and the orders to let go the other anchors were given and obeyed, with as much coolness and deliberation, as if the 'Shenandoah' was merely making a 'flying moor' in a snug harbor.

The ship now swung to her anchors, and after 'dragging' until they were in a line ahead, with an equal strain on each, contrary to the expectation of us all, 'brought up.'

Then followed a period of the most agonizing suspense, compared with which, all that we had previously endured was light and trifling; as, now elated by hope, now depressed by fear, we lay for four long hours, *balancing, as it were, between two worlds.*

During all this time, the sea made a clean breach over us, carrying many a poor fellow to his last account; while, high above the wail of the tempest, was heard the sullen roar of the breakers greedy of their prey. And as cold, wet, and trembling, I crouched to leeward of the capstan, to which I was securely lashed, I prayed, as I had never prayed before, that I might not be cut off in my sins.

But 'the voice of the LORD that stilleth the raging of the sea,' was heard at length upon the deep; and the winds were hushed, and the waves sobbed themselves to sleep, and 'there was a great calm.' And when night came, the sky was clear, and the moon arose, and the stars looked down upon us and smiled. Then knew we that we were saved, and with the knowledge came the remembrance of the dead: and silently we looked into each other's faces, and wept.

When day dawned, the crew was mustered, and it was found that Williamson, Duet, and nineteen of the men were missing.

The Captain then gave the order to 'pipe down,' and we all went below, (save the lieutenant of the watch and a quartermaster) to seek the repose which we so much needed; and when I again went on deck, which was not until long after mid-day, a British steamer was running down to our assistance. The anchors were now weighed, and the steamer taking us in tow, we were soon under way for the Island of Malta; and the next evening, as we entered the beautiful harbor of Valetta, I recalled to mind the words of the inspired Psalmist, and could scarce forbear crying aloud:

'They that go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters:

'These men see the works of the LORD, and HIS wonders in the deep.

'For at HIS word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof.

'They are carried up to the heavens, and down again to the deep; their soul melteth away because of the trouble.

'They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end.

'So when they cry unto the LORD in their trouble, HE delivereth them out of their distress.

'For HE maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still.

'Then are they glad, because they are at rest: and so HE bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.'

MID-NIGHT.

BY HELEN BARLE

On my window-pane
The ceaseless, weeping rain
  Is pouring, pouring:
And the wind the old trees rocking,
'Gainst the house their long arms knocking,
  Like some mendicant imploring
For a shelter from the rain:
The sad wind-spirit's moaning
In its drearness, well is toning
  With my own,
As I sit within my chamber,
  By my fire-side, all alone,
  And list the wind's sad moan.

On my walls, and curtains white,
The dim, dim fire-light
Weaves such strange, fantastic shadows:
They are hiding in the gloom,
In the corners of the room:
Or their phantom forms are passing,
O'er the walls each other chasing,
Till a flame from out the fire
Mounteth higher still and higher,
  And they vanish from my sight:
But the flame doth flicker, flicker,
And the shades are falling thicker
O'er curtain, floor, and ceiling:
The old church-clock is pealing,
And its solemn tones are telling
  'T is the deepest hour of Night.

Yet with all my deep heart-sadness,
There 's a thought of quiet gladness:
  But 't is as the Ocean's breast,
Stillest when the Storm's wild madness
  Hath been hushed and gone to rest:
And busy Thought is calling,
While the shades are round me falling,
Up sad phantoms — strange — appalling:
And down in the embers gazing,
I see, oh! sight amazing,
In the flame and embers' strife,
A picture of my life.

Can it be imagination?
Is this only Thought's creation?
Nay, the picture is not bright,
In the fire's dull, fitful light;
But deep shades the embers borrow,
To depict a life of sorrow.
  'T is all like a troubled dream.

Far down Time's flowing stream
  I see Care's darkening shadows,
And its banks are thickly strown
With the graves of hopes long flown:
And I see, with bitter tears,
How into the 'vale of years'
It is swiftly flowing on.

  FATHER, thy stricken one,
I bow and own THY righteous, holy will:
And oh! these troublous thoughts, be still! be still!
I ever need, I know, THY chastening rod,
I own, adore THEE as my LORD, my GOD:
  And I would bear alone
These weighty sorrows, but my spirit's song
Is ever: 'FATHER, oh! how long, how long?'

Allegheny City.

THE STRANGER AND 'OLD STEPHIE' THE FERRYMAN.

BY MISS MARY E. THROPP.

—— 'WHAT heart could spare
To the cold cheerless deep
Her flower and hope?' — KEBLE.

NEARLY opposite V——, on the north bank of the Schuylkill, stands a small deserted stone house, having but a room above and a room below. It stands solitary and alone, with the Schuylkill in front, and level green fields behind, stretching far away in the distance. This was once tenanted by a good, honest old Scotchman, named Stephen Mattison, commonly called 'Old Stephie,' who had tended the ferry, and was 'well to do in the world then,' as he quaintly expressed it; but since the towing-path was continued down one side of the river, he had managed to earn but a scanty support for himself and wife by his daily labor on the farms of the neighborhood. Old Stephie had, among many excellent traits of character, one or two prominent failings: he was self-willed, and sometimes, despite his Christian faith, apt to be despondent, especially when there was little work to be had, as was too often the case in the winter season. But his patient, hopeful wife, bustled about at such times, and made a great show of the potatoes, cabbages, and other vegetables she had raised in their little garden. Yes, Nellie was thrifty, and a 'canny house-keeper,' as Stephie often observed to his friends in confidence. And it was true, too, as any one could see who entered their humble apartment. To be sure, she was obliged to keep a curious assortment of articles in that one room: kettles and pans, and a barrel of 'middlings' for the pig,

all ranged on one side; but the deal table was white and clean, and the few chairs almost bright, and the cups and plates were ranged in seemly order along the mantel-shelf, at one end of which, like a treasure of known value, lay their BIBLE. There was nobody in the wide world equal to Stephie, in Nellie's estimation, and it was touching to see the trusting, admiring expression in her face as she listened to the 'gude mon' reading and expounding from that blessed book every night. She liked to hear 'nae body sae weel,' she was once heard to say: 'to be sure, Stephie had to spell a word betimes, but barrin that, he was a beautiful reader.'

At the time of which I speak it was February. The snow lay white and thick over the earth, when suddenly there came one of those warm spells of weather peculiar to this month. The snow began to melt, the ice-bound streams to flow, and there was every indication of a great thaw. All day long the warm sun shone brightly, but gradually a dense, heavy fog arose over all the land, till one could not see a friend's face at a stone throw's distance. Toward evening it commenced to rain, a heavy, continuous rain. All night it rained unceasingly, and all the next day. The river rose rapidly, and Nellie became alarmed when its cold still waters crept silently around and up to the very threshold of their little dwelling; but still the vast solid body of ice in the centre remained unbroken. During the day she had entreated Stephie at intervals to carry their movable furniture up-stairs, and then leave the house until the rain ceased, and the river fell. But old Stephie was a little 'heady,' as Nellie would have expressed it, and thought he knew best. The house had stood 'waur storms nor that,' he said; beside, was it not built on a braw foundation? She was always 'sae easily frightened, pour wee body; but noo there was na ony danger, GOD be thankit; nae'theless, he wad assist her, just to keep her mind easy like;' which he did accordingly, and they soon got every thing movable to the second floor. Hour after hour they waited, and hoped, and silently in their own hearts they prayed; but still the waters encroached, and the rain continued. They had been obliged to take refuge up-stairs themselves, and Nellie had ceased to turn imploring looks to Stephie now, for the water was filling the room below, and they could not leave without assistance. Suddenly there was a loud crashing noise. The Schuylkill burst its strong fetters of ice, and rushed, and roared, and spread itself like an angry sea over the fields beyond Stephie's house. The frail tenement rocked to its centre in the shock, and the terrified couple rushed to the window and screamed loudly for assistance. Alas! what human help could reach them! Who could think of trusting himself in that fierce torrent among those fearful blocks of ice? Speedily their cow and pig were carried away, and unless the rain abated, they must soon follow them inevitably. Already among the cakes of ice, they could discern animals, trees, and cabins floating down in the gathering darkness. Already the flood was over their chamber-

floor, and it was heart-rending to hear their agonizing cries over the din and roar of the terrible waters. Who could bear to see them swept away without an attempt at succor? Poor old people! they were too good, too unoffending, and too much respected not to have the heart-felt sympathy and commiseration of the little band of men and women collected on a bluff on the opposite shore, trying to contrive what could be done for their rescue. In their eagerness to do something, a boat was procured, and ropes; but where was the man who could peril his life in that raging flood? or where was the wife or mother that could let husband or son go to almost certain destruction? It was not to be thought of, and all were standing uncertain what to do, while the torturing cries of old Stephie and his wife made themselves heard distinctly above the roaring of the river, when up came the proprietor of the public works of the village. All instinctively turned to him, for he was a kind-hearted man, and a generous one. He could not hear the cries of old Stephie unmoved: but what was to be done? He could not make the attempt himself, for there was a delicate wife and five fair children in his handsome home, to whom he was all in all. 'Standing in their midst, he made a short but moving speech in behalf of the old ferryman and his wife, and concluded by offering a hundred dollars to the man who should succeed in rescuing them. This was a tempting sum to these poor factory people, most of whom were, to use that expressive phrase of common parlance, from 'hand to mouth' in their way of living. There was silence for a moment or two, save the sullen roar of the river, and the screams of its victims, during which one or two of the men seemed irresolute, almost willing to go, when the womanly touch or whisper, that could not give them up, restrained them. At this juncture a messenger came, running almost breathless, from 'The Locks' a mile above, to say that the bridge near there had been swept away, and was now coming down the river, taking every thing in its way. Poor old couple! all gave them up now as lost; when, at this critical moment, a stranger of fine figure, and easy, commanding carriage, emerged from the midst of the little band, gave a few quiet but determined orders, and springing into the ready boat, rowed away in amongst the blocks of ice with an energy and strength that seemed almost superhuman. There had been lighted pine torches affixed to the prow and stern of the boat, and the dark, active form of the stranger could be seen distinctly, now rowing desperately, now springing out on huge blocks of ice, and pushing or pulling the boat; now borne down the stream in spite of every effort for a time; then rallying, turning, and pushing shoreward again like one sustained by miraculous power, until the little boat shot under the window of old Stephie's house. During that perilous passage, there was not a heart on shore that had not prayed for the safety of the daring stranger, and excitement grew intense, almost to agony, as the little boat with its added burden, was seen buffeting the waters again. The

rain which had ceased for awhile, now poured down in torrents. The torches of the boat were soon extinguished, and nothing could be heard but the rain and the roaring of the ice. Unmindful of the rain, and in breathless expectation, the men held out their lanterns, and strained their eyes to see through the thick darkness. Nothing could be seen; and oh! the long moments of intolerable suspense! The men could endure it no longer; they shouted and listened, but no answer came. Again they shouted, and again and again listened at intervals. At length, to their inexpressible relief, they were answered, and soon, by the light of the lanterns, could be seen the prow of the boat, and the stranger, erect and bare-headed, wielding a long pole, and struggling on with incredible difficulty toward the shore. A shout, loud and prolonged, rent the air, and in another instant a dozen stout hands were hauling the boat into the shore. As soon as it touched, the stranger sprang out, and lifting Nellie out, carefully and tenderly gave her in charge of the women, old Stephie following, all three evidently unharmed. Ostensibly to see Nellie, but really to see the stranger, lanterns were lifted to the range of the stranger's face. It was strikingly handsome and noble-looking, with classical features, large dark eyes, and a superb forehead, over which the rich dark hair swept in massy waves; but it was pale as death, despite the exertion, and so sorrowful in expression, that the hearts of the beholders were touched with sudden and involuntary sympathy. At this moment the proprietor pressed forward through the little crowd, offering the purse. A sudden gleam, accompanied by a haughty, impatient gesture, flashed from the dark eyes of the stranger; but instantly subsided into a melancholy smile and glance of indulgent pity as he took the purse, placed it in Nellie's hand, and bowing to the proprietor in a manner that commanded too much respect to admit of curiosity, silently withdrew.

CHAPTER SECOND

'Alas! in the depth of the human heart
What agonized thoughts are nursed!
What life-linked ties may be rent apart,
Ere ever the full heart burst.'

The bright sun shone as calmly down next morning over wreck and ruin as though no sorrowing heart, mourning over lost homes and lost possessions, were there to welcome him. It shone, also, on the pale, peaceful features of the dead. There was a corpse in the little village: the noble stranger of the night before had committed suicide! He had come to 'The Inn' only the evening before, and the landlord had found him next morning lying back in an easy chair beside the window, with his face up-turned to the silent sky — dead! Shot through the head by his own hand! The powerless hand, small and delicate as a woman's, had fallen over the arm of the chair, and the revolver lay on the floor by his

side. On a small stand near him was the miniature of a most beautiful woman, set round by diamonds of priceless value. Enough of the bust was visible to disclose a dress of blue satin, and there was a simple turquoise necklace encircling the faultless neck. The face was exceedingly fair, with large, tender blue eyes, and a white regal brow, from which the parted hair fell in a light crown of golden curls. The mouth was uncommonly beautiful, and there was an expression of angelic sweetness and innocence breathing from the whole face. On the stand also was a paper blotted and written over evidently at intervals during the night. It was as follows:

> "Death has no bitterness like life,
> Life with a wasted heart!" — Miss Landon.

How true! Unhappy L. E. L.! But she is at rest; a little prussic acid put an end to her sufferings. After 'Life's fitful fever' she sleeps well.

'The rain had ceased. Some prospect of clearing. Dreary enough, notwithstanding. Dreary without, lonely and desolate within. How tired I feel! If I could but sleep; but 'there is neither sleep for my eyes, nor slumber for my eye-lids.'

'Strong and well, not yet twenty-seven, and so weary of life! O God! this intolerable weariness! What a life-time of misery before me! I will not endure it! But to rid myself of this cursed existence without sin. How often have these verses, conned in childhood, rung in my ears. (John, tenth chapter, seventeenth and eighteenth verses.) 'I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.' The power to lay it down, and the power to take it again, are equal. Both rest with Omnipotence. To rush unsummoned into the presence of God! Wretched man that I am! It is fearful! O God! be merciful! Any other, and that raging river would have engulfed him; but no. Well, for the old people, perhaps, it is better. They at least find life tolerable. They are together.

'How her face haunts me to-night! It looked out at me from every flame of the fire till I put it out; peered over my shoulder in the mirror; gleamed up at me from between the blocks of ice in the river; followed me through the darkness every where. Not her face either — too melancholy. Let me see. How beautiful! No sorrow there. That serene forehead; those calm, soft, holy eyes, with the old loving light in them — just so they looked on *him* when I last saw them. Madness and misery! It burns, burns my fingers, up my arm into my heart. Prometheus vulture, it eats away fiercely: ha! ha! ha! ha! Deeper! deeper yet! Eat the life out! Impossible! — it grows too fast.

'Homeless, with as fair an estate as there is in all England. The sole representative of a time-honored race, friendless, and a wanderer on the face of the earth. The whole earth stretches out before me one dreary interminable waste. I cannot keep myself

still, have no energy left to impel me on. I wander about without motive, without aim. A very Cain without a crime. My punishment is greater than I can bear.

'O Emily, Emily! how different it might have been! How I should have rejoiced to hear thy light step echoing in the halls of that old pleasant home! To see thy gentle, innocent semblance enshrined among the stately dames of the east gallery, the fairest, loveliest of them all; thyself enshrined in my heart, the honored, worshipped mistress of our happy home. It would have sheltered thee, my darling — my white, tender lamb! and thou couldst have made my happiness. What a fearful power to be vested in another! and she, that light-hearted, girlish being, to wield that power to my destruction. Was it wise, Emily, to discard the love that had grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, for one so utterly unworthy? He will trample on thy trusting heart till it breaks. My poor timid dove! God help thee! 'A wounded spirit who can bear?' I have borne it more than a year! What a life-time of wretched days and sleepless nights! I will bear it no longer!

'The stars are shining, and half the inhabitants of the globe are wrapped in slumber. Is there another among all God's creatures so wretched! desolate! used to sorrow! 'Man of Sorrows,' have mercy on me!'

The stranger was laid to rest in the quiet grave, with the miniature of his beloved on his heart. It is a beautiful spot where they have laid him. The village cemetery covers a high bluff of the river shore, and there, on the farthest point of it, where there is the most beautiful view of the river winding its solitary way afar off, under tall trees, beautiful with sun-shine and verdure, and tuneful with the songs of birds and whispering breezes, a simple white cross points out the stranger's grave. An old white-headed man may still be seen there occasionally, watching the grass, and training the flowers his trembling hands have planted, with reverent care, and if you approach him with kindliness of tone and friendliness of aspect, he will be very apt to tell you, with tears in his eyes, how the noble-hearted dead under that stone periled his life for him, a poor old ferryman; and as he goes on in his narration, he will point you to the old deserted stone house from which the stranger rescued him; and then, lowering his voice, he will tell you of the miniature of the beautiful lady of his love; and then, coming nearer, and in a whisper, while the tears course slowly down his furrowed cheek, he will hint about his melancholy death, and finally, with a fervent 'God rest his soul!' turn away, and busy himself about the grave again. Poor old Stephie! a little while, a very little while, and there will be but that cross and this simple record to tell of the stranger's grave.

Valley-Forge, Nov. 7th, 1857.

F O R I T A L Y !

AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM

I.

Oh! for that land of ancient story,
Where lingers still the gleam of glory
Now no more:
Italy, ever young and fair,
Clime of the soft voluptuous air!
Ah! Love, that we were wafted there,
The wild seas o'er!

II.

Ah! 'mid those ruins hoar and lone,
Where shades of heroes still do roam,
In love's entwine,
That we might wander silently,
And dream ourselves to times gone by,
Yet feel unto each other nigh,
Drinking Love's wine!

III.

Or float amid those visions fair,
Enwrapt in soft illusive air,
Sweet imaged forms,
On old cathedral walls that glow:
And viewing there Love's bliss and wo,
Still closer to each other grow,
With Love's alarms!

IV.

Or faintly float o'er moon-lit sea,
Where Venice slumbers dreamily,
Like sleeping swan:
And listen to the oar-dipped hush,
And warm the moon-light with Love's blush,
And feel our souls together rush,
And still glide ever on!

V.

Oh! to breathe the love-warm sigh
Within that sweet enticing sky,
Far o'er the lee!
There in the silvery boat of song,
Launched from thy breast, to float along
We two together, as if on
A shoreless sea;
Oh! for that land far o'er the lee,
Love, with thee!

MY SPANISH NEIGHBOR.

It was through the tooth-ache that first I knew thee, O my beautiful Spanish neighbor! Is it for that reason that I always feel a pain, a sudden twinge when I think of thee?—or did other causes combine? But no; I will be more artistic, and not tell my story so immediately.

That night of tooth-ache! But as the story and the tooth are both *out* now, I can refer to it. In vain I wooed the soft and warm embrace of my pillow; in vain tried the becoming effects of a bandana tied above my organ of self-esteem; in vain tried sops of cotton, wet variously with laudanum, chloroform, or that hideously burning substance, the oil of cloves. I simply burned myself, embittered myself, or sickened me with fumes of chloroform; the tooth ached the worse for every application. I at length madly looked out of the window: was it a beaming star which rose before me? No, it was a dentist's light! What a moment, to plunge into boots and broadcloth, to tie the hastiest of neck-ties, to—— At this moment I saw *two* stars. Yes, at this moment, looking (perhaps in a moment of aspiration) upward, I saw a light in an upper window of the house opposite to mine, and looking from that window the most beautiful dark-eyed—in short, I saw my Spanish neighbor! Could she, could this beauteous creature, be suffering too? could she have risen to seek relief from a raging—oh! call it neuralgia, not tooth-ache?—could she, like me, have variously tried the oil of cloves and other emollients, and, like me, have rushed to the window in despair at their utter inefficiency?

But pangs of physical anguish checked this burst of rapturous exclamation. Perhaps the chloroform had mounted to my brain; be that as it may, I was recalled by a plunge as of forty red-hot knitting-needles through my under-jaw. To the business of the moment; I rushed; I rang. I narrowly escaped being shot for a presumptive murderer by the timorous tooth-drawer; but there is something convincing in the accents of sorrow, and he let me in.

A gyration of the universe, Jupiter and all his moons dancing every where, and all was over. I returned home with a huge cavern in my mouth, and a feeling at my heart as if some very distant relative had died and left me an immense and immediately-to-be-realized fortune, no portion of which was in railroad stocks.

For a moment I had forgotten her; but entering my room, which was redolent of the fumes of chloroform and laudanum, I hastened to open the window and air the apartment. Again I saw the light; again a figure all in white, beautiful dark hair, and, what seemed to me, a lovely foreign face. The night was bright with a full moon, and I saw her very plainly. She had not moved, apparently, since I left. What could she be sitting there for, gazing at the moon?

I gazed too, charmed with her beauty, astonished at her taste, wondering at her probable reasons. At length, seeing her as motionless as before, (when the clock admonished me that I had gazed an half-hour,) and worn out with my sufferings, I at length gave up, and proceeded to go to sleep at the rate, to use a nautical simile, of ten knots an hour.

My first thought on waking, was to look from my window. Opposite, a dull, dead, white curtain met my view. I knew the house well. It was inhabited by a Spanish family, well known as such by the name on the door, and by their unmistakable physiognomies. But its inmates had seemed to be an elderly woman and two sons; no such vision of delight had ever gone in or out of that front-door, to my knowledge, and I had gazed at it vacantly for several months.

I was engaged at this time in studying my profession. During these days of intense application, for which I was distinguished at this period of my life, I sometimes sought a moment's distraction from the strain upon my intellectual faculties, in the soothing companionship of a cigar. During this temporary relaxation, I usually sat at my window, with my feet raised several degrees above my head, resting on the sill thereof, and gazed contemplatively across the street. My instructors, to whom I had confided this as my only habit of indulgence, were severe enough to say that I indulged in it too much; but I ask all candid observers, who have noticed the medical student any where, if they have not been struck by his ardent devotion to his studies, his quiet and sedate demeanor, his freedom from all those *escapades* which mark the youth of other men; and trusting in the unprejudiced verdict of these referees, I acknowledge this, my one indulgence. During these moments of ease, I had watched the out-goings and in-goings of all my neighbors; I had seen the dark old Spanish lady go in and out; I had seen two or three of her nation, apparently, come to pay her a visit; and I had often wondered that some kind sprite did not inform some young and handsome woman of the fact that I was looking out expectantly, and send her at least to call somewhere in the block, but such convenient little messenger never seemed to be about.

My studies of the day succeeding the tooth-ache were of such a dry and disagreeable nature that I determined to allow myself a greater degree of ease than usual; for I argued seriously with myself that the consequences of using the brain much after so severe a shock as the pain and subsequent extraction of a tooth, might prove too much, and I resolved not to impair my hopes of future usefulness by any such extreme devotion to the science of medicine.

I was very glad that I had so imperative a reason for not studying to-day, for I determined to watch at my window assiduously, and see my beauty go out, as doubtless she would do, during the morning. I watched in vain. The two young men went down to their business; the old lady issued from the door at eleven, and

returned at two; the white curtain was not raised during the day. At five o'clock, prompted by hunger, I left my post and went off to get my dinner. I returned in an hour, determined to watch. The white curtain was raised, the window open; no light, no lady.

I watched until eight. No one opened the door of the 'mysterious mansion of the Spaniard,' as Ollendorff would say in those German-English exercises of his; and then, disgusted, I went off to the theatre. I returned late, mounted to my room, and looked from my window. There was the same dark-haired lady, leaning against the window-pane, fair, motionless, and mysterious as ever.

This time I out-watched her. She slowly rose, pulled down her curtain; the light was extinguished, and I was convinced she was a mortal woman, and that I would find out more about her.

How to do it, was the next thing. I had counted on following her in the street, demanding the privilege of picking up her veil, or in some way attracting her attention; but if she slept all day, and merely arose for a little gazing at the moon, 'of nights,' I did not see how this could be brought about.

Perhaps — why had I not thought of that before? — she was ill, or perhaps had arrived the day before in the steamer, and was recovering herself from her fatigue! I would watch again.

And so I did, for a week; and every day's experience produced the same result. At length, I awoke regularly about two at night, went to the window, saw this motionless figure, sometimes left it sitting there, sometimes saw it rise and go away; but never did I see the white curtain raised in the day-time, nor any thing emerge from the street-door which could possibly be she.

I now determined to get into that house on some plea or other; but what? Should I adopt the *rôle* of the confidence man? or should I assume the dignity and blank-book of the census? Should I provide myself with door-mats which I wished to vend, or clothe myself in rags and go in and boldly demand work, as is so much the fashion now? Would I dare to be a distressed clergyman, or should I encounter that venerated gentleman there? My courage shrank from all these various modes of presenting one's self, so I took the brave step of advertising in the *Herald* that 'a young man of fascinating appearance and elegant manners, desiring to learn the Spanish language, would be glad to enter a family in which he could board, where he should hear that elegant language spoken.'

I took care that a copy of this *Herald* should be left at my Spanish neighbor's.

I regret to say they took no notice whatever of the advertisement, and that I spent the next three days in an atmosphere of garlic and pure 'Castilian,' of which I spoke not a word, absolutely having to kick several pertinacious gentlemen down the steps, who insisted on taking me off bodily to their residences.

Finally, unable to bear it longer, I walked over to No. Eighty-one, and rang.

'Tell the lady of the house that a gentleman, Dr. Bascom, wishes to see her.'

I walked into a neat little parlor, and awaited, tremblingly, my interview with madame.

She came down, curtsied; I bowed.

'Madam, you have, I understand, a room to let in your house. I have called to see if it will answer my purposes. Be kind enough to show it me.'

She looked at her servant, and said something in Spanish.

The woman interpreted for her.

'We have no room; you have made a mistake; this is a private house.'

A thousand apologies, the door was opened, shut, and I departed, having achieved nothing.

Defeat sharpened my wits; I determined to get acquainted with the young men.

This I did not find very easy, as they had the reserve and silence of their nation in an uncommon degree. In vain did I pass up their sixpences in the omnibus; in vain suggest little remarks about the weather, the times, the news; they were uniformly polite, silent, and distant.

My joy was great, therefore, at seeing Manuel, the younger, come into the gymnasium where I was dangling from a bar, and strip off his coat preparatory to an hour's exercise.

The extraordinary politeness with which I treated this young man finally made an impression on him; he recognized me as the obliging sixpence-hander, and was soon sufficiently melted to answer my remarks on the weather, and finally to walk home with me arm-in-arm.

What was my delight on coming out of a certain theatre one evening, where I had been admiring the dancing of Mademoiselle Léontine, to see standing on the steps thereof my friend Manuel, with a veiled lady leaning on his arm? I was sure it was she! I advanced, bowed, and spoke to him; he greeted me hurriedly, and evidently did not wish me to see his companion who was veiled.

I accordingly withdrew, taking to myself the liberty to follow at a respectful distance.

Yes, they entered No. Eighty-one. It was she!

That night I watched. The moon had disappeared, but the light in her room showed me the same melancholy attitude. The watcher was at her post.

The next day I did that which my cooler judgment now tells me was a very impertinent thing, but which my frenzied curiosity drove me to do. I referred to the evening before, and said to Manuel: 'By the way, what a singular habit your friend has of looking out of the window all night.'

The clever little Spaniard did not evince the slightest emotion. 'Yes,' said he, 'she sleeps ill, I have heard her say. She has left

Cuba forever! and she weeps for her country. She has sought under my mother's roof the repose and *privacy* she desires.'

'Charming Fillibuster! the doors that shut me from thee are closed, and locked, and bolted; but if 'Love laughed at locksmiths' once, he can again, and thy Bascom will reach thee yet!'

Thus apostrophized I to the mysterious dark-eyed one of Eighty-one.

I determined to write her. What could I say? What that would not bring upon me the scorn and contempt of the object of my adoration? for I had really wrought myself into a terrible state of enthusiasm for this daughter of the night. What could P. S. Bascom, Philip Samuel Bascom, poor medical student, have to say to the proud daughter of a Spanish grandee? 'Ah!' thought I, with the chivalry of Don Quixote, 'he can tell her he loves her; he can beseech her to allow him to look upon that face, to see more clearly its beauty; he can ask the privilege of hearing her voice — these are requests which cannot wound the pride of woman. The queen on her throne can suffer herself to be adored, and this humble flower of mine cannot injure my beloved if I but tear it from my heart and lay it at her feet.' *Thus, Bascom*, love makes heroes of us all, and I felt like the Chevalier Bayard, like Walter Raleigh, and all other gay and gallant knights.

My letter was a master-piece of devotion, gallantry, spirit, and generosity, beautifully tempered with self-respect and dignity, while throughout the whole played the glittering light of a vivid imagination and impassioned heart!

I told her all that which the reader knows. I did not mention the tooth-ache by name. I disguised it thus:

'One evening, suffering under one of the most cruel tortures which besets our common humanity — peculiar perhaps to those of a highly sensitive organization — I sought for relief. The soothing contemplation of the stars — stars indeed! the stars I *saw* were thy eyes,' etc., etc. 'My anguish was not relieved, but *transferred* — transferred to the heart!' etc.

I did not think it necessary to refer to the dentist. If truth demanded, romance forbade.

Then, going on in a style which is better imagined than described, I begged of her to vouchsafe me a token of her forgiveness of my presumption, and to allow me to see her. I begged of her to permit the approach of a respectful, timorous, chivalrous adorer, who asked but to breathe the 'richly-perfumed air of her presence,' (that was my expression,) and after giving her an address, I signed myself *Pelham*, which does not sound unlike Bascom, though it may be thought by some more romantic.

Strange to say, having been again attracted to the theatre, by the dancing of Mademoiselle Léontine, I again saw Manuel and his veiled companion on the steps.

They hurried on, and I followed. That night the watcher did *not* appear. The next morning a note did.

'Why do you seek, eloquent gentleman, to see one who is borne

down by misfortune? — whose beauty has been washed out by tears, whose brow is veiled with grief? Why did you, by your sufferings compelled, discover my mid-night solace, my lonely watching? Alas! that was all I asked! and that is taken from me: now that I know I am watched, I shall come to the window no more.

'I shall admit no clandestine interviews. If you are a gentleman, and wish to know me, my friend, Mr. Manuel S——, in whose mother's house I live, shall call on you, shall know you, and if proper, shall bring you to see me; until then, I am simply the

'WATCHER.'

Ah! to find Manuel! to tell him my story: but what if I found him jealous, as of course, he would be? *But she had proposed it.* It was enough.

Manuel received my confidence with unmoved countenance. The only point which he seemed to consider of importance was, that I should prove myself a gentleman, by birth and surroundings: this I did not find it difficult to do.

'For,' said he, 'Don Henriques de Sanchez will not allow his daughter to know a man of inferior birth.'

I was not in an enviable state of composure when I entered Number Eighty-one, one Sunday evening, with my acquaintance Manuel, to be presented to Donna Isabella Carolina Maria de Sanchez. It struck me it was a rather sheepish thing to do: so evidently thought Manuel, whom I discovered smiling to himself.

However, when you are in the water, it is better to try to swim; so I summoned my native impudence, and dashed into the parlor, was presented as 'Doctor Bas Count' by Manuel to his mother, who saw, to her infinite amusement, that I was the gentleman who had tried to hire her rooms; to the elder brother, Don Juan, as they called him; and, O Dulcinea! to Donna Isabella.

How beautiful she was! how she cast down those lashes, so long and black! how modestly conscious, yet how gracefully self-possessed! how pretty her accent, how softly melancholy her voice!

I did not say much to her, but I *looked* a whole library of Byron's poems.

I left at a late hour, after a little supper, and a permission from Madame S——, the hostess, to call again to see her on Sunday evening.

'No other evenings?' thought I.

No allusion to them, certainly.

'Perhaps Doctor Bas Count will come and see us at three or four of the day sometimes?' suggested Madame S——, seeing me linger.

Perhaps he would!

And so followed various visits, at the first of which Madame remained as duenna; after the two or three first, she disappeared discreetly, and the conversation glided from generalities into personalities.

Always shortly after four, Madame appeared, and Maria Isabella Carolina disappeared: I never could induce her to remain.

'You must not ask me why, or where I go,' she would say with a full sigh. 'The daughter of Henriques de Sanchez, the patriot, the exile, has many melancholy secrets.'

However, the daughter of this illustrious man became, day after day, more confidential; and I found gradually, that she was in correspondence with some members of her father's party; that she spent the day in writing, and never went out until evening, as her father wished her to avoid observation. And when I asked deferentially to be allowed to go with her to the theatre, she said decidedly: No; that Manuel or Juan were, with their mother, always her attendants; that they were deeply in the confidence of her father, and his party, and she could not on any account accept my escort.

'If you have chosen, dear Bas Count,' she would say, 'to fall in love with a *politician*, you must bear the consequences. Perhaps the future of Cuba is in my hands! I cannot, I will not risk her freedom! I do wrong, dear Bas Count, in allowing you to love me; but I am weak, and a woman — and ——'

And then followed all those arguments, so sweet to hear, so silly to write; those true and convincing statements which many a donkey — I would say, young gentleman — has heard, and believed to his cost.

In vain did I urge that she 'should not give up to party what was meant for mankind,' and that she should call me by my name. Her little foreign tongue persisted in disguising my name; her little brave heart was bent on fillibustering.

One of our amusements was this: I had promised to never follow, or try to ascertain where she went of an evening; and she in her turn would often tell me to go to some other well-known place of amusement, and watch, and see if I could detect her. I once asked her if she went no more to the place where I had seen her. She said: No; that she was tired of Mademoiselle Léontine, and she went there no more. 'Beside,' she said, 'some persons had tried to get in her private box, and she feared she was watched, and suspected of going there.'

So I haunted constantly the opera, and various other places of amusement, but so adroitly did she manage, that I never saw her.

We had become acknowledged lovers; I called her 'Maria;' not *Anglice*, but Spanish Maria; the sweetest of names. She called me Filipe. We wrote to each other daily, and saw each other nearly as often. She told me her past life, and I told her mine. How different they were! Hers passed in sunny, gay Havana; mine in cold, austere New-England: hers in a superb chateau with slaves and a duenna; mine in a quiet, plain house, with a mother and sister, and one or two old family servants. How many agreeable subjects of conversation this difference gave rise to!

'Shall I go and live with that dear mother and sister of yours, dear Filipe,' she said, one day, 'or where shall we live?'

True, I had not thought of that — where should we live? I fully intended to marry Maria as soon as Don Henriques returned,

and I could gain his consent; but as to forming any plans for *living*, I had been too much in love for that.

It suddenly occurred to me: How would this sunny creature, this

'Beaker full of the warm South,'

this daughter of luxury, bear the fate to which I should bring her? How could she endure to become Mrs. P. S. Bascom, with nothing a year, and two rooms of a house, from which we should watch for my first patient?

My dear mother and sister! they rose up before me, living on their slender income in the country, and dreaming of my brilliant future! How they had begged to add to my slender patrimony out of their small means, but how indignantly I had refused!

'You have enough, Philip, to support you creditably, while getting your profession,' said my mother; 'if you want any more, write to us; we can economize, and we can always *sell the ponies*.'

'The ponies' were two pretty white horses, sent as a present by a rich uncle, and formed the only extravagance of our little household. With them my mother and sister drove out daily, and were reminded of days of greater prosperity. Much happiness surrounded the idea of 'the ponies,' and I indignantly answered that I should as soon sell her as the ponies.

Now, alas! many months had elapsed since I had seen or heard from 'the ponies.' My heart was gone elsewhere; my eyes were anointed; I saw nothing but my love. My *chateaux en Espagne* occupied me in more senses than one.

One day Maria said to me, blushingly: 'You may write to papa, dear Filipe; he will not be here for many months.'

So I wrote, asking for his daughter. In due time, I received through the fair hands of Maria, the most stately Spanish epistle, giving a dignified consent, if I could assure his good friends Manuel and Juan S——, of my fitness for the position I desired to occupy in his family.

A man does not like to confess his poverty to the woman he loves, but he is sometimes obliged to do it. My fillibustering papa-in-law would not be apt to have a large fortune *left*; but with his grandee notions, I knew he expected that the suitor of his daughter would have that agreeable appendage. What was my delight, therefore, when in the midst of a humiliating confession of poverty, Maria stopped me, saying, with her soft white hand over my mouth:

'I have a little fortune of my own, dear Filipe, and you have a little; on our united fortunes, we can live.'

I had written to my mother to send me some money; I had even hinted at the sale of the ponies!

I lived in a feverish dream; Maria still kept her life and its occupations a secret from me; I grew jealous, and demanded to see her in the evening, to know where she went, to accompany her, to be admitted sometimes in the evening of other days than Sunday.

'Ah!' said she, mournfully; 'must I, then, relinquish the love of country and kindred to a stranger? Must I cease the good I am doing to unhappy Cuba, and either betray the best of fathers and purest of patriots, or lose the happiness of a life-time? Cruel Filipe! you know not what you ask!'

But I was firm; I stood on my reserved rights; she had promised to marry me, and I demanded to know more of my future wife.

She grew pale and tearful. 'I might have known it,' said she. 'The leaders of our cause hesitated to trust me, because they anticipated this; I thought to avert it by shutting myself up. How could I suppose that my solitary watchings would betray me? but it shall all go — country, freedom, friends — all for thee, my Filipe!'

And she threw herself into my arms, and hid her beauteous face.

Of course, I considered every thing explained. 'To-day — to-night, Filipe, I will give back my papers — give up my correspondence! I will see those noble Cubans in whose confidence I am, and tell them all. They will be disappointed, for I have been able, with my knowledge of English, to do them much good; but it is past: come to me to-morrow, day or evening!'

I was delirious with delight; what a sacrifice she was making for me! for her love of country was a passion with her.

That evening, the last of my lonely ones, I started off to the theatre. I thought I would go and see Mademoiselle Léontine dance. To my surprise, the bills informed me that Mademoiselle Léontine had broken her engagement, and was gone — no one knew where.

I was in no mood to speculate on the caprices of a *danseuse*. If any women have a right to their 'pretty ways,' I am sure this respectable class have; and I carelessly turned away, and went somewhere else.

Next day I spent with Maria, uninterruptedly. She gave me some account of the sorrow of her fellow-fillibusters at losing her, and also showed me a note, thanking her for her past devotion, signed, I should say, by all fillibusterdom.

'Why,' I asked her once, 'have you never tried to convert me to your cause?'

'Ah!' said she, 'my Filipe, you are not the man for a crisis like this; you know nothing, you care nothing for unhappy Cuba! your soul is wrapped in your noble profession! You seek to save, while the man who espouses this cause, must *kill* — which you could not do.'

I must say I had my doubts whether I should not be more dangerous to my fellow-creatures, if I staid at home, and pursued my 'noble profession' in the way in which I had, for the last few months, than if I sailed off with the most furious fillibustering intentions.

I received at this time a most affectionate letter from my mother

and sister, inclosing a draft. It was for a considerable amount, for them. They said the ponies had not yet found a purchaser; but they had long felt the necessity of selling them, as they were more trouble than pleasure, all of which was to me perfectly transparent, and did not deceive me in the least; but it absolutely gave me a certain gratification.

'What a lord of the creation man is,' thought I; 'one woman gives up her country, her parent, the hopes of a life-time for him, and another gives all that she has, and pinches herself, that he may have a new pleasure!'

The thought that I was a very selfish wretch, did not obtrude itself on me at this time; that was reserved for the future.

What I could want of so much money, was, of course, a matter of speculation to my dear mother. Did I wish to get a new set of instruments, a library, or did I find the expenses of living so much greater? and she added with maternal dignity and sweetness, 'I shall not press for a reply to this question; but I know my son too well to believe that he will spend so large a sum on his pleasures.'

Dear woman!—— However, Maria was across the street, and waiting for me; I could not stop then to reflect.

With characteristic love of privacy and retirement, Maria suggested that our wedding should be perfectly quiet, known only to ourselves, and the family, already in our confidence. She objected to my writing to my mother and sister.

'Take them your bride, Filipe; they will love her because she is yours!'

I acquiesced in this reasoning, for I saw that those relatives of mine would oppose, with some rather unanswerable arguments, my taking a 'bride,' be she ever so lovely, at my mature age of twenty. So, blind and crazy with my passion, I consented to every thing.

I saw less and less of Manuel and Juan; in fact, I cared very little for them, or any body else. Madame, too, dropped off in her visits to the parlor. Speaking very little English, her remarks were always interpreted to me, mine to her. The gate of language being shut, the flow of thought between Madame S—— and myself, was neither full nor free. It suddenly struck me that I saw less of Manuel and Juan than was quite natural: I asked my beloved the reason.

'They are very busy with their Cuban affairs; I cannot tell you more; one or both may soon leave the city; and, perhaps, I should not conceal it from you—Juan entertains a profound passion for me, and cannot bear the sight of your happiness.'

'And Manuel, has he not loved you?'

'No; Manuel has a wife.'

'A wife! well, you Spaniards delight in mystery; where is she? why does she not appear?'

'There is some difference, just now.'

Maria blushed; it was as I expected, both brothers loved her; the one in spite of his bonds, and she had repulsed them both.

My wedding-day came; I spent it in writing a sonnet to my bride, in looking again and again at my blue coat, white satin waistcoat, black pantaloons. The blissful hour was eight in the evening. At seven, I commenced my toilette. In that moment of blissful feeling, and white satin waistcoat, I received this remarkable note:

'*Off Sandy-Hook.*

'Dear Sir: You are deceived: do not pronounce the vows; avoid going to the church; she is not Maria de Sanchez!

'Juan S——.'

Base, wicked Spaniard! He thought to fling this poisoned arrow, and wound the woman who had spurned him! I saw through the miserable deception; I was unmoved.

The carriage was at the door; Maria, beautiful in white, Madame S——, dark as night, were soon inside; I was in mid-air!

We entered the church; the priest awaited us; we pledged our vows; we were united by the holy rites of the Catholic Church; I kissed the pure lips of my bride—when an individual stepped between us, with:

'Madame Léontine S——, I arrest you for bigamy, by order of your husband, Manuel S——.'

A general reminiscence of screams, knocks, resistance, capture, and blue lights dancing before my eyes, is all that remains to me of this scene.

I was but twenty; I was madly in love; I had been deceived in the most cruel manner. I may be forgiven for having a fever, in consequence, without detriment to my manliness, I hope.

I know not in what state I was, when the priest and policeman assisted me into a small room off the church.

'My wife—my bride—where is she?'

'Never you mind your bride, youngster; she is an old head; I've caught her before, and now I have her again; but law! she'll get away. She and her husband is up to this sort o' game; but he thought she was n't playing of him fair, this time; so she's got to suffer. You an't killed, though you air scotched considerable. How much have they got out of you, first and last?'

My tongue 'clave to the roof of my mouth;' I thought I should go mad. The old priest gave me something to wet my lips, and began talking to me in an unworldly kind of voice.

'Young man, you are only one of many, who have been deceived. This man and woman are fond of this game, though they usually stop with getting your money. In this case, the parties have quarrelled. The woman having fallen in love with you, has refused to rob you; her husband, indignant at her want of faith, has retaliated upon her.'

My only answer to all this, was:

'Wherever you have taken her, take me; I wish to see her.'

'No, Sir; quite *unpossible;*' said my learned friend in gray.

'She 's usually pretty cool, even when found out; but this time, she took on! She said she would have you; she loved you, and all that; but I says, Now you do n't do nothing of the kind; you be easy; and she says: 'Officer, do n't tell him where I am; do n't let him come near me; I will write him a letter; now I never asked any favor before; but do n't let him see me; I could n't bear it.' And says I: 'Mamselle Léontine, you are very much of a lady, and I will prevent it, particularly as I 'm very sorry for the young gent, who an't accustomed to your present lodgings.' So I was cheerful and pleasant, and Mamselle, she got quiet; and you need n't hope to see her.'

The priest was now my only hope. I told him my story: 'Sir, I love this unfortunate woman; deceiver and adventurer though she be, I cannot but share her fate. I desire that you use your influence with this man, or tell me where she is!' And I sunk down on the sofa, shuddering at the thought of the exposure of that face I had so worshipped — that tender and graceful figure, to the rough grasp of a policeman, the horrible contact of — I knew not what.

But it was beating one's head against a stone. The kind old priest took me home, and staid a long time with me. How much of human nature he knew! Not a word of my own folly, not a word of reproof, but now and then an admirably told story of his own youth, of the temptations of young men: of the 'uses of adversity,' he said nothing; he probably thought I should find out those for myself.

The next morning, he brought me with his own hands, the following letter:

'I could not resist the temptation of the little romance which your curious discovery promised to lead to. The fact of your discovering my sitting at my window, simply to compose myself for sleeping, after my professional labors, was something new, piquant, and interested me. Manuel was my tool, and effected the acquaintance, as you know. It was my pleasure to appear to you a lady, a noble and pure woman. How delicious have been to me these three months, full of respectful devotion, so different, alas! from that which I receive generally! I pride myself on playing with my victims, without feeling any compunction myself; as a French writer says: 'Women have the disdainful ferocity of bears; they wish to tear their victims while yet alive.' But I had a vulnerable spot left; I fell in love with you. It is not strange; I had not before been so truly, so purely loved.

'You may ask, How I disguised myself so well? That was not difficult, when I saw there was no suspicion; when you knew me better, I managed that you should not go to see Mademoiselle Léontine. Even then, I could have baffled you. When Manuel found I really loved you, we quarrelled; but I kept him appeased until I knew he was to leave the country; but the serpent found time to sting.

'I did mean to marry you; to leave this city; to pass with you a year or more (if I did not weary of you,) in the country. Then, if I loved you much, I should have told you my story, and have borne all your anger, perhaps your rejection and scorn. If I had *not* loved you, I should have left you suddenly; and you would not have known me, save as the pure and faithful Maria.

'You ask, Why? Because women are fools, and tell every thing to the man they love; nothing to him whom they do not love, except what he wishes to hear. Love drags his victims to the altar of truth, remorselessly, even if there they immolate themselves.

'You have a perfect right to hate me; I hope you will; it is the severest part of my punishment to fear that you still *love* me, and will continue to. To prevent that — no, you can do nothing. Time alone can do you good. To tell you the story of my past life would not do it; you would still see a woman's generosity running through its dark and guilty pages; you would see the sad but interesting spectacle of a mind somewhat cultivated, and worthy of better things, gone — lost — wilfully thrown down the gulf; you would see the desire for a better life, burning brightly, to be extinguished as quickly.

'If you feel a desire to punish me, I will show you how to do it; or rather to convince yourself that it is done: remember all I *seemed*, and consequently what I *could* be, and contrast it with what I *am!*

'Do you remember what Danté said was written on the gates of hell? Farewell, MARIA.'

In one of the good priest's visit to me, during the next fortnight, I asked him if it were a common thing to find so much education and talent in an adventuress, as Mlle. Léontine had shown?

'Ah! my son, that is the saddest chapter in the history of humanity! a little talent and many French novels can make so much of a woman! and I believe they know how to write letters before they can speak.'

It was a good month before I was able to travel; I walked into my mother's parlor one morning, a perfect object, as far as bones and sallowness were concerned, and exclaimed:

'Are the ponies sold?'

'Why, Philip, why! no! but they shall be! Where is your flesh? Are you ill? Why, what does this mean?'

'The ponies are *not* sold! Thank fortune for *one* favor!' And I sank into the arms of the nearest rocking-chair.

One thing, by the way of caution, to the unmarried.

It is now some years since I espoused my dear present Mrs. Bascom, who happens to be named *Maria*, (not Spanish, but English Maria; still, a very sweet name.) Mrs. B. (who is a very good house-keeper) found, in our garret, an old trunk. It struck Mrs. B. that it would hold some of her vast possessions, in the way of old flannel, or rags, or some treasure of that nature.

She opened it; clouds of dust arose; Mrs. B. thought (she is an imaginative woman) that it might be the identical oaken chest, with Génevra's remains — no, it was only a leather trunk. Mrs. B. took out a suit of clothes, old-fashioned, but in good preservation; blue coat, brass buttons, white neckerchief, black pantaloons, white satin waistcoat! Mrs. B.'s eyes (as I presume) began to enlarge. She felt in the pockets; nothing rewarded her search; it was very strange; the waistcoat pocket, a paper; she opened it — a sonnet to 'Maria.'

'Ah!' thought that excellent woman; 'to me!' So she read it, (I pity her,) thought it very obscure, but concluded that that was the nature of sonnets; looked (practical woman!) to see if there was any more; no: looked at the pantaloons: a date: written on the watch-pocket.

'Ten years ago! I had no idea he loved me so long ago!'

When I came home, a sickening feeling came over me, as I saw this long-forgotten suit of clothes pretentiously spread out over the chairs in my bed-room: 'Why were these clothes put away? they never seem to have been worn.'

I looked them over; pretended to have forgotten; looked up, down; put my hands in my pockets, swallowed several times, and not having any thing to say, remained silent.

How I wished I had had a brother; but Heaven had denied me that privilege, so I could not say that the clothes had belonged to him. Then Mrs. Bascom, looking very roguishly, handed me the sonnet: 'I did not know you loved me so long ago, Philip,' giving me a small kiss.

That was too much; I could not deceive the good soul any longer. So I told her the whole story; telling her she might sell the clothes to the Jews, which obliterated any feeling she might have had; for the selling of old clothes is her passion.

She said it was a very good story. She advised me to write it down, and I always take her advice.

SONNET: AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

Words need not wing their murmuring flight, when by
  Thy side I sit: still dreams of peace float o'er
  My trancéd soul, as clouds of summer soar
Dreamily o'er and o'er a summer sky.
  Enough, if I but know that thou art nigh,
  If I but faintly hear the tremulous sigh
That timidly to thy breast again retires,
  Or see thy bosom heave, as it were borne
On waves of love, or kindle 'neath the fires
  That burn within thine eyes — an endless morn
Unto my soul — or touch entrancingly
  Thy hand, or keep it lingering in mine own.
  Alas! that — no, into despair's low moan
The wish shall die — I dare not breathe it thee.

MY HEART AND I.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR

'Now to Dream-Land will we, weary, weary Heart,' said I;
'For the sun-set's golden castles darken in the western sky;
And the lake, far in the distance, soon will twinkle with its stars,
Brightest shining where it mirrors all the fiery disk of Mars:
And the river, with its bubbles glittering less and less each breath,
Not inaptly may resemble that old Poet-river, Death,
As it glides away through shadows fearful, dense, and dark;
And no fancy need inform us, 'There 's the Stygian Boatman's bark!'"

Then, within our curtained chamber, went my weary Heart with me;
Bending I as bends the pale moon to the ever-throbbing sea:
And we sought the realm of Dream-Land through the heavy gates of sleep;
But in vain. Both could not enter. Which shall wait, and vigil keep?

'Nay! O weary Heart! Too often hast thou waited here; too long
Tarried, while I chase through Elf-Land all its airy phantom throng.
We will watch, to-night, together. Thou shalt throb, and I will sing:
Throbbing loudly, singing proudly, of whom Elf-Land cannot bring!

'Come, my Heart! I seek not beauty, famed in books, or legends old —
Feigned by poets, drawn by painters, sculptor-carved from marble cold:
Seek no queen, or crowned or crumbled since to base plebeian dust:
Seek no maid or matron, sighing for a diamond, weeping for a crust.

'Ours is earthly, though not earthy is our loved one, mine and thine;
And if e'er I build for mortal temple grand or lowly shrine,
She shall be our goddess; and we 'll heap her altar high
With the purest earth can yield us from the world of sea and sky:
Pearls of India, spice Arabian, tenderest fruits, and flowers
Gathered in from CERES' harvest culled from FLORA's hidden bowers.

'In the 'Legend of Good Women' CHAUCER names not one more fair:
In his story of 'Fair Women,' none so good has ALFRED there.
Ours is fair, but not in lines that mark the sweet-faced, pensive Nun:
She is rich, but not in honors fickle CLEOPATRA won:
She is wise, yet not in wisdom such as Fashion dreams is best:
She is all that I would have her—she is all to make me blest.

'It may be that, basking only in the sun-light of her eye,
I have slept while through the mid-night swept the constellations by:
Or, like some young Hebrew maiden, palace-prisoned from her birth,
Came to think the hills around her were the boundaries of earth!
Be it so. Through all the ages which the joyous earth has run,
Pleasure has not always tarried longest with the wisest one:
And the joys which Wisdom proffers those who deepest seek her gold,
Linger till the souls that sought them, to enjoy them are too old.'

O the dreams that Youth will fashion when the roses deck the earth!
O the fancies that must vanish ere the yule-tree warms the hearth!

Vainly Autumn would deceive us with its summer-semblance wan;
For the brown leaves, in the north wind falling, strew the faded lawn;
And the Snow-King, gliding silent downward past the glittering eaves,
Shrouds our loves, and bears them with him to the burial of the leaves!

'I remembered, in the spring-time fire-flies thread the haunted glen,
And the heat that makes them golden, warms the torpid blood of men.
I remembered, in the spring-time sails adventurous court the breeze,
Which, ere Autumn will restore them, wafting home rich argosies.
I remembered, in the spring-time future harvests must be sown,
And, that Love's young bird, unprisoned, from his cage will then have flown.

'Nay, but she was false who won me! Deeming that her smiles were true,
Stood I, like some 'planet-watcher,' when, away through heaven's deep blue,
Comes a new world, or a lost one, flaming on his trancéd view!

'Was it well she should deceive me? It was well that I should turn,
Fierce Iconoclast, and break my idol; break, and weeping, burn.
In the bayou, where the serpent makes his slimy, poisonous lair;
And the boughs of trees, o'er-arching, shut away the wholesome air:
There, where Murder wiped his knife against the ever-quivering tree,
(Did I slay her? God! she would have murdered me!)
There she sleeps, with no one near her: but the church-yard holds a tomb,
Empty; and though words be in it, only one can tell her doom!

'When the Brahmin fires his temple, casts his ivory-gods away,
'T is to worship in a holier, lighted by a purer ray:
When, O weary Heart! our venture sunk beneath so smooth a wave,
Did earth promise us no comfort, save in silence and the grave?

'Westward lie the broad savannas; westward roll the tides of men:
On the prairies join the nations in one brotherhood again.
In the West a nobler empire shall behold the sun arise:
In the West, a brighter sun-light than is flushing Grecian skies.
Cities rise, and iron arteries throb along the flowery plain;
Rivers, washing golden channels, seek a pathway to the main;
Down the valleys richer harvests in long waves of affluence sweep;
Forests, wooed by whispering south-winds, crown the distant mountain steep.

'Commonwealths, unswayed by faction, soon will stretch from shore to sea,
And the present be forgotten in the future that must be.
Self will then not reign supremest; gold no more be all in all:
Life's best purposes completed, Death, like sleep, will on us fall:
Youth will murmur all its fancies; Age, its weakest, fond conceits:
And no spectre dare disturb them with its saddening whisper, 'Cheats!'
Art's high temples, with those other, holier yet than Art can rear,
Soon will echo with His praises, tender swelling through each year;
And the stripes that wound the Saviour, seen and known no more,
Will proclaim that man's long battle with himself at last is o'er.

'Now to Dream-Land will we, wearied Heart,' again said I;
'For the sun-set's golden castles all have darkened in the sky;
And Concordia's lake is twinkling with its multitudinous stars,
Brightest shining where it mirrors all the fiery disk of Mars:
And the Mississippi bears its bubbles farther downward every breath:
We are sweeping, too, like bubbles, onward toward the Gulf of Death.'

Natchez, (Miss.,) Sept., 1857.

THE BANK-NOTE.

'You would scarcely think I had been in the State's Prison, would you?'

'In the State's Prison!' I echoed. 'Oh! of course you mean as a visitor,' and I felicitated myself that my good-humored host had not 'sold' me.

'No; I mean as a convict.'

'As a convict!' I echoed again, dropping my pipe in my amazement. 'Impossible!'

'True, nevertheless.'

Mrs. Elmore raised her eyes from her knitting, and looked at her husband, and then at me, with a sort of sad smile, that seemed to say: 'True, every word of it.'

Mr. Elmore was a planter living near Natchez, in Mississippi, and I, fancying myself an artist, was at that time staying at his house, ostensibly engaged in painting a portrait of his daughter Annette, a fair young beauty of seventeen.

True, my stay had already been longer than was strictly necessary for purposes of painting, but for reasons which will appear more fully hereafter, I still lingered on the plantation, an honored guest. And often, in the calm autumn evenings, we would all sit together on the verandah, and talk for hours in a home-like, old-fashioned way, under the shadow of the clinging vines.

'In the state's prison as a convict!' I repeated, after a pause, inwardly wondering how it could be possible that that mild, benevolent old gentleman could ever have been so abused.

'Perhaps you would like to hear how it happened?' he said, inquiringly.

'Most certainly — if you are willing to narrate it.'

'I have never spoken of it since I have been here; but if you will listen to-night to an old man's babbling, I will tell you the story.'

We replenished our pipes, settled ourselves in our seats, and just when the sun went out of sight, the old man began his story.

'Forty years ago to-day, I was twenty-two years old, and, improbable as it may now seem, I was practising law in the city of Boston. Or, rather, I was sitting in my office, waiting to practise. My father, who had died when I was but a boy, had been a lawyer before me, and it was my ambition always to be like him as I dimly remembered him, and as my mother described him.

At that time my mother and myself were living together in a little house in Roxbury, and I had just begun to see some prospect of success in my business.

'There was an acquaintance of mine, Louis Milton by name, at that time cashier in one of the city banks.

'Circumstances had thrown us much together, and we had grown to be very good friends, so much so that he had often

spoken to me of a certain Mary Marshall, whom he was accustomed to regard as his future wife; the contract, for such only it could be called, having been entered into years before by their parents.

Weston Marshall was a wealthy importer, and the elder Milton chief owner of the bank in which Louis was cashier. Both were wealthy, and both aristocratic, and hence the foundation of the contract. I had never seen her, and never thought of her but when he spoke of her, little dreaming that she would one day indirectly effect a thorough change in my whole life. But I must not anticipate.

'I shall never forget, one snowy night, the first time I ever saw her. Some theatrical celebrity was 'starring' at one of the Boston theatres, and Louis and myself, happening together in the evening, strolled to the play. In one of the intervals between the acts, Louis turned to me and asked:

''Have you ever seen Mary?'

'I answered that I had never had that pleasure.

''Do you see,' he said, directing my attention to a remote part of the house, 'that young lady dressed in purple, with dark plumes in her hat?'

'I replied that I did.

''Well, that 's Mary.'

'Placed as we then were, in the glaring light, I could see little beyond the particulars of dress he had remarked; but the chances of the crowd, as we left the theatre, brought us quite near her, and I thought then, as I think now, that I had never looked into a pair of deeper or more heart-full eyes. But we passed on chatting pleasantly together of indifferent things, and that night I slept as sound and dreamless a sleep, as if there were never a woman in Christendom.

'Mayhap you have noticed—if you have what people call 'an ear for music,' you certainly have—that you may listen to a piece of music which shall strike you as being peculiarly beautiful, and go away, and one hour afterward you could not recall, so as to articulate, a single note of it, though your life depended upon so doing. And yet, days afterward, when you least expect it, you shall catch yourself humming strain after strain, as easily as if you had known them from childhood; and in truth it shall seem more like an echo of something with which you had long ago been familiar, than the acquisition of something entirely new.

'Just so was it, to me, with Mary Marshall's eyes. I do not think I thought of them for weeks after that night at the theatre, until one morning I was walking in to my office, thinking of 'declarations,' not in love, but in law, when her image started out in memory with more than the distinctness of most familiar faces. I cannot explain why this should be so, any more than I can explain why it is that at occasional periods in every man's life there flashes across his mind, with a sort of curdling shudder, a shadowy consciousness of having seen and heard all that is then passing, at

some remote point of the illimitable past. I only know that both are true. The causes of, and the deductions from, I leave to profounder speculators.

'Once having presented itself, it seemed determined not to be exorcised, and it maintained its position during the entire morning, pertinaciously returning to the attack whenever displaced for a moment by assiduous application to the perusal of 'Coke upon Lyttleton.'

'In the afternoon of the same day I was passing slowly down Tremont-street. There had been a warm sun for some days, and the snow was disappearing. Now and then, when it was drifted on the roofs, the dampening of the slates occasioned it to slip from its position, and descend in miniature avalanches into the streets below, sometimes carrying with it fragments of ice, which, from the last night's freezing, were clinging to the eaves.

'Suddenly one of these 'slides' deluged me with snow, and a lady, who had been walking just before me for some distance, was knocked down by a fragment of ice.

'Of course, my first impulse was to raise and carry her into the nearest shop; the next, to inquire if she was at all injured. But the motion of carrying commenced the work of reänimation, and the restoratives produced by some ladies present in the shop, soon completed it, and the same eyes I had seen at the theatre again met my own.

'It would be useless to detail to you how it happened that I called a carriage and accompanied her to her father's house; or how a pleasant acquaintance sprung out of that chance service; or a thousand other things you can as well imagine.

'Let it be enough to tell you, what I suppose you already anticipate, that a friendship soon grew up between us, which, long before the blossoms of the following spring had ripened into fruit, had ripened into acknowledged love, and that all unheeding any obstacle which might be set up between us, we were happy as summer birds.

'For some years previous to this time, little — nay, nothing — had been said by any party in regard to the contract long before entered into between the parents of Louis and Mary; and the latter, whose gay heart had scarcely given it a thought until she met with me, now began to hope that it had been forgotten, or, at least, abandoned by tacit consent. But causes which I will briefly allude to, soon brought it to remembrance.

'For several months both the houses of Marshall and of Milton, in common with a major part of the commercial community, had been dipping largely into extravagant speculation, and had been losers to an alarming extent, though neither knew of the other's danger, and both retained their reputation for wealth. Under these circumstances, each looked to the consummation of this contract of marriage, as the most available means of avoiding bankruptcy; and accordingly Louis pressed his suit urgently, and Marshall aided him with all his powers of persuasion. I was poor, and

Marshall was a — in short, it would have been worse than useless for me to have spoken then.

'And so the time had gone forward into the summer, and one afternoon accident brought Mary and myself together in one of the city book-stores. While there, chatting over the books, I purchased one of them, and gave it to her, paying for it with a bank-note of some large denomination.

'And now, let me hasten over a portion of my life, which can give you little pleasure in the hearing, and is certainly bitter in memory.

'The next morning I was arrested, charged with having uttered counterfeit money. I need not tell you that I was astounded. I knew not which way to turn, or what to say. There was the bill I had passed the day before, with the word 'Counterfeit' written across the face by Louis Milton, who, in entire ignorance of the fact that I had passed it, had thrown it out when presented for deposit. I could not deny having given it, and, even if it could have been of any avail, I was unable to say whether it was counterfeit or not. Some old enmity against my father prompted the proprietor of the book-store to a vindictive prosecution of the charge; and bitterly was he revenged; for my conviction, which followed close upon my arrest, killed my poor mother.'

The old man's voice trembled, and pausing, he nervously knocked the ashes from his pipe. I turned away my face, and in the sight of the stars only, I brushed away the tears that would come in spite of me.

'Well, the trial came on. I did all I thought I could, but I could not deny that I had given the note. It seemed that there could be no doubt of its spuriousness, and the prosecution was pressed with singular vindictiveness. I was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment in the state's prison. To be an innocent man in the sight of God, shut out from all I held dear in life; deprived of that great birth-right of humanity, liberty; my name rendered infamous, as I thought, forever; is it any wonder that I sometimes prayed for death to terminate my suffering? *Her* utter hopelessness of agony under that terrible trial, no human tongue can tell.'

The old man's tones grew tremulous again, and Mrs. Elmore, as I had done before, turned her face toward the slow-marching stars.

'Meantime the great world outside my prison-house, moved on unheeding. Pecuniary pressure gradually tightened around both Marshall and Milton, until each felt that the last hope lay in the union of Louis and Mary. How fallacious was that hope, the sequel showed but too soon. Mr. Marshall had long since ceased endeavoring to persuade his daughter to this step, and had tried commands. Both means failed entirely, and he now resorted to entreaty. He faithfully represented to her the condition of his affairs, and urged her to save him from ruin and disgrace by marrying the son of the rich banker.

'Startled at the prospect of her father's impending penury, so vividly set before her; utterly desolate at heart; feeling keenly

that all her hopes of happiness were wrecked entirely and forever, she finally yielded, a martyr, as she thought, to her father's good; and they were married. Alas! how vain the sacrifice! Within a week after their marriage, mutual explanations disclosed the truth, and both houses 'failed' the same day. Twenty-four hours thereafter found Marshall dead. Poison, self-administered, was suspected, but the truth is not known to this day. Louis Milton, giving way under the magnitude of the temptation to dishonesty, gathered together all he could of the scattered remnants of both fortunes, regardless of his father, or of his creditors, and departed suddenly, none knew whither, carrying with him his humbled and sorrowing wife.

'The commercial world was startled for a moment by the extent of the failures; but in a few brief weeks the thing was almost forgotten, save by those who had suffered immediate loss.

'All these things I learned long afterward.

'It would profit nothing to detail to you the wearying and humiliating routine of my prison-life.

'Let me pass to the close.

'I had been shut out from the world nearly two years, and one evening was sitting on the low bed in my solitary cell, dreamily wandering among the 'gardens of memory.' Sorrowful enough is this, even to him to whom time has brought no shadow of disgrace. Who, while he looks into the irrevocable 'long ago,' dozes beside his fire-side, surrounded by those who love him, and by those he loves? Who shall say how many 'grim forms of unrepented error' look out from its shadows upon even the happiest man? How much less, then, shall any tongue tell how bitterer than gall it was to look into the past, to me, who, while yet young, had seen my name stained with foulest dishonor, all my aspirations in a moment crushed, and my dearest hopes, even in their broadest noon, blotted into instant night.

'And so I was sitting, in the growing gloom of that autumn evening, mentally living over again the days that were gone, when the door opened, and the turnkey, accompanied by two or three gentlemen, entered the cell. One of the gentlemen I recognized as having been the prosecuting attorney upon my trial: the other I did not know.

''This is the man, Mr. Crampton,' said the turnkey. I rose, and bowed stiffly.

''My dear Elmore,' said the attorney, frankly extending his hand, 'let me congratulate you upon your restoration to 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,' as the 'ancients' have it. You are from this moment free to wander whithersoever you choose. Come, let us get out into the air; it makes me feel aguish in here.'

'I was completely bewildered, and suffering myself to be led, without a word, before I could collect myself to ask the reason of this unexpected proceeding, I found myself once more under God's blessed stars, accompanied by, or rather being dragged by, the

good-natured old lawyer. And what was the reason? you ask. Simply this. The note, for the uttering of which I had been imprisoned, was the issue of a country bank, and, since my trial, had remained in the hands of Mr. Crampton, the attorney. A short time previous to my release, Mr. Wilson, one of the gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Crampton to the prison, and president of the bank whence the note was issued, being in Boston, was sitting in Crampton's office, when some casual remark recalled to the memory of the latter the circumstances attending my conviction. From mere curiosity he showed the note to Wilson, and he, to Crampton's astonishment, pronounced it genuine!

'And so I had been guilty of no crime, either in thought or deed. But where was the redress? What redress could there be for a mother murdered, and a name dishonored?

'You need not be told my reasons for quitting Boston forever. I came here after many wanderings; and, to this day, no soul there knows but that I am dead.'

Once more the old man paused, relighted his pipe, and in a more cheerful tone, continued his story.

'I had lived here, with an old negro woman for house-keeper, nearly four years, when some unaccountable impulse prompted me to go to New-Orleans. There was no reason why I should either go on, or stay, except my own inclination; and so I ran down to the bank there, 'hailed' the first boat bound downward, and took passage for the city.

'It was a hot but beautiful day in May when the 'White Cloud' swung out into the current, and steamed gallantly down the river. The heat was tempered by a strong breeze from the south, before which, small, fleecy clouds, that seemed almost melting into the distant blue, like little fairy barges, scudded swiftly to the northward. Always silent and abstracted, I was that day unusually thoughtful. I remember I sat all day on the 'guards,' to all appearance looking at the banks of the river, really looking dreamily into my own heart-history, with that sort of pleasant sadness which every meditative man so often feels; that partial losing of one's present consciousness in the cloudy living over again the pleasantnesses of 'years agone.'

'Late in the afternoon, the sun disappeared behind a mass of leaden-blue clouds, gilding its volumed verge with a line of dazzling light. The wind ceased entirely, a stifling closeness crept through the atmosphere; and, to an eye at all weather-wise, it was evident that the armies of the air were mustering for a conflict. By-and-by, the thunder, which, like the artillery on a distant battle-field, had all the afternoon trembled along the horizon, swelled nearer and more near; the lightning, fierce spirit of the storm, leaped from the bosom of the cloud, and waved his flaming banner in advance; a few large drops, which in the oppressive stillness sounded like a shower of shot, clattered upon the deck; and then with all the roar and din of the summer tempest, the elemental battle whirled around us.

'For more than three hours the storm raged with unabated fury, and even when its fiercest rush had swept away to the east, the rain poured down in steady torrents, and, except for an occasional pale flash of lightning, the night was intensely dark. During the whole of the first half of the night I felt no inclination to sleep, I rather felt as if I could not sleep, should I try ever so earnestly, and at nearly two o'clock in the morning I was standing at one of the glass doors of the social hall. I do not know how long I had stood there; I only know that I alone of the passengers was waking, and, except for the escaping steam, there was no sound on board. Suddenly I was aroused by loud shouting without, followed in quick succession by the hurried trampling of feet, and a crashing shock, that made the vessel tremble to her keel. As I gained the deck, the air was filled with loud screams and agonized cries for help. The next moment the resin torches of the boat flashed their red light upon the darkness, and there, close before us, lay a disabled steamer sinking rapidly. In the thick darkness the eye could not properly measure distances, and in a rash attempt to cross the course of the 'White Cloud,' she had been cut far below the water-line.

'I had not dwelt so long upon the river's bank without familiarizing myself with the use of the oar, and with the aid of two or three of the first who recovered their self-possession, I launched one of the steamer's boats and pushed off to the assistance of those who were struggling in the water. I shall never forget the faces I saw that night; and I shudder even now as I recall their looks of despairing supplication as the turbid waters closed over them forever, within sight, almost within reach of helping hands.

'I was standing in the bow of the boat as we were returning slowly from a long circuit around the sunken steamer, when I saw close before us the gleam of a white garment upon the water, and a faint bubbling call reached our ears. The boat shot forward under the impulse of the rowers, but the object was gone. We were just turning to leave the spot, when the water parted again below us, and the glare of the torches shone upon an up-turned female face. I needed no second glance; my heart leaped into my throat, and with a spring that carried me far over the boat's side, I grasped the white figure with trembling fingers, and supported it until strong arms in the boat lifted us both from the water.

'The next evening Mary Marshall — I could not call her Mary Milton — and I sat together in New-Orleans, and talked hour after hour.

'Let me make her story brief.

'They had gone directly from Boston to New-Orleans, where Louis soon obtained employment as book-keeper in one of the banks of the city. But the loss of his wealth and position had completely cast down his weak spirit. He fell into habits of drunkenness, was rarely at home, sometimes leaving her in their boarding-house for days together. He entertained an insane hope of regaining his lost wealth at the gaming-table, and within twelve

months from their marriage, he was brought home dead, stabbed in a drunken brawl in one of the gambling-hells of the city. Fortunately for Mary, she had gained the affection and esteem of the wife of the president of the bank where Louis had been employed, who now offered her a home ostensibly as a teacher of music for her daughter. And here she had been ever since, meeting nothing but kindness, and contented with her lot. She was accompanying the family on a Northern tour, when the accident occurred which brought us together.

'More than thirty years,' solemnly continued the old man, after a pause, 'have rolled away, and never since then, for a single day, have Mary and I been parted.'

Mrs. Elmore rose softly from her chair, and kneeling beside her husband, hid her face in his bosom and sobbed like a little child.

Silently I walked down the path-way, and, leaning upon the rustic gate, looked far down where the light of the new-risen moon slept upon the water, and listened to the night-wind as it whispered softly to the slumbering flowers. Presently I felt, rather than heard, a light step behind me. A little white hand was laid upon my shoulder, I passed my arm lovingly around a yielding figure, and then, with spirits that melted into each other, and in that blissful hour lived but as one essence, Annette and I stood dreaming under the silent stars, until the old man's voice said:

'Come, children, it is late.'

That little hand is not so fair and plump now as then, and the frosts of age are beginning to silver my hair, but still the quiet autumn evenings often find us standing at that rustic gate. The same river flows unchangingly at our feet, and Annette and I are as perfectly one spirit now as then.

St. Paul, Dec., 1857.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

'Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in:
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair:
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

'They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;
And it blew the curls a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful, dimpled chin:

'And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuschia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, in tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

'Steeper and steeper grew the hill:
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

'O Western Wind! do you think it was fair
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and dimpled chin?

'O Ellery Vane! you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin!

National Era.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

A BALLAD: BY MARY B. SHROFF.

I.

A LITTLE fair being sat watchful and still
In the door of a hut by the sea,
And oft with its large blue angel-eyes
Looked seaward expectantly.

II.

The sun-set aslant through the open door
Shone soft on the lonely child,
Till it looked like a picture in frame-work old,
With its gentle face so mild.

III.

A keel ploughs softly the shining sea,
And now it has reached the land,
And quickly the fisherman leaps ashore,
'T is ELLIE that waits on the strand.

IV.

The great rough man is coarsely clad,
He is toil-worn, old, and brown:
But love from the fair young face shines up,
From the honest eyes shines down.

V.

'What, ho! my little one,' he cries,
As he rocks her at eve on his knee,
'Wilt run for the staff thy father has left
In the boat beside the sea?

VI.

The little one went in the deep'ning night,
To the strand beside the sea,
And the wind moaned back, and the murmuring foam,
But never back came she?

VII.

On the edge of the boat a plank ill-poised,
White gleam in the heaving wild,
Pale floating hair — O cruel Sea!
O little loving child!

Valley Forge, Sep., 1857.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MISSIONARY TRAVELS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH-AFRICA: including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, etc. By DAVID LIVINGSTONE, LL.D., D.C.L., etc. In one Volume: pp. 732. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

THE kindred book of BARTH, but lately noticed at large in the KNICKERBOCKER, published by the same house whence the volume before us proceeds, will have prepared the reader for the subject-matter of Mr. LIVINGSTONE's book. Both are good: yet it is no disparagement of the former to say, that Mr. LIVINGSTONE is a better and a much more *interesting* writer than himself. Both works, however, will not only elicit comparison, but they will be read and enjoyed together: BARTH in Northern and Central Africa, and LIVINGSTONE in South-Africa, present personal records of the most reliable character, which form an almost complete survey of that great continent which provokes so many questions, which has been the field of so many explorations, but of which so little is yet known. Dr. LIVINGSTONE went to Africa in the service of the London Missionary Society, and for more than sixteen years labored among the benighted people of that mysterious continent, learning to speak their dialects, and thinking in those dialects so long as to distrust the purity of his English; joining in the every-day sports and occupations of the nomadic races with whom he was brought into contact, and undergoing perils as incessant and as various almost as those recounted by PAUL. He made a journey entirely across the continent from the Atlantic to the Eastern Ocean, whereby he met with many strange and novel adventures. Dr. LIVINGSTONE is an earnest, practical man, who takes strong common-sense views of things, as is evinced in his belief that commerce and civilization will prove the surest pioneers of the Christian Religion in Africa. And so desirous is he of turning his African experiences to the best advantage of mankind, that he is now engaged under the employment of the British Foreign Office in negotiations with the Portuguese Government for opening a communication with the interior of Africa from some of the Portuguese settlements on the coast. There is a fine portrait of Mr. LIVINGSTONE, together with many spirited engravings, illustrating the character of the country and the life of the people, ample and correct maps, etc. Also: exceedingly well printed, upon good paper.

OCEAN STEAM NAVIGATION AND THE OCEAN POST. By THOMAS RAINEY: pp. 224. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 346 and 348 Broadway. London: TRUBNER AND COMPANY, Paternoster Row. 1858.

THIS is one of the most entertaining and instructive books it has been our good fortune to read this many a day: for we *have* read every line of it, 'from title-page to colophon,' and from the perusal thereof have derived more general and satisfactory information, on the subject of which it treats, than we could, unaided, have gathered in a life-time. As it has done us so much good, suppose we let it 'go round,' like the turkey on the turnspit, '*doing good!*' Before we speak of the book, however, let us premise a word or two concerning the author. He published, some time since, a treatise on Mathematics, called 'The Abacus;' in 1851 he was Secretary of the 'American Association for the Advancement of Science;' he is author of 'Papers on Brazil and the Amazon;' was late Consul to Bolivia; was recently appointed Secretary of Legation to Brazil, a post which he declined; and has been known to the country for a most enterprising effort during the few years past to establish steam-ship communication between this country and the Brazilian Empire, *via* the West-India Islands. Mr. RAINEY now has his excellent project before Congress, and he will doubtless succeed in connecting our own country with the rich commercial fields of South-America; at any rate, he will succeed, if energy 'counts a man in.' So much for his antecedents: now for his book.

Its central proposition is, 'That it is the duty of the' American 'Government to its people, to establish and maintain an extensive, well-organized, and rapid steam mail marine for the benefit of production, commerce, diplomacy, defences, the public character, and the general interests of all classes.' This proposition the author establishes by the following argument: Steam mails upon the ocean control the commerce and diplomacy of the world: they are essential to our commercial and producing country: we have not established ocean mail facilities commensurate with our national ability and the demands of our commerce: we are largely dependent on, and tributary to, our greatest commercial rival, Great Britain, for the postal facilities which should be purely American: *fast* ocean mails are exceedingly desirable for our commerce and national standing, and are demanded by our people at large: fast *steamers* alone can furnish rapid transport to the mails: high, adequate mail-speed is extremely costly, in the prime construction of vessels, their repairs, and their numerous *employées:* the quantity of fuel consumed is enormous and ruinous to unaided private enterprise: ocean mail steamers cannot live on their own receipts: neither the latest nor the anticipated improvements in steam shipping promise any change in this fact: self-support is not likely to be attained by increasing the size of steamers: the propelling power in fast steamers occupies all of the available space not devoted to passengers and express freight: steamers must be fast to do successful mail and profitable passenger service: sailing vessels cannot successfully transport the mails: with any considerable economy of fuel and other running expenses, the propeller is but little faster than the sailing vessel: to patronize these slow vessels with the mails, the Government would unjustly discriminate against sailing vessels in the transport of freights:

we cannot depend on the vessels of the Navy for the transport of the mails: individual enterprise cannot support fast steamers; and not even American private enterprise can furnish a sufficiently rapid steam mail and passenger marine. Having thus thoroughly fortified himself, the author further declares. 'That the Government can discharge the clear and unquestionable duty of establishing foreign mail facilities, only by paying liberal prices for the transport of the mails for a long term of years, by creating and sustaining an ocean postal system, by legislating upon it systematically, and by abandoning our slavish dependence upon Great Britain.' And, by way of clinching the whole, the author gives us a most interesting and valuable history of the British ocean mail system; a system which has had the fostering care of England's far-seeing statesmen, and of England's heavy purse; a system which is one of the 'open secrets' of England's overshadowing greatness as a commercial and maritime power. Then follows a chapter on 'The Ocean Lines of the United States,' which presents a state of facts by no means flattering to our national pride. The book closes with a number of Appendix-Papers, tabular and corroborative: among which we notice a very long and full one, by the indefatigable PLINY MILES; and a very valuable one, entitled, 'Ocean Steam Lines of the World.' Such is a brief and imperfect synopsis of this book. Limited space prevents extended quotation: but, to give our readers a taste of its quality, we shall quote a few sentences, here and there, from Section VII., '*What is the Duty of the Government to the People?*'

'THE inference is clear and unavoidable: and we come irresistibly to the conclusion that it is the duty of the Government to its people, to establish and maintain an extensive, well-organized, and rapid steam mail marine, for the benefit of production, commerce, diplomacy, defenses, the character of the nation, and the public at large; and as there is positively no other source of adequate and effective support, to pay liberally for the same out of any funds in the national treasury, belonging to the enterprising, liberal, and enlightened people of the Republic. There is no clearer duty of the Legislative and Executive Government to the industrious people of the country than the establishment of liberal, large, and ready postal facilities, for the better and more successful conduct of that industry, whether those facilities be upon land or upon the sea. It is sometimes difficult to extend our vision to any other sphere than that in which we move and have our experiences; and thus there are many persons who, while they would revolt at the idea that the Government should refuse to run four-horse coaches to some little unimportant country town, would be wholly unable to grasp the great commercial world and the wide oceans over which their own products are to float, and from whose trade the Government derives the large duties which prevent these same persons having to pay direct taxes.

'It is generally admitted that the government of a country is established for the benefit of the people; and constitutions conflicting with this purpose are simply subversive of justice and liberty. If labor is a thing so desirable and so noble in a people that the protection of its rewards in the form of property becomes one of the highest attributes of good government, then it is equally an indisputable attribute of that protecting and fostering government to afford those facilities to labor, which experience shows that it needs, and which the people cannot attain in their individual capacity, or without the intervention of the government. The common experience of mankind points to commerce as the next great means to production in creating national and individual wealth. It equally shows us that foreign commerce cannot flourish without liberal foreign mail facilities, and the means of ready transit of persons, papers, and specie. It also clearly indicates that the most successful means of accomplishing this, is the employment of subsidized national mail steam-ships. It therefore becomes obviously the duty of a paternal government to an industrious, enterprising, producing, and trading people, to give them the rapid ocean steam mails necessary to the profitable prosecution of their industry.

'We have for many years neglected many important fields of foreign trade, and many profitable branches of industry and art, which we could easily have nurtured into sources of income and wealth, by adopting the foreign mail system, so wisely in-

troduced and extended by Great Britain. And in the absence of such efforts on our part, a large and remunerative traffic has been swept from us, and this suicidal neglect has been the means of our subordination to so many controlling foreign influences. We are at this very hour commercially enslaved by England, France, Brazil, and the East. How is it that the trade of the world is in the hands of Great Britain? Her energetic people have ever had the fostering care of her government. Their steam mail system has been established for twenty-four years. It has furnished the people with the means of easy transport, rapid correspondence, the remittance of specie, and the shipment of light manufactured goods to every corner of the world; it has invited foreigners from every land to her shores and her markets; and it has been the means of throwing the raw material of the whole world into the lap of the British manufacturer and artisan, and enabling them thus to control the markets in every land.

'But we can get along, it is said, without such a manufacturing system and such an ubiquity of trade. This is a mistake. The productions of our soil are not sufficiently indispensable to the outer world to bring us all of the money we need for importing the millions of foreign follies, to which our people have become attached.

'There are many fields of trade which may be said to pertain naturally to this country, and which we have as wholly neglected and yielded to Great Britain, as if she had a divine right to the monopoly of the entire commerce of the world. No one can believe that the trade of the islands which gem the Carribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, or the great Spanish Main, or the Guianas, or the Orinoco and Amazon, or the extended coast of Brazil, the Platan Republics, or Mexico, and the Central American States lying just at our door, belongs naturally to Europe, or that their productions should be transported in European ships, or that their supplies come naturally five thousand miles across the ocean, rather than go a few hundred miles from our own shores, in our own ships, and for the benefit of our own merchants and producers. Yet, such is the impression which our apathy of effort in those regions would produce.

'The same thing is true of the Pacific South-American, the Chinese, and the East-Indian trade. That of the Pacific coast is not half so far from us, as it is from Europe; that of China, and the East-Indies, and Australia, is by many thousand miles nearer to us; and yet the greater portion of the commerce of all three of those great fields is triumphantly borne off by Great Britain alone. And why is all this? Why is her foreign trade sixteen hundred millions of dollars per year, while ours is only seven hundred millions? Here, as ever, the tree is known by its fruits. The tree of knowledge, of British wisdom, 'whose mortal taste brought death into our world,' our Western world of commerce, 'with loss of Eden,' and many a fair paradise of enterprise and effort, has filled the bleak little islands of Britain with the golden fruits of every clime, and scattered broadcast among its people the rich ambrosia of foreign commerce. When it was necessary to command the trade of the West-Indies, Central America, and Mexico, lying at our southern door, she established the Royal Steam Packet service with thirteen lines and twenty steamers, and paid it for the first ten years two hundred and forty thousand pounds, and for the present twelve years two hundred and seventy thousand pounds per annum. In addition to this she pays twenty-five thousand pounds per annum for continuing the same lines down the west coast of South-America to Valparaiso, and contracts to pay the Royal Mail Company an annual addition of seventy-five thousand pounds in the event of coal, freight, insurance, etc., being at any time higher than they were at the date of the contract in 1850. This aggregate sum of two hundred and ninety-five thousand pounds, or one million four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, to say nothing of the increased allowance of seventy-five thousand pounds probably now paid to this one branch alone of the British service, *is considerably greater than that paid for the entire foreign mail service of the United States.*

'Now, it is a very extraordinary fact that, with such a field of commerce lying along the sunny side of our republic, and with such an array of facilities for converting it into European channels, our Government has done literally nothing to protect the rights of its citizens and give them the means, which they do not now possess, of a fair competition with other countries for this rich and remunerative trade. Yet such is the fact; all of the petitions and memorials of the sea-board cities to the contrary notwithstanding. The same is the case with the Pacific and East-India trade before noticed.

'The commercial men of this country see the West-Indies, the Spanish-American Republics, Brazil, Central America, and Mexico, lying right at our southern door, and the whole Pacific coast, the East-Indies, China, the Mauritius, Australia, and the Pacific Islands but half as far from California as from England, all much nearer to us than to Great Britain and other European countries, and offering us a trade which large as it necessarily is to-day, is yet destined within the coming generation to transcend that of all other portions of the globe combined, in extent, in richness, and in the profits which it will yield. The capacity of these great fields for development

and expansion is indefinite and almost boundless. There is no doubt that an American trade could be developed in those regions within the next thirty years whose opulence and magnificence would rival and far surpass our entire commerce of the world at the present time, and give to our nation a riches and a power which would enable it to shape the destinies of the entire civilized world.

'The wise merchants and statesmen of Great Britain know that commerce can be accommodated only by rapid steam mails, which have regular and reliable periods for arrival and departure: and that, although these mails cost the Government and the people something more than those slow and uncertain communications which depend on sailing-vessels and over-land transit, yet they are enabled, by the facilities which they afford, to monopolize and control the commerce of the world, and divert it from even the most natural channels into the lap of British wealth. It is in this view of the subject that our merchants so justly complain that our Government, by refusing to give them the facilities commensurate with the demands of the age, *deprives* them of the *power* or *privilege* of competing with foreign nations, and palsies their hands, simply because they are not able, individually and by their associated capital, to do that which the Government only can do. The reason why our mail-steamers require the aid of our Government is that foreign Governments subsidize their lines; hence our individual enterprise cannot compete with their individual enterprise and that of their Government combined. The reason why foreign Governments thus subsidize their mail lines is, that *those lines cannot depend upon their own receipts for support, or run without Governmental aid.* This is also the prime reason for Governmental aid in running our lines. These facts are undisputed by steam-ship-men and merchants, and are verified by the practice of the whole world, and the great number of failures in attempting to sustain steamers, from year to year, on regular lines, by their receipts alone.'

THE HASHEESH-EATER: BEING PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A PYTHAGOREAN. In one Volume: pp. 371. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

CAN our readers recal that not *far* 'Backward in the abysm of Time,' when Lord BYRON's 'terrible melancholy' raised up a host of simulators of the same: with wide down-turned shirt-collars and lustrous up-turned eyes: BYRONIC in every thing, except features, mind, knowledge, GENIUS? 'Very *well*, then,' as Mr. BUNSBY would say: do they *also* remember, that since DE QUINCEY wrote his '*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*,' many weak-minded aspirants to the fame which accrued from that successful work, have imitated the author in so far as to excite their entire thimble-full of brains with the 'smoking mud,' (under which name High Commissioner LIN denounced the drug,) and afterward published *their* 'Confessions?' This 'Hasheesh-Eater' is of the highest order of the *great* 'Opium-Eater's simulators. The small tribe before him have not followed DE QUINCEY in writing a *book:* no; their brains could not hold out, under spiritual pressure, sufficiently long: so they contented themselves with single papers, or short serials, in some popular journal or magazine. The 'Hasheesh-Eater,' on the contrary, is evidently a man of talent, and his reveries and experiences suffice to fill a book without the 'forcing process.' Every body knows what opium is, but every body may *not* know that *Hasheesh* is the resin of a peculiar sort of hemp, called '*Cannabis Indica*,' which in southern climates loses its fibrous texture, and secretes this powerful narcotic drug. How the narrator came to eat *Hasheesh;* what were its effects; what fascination it exerted over his fancy; what dreams he dreamed; what joys and pains he felt; and in what manner he relinquished the use of this soul-exciting, soul-subduing drug, forms the subject-matter of the volume

under notice. Its descriptions are somewhat fascinating: and we should not be at all surprised to find the '*Hasheesh* of commerce' quoted before long in the mercantile 'prices-current of our commercial daily journals. The '*Yan-nekees*' always want to '*try* things,' from a new mechanical-power, a new patent-medicine, or a new drug, to a new religion.

NEW AMERICAN ENCYCLOPÆDIA: A POPULAR DICTIONARY OF GENERAL KNOWLEDGE. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume the First: A—Aragnay: pp. 752. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THIS great work promises when completed to be one of the best and the latest, as it certainly will be one of the cheapest, of its kind in the world. That it has been confided to most competent editorial hands is, as far as we have seen, universally admitted by the public press. Our contemporary of the Philadelphia '*Press*' daily journal, well and truly says of it:

'To be sold for less than half the cost, to be issued within a short and defined period, and to bear comparison with every work of the kind yet published, are the leading features of this new, we might say this National work; for every line has been expressly written for the work itself, and most of it by American citizens. Mere cheapness of price ought not to be an inducement; for the best article is that which is most worth the money, whatever the cost be. The New American Cyclopædia is good as well as low-priced. Its design is simply to furnish the great body of intelligent readers in this country, with a popular Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. Its editors are men of learning, tact, general information, and a knowledge of the world. They have called in the aid of many of the ablest writers in the country, each man taking the branch or branches of knowledge, with which he may happen to be most familiar, and emptying his mind, as it were, into articles upon it as a whole, or on its collaterals. Careful revision—which sometimes condenses, and sometimes may enlarge the article—is then applied, and the result may be anticipated. Mere disquisition has been avoided. The aim is to produce a practical work of reference and full information upon the whole circle of Universal Knowledge.

'The materials for such a work as this, which will contain more variety than any of its predecessors, wherever published, have been found in thousands of volumes, freely consulted in public libraries and private collections; in all Encyclopædias and Biographical and general Dictionaries of authority and value; and, above all, in the personal knowledge of the large corps of contributors, (nearly one hundred in number,) whose coöperation has been made available for this great labor. Of these writers, as we have said, the majority are American citizens, but many writers in Great Britain, and on the Continent of Europe, have been pressed into the service, and have rendered efficient aid.

'The opening volume, just published, (sold only to subscribers, and procurable by local agents all over the Union,) is a fair sample of the work. It concludes with a geographical article on Araguay. Among the more striking articles are those upon ABD EL KADER, ABDUL MEJID, Absorption, Abstinence, Academy, Acetic Acid, JOHN ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, JOSEPH ADDISON, Adulteration, Adventurers, Advertisement, Aërostation, Afghanistan, Africa, the Agapemone, Professor LOUIS AGASSIZ, Age, Agriculture, with its Chemistry and Schools, Ague, Alabama, Albuminuria, ALEXANDER, (*pseudo* 'Earl of Stirling,') ALFIERI, Algeria, Aliment, Alloy, WASHINGTON ALLSTON, Alluvium, ALMACK'S, Almanac, Alphabet, Aluminum, Duke of Alva, America, American Antiquities, Americanisms, (omitting the word 'guess,') Amphibia, Anæsthetics, Anatomy, Andes, Major ANDRÉ, Angling, Animal, Animal Electricity, Animal Heat, Animal Magnetism, Animal Mechanics, Animalcules, Anthracite, (with map of the Anthracite region of Philadelphia,) Anthropology, Anti-Rentism, Apocalypse, Appalachian Mountains, Ap-

petite, Aqueduct, Arabian Language and Literature, Arabian Nights, and the ARAGO family.'

When we say that each of these articles is a complete account of the subject it treats upon, and that — though at less length — nearly two thousand five hundred different subjects are treated with equal accuracy and care, we state the exact character of the work. The second volume will be published early in the spring, and a new volume at regular intervals of about two months. The work will be completed in fifteen volumes, at three dollars each, in good binding: higher styles of binding, of course, at a relatively higher price.

LUCY HOWARD'S JOURNAL. By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY. In one Volume: pp. 343. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE sometimes 'take shame and confusion of face' unto ourself for not doing *immediate* justice to the many works, of various interest to various readers, which emanate from the 'groaning presses' of our country. But how is it possible? Our space is not universal — our time is not unlimited — our power of adequate literary judgment not independent of the *reading* of a new book: but sooner or later, it is our hope always to call public attention to such works as Mrs. SIGOURNEY invariably puts forth. We have not unfrequently heard it said — said by mothers, and daughters who may themselves some day be mothers — 'What a consolation it must be to Mrs. SIGOURNEY, to know that *all* her writings have been intended to do, and have done, GOOD?' This is all true, and it is a jewel in her crown. But the *way* in which she has done all this good is not sufficiently appreciated. Twenty poetical and prose works, or rather we should say, *parts* of poetical and prose works from her pen, which we could at this moment call to mind, could scarcely be exceeded by any American female-author in the effects which they have produced, especially upon the growing minds and ductile affections of the young and inexperienced, among her readers. But to the volume under notice: 'LUCY HOWARD' is a story, in the form of a diary. The first date recorded is in 1810, the last in 1822. The history begins in a New-England school-house, and is carried through youth and maturity, love, marriage, and death. The writer leaves the home of her childhood for the West, and encounters all the fatigues and trials of frontier life. Her work is designed to record and perpetuate a sort of experience which, though common in the early part of the present century, is now becoming rare. It is a delineation of the affections, an exposition of the principles which give stability and comfort to New-England homes. 'Mrs. SIGOURNEY's literary career,' says the *Evening Post*, 'has been a long one. She was one of the first in this country to win respect for the literary labors of women; and many who have since risen to distinction in the world of letters derived their first impulse from her example. In some attributes of genius she has been surpassed by those who have come after her; but in those qualities of head and heart which constitute the peculiar charm of womanhood, she challenges our unqualified admiration and respect.' And this, let us add, is a verdict which will be confirmed by posterity.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'THE BLOODY SCULLION OF SKEDINK:' A NOVEL. — Perhaps one of the most gratifying things in the profession of a 'High Literary Purveyor,' (thanks, Mr. 'C. I. B.:' we shall try to deserve your appellation,) is the privilege which is afforded that personage, of announcing to the public new works, of personal narrative or creative fiction, yet sleeping in the manuscripts of their authors. Our readers, therefore, will share our enjoyment, when we state, that we have received from the author, in his own hand-writing, quite a large portion of a production which will be much better known hereafter, we take it, than at present. Hearken to the title thereof: '*A Romance of Castile: Penniwinkle the Hermit, or The Bloody Scullion of Skedink: a Tale of the Real Ideal.*' It is from the pen of the author of 'The Mystic Shoe-String,' 'The Scavenger's Doom,' 'The Haunted Slaughter-House,' etc., etc.; volumes which, owing to the stringency of 'the times' and the 'tightness' of publishers, have not as yet attained to the dignity of type. We shall present but a single passage from the forthcoming work, (for that it *will* be forthcoming, we have too much faith in the good taste and sound judgment of our publishers to doubt,) satisfied that its gorgeous descriptions, its glowing style, its warm-hearted satire, and genial sarcasm, will bring it home to the business and bosom of every man and woman, in the whole expanse of our broad national domain:

. . . 'COME to the Hermit's Cave!

'And they left.

'Their path lay through the thick forest, over miry groves and pleasant swamps, where red and several other kinds of squirrels were springing around them, with their puffed-out cheeks filled with cocoa-nuts for the winter's store. The gentle owl, enjoying the sunny afternoon, sang merrily in the branches. The snail and the wild-cat skipped pleasantly together upon the verdant green. The smooth emerald serpent hissed a welcome to the maidens, as they tripped along, stopping now and then to pluck and eat the luscious horse-chestnuts, hanging in rich clusters over their heads.

'Soon the cave was reached. They looked in, and beheld the HERMIT preparing his frugal meal of flag-root and sorrel. At their entrance, he started, and gazed earnestly at the maiden. Equally fixed was her gaze. They ——

'But before proceeding farther, we shall go on to give a short sketch of the previous life of the HERMIT.

'He came into the world at a small town called *Kansas*, which has since become a large and flourishing territory, on Independence-day, 1776 years ago — the very day on which the Fourth-of-July was signed. Being of a free disposition, and a good penman, he would undoubtedly have signed his name with the rest, but unavoidable circumstances at home prevented. Of all his early history we have no account, owing to the negligence of his posterity; so that we hear nothing of him whatever, until he reached the age of ten years, when he commenced attending the village school. Here he excelled in all athletic sports: could jump four rods and a half to any other boy's or girl's one; and, moreover, was at the head of every class in school. On one occasion he is said to have chastised a boy three times his own size, for throwing a piece of orange-peel at a little girl. When twelve years of age, being disappointed in a love affair, he attempted to commit suicide by taking one-thirtieth of a barrel of whiskey, having read in the papers that there was enough strychine in a barrel of whiskey to kill thirty men. But his constitution was naturally so strong, that its only effect was to make him a little talkative, and he concluded he was worth saving a little longer.*

'After being expelled from school for knowing more than the master, he was sent into the city and put into a dry-goods store, to fit for college. He there attended an evening free-school, where he only had to pay for tuition, stationery, and lights. After attending this school three months, he entered college, at the age of sixteen, in the year 1792. Here he early won the esteem and respect of all who knew him, on account of his affability of manners, his brilliant talents, and his gentlemanly manner of borrowing money. On one occasion, in his Sophomore year, being deliberately 'ducked' by a Freshman, he had the boldness to inflict upon him the punishment of letting him alone until he should himself at last see the evil of his course. This at once established for him the character of the 'Rowdy and Dare-devil Sophomore.'

'He joined a secret society called '*Eta Upsilon*,' more commonly called '*Eat'erup*,' where he distinguished himself in the literary department, by writing the poem commencing, 'Tell me not in mournful numbers:' also another, commencing, 'On Linden when the Sun was Low:' also the beautiful little song, 'Sweetly sang the Martingale:' and a prose poem, called 'Unconscious Reveries:' and many other justly-admired pieces. Even in his Freshman year he wrote for the '*Boston Scrouger*,' (a 'Literary Journal of Art,') a romance called '*The Hostler's Ward*,' *a Tale of the Disquisition*,' which is of course well known to all our readers. Two years later he published another romance in the same paper, called '*Squirm, the Stable-Boy, or the Widow of the Alleghanies*,' which is also widely known.

'His part at the Senior Exhibition was the most powerful that has ever been delivered in any college: the subject of it was: '*The Inadequacy of the Incomprehensibilities of Natural and Internal Nature, as Developed by the Moral Elements of the Beautiful contained in the Imperishable Eccentricities of Art.*' This part took two prizes, and was put into the archives of the college three times. Honors crowded upon him: he was unanimously elected orator of the Scandinavian Society, there being only three votes cast against him, and delivered a magnificent oration on '*The Intensity of Socrates.*' This eclipsed even his former effort. His principles were good: he never drank any thing stronger than whiskey,

* 'PERHAPS the fluid might have been diluted. — AUTHOR.'

and wrote a pamphlet against the use of ale as a beverage: always told the truth when it was convenient, and had so great an aversion to games of chance that he has sometimes been seen when he could not tell one card from another.

'To illustrate the development of his character, we give two short extracts from letters to his mother: one written in his Freshman year, the other in his Senior year:

''Dear Mother: I am seated in my *escritoire*, trying to answer your last letter, which was received about three months ago. You know, mother, I take some interest in you: so, without flattering you in the least, I will say that I rank the eleventh in my class, which is as high as any body ever gets in the Freshman year. I have just joined the 'Eat'er-Up Society.' I wish I could tell you some of the secrets: but they might make a row if I did: however, if you insist, I suppose I must tell you.'

'The next was written just before he graduated:

''Dear Mother: As my reputation as a literary critic and scholar is established, it is time, you would say, to choose a profession. After a long and painful deliberation of an hour, I have determined to adopt the profession of travelling, as I can do the most benefit to the human race in that way.'

'He graduated with the highest honors in 1796. His 'commencement-part' on the '*Extensiveness of the Infinite*,' was, of course, of the highest order: and he descended from the stage surrounded on all sides by a 'hulloa' of glory.'

The 'Good Time Coming' for Jackasses.—We have always had great sympathy with jackasses, and 'creatures after their kind,' (there is a good place for a joke upon us here, from some forward animal of the species,) since the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo*' published the touching account of the two long-eared specimens who expired in Lexington, Kentucky, at the moment of looking up from their fodder, as the broad, octagonal sides of a 'struck' menagerie-tent were rolled up, and they found themselves 'cheek by jowl' with the mountain-form of the elephant 'Romeo,' just packing his travelling trunk for Louisville. *There* was sympathy for you! With a united '*Yah-ee-ah-ee-ah!*' they both 'fell, and expired without a groan!' But what we wish especially to speak of *now*, is a *Proposition to Pay off the National Debt of Great-Britain by American Jackasses*, through the saving to be effected by the draught of packet-boats on the Erie Canal, from the Hudson River to Lake Erie: '*Mason's Farrier*,' an authentic work, is the authority, as stated by an intelligent writer, in the *Tribune* daily journal, upon domestic animals and agricultural matters, with all which he seems well conversant. The subjoined is the comprehensive extract and 'document':

'It is stated that a packet-boat on the Erie Canal requires a team of three horses to tow it sixteen miles, going at the rate of eighty miles in twenty-four hours; and that the relays required demand fifteen horses for each nautical day. Setting the time, from Lake Erie to the Hudson, at five nautical days, seventy-five horses will be required; and setting the food, stabling, and care of each horse at fifty cents per diem, it will cost each packet-boat above thirty-five dollars per diem for the subsistence of its cattle alone, without counting deterioration by age, labor, or accident, at which rate every packet-boat must expend three hundred and seventy-five dollars for

every trip to the Hudson River and back from Lake Erie. Now the same number of mules will do the same amount of work, at least as well as the horses. They will do it at one-half the cost of subsistence; and they will do it fifteen years longer than the horses. In other words, one team of mules will do the work for the same length of time that three teams of horses will do it; for a team of horses cannot be counted on for such work for above seven years at the utmost. Thus, the mules will save the prime cost in twenty-three years of two teams of horses of three each, beside the interest; and will do the same work, during the whole time, at one-half the cost, beside the interest on the saving. If this calculation be a correct one, and we have entirely failed to detect the first flaw in it, taking into consideration the enormous number of boats, and the gigantic traffic, daily and hourly increasing, which pass through that grand artery of American commerce, the sums of money to be realized by the gain of this single substitution, baffle the powers of the imagination to conjecture them. *It is sufficient to say, broadly, that it would require but a few years, far less than the lifetime of a single man, with that sum annually capitalized, and invested at compound interest, to pay the capital of the national debt of England!* Of so vast importance to a country, in an economical and national point of view, may be and are the labors of the meanest of its animals!'

This 'item' (it is admitted to be stated 'broadly') ought to have been included in Mr. SAMUEL RUGGLES' famous 'Canal Report.' Long live the JACK-ASS, and his posterity!

CORRECTION: BY A MICHIGAN CORRESPONDENT. — We publish the following correction from a Detroit correspondent, with pleasure:

'DEAR SIR: The statement given some time since in your 'EDITOR'S TABLE' of the method of administering law, at an early day, in the Territory of Michigan, is not altogether correct; and from the fact of its being published in your Magazine, it may acquire an authenticity which the truth does not warrant: allow me to furnish you an account of the transaction, obtained from a reliable source.

'In 1821, KETAUKO, a Chippewa Indian, was charged with the murder of Dr. W. S. MADISON, a surgeon in the United States army. The crime was committed in the northern part of the territory, in a district of country to which the Indian title was not extinguished. On the trial, the Indian's counsel interposed a plea to the jurisdiction of the court, alleging that the courts of the United States could not take cognizance of crimes committed in the Indian country. The court overruled the objection. The trial proceeded; and the Indian was found guilty, and in pursuance of the sentence of the court, was hung in the city of Detroit on the twenty-seventh day of December, 1821.

'Previously to this, there was another case, where an Indian named PETOBIG was tried for murder, and was found guilty, but was not punished with death or otherwise. The facts, as appeared on trial, were these: Three persons, one of whom was PETOBIG, were descending the Detroit River in a canoe; PETOBIG fell overboard, at which one of his companions laughed. On regaining the boat, PETOBIG seized a gun which was lying in it, and shot the man dead who laughed at him when he was in the water. For this, he was tried and convicted; but the judges were not satisfied from the evidence that the crime was committed on the American side of the boundary-line, in the Detroit River, between the United States and England. For this reason, sentence was not pronounced upon the Indian.

'The statement in your 'Table' evidently has reference to one of the above cases, but is not in accordance with either. As these reminiscences of early times become in the lapse of time to be regarded as historical data, it is well to have them set forth correctly.

W. T. Y.'

THE 'AUTOCRAT' ON FACTS: 'THE OLD MAN DREAMS.'—As compared with *himself*, the 'AUTOCRAT' of the '*Atlantic*' (WENDELL, 'my KING!') does n't 'bite' quite so sharply this month, as in preceding papers. However, old HOMER sometimes nodded: and yet a nod from him was as good as a wink from the best of his contemporaries. Perpend a few of the AUTOCRAT's last 'out-givings:'

'SCIENTIFIC knowledge, even in the most modest persons, has mingled with it a something which partakes of insolence. Absolute, peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind; not of manners, perhaps; they may be soft and smooth, but the smile they carry has a quiet assertion in it, such as the Champion of the Heavy Weights, commonly the best-natured, but not the most diffident of men, wears upon what he very inelegantly calls his 'mug.' Take the man, for instance, who deals in the mathematical sciences. There is no elasticity in a mathematical fact; if you bring up against it, it never yield a hair's breadth; every thing must go to pieces that comes in collision with it. What the mathematician knows being absolute, unconditional, incapable of suffering question, it should tend, in the nature of things, to breed a despotic way of thinking. So of those who deal with the palpable and often unmistakable facts of external nature; only in a less degree. Every probability—and most of our common, working beliefs are probabilities—is provided with *buffers* at both ends, which break the force of opposite opinions clashing against it; but scientific certainty has no spring in it, no courtesy, no possibility of yielding. All this must reäct on the minds that handle these forms of truth.

'Oh! you need not tell me that Messrs. A. and B. are the most gracious, unassuming people in the world, and yet preëminent in the ranges of sciences I am referring to. I know that as well as you. But mark this which I am going to say once for all: If I had not force enough to project a principle full in the face of the half-dozen most obvious facts which seem to contradict it, I would think only in single file from this day forward. A rash man, once visiting a certain noted institution at South-Boston, ventured to express the sentiment, that man is a rational being. An old woman who was an attendant in the Idiot School, contradicted the statement, and appealed to the facts before the speaker to disprove it. The rash man stuck to his hasty generalization, notwithstanding.'

If there should ever be a '*Governmental School for American Novelists*' established in this country, we (being in congress at *that* time, if not before,) should cheerfully assist in assigning the presidency to the 'AUTOCRAT:' for do but hear him:

'SOME of you boarders ask me from time to time why I do n't write a story, or a novel, or something of that kind. Instead of answering each one of you separately, I will thank you to step up into the wholesale department for a few moments, where I deal in answers by the piece and by the bale.

'That every articulately-speaking human being has in him stuff for *one* novel in three volumes duodecimo has long been with me a cherished belief. It has been maintained, on the other hand, that many persons cannot write more than one novel—that all after that are likely to be failures. Life is so much more tremendous a thing in its heights and depths than any transcript of it can be, that all records of human experience are as so many bound *herbaria* to the innumerable glowing, glistening, rustling, breathing, fragrance-laden, poison-sucking, life-giving, death-distilling leaves and flowers of the forest and the prairies. All we can do with books of human experience is to make them alive again with something borrowed from our own lives. We can make a book alive for us just in proportion to its resemblance in essence or in form to our own experience. Now an author's first novel is naturally drawn, to a great extent, from his personal experiences; that is, is a literal copy of nature under various slight disguises. But the moment the author gets out of his personality, he must have the creative power, as well as the narrative art and the sentiment, in order to tell a living story; and this is rare.

'Beside, there is great danger that a man's first life-story shall clean him out, so to speak, of his best thoughts. Most lives, though their stream is loaded with sand and turbid with alluvial waste, drop a few golden grains of wisdom as they flow along. Oftentimes a single *cradling* gets them all, and after that the poor man's labor is only rewarded by mud and worn pebbles. All which proves that I, as an

individual of the human family, could write one novel or story at any rate, if I would.

'Why don't I, then? Well, there are several reasons against it. In the first place, I should tell all my secrets, and I maintain that verse is the proper medium for such revelations. Rhythm and rhyme and the harmonies of musical language, the play of fancy, the fire of imagination, the flashes of passion, so hide the nakedness of a heart laid open, that hardly any confession, transfigured in the luminous halo of poetry, is reproached as self-exposure. A beauty shows herself under the chandeliers, protected by the glitter of her diamonds, with such a broad snow-drift of white arms and shoulders laid bare, that, were she unadorned and in plain calico, she would be unendurable — in the opinion of the ladies.

'Again, I am terribly afraid I should show up all my friends. I should like to know if all story-tellers do not do this? Now I am afraid all my friends would not bear showing up very well; for they have an average share of the common weakness of humanity, which I am pretty certain would come out. Of all that have told stories among us, there is hardly one I can recall that has not drawn too faithfully some living portrait that might better have been spared.'

. . . . . .

'Before you go, this morning, I want to read you a copy of verses. You will understand by the title, that they are written in an imaginary character. I don't doubt they will fit some family-man well enough. I send it forth as 'Oak Hall' projects a coat, on *à priori* grounds of conviction that it will suit somebody. There is no loftier illustration of faith than this. It believes that a soul has been clad in flesh; that tender parents have fed and nurtured it; that its mysterious *compages* or frame-work has survived its myriad exposures, and reached the stature of maturity; that the Man, now self-determining, has given in his adhesion to the traditions and habits of the race in favor of artificial clothing; that he will, having all the world to choose from, select the very locality where this audacious generalization has been acted upon. It builds a garment cut to the pattern of an Idea, and trusts that Nature will model a material shape to fit it. There is a prophecy in every seam, and its pockets are full of inspiration. Now hear the verses:

'The Old Man Dreams.'

'Oh! for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I 'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-beard king!

'Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

'One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

'My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said:
'If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

''But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?'

'Ah! truest soul of woman-kind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take — my — precious — wife!

'The angel took a sapphire pen,
And wrote in rainbow dew:
'The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!'

''And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!'

'Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond paternal joys;
I could not bear to leave them all:
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys!

'The smiling angel dropped his pen:
'Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!'

'And so I laughed — my laughter woke
The household with its noise —
And wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.'

Let your 'laborious' *rhythmic* writers, your word-mumblers, (to themselves) your 'sound-poets,' *try* to imitate the foregoing: let them 'make an effort.'

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — How could Mr. K. N. Pepper the father of a spurious poetical progeny, who never saw his face, and possess not a tithe of his genius, keep back so long from the world the interesting fact recorded in the subjoined graphic epistle, and the 'sunnit' which they preface? Surely, it could have been for no other reason than disgust at the temerity of the puny tribe of his imitators:

'*North-Demosthenes, Sept.* 15, 1857.

'Mr. Clark: i supoas you doant nede to be inform that 'i stil liv,' and am part ov the firm ov Pepper & Walters, delers in Domestic Hapines, and sech: if you doo, hearbi taik notis to that efec: ime a nie naber ov fren Ponds, wich livs at the 4 corns.

'i rayther giv out, in mi las pome, that mi Muse hed been set fre, and coodent be cald on at site fur no moar inspirashun: wot may astonish you, i hev rote a litle pome without consultion ov her; bein a adres to my infan Sun, now severil months and a number ov days oald, and constanly gitin oalder. ef you thinc it wil do to print fur mi frens, and isent entyrely behynd mi oald stile, plese

'insert, and ablyge yours, K. N. Pepper.

'N. B.: i coodent git it al into 14 lines, (wich makes a sunnit,) so ive rote the rest into proas. K. N. P.

'SUNNIT TO MI LITLE SUN PETER.

'Welcum, swete cus, to your faither's family-sercle!
Sech litle Red republicans as you
Wercs revolooshuns every wers, 't is true.
Taik your oan faither, now, wich rote '*The Tirkle*,'
'*Weelbarer*,' and a few moar sech pomes:
youv maid him hapy; but youv spylt his genus.
No moar imortle Wercs! but Pete, betweene us,
i shel git up a practicle werc, on Hoams,
With cullerd cuts (youm 1) on evry shete.
ile call it Pepper's last and graitest Aim,
(1 wich i rayther thinc is hard to bete.)
Domestic Hapines shel be the naim:
inspyred bi Hanah Gane, your nateral mother,
and rote bi your faither, onles youv got sum uther
parrent, wich aint lykely. Peter! gro up, and maik
a distinguish man — is the prar ov your

'loving faither, K. N. Pepper.

'N. B.: in a few yeres you will leve milk and sech, and ete mete, growin strong in boddy and honisty: peraps bein abel in tyme to wip your oald faither.'

'K. N. P.

—

Let your heart take in the following, reader, and then we will tell you who wrote it:

'The true being and end of womankind is *love;* and from this, if I may so speak, all their sorrows, if they pervert that holy and heavenly passion, directly proceed. I reverence the principle of love in woman. It seems, indeed, the atmosphere in

which she lives, and moves, and has her being. The arms and wings of her spirit seem ever reaching and panting to clasp to her bosom, and brood over, some object of human affection. In the smile of her lip, in the glance of her eye, in the soft and bewildering melody of her voice, we find but the semblances and echoes of the Spirit of Love. She delights to minister to our comforts; to invest our path-way with the roses of delicate enjoyment; to lend sun-shine to the hearth, and repose to the evening hour. I have never thought upon the gentle and unobtrusive influence of woman, without feelings of the deepest admiration. *She seldom hates.* When she is wronged, she is forgiving; when destroyed, she still turns with an eye of earnest regret to that paradise of innocence from which her passions have driven her; and in solitude, by day or at evening, 'she waters her cheek in tears without measure.'

'In woman, all that is sacred and lovely seems to meet, as in its natural centre. Do we look for self-deniall. See the devoted wife. For resolute affection, struggling through countless trials? Behold the lover. For that overflowing fulness of fond idolatry which gives to things of earth a devotion like that which should ascend to God? Behold the mother, at the cradle of her infant, or pillowing its drowsy eye-lid on her bosom; supremely blest to see its fair cheek rise and fall upon the white and heaving orb, where it finds nourishment and rest! *This* is woman: always loving: always beloved. Well may the poet strike his lyre in her praise; well may the warrior rush to the battle-field for her smile; well may the student trim his lamp to kindle her passionate heart, or warm her dainty imagination: she deserves them all. Last at the cross and earliest at the grave of the Saviour, she teaches to those who have lived since His sufferings, the inestimable virtue of constant affection. I love to see her by the couch of sickness; sustaining the fainting head; offering to the parched lip its cordial, to the craving palate its simple nourishment; treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid when he says:

> 'Let me not have this gloomy view
> About my room, about my bed:
> But blooming roses, wet with dew,
> To cool my burning brow instead:'

disposing the sun-light upon the pale forehead, bathing the hair with ointments, and letting in upon it from the summer casement the sweet breath of Heaven!' How lovely are such exhibitions of ever-during constancy and faith! — how they appeal to the soul! — like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers, when she rose to open the door to her beloved, dropped 'with sweet-smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock!' No man of sensibility, I take it, after battling with the perplexities of the out-door world, but retires with a feeling of refreshment to his happy fire-side: he hears with joy the lisp of the cherub urchin that climbs upon his knee, to tell him some wonderful tale about nothing, or feels with delight the soft breath of some young daughter, whose downy, peach-like cheek is glowing close to his own. I am neither a husband nor a father: but I can easily fancy the feeling of supreme pleasure which either must experience. Let us survey the world of business: what go we 'out for to see?' The reed of ambition, shaken by the breath of the multitude; cold-hearted traders and brokers, traffickers and over-reachers, anxious each to circumvent his fellow, and turn to his own purse the golden tide in which all would dabble. Look at the *homes* of most of these. There the wife waits for her husband; and while she feels that anxiety for his presence which may be called the hunger of the heart, she feeds her spirit with

the memory of his smile; or perhaps looks with fondness upon the pledges of his affection, as they stand like olive-branches round about his table.

Twenty-two years since, the foregoing made a portion of one of the '*Ollapodiana*' papers in the KNICKERBOCKER, by WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. Glancing over his 'Literary Remains,' for the purpose of quoting his '*Victim of a Proof-Reader*,' it struck us that we have now thousands of readers who doubtless have never seen it. Hence its reappearance in these pages, where we hope it may prove acceptable. - - - PRODUCTIONS of the African muse are, we think, too highly-colored to suit the general taste. PHILLIS WHEATLEY, once of Hartford, Connecticut, a sable poetess, wrote verses; but whether from their extreme floridity, or from some other cause, we cannot at this moment recall a single line of them. The following, which reaches us from a friendly correspondent in Jackson, (Michigan,) is authentic: 'The facts from which the dark poetess drew her inspiration were these: Some time since, a colored convict was about to be liberated from our state-prison, and his master, from the South, was anxiously waiting for him outside the walls. The convict's time expired at twelve o'clock at night. He was liberated; but from the harmonious character of his complexion with the 'black and dark night,' he escaped. A sable poetess hereabout, to 'immortalize' the event, wrote the inclosed verses, printed copies of which were retailed in this city, at one dime a-piece. The 'Mr. LIVERMORE' referred to, was at the time prosecuting attorney, and the mastér had consulted him in regard to the re-taking of the 'cullor'd pusson.' Perhaps the subjoined, as a 'specimen-brick,' will suffice:

'WE never shall forget that day,
We never shall forget that day,
We never shall forget that day,
When the people set poor REUBEN free;
So free, so free, so free, so free,
We tell you now, as we told you before,
He has landed safe in Canada.

'The slave-holders think they 'r very smart,
The slave-holders think they 'r very smart,
The slave-holders think they are smart men:
But they can't come to tea
With our darkey men so free,
So free, so free, so free, so free,
He spent his money very free,
To help to set that prisoner free.

'They thought he'd catch him at the gate,
They thought he'd catch him at the gate,
They thought he'd catch him at the gate,
And waited there till half-past-eight,
So free, so free, so free, so free:
Thanks to people in this town,
Who help'd to set poor REUBEN free.
He watched the prison night and day,
He watched the prison night and day,
He watched the prison night and day,
So sadly did his aim.

'We thank the people o're and o're,
We would n't give a snap for LIVERMORE,
So free, so free, so free, so free:
The slave-holders think they 'r very smart,
But they can't come to tea with our darky men.
He took his blood-hounds by the back,
He took his blood-hounds by the back,
He took his blood-hounds by the back,
Saying, 'Blast it, you have lost the track!'

This is a fine, easy, flowing style of verse for a colored poet — 'so free, so free, so free, so free!' - - - A DESULTORY glance over the pages of the '*North American Review*,' for the January quarter, assures us that it is an excellent one. Designing to speak of it hereafter, we shall only so far refer to it now, as to express our renewed convictions of the truths which it utters in relation to the popular London divine, the often eloquent SPURGEON. The subjoined so fully confirms, as our readers will perceive, our own expressed opinions, that we cannot resist the inclination to quote it. The passage concludes the review to which we have alluded:

'We have thus aimed to record our honest opinion, without prejudice, concerning this young man, who is attracting to himself, both in England and in our own country, so much attention. We have felt called upon to do this the more, from the *indiscriminateness* of the praise which has been bestowed upon his works. They have their excellences. *The directness, simplicity, and fervor of the style, the richness and variety of the illustrations, the unfaltering vivacity, the frequent and often striking Scriptural quotations*—these are qualities which are worthy of being imitated, and which we should rejoice to see more prominent in the American pulpit. But, unfortunately, the defects to which we have referred are more easily imitated, and are therefore more likely to be reproduced among us. It would require neither great talents nor much study to copy the intensity of language, the fearfulness of denunciation, and the freedom with the name of God which is used in these sermons. It is in these regards, therefore, that we have felt called to record our opinion.'

A very just discrimination. - - - 'Is not the inclosed editorial,' writes a friendly correspondent from Columbia, (Tenn.,) 'taken from the Jackson (Tenn.) '*Madisonian*,' (now, alas! no more,) *nearly* equal to that in a late number of the Knickerbocker, taken from a Broome-county journal?' Upon the whole, we do not know but we must answer in the affirmative: both, however, are excrutiatingly fine. Our present extract must be short:

'What a glorious confederacy we live in, and how proud we should be of the essentials which make us the greatest people beneath the canopy of heaven's wide domain! Let us for one moment take a retrospective view of the past; the contaminated evils introduced by egotists, and the entire annihilation of the same by the People in their power, it is an inducement to give every true lover of his country an enthusiastic impulse to yield to nothing that savors of inconsistency. The egotistical meanderings of monomaniacs in fusion-form, has caused the true admirers of the Union to enthusiastically rally around the mementoes bequeathed to them by their Fathers. We should be proud in our present enviable category, for having shaken off all allegiance to any thing the least tinctured with anarchy, deception and 'secresy:' we stand before the world and heaven as the beacon-light — a bright and gorgeous star, whose rays shed a benign influence over the whole universe.

'To the deep and poignant regret of all conservative devotees, the weaker sons of the Fathers have introduced a combination of non-essentials, concocted for the avowed purpose of deterring the Republican in the discharge of his imperative duty. A dynasty has been established, and men, disregarding the primitive injunctions instituted by the pioneers of Liberty, have run into inconsistencies the most horrible, setting at defiance the great teachings of a Washington, Jefferson, and other patriots who sought the perpetuity of the right, and the wrong condemned. We allude to those who have demolished within themselves the prime essentials which bind together the ingredients that demands from every Freeman's hand, that legitimate protection so incumbent upon every man who venerates his or their ancestors, as the case may be. The wild and mysterious hyperbolical phantasm of enthusiasts would create a furor and stampede, run riot over the safe-guard of American liberty — the constitution — stab to the very vitals the great incentives which clustered around the spot that gave birth to the mighty instrument, mock their primitive fathers and mothers, sing the requiem to the death-knell of Liberty, and gormandize over the destruction of the confederacy.'

How sublimely comprehensive! - - - A 'Sucker' sends us the following account of an occurrence which took place at Snatchwine (Ill.) not long ago. A jackass, valued at four hundred dollars, belonging to a Mr. Bacon, was discovered by the engineer to be on the track, only a short distance ahead of the train. All steam was put on to make the concussion as slight as possible: the jackass running straight ahead, instead of being crushed to pieces, was caught on the cow-catcher, and carried some distance before the engineer could slacken the train enough to allow him to creep forward and push him off. He rolled down an embankment some twenty feet, when a neighbor, observing what had happened, came over to see how things were: and strange to say, he found the

jackass alive, raised him up, and drove him home, a half-mile distant. He was very stiff for about a week, and his chops were swelled so badly that he could not bray. Poor fellow! did n't he have an awful ride? The thing could not be done again in a thousand times trying. The rail-road agent came next day to pay for the animal, but found him 'alive and kicking,' but a 'sadder and a wiser' jackass. - - - AH, ha! — our respected contemporary, *Russell's Charleston Magazine*, begins to have some 'experiences.' 'There are some special annoyances,' it admits, 'connected with the profession of a Magazine-Editor:' two or three of which are thus cited:

'AMONG such as affect the Magazine-Editor, we would mention the reception of voluminous unsolicited contributions of all degrees of stupidity, which he is not only expected carefully to read, but (if he be blind enough to reject them) duly to send back to their accomplished authors, by return mail — of course paying the postage, which is sometimes enormous, out of his own purse!

'If he refuses, or is unable to do this, he is sure to receive, in the course of a week, any number of abusive letters, almost invariably ending with a pretty broad hint that he (the Editor) has mistaken his vocation, and that having failed to appreciate the profound essay of Mr. B., or the beautiful poem by Miss C., he had better vacate his post at once, and go to his proper business, which most likely is the raising of oxen and sheep, or the cultivation of roots of Baga!

'Another annoyance, and one not so endurable, results from mis-information as to the real ability of writers, who, having somehow gained a literary reputation, the Editor feels it incumbent upon him to secure, if possible, as regular collaborators.

'From one of this class an article is solicited, and in due time received. With the happy conviction that he is about to be instructed, interested, or vastly amused, the Editor complacently turns over the pages of the new essay, or treatise, or criticism, or biography, and is astonished to discover before he has proceeded a dozen pages, either that the performance is utterly worthless, and, therefore, inadmissible, or that in order to be brought to the condition of passing muster, it must be subjected to a process of pruning and weeding, whereby it shall be reduced to one-fourth of the original bulk!

'With much pain and labor the Editor accomplishes this very necessary task. At length the essay (or whatever it may be) assumes a presentable, perhaps even a creditable shape. It is printed and becomes popular, but in the midst of a score of favorable criticisms — criticisms which, had the article appeared as *originally* written, would have damned with faint praise, or dealt in the sting of well-merited ridicule; a communication from the incensed author is tossed, like a bomb-shell, into the editorial sanctum, which, the moment the seal is removed, bursts into an explosive volley of harsh epithets, bitter reproaches, and angry inuendos, to the effect that the Editor (possibly in a spirit of envy unparalleled in meanness) has stooped to deform and mutilate a paper which would otherwise have thrown his own literary pretensions wholly in the shade!'

Wait, brother-Editor, until you have had twenty-five years' 'experience, and *then* see what you will say. But you have hit the mark exactly, even now. - - - AN esteemed correspondent, who does n't know we know him, and his, writes us from San-Francisco: 'I happened not long since to be a passenger in the stage which runs daily from San-Francisco to San-José. Just as we were leaving the suburbs of the city, the stage, already tolerably crowded, stopped to take in another passenger. This proved to be an Irish woman: her breath redolent with the second-hand perfumes of bad rum, and unfortunately for me, the only vacant place was next myself. After turning several times to look me in the face, and give me the full benefit of her morning potations, she asked: 'Are you the young man that came out in the same ship with JIMMY MAC DUFFIE?' Surprised by the question, and not quite sure that I understood the name, I requested her to repeat it. She did so, with the additional information that the ship stopped at Mazatlan. I replied that I was quite sure I had never met Mr. MAC DUFFIE. Whereupon she added: 'I thought if you

was n't him, perhaps you might know where he was: he was sick, the last time we heard from him.' You can almost hear the brogue. Her reasoning reminds me of another question, actually asked me in West-Tennessee. A citizen of that benighted section of the country, (I speak of it as it was eight years ago,) hearing that I had lived in New-York, asked me if I was acquainted with 'BOB ADAMS!' I replied that I did not think I had ever met the ADAMS he referred to. 'Oh!' said he, 'you must have met him: he has been driving a wagon into the city every day this twenty years!' - - - IN a very interesting biography of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, by Miss MARY COWDEN CLARKE, we are glad to find this paragraph: 'Inexpressibly delightful is the intimation that Miss NIGHTINGALE gives token of being 'gifted with a lively sense of the ridiculous.' Possessing the exquisite perception of the pathetic in existence which her whole career proclaims her to have, it would have been a defect in her nature, nay, a lack of the complete feeling for pathos itself, had she not betrayed a capacity for receiving humorous impressions. Humor and pathos are so nearly allied, in their source within the human heart, so mingled in those recesses whence spring human tears at the touch of sympathy, that scarcely any being deeply affected by mournful emotion, can remain insensible to the keen appeal that resides in a ludicrous idea.' - - - 'I WISH,' writes a city correspondent, 'that you would quote that '*Victim of a Proof-Reader*,' by OLLAPOD, to which you referred in your last, in introducing the 'Breakfast-Table Autocrat's 'emended' lines. I have never seen it. If you do not wish to publish the article, please state in what number of the KNICKERBOCKER I can find it.' It was published twenty-three years ago, and here is the essential portion of it:

'UNFORTUNATELY, typical mutations in published MSS. have come down to the present day. Not many moons since, I was called upon by a small and humble-looking person, in green spectacles, behind which there rolled two enormous gray eyes. He said he was a man of many occupations, and sometimes dabbled in literature. He had thoughts of buying some western lands, if any one would credit him for six years, and in that way make his fortune. A friend in Texas had also assured him that he could get some lots there on the same terms. In these enterprises he wished me to join him. But first, and before showing me some poetry, which had been spoilt in the publication, he wished me to loan him a dollar, and accept his note to that amount, 'with sixty days to run.' A humorous thought struck me, and I chose the latter, with the direction that he should try it for discount at the United States' Bank. The next day I received a carefully-written 'business letter' from him, which (after promising to call on me in an hour after I received it) contained the ensuing:

''*December* 17.

''MY DEAR SIR: I have had an interview with Mr. BIDDLE, and truly lament my inability to communicate satisfactory results. I fear that until the resolution of the Senator from Ohio, in regard to the repeal of the Treasury order, is finally disposed of, the trading interests will materially suffer.

''The Board of Directors, however, have some reason to indulge in the pleasing hope, that a small keg of ten-cent-pieces will arrive from Tinnicum, some time during the ensuing week; in which case, the president has promised to exert his influence in my behalf on the next discount-day.

''If we should be successful in ultimately elevating the breeze (raising the wind) on my promissory note, we can proceed without delay to our contemplated acquisitions in Michilimackinac lands, and Texas scrip. Your obedient friend,

''ZEBEDEE FUSSY.'

'He was with me, almost before I had read his letter. 'Ah!' said he,' reading my scroll, I see. Funny circumstance. But never mind. You make pieces sometimes for the KNICKERBOCKER, do n't you?—apt kind o' pieces, that come out of your head? I borrow that there periodical, sometimes, of a friend, and I seen a piece-t there about a man who was the 'Victim of a Proof-Reader.' I am one of that class. Two years ago I was in love. I was *jilted*. Hang details: the upshot is the main thing. Well, I had tried the young lady, and found her wanting; and I thought I would quote a line of Scripture onto her, as a motto for some bitter and reproachful verses.' So, holding a manuscript in one hand high up, and placing the other arm a-kimbo, he read as follows:

"To One found Wanting.

'MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN!'—SCRIPTURE.

"THOU art no more, what once I knew
Thy heart and guileless tongue to be;
Thou art no longer pure and true,
Nor fond, to one who knelt to thee;
Who knelt, and deemed thee all his own,
Nor knew a dearer wish beside;
Who made his trembling passion known,
And looked to own thee for a bride.

"What is the vow that once I heard
From those balm-breathing lips of thine?
Broken, ah! broken, word by word,
E'en while I worshipped at thy shrine!
Broken by thee, to whom I bowed,
As bends the wind-flower to the breeze,
As bent the Chaldean, through the cloud,
To Orion and the Pleiades.

"But thou art lost! and I no more
Must drink thy undeceiving glance;
Our thousand fondling spells are o'er;
Our raptured moments in the dance.
Vanished, like dew-drops from the spray
Are moments which in beauty flew;
I cast life's brightest pearl away,
And, false one, breathe my last adieu!'

'Here he stopped, his gray eyes rolling in a wild frenzy, and drew a newspaper from his breeches pocket. 'Sir,' said he, striking an attitude, 'I sent them verses for to be printed into the '*Literary Steam-boat and General Western Alligator*.' It is a paper, Sir, with immense circulation. A column in it, to be read by the boatmen and raftsmen of the west, is immortality. I say nothing. Just see how my effusion was butchered. *I* can't read it.' I took the paper, a little yellow six-by-eight folio, and read thus:

"To One, found Washing.

'MERE, MERE, TREACLE, O'SARTAIN!'—SCULPTURE.

"THOU hast no means, at once to slew
Thy beasts, and girdless tongues to tree;
Thou hast no l'argent, pure and true,
Nor feed, for one who knelt to thee;
Who knelt, and dreamed thy all his own,
Nor knew a drearer wish betidle,
Who maid his tumbling parsnips known,
And looked to arm thee for a bridle!

"What *is* the row? what once I heard
From those brow-beating limps of thine?
Brokers! oh, brokers! one by one,
E'en while I worshipped at thy shine!
Broker by three! to whom I lowed,
As lends the wind-flaw to the tries,
As burst the chaldron thro' the clod,
To Onions, and the fleas as dies!

"But thou art lost! and I no more
Mus dirk thy undeceaving glance;
One thous & friendly squills are o'er,
Our ruptured moments in the dance!
Varnished, like dew-drops from the sprag,
Are moments which in business flew!
I cut life's brightest peal a-wag,
And, false one, break my bust—a dieu!'

'On breaking into a loud laugh at the utter stupidity of this typical metamorphosis, I found that the stranger grew red in the face. He snatched the paper from my hand, and disappeared, making his bow as he retired.'

And that was 'the last of *him!*' - - - PROFESSOR ADAM SYGHTE, T——B——, and 'the lave' of our 'Vishing Gompanie' in the 'Tract of IOHN BROWN,' take your eyes and throw them over the ensuing sentences, all the way from Prairie du Chien, which record '*A Night's Fish-Spearing on the Mississippi.*' The description is 'considerable' graphic:

'DURING one of my first visits to the Upper Mississippi, I noticed boats with fires perched upon their bows, gliding over its waters, like spectres, on still, calm evenings. On inquiry, I found that they were used for spearing fish! The boats had a very picturesque effect, the light reflecting on the occupants, some standing with spears clenched in their hands, their countenances gleaming with excitement, gazing into the darkness before them: the fire shedding over them its red glare and smoke, gave them the appearance of CHARON and his companions crossing the river Styx. Two friends who were with me, myself included, having a desire to try our skill with the spear, soon found means of gratifying it. It was a dark, cloudy night, when we, having obtained the right kind of a boat, one that would sit steadily upon the water, and of good dimensions, and a '*Jack*,' which is a kind of grate set upon the top of a post three or four feet in height on the bow of the boat, on which a fire is built with dry pine sticks, and is made to burn more brightly by an occasional sprinkle of rosin upon it: and stowing in our boat a quarter of a cord of pine wood to 'fire up' with, we took our departure. We had a jolly old steersman, of a size and proportion fit to do justice to any aldermanic chair, who could steer a boat to the nicety of a hair. He hinted, that on account of the prevalence of the ague, a wee drop of 'Old Rye' would be an article which prudence and his throat called upon us to take along; according to his suggestion we obtained a bottle of dew-drop.

'LIKE balmy airs of sunny South
It brightens every scene!'

We pulled up the Mississippi several miles, close in shore to avoid the current. The bluffs rose almost immediately from our boat to the height of several hundred feet, perpendicularly, and seemed ready to precipitate themselves upon us at any moment. As the fish are found in the 'sloughs' and lakes making out from the Mississippi, we crossed the river at a point which our guide thought would bring

us to the mouth of 'Greenleaf Slough;' but as it had been some time since he had been in that vicinity, he missed it by a mile or more. We found it, however, at last: its mouth was very narrow, with a strong current setting in at right angles with the river. It appeared like entering a dense forest: the trees, which grow large and luxuriantly on the islands and 'bottoms' of the Mississippi, hung over from either side, meeting in the centre, and excluding what little light Night had left us. When we lighted our fire on the 'jack,' the effect was truly strange and beautiful!

'We had just got well into the excitement of spearing, having in our boat three or four 'Buffalo,' which would weigh twenty or thirty pounds each, and I having received a severe wound in my leg from a spear in the hands of one of my fellow-fishermen who was endeavoring to disengage an enormous 'Buffalo' from it; when we found farther progress by water barred by a mass of huge trees and roots, which had found lodgment across the 'slough.' We had either to return or to drag our boat over this 'Red-river raft.' We determined not to be baffled by any obstacle. After a short counsel of war, we placed our 'jack' upon the banks, and put our shoulders to the boat, which was very large and heavy. After a good half-hour's work, we succeeded in getting again afloat: but we were destined to still farther disappointment; for in less than ten minutes we came on to another raft, much more formidable than the first. The huge trunks and roots were piled up for the space of eight or ten rods to the height of six or eight feet in every conceivable shape and form. As we expected to return by the same route we came, this at first determined our return; but, after exploring beyond the raft and finding no more obstructions; knowing that by following the current we should again come into the Mississippi, unless the water sunk in the sand, we concluded to keep on. Most of us succeeded, before overcoming this raft, in getting into the water; but we laughed at our mishaps, took a sip of the 'dew-drop,' and pushed on. We found the fish plenty — the sport fine! It requires considerable practice to handle the spear with dexterity; and even then, more fish are lost than saved. They have generally to be struck while swimming rapidly, the boat being all the time in motion, slowly paddled by the steersman.

'About mid-night we found the water growing very shallow, and the boat grounded several times. We had been going all the time in a direction away from our point of departure, and were fearful that we should have to retrace our course, but the water became suddenly deeper; we emerged into a lake, and again entered another 'slough,' which changed our direction. Thus we floated on through lake and winding strait, the silence only broken by the projected spear or struggles of the captured game.

'About three o'clock A.M., we again found ourselves on the Mississippi a mile or two below our lodgings, where we arrived with our boat loaded with pike, pickerel, bass, sturgeon, sheep's-head, 'buffalo,' etc. Our inner man calling for something to appease the Night's fasting, we proceeded to discuss a few delicate animals of the genus *Oyster*, species Cove, the only species well and favorably known in this section of the country.'

Perhaps we may, some time or other, accept 'WAKEZEN'S' hospitable offer. He is right: we *do* 'love to fish.' - - - WE propose to remark — nor are we to be deterred from doing so, because Mr. GRAY chances to be connected with this Magazine — that he has, in our judgment, the best-appointed, most extensive, and best-managed printing-office in the United States. Examine the

present number of the KNICKERBOCKER, scarcely a tithe of his multitudinous work. Does it not satisfy the eye? — does it not 'tell the story?' The celerity of the establishment is wonderful. At a latish period of the month, we came to town to finish off the number: and lo! all seemed 'backward in coming forward,' by reason of the type-founder's delay in finishing off our new dress. 'It will be all right,' said Mr. GRAY: 'come to-morrow noon.' We came: and there were the corrected proof-sheets, all ready for 'make-up;' read as only *our* proof-reader can read: all ready, with our almost unnecessary revision, for the stereotyper's chaldron. Now of these things we believe that it becomes us, in gratitude, somewhat to 'glory.' - - - 'THE fact,' says the '*Tribune*,' amusingly, 'that Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS has appeared in an American theatre in a comedy in which he had not already won distinction on the London boards, but which play was written in America especially for him, will probably be a matter of some surprise to not a few of his London admirers, many of whom, we understand, look upon New-Yorkers as a sort of semi-civilized savages, who subsist upon the meat of the bears and buffaloes they slay in the immediate suburbs of the city, and who barter the skins of these valuable animals for admission tickets to the theatre. Whatever stories Mr. MATHEWS on his return may have to tell of the aborigines he has so fearlessly encountered, he will at least be able to inform his friends that certain ones of 'ye salvages' have acquired a considerable facility in play-writing, and that in America has been written a comedy in which it is no condescension for the 'first light comedian in England' to go through his professional paces.' - - - THERE is a vein of originality pervading the annexed lines, which will transfix the attention of all lovers of the sublime and mystic in poetry:

'RISE, JUPITER, with emerald hair,
And wake the snakes of Thessaly;
Who does not know that pán-cakes are
Devoured subjectively — and why?

'Wise sages, of the olden time,
With introverted vision look;
But ah! a fip is not a dime,
And for mixed 'snifters' can't be took.

'Go, lovers of the sacred Styx,
And grind your laughter into tears;
While plaintive melody of bricks
Floats through the silence of the years.

'Ye cannot count me as I run;
I play with stars at pitch and toss;
I am the uncle of the sun,
Half alligator and half hoss.'

'Do you take the idea?' - - - THE late lamented JOHN WILSON, the celebrated Scottish vocalist, who was as excellent a MAN as he was a singer, used to narrate a circumstance which will remind 'S. G. M.' of the subject-matter of his communication to the EDITOR, which we may say in passing, awaits future publication: 'One pleasant Sunday in Glasgow,' said he one night in the sanctum, 'a stalwart Highland-man entered a drug-store, or apothecary's shop, and said: 'Have ye any spirits, or alcohol? All the shops are closed, and I canna get a quaigh o' Glenlivat or Islay: I am sair thirsty. Canna ye gie me a wee drap o' 'somethin' warmin'?' It really seemed a hard case: and the good-hearted apothecary helped him to what he supposed to be an uncommonly stiff horn of pure spirits, or alcohol. The man drank it off; gave him one wild look; spread his two hands suddenly over the abdominal portion of his person, and immediately vacated the premises. The apothecary was startled: 'What was the matter with the man?' He took down the vessel

from which he had poured the devouring fluid, and found that he had given the man, by mistake, a bumper of aqua-fortis! He was frightened half to death! The man had left his hat behind him, and the apothecary, bare-headed, rushed out with it in his hand, his hair flying in the wind, and 'made hot pursuit' after the fugitive. But he was hopelessly gone. What a life of anxiety the poor fellow lived for some three months! He was afraid to open the daily newspapers, lest he should see recorded the mysterious and melancholy death of his victim in the public streets. At length, however, his fears died away. Nothing was heard from the missing sufferer, until six months after the awful event: when, one pleasant Sunday morning, who should walk into his shop, but the 'dientical' individual himself! 'Have you got,' said he, to the astounded apothecary, '*have* you got any more of that liquor you sold me the last time I was here? If you have, give me a horn. I never tasted any thing *like* it. It went right to the spot! Why, it lasted me a fortnight. No reduction about *that* fluid!' But the apothecary contented himself *this* time, by giving his returned customer a glass of pure spirits, as being by much the safer drink of the two.' - - - A WESTERN correspondent, who avows himself to have been incited to exertion by the success of the 'Hen-Persuader,' has invented a '*Mortar-and-Plaster-Mixing Machine*,' which, we think, must 'come into general use.' It is very simple: so are all great inventions. The plan, briefly stated, is as follows: 'First: procure a common mortar-bed; put in the component parts, such as are generally used; then add a little corn, the quantity of which is to be graduated by the quantity of mortar or plaster to be made. Then turn in a few swine; and by the time the corn is gone, the mortar will be ready for use. In making plaster, the swine should stay in over night, to allow time for removing the hair, which the lime will accomplish: thus saving the expense of purchasing that article. The swine can then be removed and slaughtered, without the expense of scraping: thus, together with the labor of mixing, saving at least one-third the cost of the old plan.' How this may strike sculptors, masons, lath-and-plasterers, and others interested in plaster, mortar, etc., we of course cannot say: but to us, the invention seems quite a feasible one. At all events, the materials for an experiment are very accessible and cheap. We can't tell, 'to a hog,' the precise swine-population of our Union; but we shall, we think, be safe in asserting, on the authority of the last census, that 'the number is large, and rapidly increasing.' But to us, the whole subject is a bore. - - - THE little fragment which ensues narrates an actual occurrence. We know not who is the author, but the lines are very beautiful:

''PRAY,' said a mother to her dying child:
'Pray:' and in token of assent, he smiled.
Most willing was the spirit, but so weak
The failing frame that he could hardly speak.
At length he cried: 'Dear mother, in GOD's book
Is it not written, Unto JESUS *look?*
I can look up; I have *no strength* for prayer.
'Look unto ME, and be ye saved,' is there.'
'It is, my child, it is: thus saith the LORD,
And we may confidently trust HIS word.'
Her son looked up — to Jesus raised his eyes,
And flew, a happy spirit, to the skies.'

Dr. Livingstone, in the exceedingly interesting volume elsewhere noticed in the present number, '*Travels and Researches in South-Africa*,' gives the following illustration of the strong love of offspring implanted in the breasts of African women:

'My knowledge in the line of obstetrics procured for me great fame in a department in which I could lay no claim to merit. A woman came a distance of one hundred miles for relief in a complaint which seemed to have baffled the native doctors; a complete cure was the result. Some twelve months after she returned to her husband, she bore a son. Her husband having previously reproached her for being barren, she sent me a handsome present, and proclaimed all over the country that I possessed a medicine for the cure of sterility. The consequence was, that I was teased with applications from husbands and wives from all parts of the country. Some came upward of two hundred miles to purchase the great boon, and it was in vain for me to explain that I had only cured the disease of the other case. The more I denied, the higher their offers rose; they would give any money for the 'child medicine;' and it was really heart-rending to hear the earnest entreaty, and see the tearful eye, which spoke the intense desire for offspring: 'I am getting old; you see gray hairs here and there on my head, and I have no child; you know how Bechuana husbands cast their old wives away; what can I do? I have no child to bring water to me when I am sick,' etc.'

A touching incident. - - - Mr. Trow has not been so thoughtful as to send us a copy of our old friend *Dr. Francis's Discourse before the New-York Historical Society:* but we have read very good reports of it in the daily journals; and we take great pleasure in fully indorsing the following well-expressed opinion of the same: 'The City of New-York is fortunate in the possession of such an enthusiastic antiquary and honest chronicler as the author of this Discourse. Dr. Francis is himself part and parcel of the Island of Manhattan: a native of its soil, he has always been identified with its interests: conversant with the lights and shadows of its society in the most various relations, he has watched its progress with a singularly observant eye: familiar with its most remarkable celebrities both in public and private life, he has stored his memory with a rich fund of personal anecdote: and with his great mental activity, his genial hilarity, and his wonderful copiousness of expression, he is admirably fitted for the task of recalling the events of the olden time, and presenting them to the living generation with a freshness scarcely diminished by the lapse of years.' - - - The following touching account of '*Old Grimes' Last Gasp*' we are assured is entirely 'founded:' 'After remaining some fifteen, perhaps sixteen, minutes in that sweet, placid, half-unconscious state, which is the gently 'inclined plane' of dissolution, 'that good old man' slowly lifted his filmy lids. With a fluttering hope, that was still half-despair, I watched the electric kindling of the old intelligence far down in the cold, vacuous depths of those beloved eyes, where once retributive lightning and healing benison, the lion and the lamb of his nature, had lain together. Suddenly the lips moved: I bent eagerly forward as the ghost of that voice, once so orotund and majestic, murmured brokenly: 'What — kind — of — a — panic is this, which is — disturb — ing the — country?' I could only shake my head in sorrowful incomprehension, for grief

had bereft me of voice. The old eyes were irradiate once more; a palpitating fire seemed to possess them, as half-rising, and with a victorious wave of the arm, he shouted: 'A TIN-PANIC!' The jaw fell; there was a gurgle in the throat; and—'we ne'er shall see him more.' - - - ALL communications connected with the *Business Department* of the KNICKERBOCKER should be addressed to JOHN A. GRAY, office of the Magazine, Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob-street. All articles designed for the KNICKERBOCKER; all literary inquiries; all new books and publications, should be addressed to 'LOUIS GAYLORD CLARK, Editor KNICKERBOCKER Magazine, Nos. 16 and 18 Jacob-street, New-York.' Please remember these directions. - - - THE '*Albion*' weekly journal's engraving for this year is in every way a superb one. It is a representation of '*Dr. Kane at the Grave of Franklin's Men.*' 'This print has been excellently engraved in line by Mr. D. G. THOMPSON, after a drawing by Mr. WANDESFADE, of this city, who has lavished not less thought and feeling upon the illustration of a most touching incident in the career of a true American hero than he displayed last year in the commemoration of the noblest of English heroines. That simplicity which is the finest charm of Mr. WANDESFADE's picture of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE presides in the disposition and design of the present work. The peaceful ALEXANDER of the Arctic world stands 'at the crest of the isthmus,' in the midst of a 'sterile uniformity of snow and slate.' Great cliffs lower behind him; the distance shows his little vessel motionless in the ice; at his feet are the rude head-boards of those 'three graves,' the first and ominous traces of the abode of the objects of his search, which were revealed to this gallant young missionary of national sympathy and scientific brotherhood. The atmosphere of the scene is caught with artistic truth, and appeals at once to the imagination and the heart. Our neighbors could not have hit upon a more felicitous subject. Never were the flags of England and America united in a truer union—never did the pride and the sorrow of two great nations blend in a more harmonious tribute to the noblest qualities that dignify our common nature, than in the story of the fates of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and ELISHA KANE. In contributing to so many American and English homes two such pictures as those of 'FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE' and its companion of the present year, the managers of the *Albion* have preached a very eloquent sermon of the true grounds of international intercourse, and have done renewed good service to that cause of common-sense and good feeling, which we are happy to say that they habitually serve with as much of tact as of talent.' A well-deserved tribute. - - - '*Reigo*, or *the Spanish Martyr*,' is the title of a 'Tragedy in Five Acts,' which has been sent to us from a Richmond (Va.) press. May we say now, what we have often desired to say, but never *have* said, we believe, in these pages, that while we not unfrequently repair with pleasure to the theatre, to hear a new play *performed*, we seldom *read* one, in print or in manuscript: and we have been sorely tried in both these regards. We have heard good plays *read;* short, terse, epigrammatic, and sparkling, which *bit*, because the writer knew his aims, and his 'telling points:' but to *read* a play—well, simply, as Mr. MACREADY would say, we-ah can-ah not-ah *do it*-ah!' Doubtless 'Reigo' is a good and an effective play: but, 'by the mass, we cannot tell.' - - - WE observe that Mr. STAN-

FORD, of the long-established firm of 'STANFORD AND SWORDS,' has associated with himself Mr. DELISSER, late of LEAVITT, DELISSER AND COMPANY. As a *Church-Bookstore*, there is no such establishment as this in America. *All* church-publications are here to be obtained; all at the earliest period, and all of the best. The variety and excellence of their prayer-books have alone made the 'institution' famous throughout the United States. - - - '*Spiritual Manifestations* '*Spiritually Considered*,' will *not* 'do,' Mr. 'S. P.' The article is '*Bosh*,' in the crude state. Its 'reasoning' is humbugeous — its style execrable, to the last degree: 'It is pretty impossible for to communicate to others, those ideas whereof we ourselves are not possessed of: because in so doing we are apt to imbibe errors which it is pretty impossible for us for to eradicate ourselves therefrom.' It *is* indeed! - - - 'A SUBSCRIBER' in Jacksonville, Florida, sends us the original of the annexed response to a challenge. It is a rich burlesque: 'Knowing that you like fun from every quarter, I inclose the original documents of an 'affair of honor' which was to come off between two 'Crackers.' You will see that the whole story is told, although with a little indifference to 'WEBSTER.' I am happy to add that both parties are still at large, and probably will be:'

'Translation.

'MOTION:

'*November* 2, 1857.

'MANDARIN: Mr. J. G. HAGIN challenged me on the fifth day of October last for to fight him from a spirt-gun up, and wished a time appointed, and I did so, and come to meet him; but he has failed fire. Now I pronounce him a coward, and not worth a dog's notice, much more a man's notice. GEORGE A. PETTY.'

Is n't that a rich 'cartel?' - - - Do us the kindness to run your eye over the '*Lessons of Crime, or Passages from the Life of an American Expert*.' That is ours. It will be better as it goes on. Hon. Chief-Justice REDFIELD, of Vermont, in an article in the KNICKERBOCKER, describing a visit which he paid to BURROUGHS at Three Rivers, in Canada, just before his death, put the idea into our head to present this synopsis of the 'gifted' criminal's career. It was long before we could get the book: it could not be obtained in this metropolis any where: and it was four months after we had advertised it in these pages before we obtained it, through the kindness of an esteemed friend and correspondent, from BURNHAM's bibliopolical *omnium-gatherum* in Boston. - - - WE consider the following passage, by a celebrated Scottish divine, as one of the most remarkable specimens of condensation which we have ever encountered: 'The world we inhabit must have had an origin; that origin must have consisted in a cause; that cause must have been intelligent; that intelligence must have been efficient; that efficiency must have been ultimate; that ultimate power must have been supreme; and that which always was, and is supreme, we know by the name of GOD!' Who *was* the 'divine' alluded to?' - - - THE subjoined reaches the sanctum from 'Naperville, Illinois:'

'EDITOR OF KNICKERBOCKER:

'SIR: It has been frequently insinuated by Eastern newspapers and magazines, that the West has produced no great poet. As a native of the 'Sucker'

State, I have been greatly annoyed by such misrepresentations: for I have felt that they were decidedly injurious to our rising literary reputation. Having long had an eye out for some good opportunity to repel the base imputation, I rejoice in being able at last to inclose to you for publication a *Poem*—yes, Sir, a genuine, original *Poem*—positively written by a young gentleman of this State, not longer ago than last summer.

'As an elaborate piece of metrical composition, our critics pronounce it the 'net purport and upshot' of all that is to be admired in the art poetic. In submitting it to you, I only ask your fair and impartial judgment in its favor, at the same time urging you to remember that Illinois is a young State; that although she is the mother of a large and prosperous family, yet, strange as it may appear, every mother's son of them contrives to 'draw his sustenance from Nature's fount;' in fact, we are all 'Suckers.'

'Now for the *Poem*. It was written to compete for a prize, which was offered for the best valedictory, and entitled

"Farewell Lines:

"TO BE SPOKEN AT CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

"'Proud am I of my Teacher and the Studis we persue
And next to these I cherish most is our plesent School
Whose ensign for one half a year as ever ben unferled
Though other schools have vanished and Forgoten by the World.

"Our Teacher comenced this 4th of October last
And preformed his labors faithful with the best of Success
For he is all-wais redy to remove all obsticles and Snares
And make our task a plesure insted of sorrow and Dispaire.

"'Hopeless our tasks, had we alone against 'arshness there stood
As well we might atempt to turn the misisipis flood
But with our teachers timely Aid in the time of Need
Enabled us to cast them of as fethers in a Breeze.

"'Then all Honor to my Teacher and my Schoolmates to
You have proved your Selves Worthy all honor is due to you
I feel my Hart to wildly Stird and more I can not say
Another sun, and I shall be far from you away.

"'I have parted oft from Friends and kins and those that I knue
Nor deamed it aught but childishness if tears bedimnd my view
But the feelings that my bosom swells are some thing Gnue to me
As I see the time draw near my friends when I mus Part from you

"'But we must part my pathway leads far different from yourn
Honor and faime yourn lead you to I now not ware lead mine
But oft Shal I look back, what ever may befall
To the Time wen I part from this pleasant School.

"'I wish you all all life can give alas! that it ware more
For who on earth when life is past as nothing to Deplore
But may its Best Blessings ever be thine for non deserve so well
As my teacher who alias I now must say *farewel*.'

'You will please understand that the glory of this production is not to be shared by the West as a whole, but belongs to Illinois '*gans und gar*.'

KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE.

RECENT NOTICES—CONDENSED.

KNICK FOR JANUARY, 1858, is on hand. There are a great many good magazines published, and there are some good things in all of them, but to us the magazine *par excellence* is KNICKERBOCKER.—*Chenango American.*

NOTHING CAN SUPPLY ITS PLACE.—"Although one may read other magazines, he finds nothing to supply the place of this."—*Delaware Gazette.*

IT IS A DELIGHT approaching intensity to draw from the time-honored pages of the KNICKERBOCKER the "nectared sweets" therein contained—a delight which is approached by no other, and which ETHEREALIZES ONE, as though he had QUAFFED HUGE DRAUGHTS from the Castilian Fountain.—*Pottsville Register.*

COMPOUND DOUBLE EXTRACT.—"The January number of the KNICKERBOCKER shows no falling off in any way. The 'compound double extract, and very quintessence of ALL THE FUN, PATHOS, AND HUMOR OF THE SEASON are unsealed at the 'Editor's Table.' "—*Lincoln (Me.) Democrat.*

KNOWLEDGE *vs.* IGNORANCE.—"The KNICKERBOCKER is, beyond all doubt, THE MOST POPULAR MAGAZINE IN THE COUNTRY, and those who are not aware of it, and do not subscribe to it, should MEND THEIR IGNORANCE as soon as possible. A more EXCELLENT AND GENIAL publication, to our taste, can not be hunted up in the two hemispheres, than it is."

EDITORS PRAISE IT, AND AUTHORS LOVE IT.—"It is no wonder that the KNICKERBOCKER is a favorite. In no American journal have SO MANY BOOKS BEEN FIRST PUBLISHED. In no other have SO MANY LITERARY REPUTATIONS BEEN FIRST MADE. In none can so many articles be found, by the GREAT WRITERS OF THE COUNTRY. In none can be seen more geniality, wit, mirth, naturality. In none less crimination, detraction. NONE BETTER PRINTED, few better supported. WRITERS WRITE FOR IT FOR LOVE. Editors praise it, and extract from it. The whole world reads more or less of it."—*Newark Sentinel.*

RARE AND RACY.—"With all who have the taste to appreciate a style of literature light and playful, but never frivolous nor puerile, or the temperament to enjoy UNSTUDIED WIT and rare and genial humor, the KNICKERBOCKER will always be a favorite, so long as Louis Gaylord Clark is contributor or purveyor to its graceful and racy columns."—*Ontario Repository.*

BLESSING ON THEIR HEADS.—"The KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE has grown to be an 'INSTITUTION' IN THE LITERARY WORLD, which all DELIGHT TO SUSTAIN AND CHERISH, and which no one neglects to pray that he may never be without. Its contents are supplied by a more loving, genial, and whole-souled corps of contributors than are engaged on any other similar work, and one involuntarily breathes out a BLESSING ON THEIR HEADS, while one 'grows fat' over the intellectual feast."

ORIGINAL PAPERS OF ABSORBING INTEREST.—"The KNICKERBOCKER is a WORK FOR THE FIRESIDE in the strictest sense. While the original papers from the pens of its contributors have an ABSORBING INTEREST for the elders of the family, THE JUNIORS DEVOUR THE 'GOSSIP' WITH GLEE." —*Wooster Co. (Md.) Shield.*

CENTRAL POINT OF WIT AND WISDOM.—"The 'KNICKERBOCKER' is THE CENTRAL POINT OF MORE WIT AND WISDOM, criticism and belles-lettres, fun, frolic, and facetiæ, than has fallen to the lot of any publication in the western hemisphere at least."—*Boston Daily Transcript.*

KNICK, which for years has been the delight of the literary epicure, is FIRST IN AGE, FIRST IN LITERARY EXCELLENCE, AND FIRST IN THE HEART OF THE EDITOR.—*Independence Balance.*

EXCRUTIATING FIFTY-DOLLAR JINGLES.—"We regularly seat ourselves at the 'Editor's Table' of the KNICKERBOCKER, and feel as though we had been a prodigal returned, and had indeed fed upon husks and garbage among the swine-styes of general magazinedom and 'fast' books. We would sooner give an hour's attention to its pages than be sickened with the excrutiating FIFTY-DOLLAR JINGLES of some of its contemporaries, at the salary of a senator, mileage and all."

RACY, SPICY, FUNNY SKETCHES.—"To one who desires a magazine to CRY OVER, and anon to BURST HIS SIDES WITH LAUGHTER—A HAPPY COMMINGLING OF ABLE, SENSIBLE ARTICLES, with racy, spicy, funny sketches—the receptacle of the incomparably quaint humors of JOHN PHŒNIX, and K. N. PEPPER, Esq., and an Editor's Table unapproached and entirely unapproachable—we tell him to TAKE THE KNICKERBOCKER."—*Chatauque Democrat.*

MR. CLARK'S MIND IS A PERENNIAL SPRING, from which the flow of humor never ceases. For twenty-five years it has been *the* Magazine to those of refined tastes. IT HAS BEEN THE FOSTER-FATHER OF A HOST OF POPULAR WRITERS.—*Northern Freeman.*

A TREASURY OF NATIVE LITERATURE.—"It is a pleasant thing to take up the KNICKERBOCKER, whether it be the new, fresh, blue-covered issue of the month, or the old sheep-skin covered volume of past years. THERE IS NOT A KINDLIER MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD. Its tone is always courteous, and its spirit always gentle. To take up one of its old volumes is to hold in the hollow of one's hand A TREASURY OF NATIVE LITERATURE. We are surprised at every turn with names made familiar by fame."—*Wine Press.*

GREAT PRAISE.—"The KNICKERBOCKER, the PRINCE OF MAGAZINES, is on hand. Its humor is of a more elevated cast than that of any other magazine we know of. IT CONTAINS MORE ORIGINAL MATTER, AND OF A BETTER QUALITY THAN CAN BE OBTAINED IN ANY OTHER BOOK, for the same price, in the United States."—*Bayou Mason (La.) Times.*

APPLES OF YOUTH STILL FLAVOROUS.—"The KNICKERBOCKER has been talked of for so many years, that it is hard to say any thing new about it. IT HAS COME TO BE A NECESSITY, A DAILY BREAD. We prize this patriarch of monthlies. The LITERARY COMMUNITY PRIZE IT, and one author of note has told us that he was better pleased to see his article in the KNICKERBOCKER than to have it paid for and published elsewhere. It was the great aim of his early days, and the apples of his youth are still flavorous."

ZEALOUS IN A GOOD CAUSE.—"Our favorite of all the American monthlies lies before us, looking as meek and unpretending as a modest country maiden in the presence of her sweetheart, yet brilliant within as a casket set with jewels, and full of the richest mental food. IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH POLITICS, OR ANY OF THE ISMS OF THE DAY, and is SO PURE, no lady can be contaminated by the closest perusal of its pages."—*Federal Union.*

IT MAKES ONE FORGET HE IS GROWING OLD.—"When every thing else is changing, it is pleasant to see one bright smiling face, the brightness of whose glance is undimmed by the flight of years. It makes one forget that he is growing old."—*Newcastle (Pa.) Courant.*

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.—"We honestly believe it is impossible for a man to be a regular reader of the KNICKERBOCKER without becoming WISER AND HAPPIER thereby."—*Mobile Advertiser.*

ELIXIR VITÆ.—"The KNICKERBOCKER is the oldest of all the American magazines, but the Editor has somewhere fallen in with an intellectual *elixir vitæ*, which has infused PERPETUAL YOUTH into its pages. Here is completed the FIFTIETH volume, which shows this to be the METHUSELAH OF MAGAZINES!"

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MARCH, 1858.

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ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1858, BY

JOHN A. GRAY,

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

JOHN A. GRAY, *Printer and Stereotyper*,
16 and 18 Jacob Street, New-York.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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The Lessons of Crime:

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN EXPERT.

WE left our guilty and unfortunate prisoner paying the penalty of his misdeeds in the cruel jail of Northampton, where he was absolutely, as the reader will have seen in the conclusion of our last number, almost perishing with hunger. He tells us that he had grown sick of life, and 'hated the very idea of ever again mixing with the world. I longed,' he says, with a touching pathos, 'I *longed* for death, with an impatient ardor: for there *are* situations, in which life is no more sweet: there *are* situations, in which life becomes a burthen — when it is no longer desirable. This was exactly *my* situation. I began to console myself with the hope that my sorrows would soon have an end in the arms of DEATH.'

Matters were in this situation, when one morning Burroughs heard the outer door of his jail loosed from its bolts and bars. The little square window-door looking into his cell was opened, and his name called by the jailer. He made no reply: when another voice pronounced his name — 'STEPHEN!'

It was his uncle, his mother's brother, who had heard of his sufferings, and had come to ameliorate them. They had a long interview, during which the young forger's foolish attempts to break jail were reproved, and 'much good counsel imparted:' '*together with some money*,' which secured him many comforts, and brought about a better state of mind. We have never read a more forcible exposition of the effects of *Hunger* than the following:

'IMMEDIATELY after this, the jailer's wife came into the alley, and told me if I wanted any victuals she would supply me. How this declaration sounded in my ears, you will more readily conceive than I can describe. To have a prospect of a speedy supply of food, again recalled the desire of life. My feelings were in arms, and all the vigor of desire was again re-kindled in my bosom. I told her I wished for something to eat immediately; and on her informing me there was nothing ready dressed, I besought her to fetch me some bread, that I *might be eating while she was making ready something else*. She brought me a brown loaf, weighing about four pounds.

'With what pleasure did I view this precious morsel approaching me! I half devoured it with my eyes, before I got hold of it! How sweet was the taste! how exquisite the pleasure! WARNER laid hold of the loaf and tore away about half the contents. 'Yes,' said I, 'thou fellow-sufferer! eat and be satisfied! the day of bitterness is over: we have the promise again of food, sufficient to supply the calls of Nature!'

'The bread was almost instantly gone, but the cries of hunger were not appeased. Soon, however, the wife of the jailer came with strong tea and toast. I was astonished she brought so little, but she understood my situation better than I did myself. We eat up the recruit of food in a moment. I entreated for more, but could not obtain it, under near an hour. When I had received my third portion, and we had eaten it, WARNER began to experience terrible pains in his bowels, and I thought, for some time, he must have expired under the operation.

'The same characters, who had made their appearance when I was bound in the manner described, now entered the dungeon again, and to work went hammers and files, and in about half-an-hour I was freed from the terrible load of iron, under which I had groaned for thirty-two days.

'When I was liberated from these irons I had almost lost the use of my limbs; my feet would hardly answer my desire for walking, for both of them had been touched with the frost, and the irons on one of my legs had been put on so tight as to cause a swelling, which ended in a sore about six inches long, and which has never yet gotten entirely well.

'I was removed out of the dungeon into an upper room, which was much more comfortable than the one I had first occupied. Here I received food as often as once in three hours, through the next day. Yet I could not be satisfied, my appetite was keen as ever, even when I was so full as to prevent me from swallowing more. This continued to be the case for the space of a fortnight longer, when I found my appetite regulated upon the common scale of eating.'

The uncle wrote to Burrough's father, telling him in what condition he had found his son, and how had left him, explaining that he was presently going as a member to the General Assembly at Boston, and should no longer be able to look after him.

Upon the receipt of this letter, Burroughs Senior wrote to a friend in Northampton to 'pay attention to Stephen's needs, at his cost;' but that 'friend' thought, or *wished* it to be thought, that the letter was a forgery, and so 'paid no attention to it:' 'so that,' says Burroughs, 'the report was soon circulated, that I had 'forged a letter in my father's name, and sent it to one of his old and confiding friends!' What a comment is this upon the influence of a 'Bad Name!'

Burroughs little heeded his uncle's remonstrance against attempting to 'break jail.' With the aid of a fellow-prisoner, named Phillips, an adroit prison-breaker and burglar, he begins to renew his 'operations for liberty,' which are, however, constantly frustrated by another prisoner named Hinds, who, while pretending to be their confident and friend, and from whom he has received several important favors, yet reports every thing he over-hears of their 'operations' to the jailer. Some of these attempts are not exceeded by any thing in 'Baron Trenck.' For example: They have been trying to escape through the pump into a vault below, and so through the foundation-wall to the outside: but Hinds has reported them to the keeper: when

'IN the afternoon, the jailer came into my room, and the blacksmith with him, and after taking up our pump, placed two bars of iron over the hole, and spiked them to the timber. This, I thought, was an effectual security against our ever

again getting into the vault. But no sooner was the jailer gone, than PHILLIPS showed me how mistaken I was in my conjectures. Not more than six minutes after their departure, before we had all the irons loosed from their place: and that was effected in this manner, namely, we took the chain that was around my leg and put it under one of the iron bars, and fetching it round, fastened it together over the bar, with a key made of one of the links. After this was done, we took an oaken bench, about ten feet long, made of a slab, as much as four inches thick in the middle, and put the end of this bench into the bight of the chain; placing it in such a manner as to gain a great purchase, we lifted the bar in an instant, drawing out the spikes with ease.

'Immediately upon the setting in of night, we again went to work, but had not continued many minutes before the outer door of the jail opened, and in came a number of people, and passing our door, went up to the prisoners over-head. Here HINDS had an opportunity of giving the hint to the jailer, that he had something to communicate to him. Therefore, after the people had finished their business with the prisoners, the jailer took HINDS out into the alley, and there learned that we had broken again into the vault. Upon this information, the jailer came into the room, and removed all the prisoners into the dungeon, excepting myself, being in irons, so securely confined, that he remained at ease with regard to me.

'After all matters were again settled, I silently let myself out of irons, went down into the vault, and wrought hard all night. By morning I had dug through the under-pinning, gotten outside the jail, and all that remained now, was to break through the frozen ground, which was about eighteen inches, as I conjectured. I thought my operations through this night, had been so silent, as to prevent a discovery from any one; but I was mistaken. The least noise in the vault, sounded strong through the pumps; these being the only apertures, through which the sound could escape: therefore, its whole force was carried in one direction.'

Hinds hears the noise, and reports to the jailer, as usual:

'ABOUT ten o'clock in the morning, the jailer, attended with his blacksmiths, came into the dungeon, and removed the prisoners back again into my room. They searched the dungeon, with a great degree of care, to see whether the prisoners had broken through into the vault, but not finding any breach, they were at a loss to account for the report of HINDS, not conceiving it possible for me to be the person, owing to my irons. However, after a while, they came into my room, and searching the irons around my leg, they discovered the deception, seeing at once with what ease I could take my irons off my leg when I wished. They then searched the iron bars, which had been spiked to the floor, and found them pulled up. They looked at me with a stare of astonishment, not conceiving how it was possible for such a thing to be effected with what tools we had.

'The blacksmith retired, and in about an hour returned, bringing with him an iron bar of twice the magnitude of the former, and six spikes, about twelve inches in length, and ragged in such a manner, as to prevent a bare possibility of their ever being drawn. This iron bar he placed across the hole, and with a heavy sledge drove in the spikes, looking round exultingly on me, saying: 'BURROUGHS, if you get down here again, I 'll come and take your place.' After he had driven in his spikes and put all things in order, he came and examined my irons, and fastened them on again, so as to prevent my getting loose, as he vainly boasted.

'I now lost all hopes of liberty, by that method which we had been pursuing, viewing it impossible ever to get the iron from across the hole, if I should get free from my irons around my leg; but again I was taught to admire the vast ability of PHILLIPS; for before the outer door of the jail was locked, I was freed from my irons, and the bar across the hole was torn away. This was done while the jailer was shutting, bolting, and locking the doors; so that the noise which we made might be so blended with his noise, that it should not be distinguished by the prisoners over-head, namely, ROOD and HINDS, in such a manner as to lead to a discovery. This had the desired effect. Not the least suspicion was entertained of our operations, so quick was PHILLIPS in seeing every advantage which opportunities offered, for the prosecution of our purpose.

'However, I found all the abilities, which appertained to PHILLIPS, were set down to *my* credit, so strongly were all possessed with the opinion, that I was the soul

of every enterprise of such a nature. And from the efforts which he made in this room, many were of the opinion that I had preternatural assistance. For, say they: 'No irons will hold him, and no fortification will stand against him.'

'You will be curious, Sir, I presume, to learn the method by which we effected such a surprising feat, in so short a time, as to liberate me from irons, and tear away the huge iron bar which was spiked so strongly across our pump-hole. This I will give you a description of.

'You will recollect that one end of my chain was fastened to the floor, the other end around my leg, the length about ten feet; and the ring about my leg was flat and an inch larger in diameter than my leg. Making the chain into a ring by the before-mentioned process, we ran the end of our oaken bench into it, and placed the ring which was around my leg under the bench, and bent it down tight to my leg; then turned it one quarter round and bent it back again; this we repeated three or four times, and the ring broke. We immediately after this hoisted the bolt confining the chain, by the same process.

'After all, we took up the pump, and fixed our chain around the iron on the pump-hole, as formerly, and proceeded again according to the same plan. I thought it a piece of madness to think of drawing these spikes, and made observations to that amount. PHILLIPS paid no attention to what I remarked, but pursued his plan: and when we all jumped on to the bench, to pry up the iron bar, the heads of the spikes flew off in a moment; the bar was torn from its place, and the whole jail trembled.

'I now considered my escape as certain, having nothing but the frozen ground to break through, which I expected to effect in the course of an hour. Therefore, when night progressed so far in her course as to carry people generally to their beds, we all stripped, and went down into the vault, with as much silence as possible, that we might keep ROOD and HINDS in ignorance of our operations; but this we found impossible. We soon heard them take off the cover from their pump, and listen to the noise in the vault. However, as we soon expected to make our escape, we did not so much dread their hearing us at work, not expecting they could give any information to the jailer till next morning, when we should be far from his restraining power.

'We were vigorous in our operations, till we had broken the frozen ground, so as to discern the snow; I communicated this circumstance to WARNER, who was near me, and he imprudently, in the warmth of his feelings, told one near him, that in ten minutes we should be at liberty. This he spoke so loud as to be heard by ROOD and HINDS.

'They hearing this, immediately called to the jailer, and informed him that we were breaking out. The alarm flew rapidly; people gathered into the jail-yard with lanterns, and discovered the hole, which was almost large enough for a man to pass through, while others entered the jail, and turned us all into the dungeon.'

All these attempts at escape proved fruitless: and word was brought to the prisoners, on the first of January, that they were to be removed to Castle-Island, in Boston Harbor, there to be confined at 'Hard Labor!' They were soon taken away:

'EARLY one morning, a number of deputy sheriffs came into the jail, and bade us prepare for our journey to the Castle. They chained the prisoners two together, placing the chain about one leg of each, then put them into a sleigh, and drove off.

'When I came to breathe a pure air, and to contrast the prospect of surrounding objects with the gloomy mansions which I had left, you cannot conceive the ardor of my feelings for liberty. Every object which my eyes beheld was a loud proclaimer of my miserable state.

''Oh!' said I to myself, 'could I run about like yonder little boy, who regardless of his privilege, loses its enjoyment, then should I feel like the lark, that, escaped from its cage, flits into the air, and claps its wings for joy. I wondered people should feel so indifferent about my situation. I equally wondered at their not skipping with joy, because *they* were at liberty themselves. I thought if they had known the feelings of my heart, they would have arisen to a man, and

granted me that liberty which my heart so ardently panted after. It appeared to me sometimes, that the sensations of my mind must be *apparent* to them, and that under this circumstance, they would actually grant me relief. Yet, in the bitterness of my soul, I found these ideas all chimerical.'

As the felon-company travelled through the country, they attracted great curiosity — especially Burroughs, whose fame had gone out before him, he says, into all the surrounding region. At length, however, after many scenes, which were newer and more impressive to prisoners, just temporarily liberated from a long confinement in a loathsome jail, than they would be to our readers, they arrived at Castle-Island, by the way of Boston, where, Burroughs says, they 'gave them derisive cheers' onward to their new prison-house — the 'Blackwell's Island' of that neighborhood.

When Burroughs first came upon the Island, there were but sixteen prisoners, the most of whom were kept at work in the blacksmith's shop.

Their fare, judging from 'prison-fare' at Boston, (Charlestown,) Sing-Sing, and Auburn, was not scant: 'one pound of good, well-baked bread, of good, fresh, wholesome flour, and three-fourths of a pound of good, *substantial* meat,' being the 'ration for the day.' Perhaps the most '*substantial*' meat would have been an 'outside cut' from a Mississippi Alligator, or a rump-steak from a Rhinoceros.

But of the *fare* there was little complaint. They had no Northampton experience of hunger: they desired *liberty*. After being immured in the 'Castle,' they endeavored to obtain it: in the first case, as follows: and we doubt if any reader, placing himself in the prisoner's place for the time being, will fail to be impressed with the naturalness and force of the narrative:

'IMMEDIATELY after my confinement on the island, I began to look about to see whether a possibility for escaping remained. I viewed the building in which I was confined. It was made of bricks, the walls of which were five feet thick, laid in cement, which was much harder than the bricks themselves.

'I searched every corner for a spot upon which I could work, without detection, our room being searched every day, to see whether the prisoners had made any attempt to break away. I at length hit upon a place. There was a chimney at one end of our room, grated in a very strong manner, about twelve feet above its funnel, which was sufficiently large for a man to go up. About three feet above the mantel-piece of this fire-place, I concluded to begin my operation. Here I could work, and not have my labors discovered, unless very critical search was made up the chimney. I had not been at work long, before I had made a beginning of a hole sufficiently large to crawl through; I then took a board, and blacking it like the chimney-back, made it of the proper size, and put it into the hole, so that the strictest search could produce no discovery.

'The prisoners in the room with me were seven in number. These prisoners were all turned out to work about sun-rise, when the doors of the prison were again shut, and not opened again until twelve o'clock, when the prisoners came from work, and continued half an hour: they were then taken back again to work, and there remained until sun-set. Therefore, I had as much as sixteen hours in the twenty-four, in which I could work upon this brick wall, which work I continued with the most unremitting attention.

'The labor was incredible! I could in the first place work only with a large nail — rubbing away the bricks gradually, not daring to make the least noise, lest the sentries, who stood round the prison, should over-hear me at work, and

I thereby become discovered. One night I rubbed the bricks so hard as to be over-heard by the sentry standing on the other side of the wall. The alarm was immediately given, and the guard and officers rushed into the room, to detect us in our operations. Fortunately, I over-heard the sentry tell the sergeant of the guard, that BURROUGHS was playing the devil in the jail. The sergeant ran to inform the officers, and I had but just time to put my board in its place, and set down to greasing my shoes, when the officers entered, and with a great degree of sternness inquired, where I had been at work? I told them that I had been rubbing some hard soot off the chimney, and grinding it fine, to mix with the grease, and put on to my shoes. They laughed at my nicety about my shoes, that I should wish for slick, shining shoes, in this situation.

'Major PERKINS, commandant-in-chief, knowing my inattentiveness to dress, could not so readily believe that blacking my shoes was the only object in view: he therefore made a very strict search for some other matter, which should account for the noise the sentry had heard; but, after a fruitless pursuit of such an object, they gave over their search; concluding that one among the thousand strange whims which marked my character, had prompted me to set about blacking my shoes at that time.

'After they were gone, I felt as strong a disposition to laugh at them for the deception under which they were laboring, as they did, while present, to laugh at me, for the whim of greasing and blacking my shoes.

'This temporary check was of the utmost importance in my further prosecution of this business. It made me more careful for the future, not to pursue my labors with too much impatient impetuosity, a failing I ever was subject to.

'The prisoners in the room were merry on the occasion of my turning the suspicion of the officers so entirely from the real object, to another very foreign from it. They thought it a manifestation of ability. In fine, I had gained such an ascendency over the prisoners, that they implicitly gave up to my opinion in all our little matters: and more particularly when any contentions arose among them, I generally succeeded in amicably terminating the difficulty without their proceeding to blows.

'I determined to be more careful in prosecuting my labor on the wall, for the future, and check that impatience which often hurried me on beyond the dictates of prudence. I now wrought with the greatest caution, and made slow but sure advances. After I had been employed in this business about a week, I found I could work to greater advantage if I had a small iron crow; therefore, I ordered one of the prisoners, who wrought in the shop, to make me one, about a foot long, and sharp at one end. This he found an opportunity to do, undiscovered by the overseer, and brought it to me.

'I found that with this crow, I could pry off half a brick at a time, without the least noise, after I had worn a hole with my nail sufficiently large to thrust in my crow. The rubbish which I took out of the wall, I put, every night, into a tub standing in the room for necessary occasions, and this was emptied by one of the prisoners, every morning, into the water.

'After I had labored with unceasing assiduity for two months, I found one night, after I had pried away a brick, that I could run my arm out of the prison into the open air. This circumstance made my heart leap with joy. After such a length of labor, to find my toils crowned with such apparent success, gave me a tone of pleasure of which you can have no idea.

'Upon examination, I found the breach through the wall was just below a covered way, so that it would remain unseen in the day-time, unless discovered by some accident. I had measured the height of the covered way by a geometrical operation, not being permitted to come near it: and this was done with an instrument made by my pen-knife. That pen-knife which had done me such excellent service in Northampton jail.

'When the prisoners saw my measurement was exact, their idea of my profound knowledge was greatly raised; and they appeared to entertain the most sanguine assurance that their liberty was certain, when their operations were directed under my auspices.

'After I had found the hole through the wall was entirely secreted by the covered-way, I proceeded to make it sufficiently large to pass through.

'After all this was accomplished, one difficulty still remained. The sentry standing on the covered-way would undoubtedly hear us in going out of this hole: and moreover, if we should be so fortunate as to get, unheard, into the covered-way, yet we must come out of that, within five feet of the place where he stood, and therefore could not prevent a discovery.

'Under these circumstances, we found it necessary to lie quiet, until some rainy night should remove the sentry from his stand on the covered-way, to some place of shelter. This was generally the case, when the weather was foul or uncomfortable, unless some special cause should detain him to this particular spot. I recollect that soon after the officers had found me blacking my shoes with soot, the sentinels kept their post invariably on the covered-way in every kind of weather; but they had by this time become more at ease in their feelings, and consequently would, at such time, retire into an alley leading through the bomb-proof.'

END OF PART SECOND

LINES: DREARILY FALLS THE SNOW.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

DREARILY falleth the snow to-day:
Falling so sadly, while the winds, madly
Dashing and splashing
The feathery spray,
Sobbing and sighing, and anon screaming,
With all the seeming
Of a lost soul that in agony lies:
Speak to us fearfully,
Earnestly, tearfully,
Of squalid hovels, where penury grovels,
And sighing so wearily, languishing drearily,
Curses and freezes and dies.

Oh! 't is a pity! in this great city
Are many houses, in which carouses
DEATH, with his friends, WANT and SIN:
And though may enter the cold winds of winter,
Yet Christians and food go not in:

O cold Humanity!
Almost inanity
In the kind acts that should grace Christianity:
Quickly now heed their cries,
While yet they need supplies:
Warm them and feed them, and quickly give drink to them!
For, oh! ye will heed them, and earnestly think of them,
If ye neglect them in hunger and sin:
When at the Judgment day
Ye hear them fiercely say:
'We were strangers, and ye took us not in!'

LINES: IN MEMORY OF 'OLLAPOD.'

I.

TIME's golden sands have marked the lapse of years:
Years of alternate pleasure, toil, and pain:
Since first thy thoughts to mine, 'mid smiles and tears,
In all their peerless beauty freshly came.

II.

And as, to-day, my memory backward strays
Along the brilliant track thy fancy trod,
Ah, me! how poorly can poetic praise
Invest the spirit wafted home to GOD!

III.

Gone, son of Genius! noble soul of mirth,
In the bright blazon of thy perfect fame:
Gone from the dear delights of home and earth,
While all rejoiced to hear and speak thy name.

IV.

Farewell! thou white-robed dweller of the Land
Where all the sons of GOD in glory shine,
Full-orbed, eternal, faultless, radiant, grand:
Farewell! — and may *our* brows be wreathed like *thine!*

V.

The heaven's blue arch may glow with living fire,
And yet one star amid its azure dome —
One star, to which our thoughts and hopes aspire —
Be missed: that precious one we call our own!

VI.

E'en so the Gifted in the world of light,
Illumined by the soul's ethereal ray,
Shine with a lustre beautifully bright,
Then suddenly forever pass away.

VII.

Departed glory of my star-lit morn,
Effulgent orb that crowned life's cloudless noon,
How do I miss thee, in the calm or storm,
That *now* controls my being's light or gloom!

VIII.

And as, to-day, fond Memory backward strays,
Along the brilliant track thy fancy trod;
Ah! me, how vain this tribute of *my* praise,
To woo thee back to earth, at home with GOD!

Kalamazoo, (Mich.,) Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

The Battle of Von Blaunase.

A FRAGMENT FROM OUR MESS.'

BY FOXHALL A. PARKER.

. . . AFTER the song, our second lieutenant—a young man of poetical temperament, with reddish hair, pink whiskers, and bottle-green coat—hemmed thrice, and giving the tails of the aforesaid bottle-green a strong sheer to starboard, commenced to edify us after this fashion:

For months had the river Weser been blockaded by a Danish squadron, to the no small detriment of Bremen and Bremerhaven, when news was brought to these mighty cities of the near-coming to their waters of the United States Frigate San Lorenzo:

'Doubtless,' quoth the burgomaster of Bremen, laying his right fore-finger significantly on the very tip end of his German nose, 'to take part with us against these accursed Danes!'

'Yaw, Mynheer: dat ish more petter ash goot!' replied his brother burgomaster of the Haven.

And so the news went abroad that the Yankees were about to give the Danes a dressing, and was every where received with the wildest demonstrations of joy and enthusiasm.

The authorities of Bremen decreed that in honor of their expected guests, no language but the English should be spoken or written in any place within their jurisdiction for the space of a whole year.

The syndics of Bremen passed three sleepless nights in preparing a congratulatory oration for the strangers, wherein they boldly asserted that Slavery was a most excellent institution 'for the propagation of niggers and tobacco,' and Monongahela whiskey 'a far healthier and better drink than lager bier, any day of the seven.'

The ladies of Bremen nearly worked their finger-ends off in making a star-spangled banner of fabulous dimensions, out of Mandarin-satin; while the musicians of Bremen became quite broken-winded in a vain attempt to play Yankee Doodle with the Christy variations.

Things were in this state when the San Lorenzo, freighted with myself among others, and going at the rate of twelve knots the hour, was hailed off Heligoland by a Bremen pilot-boat:

'Shtop her! shtop her! Mynheer Captain,' cried pilot Number One. 'Shtop her! shtop her!' cried pilot Number Two. And 'Shtop her! shtop her!' cried a whole chorus of pilots as loud as they could squeak.

So the main top-sail was laid to the mast, and the San Lorenzo *shtopped*, until the fattest and ruddiest of the pilots had clambered

up the ship's side, when we braced full again, and headed for Bremerhaven.

'Donner and blixen, but de schiff ish la-r-ge!' exclaimed the man of 'deeps' and 'marks,' as he reached the quarter-deck, and cast an alarmed look forward and aloft: 'Donner and blixen! but she's more pigger ash la-r-ge!'

'Never mind her size, my man,' said the first lieutenant, endeavoring to reassure him; 'she's a beauty in stays, and steers like your own lugger there.'

Yet, nothing comforted, the Bremener took his station in the weather gang-way, murmuring to himself every little while, as the quarter-masters reported the soundings: 'Mein eysh! but de shand-banks ish plenty, and de schiff, by dam! more pigger ash a wein-keller.'

His fears, however, proved to be *groundless*, since we anchored off Bremerhaven without scraping the ground once.

Here all was excitement bordering on madness; the speech of the syndics, and the presentation by the ladies of their banner, being merely the advanced guards of a series of balls, concerts, and dinners, that threatened to be the death of the San Lorenzos; when, simultaneously with the arrival in the Weser of five fine steam-frigates, purchased in England and the United States for the German Navy, the fact got wind, that our Government was on quite as good terms with Denmark as with the Hanse-towns; whereupon, all sounds of revelry ceased at once, and the staid Bremeners, giving up champagne and Havanas, again took to their pipes and their lager.

And now finding that they must rely upon themselves for protection against the Dane, they began seriously to think of officering their squadron, and particularly of making choice of a Commodore to command it, who should lead his followers on to victory after victory, until — O German Nelson! — he stood amid the ashes of Copenhagen.

Many, as may be supposed, were the competitors for this high office; but, from the first, the struggle for it rested with Baron Von Blaunase, a plethoric Prussian who had seen service, and Jack Barker, the master of the San Lorenzo; a little black-eyed fellow, much given to reading Don Quixote, and *breezing* the women; who, under a placid exterior, concealed a somewhat ardent temperament, and was quite fool enough, at that time, to 'seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth.'

And sooth to say, it seemed quite 'on the cards' for Barker to win; for not only were all the women of Bremen on his side, but a majority of the men too; and when after a long discussion of the relative merits of the rival candidates, the 'Town Council' invited 'our man' to deliver an address before their Honorable Body, on Navies in general, and the German Navy in particular, I considered he had a 'sure thing' of it, and, accepting the flag-captaincy under him, forthwith attached myself to his suite.

Thus it happened that I was by his side when he 'spoke his

speech,' and never shall I forget the sensation it produced. Beginning with the ark, which he clearly demonstrated to be 'nothing more nor less than a wall-sided clipper-ship, of extraordinary capacity,' the orator gave a brief but comprehensive sketch of all the navies of antiquity, glancing cursorily at the voyages of Scylax and Nearchus, and portraying in glowing colors the shipwreck of the great Germanicus and his army on 'these very shores.' And coming down to our own times, he dwelt with great emphasis on the destruction, by the English, of the Danish fleet, significantly remarking: 'What *has* been done may readily be done again. And now, O wise men of Bremen!' he cried, in conclusion, 'last, but not least, comes the German navy — the hope of the oppressed of the earth! — the rising-star of European liberty! — concerning which, I trust it will not be considered presumptuous in me to offer you a few words of counsel and admonition. Abjuring, then, contractors and the contract-system, as you would 'the devil and all his works,' let your vessels be built of wood — gopher-wood I would suggest, as likely to last longer and *go further* than any other — in Government dock-yards, on the banks of your own classic Weser: and that they may be a little in advance of the 'whole world and the rest of mankind,' let their motive-power be placed *not* amidships, like the common steam-boat's; not *astern*, like a *school-boy's* or a propeller's; but forward, gentlemen, forward, *chock in the eyes of them!* since it cannot have escaped the subtilty of the German brain, I think, that if by any means the bow of a vessel can be made to go through the water, the stern, in nine cases out of ten, will be sure to follow after it. And your ships being constructed of the material and on the plan which I have advised, the question that naturally presents itself to your enlightened minds is, What batteries shall they carry? To which, I unhesitatingly reply: Let their guns be few in number, but of the highest possible calibre, so that when a Danish 'fifty,' confident of victory, runs alongside of a German 'nine,' she may find she has encountered a wolf in sheep's clothing — a tiger in disguise!'

He ceased, and the whole council-chamber rung with applause, while many a worthy burgher grasped his brother burgher by the hand, and, hoarse with emotion, whispered in his ear: 'Mein Faderland, mein Faderland! what a future for our Germany! De wolf mit de sheep's clothes on! De tiger mit his guise!'

As soon as the commotion had subsided somewhat, Barker received and accepted an invitation to accompany a party of Bremeners, at an early hour the next morning, 'on a tour of inspection to the gun-boats of the German Navy,' and then left 'the presence' 'to go home and turn in,' as he said, while I threaded my way to the wein-keller, in company with a half-dozen of the San Lorenzos, who were bent on having 'a comfortable time' of it. Of all that transpired that night at the keller, I am free to confess, messmates, I have not a very clear recollection; but what I do remember distinctly is, that as I was staggering out of it, about

sun-rise the next morning, with a highly respectable 'load on,' I suddenly brought up all standing against Barker, who, with a bottle of hockheimer in each hand, and a round-faced 'gal' on each arm, was just making his way into it.

'Good Heavens, Barker!' I exclaimed, for the sight of him had completely sobered me, 'what are you doing here? Have you forgotten that you are to be off in less than an hour to inspect the gun-boats?'

But I might as well have spoken to a stone, gentlemen; for if my amiable friend possessed a weakness in the world, that weakness was an uncontrollable *penchant* for wine and women: so without deigning to make me a reply, he seated himself on the cellar-floor, and dragging his fair companions into his lap, commenced singing for their and my edification:

'T WAS on the twenty-fifth of November,
When the 'MARY' she set sail,
With as stout an old commander
As ever weathered a gale.
Faddle dum me ding, me ding gi da,
Faddle dum me ding, me di do:
Faddle dum me ding, me ding gi da,
Dingum, dingum di do!'

The name of the unfortunate queen who was so outrageously diddled by the Trojan was still lingering on the lips of the singer, when, to my inexpressible horror and mortification, in popped the Minister of the German Marine, accompanied by the burgomaster of Bremen, and a host of other worthies, who, not finding Barker at his hotel, had tracked him (as I afterward learned) from one drinking-place to another, until they finally lit upon him here.

'Ah! mein friend!' said one of the new-comers — a certain Mynheer Pretzel, who spoke English fluently — 'we have found you at last, eh? Now for the gun-boats!'

But without heeding the interruption, Barker went on with:

'THE Capting's only dater,
Six maidings clinging reöund;
Sich skrieks and skries, they rent the skies,
When the 'MA-RY' she went deöwn!
Faddle dum me ding, me ding gi da,
Faddle dum me ding, me di do:
Faddle dum me ding, me ding gi da,
Dingum, dingum di do!'

'Shall we not be off now, mein dear friend?' cried Pretzel, valiantly returning to the attack, as he saw that Barker was about tuning his pipes for another effort: 'Shall we not be off now for the inspection?'

'Avaunt! begone! vile caitiffs that ye are!' bellowed the master, now rising to his feet, with a magisterial air:

'HAVE things, then, come to such a pretty pass,
That a man must leave his bottle and his lass —
His bottle and his lass, all for to go afloat
With some German sour-krouts, in a German gun-boat?'

'But, mein freund,' said the burgomaster persuasively, 'the hour grows late, and we have a long ride before us.'

'The ride be hanged!' retorted Jack, who was evidently growing pugnacious in his cups. 'I find the liquor here to my taste, and these ladies to my liking, so I shan't shift my berth for the next twenty-four hours: you may bet your life on that, you old buggermaster, you!'

'Wine ish goot, and de wimmensh ish goot,' here interposed the Minister of Marine, who was noted for his fondness for both; 'but dare ish a time for all t'ings, mein very goot friend, and dis ish de time for de gun-boats.'

As he thus spoke, he laid his hand on Barker's shoulder, who, thinking, in his insane condition, that his Excellency was about to commit an assault and battery on him, instantly commenced divesting himself of his coat and waist-coat, at the same time informing me that 'the thing was out,' (an usual expression of his when he was about clearing ship for action,) and calling with all his lungs: 'San Lorenzos to the rescue!'

Then rushing furiously upon the astounded Germans, who were by this time in full retreat for the upper regions, he broke one of his bottles over the head of the minister, and the other across the back of his sworn friend, the good old burgomaster of Bremen; after which, seating himself astride on a beer-barrel, he insultingly called out: 'Three cheers, boys, for Yankee-land, and may the devil fly away with the German gun-boats!'

It was all in vain, mess-mates, said the second lieutenant, mournfully, that three days after this lamentable occurrence, I called upon the minister and burgomaster in their beds, to apologize for my friend's conduct. Prussian stock had risen to a fabulous figure, while Yankee credit was *nowhars;* and Baron Von Blaunase, or 'Old Blue-nose,' as Barker ever afterward maliciously called him — he, and no other, took command of the 'squadron mit der Weser!'

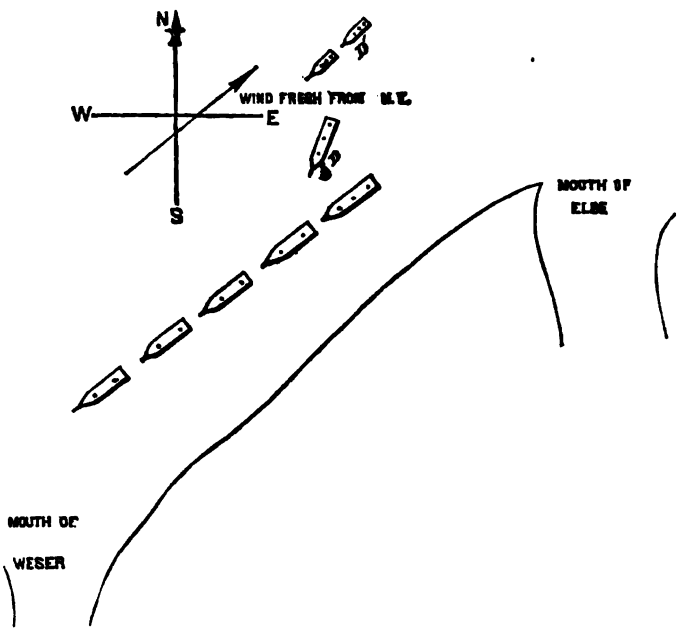
And now the note of war-like preparation was sounded in good earnest aboard the German vessels, whose crews, with very long pipes in their mouths and very short cutlasses in their belts, were daily exercised at the great guns, and in 'boarding' and 'repelling boarders,' until they became the admiration of all beholders, when of a sudden the bold Baron announced to his officers his intention of putting to sea, in defiance of the Dane, and proceeding up the Elbe (the mouth of which river is about twenty miles distant from that of the Weser) to the city of Hamburg. Accordingly he 'dropped down' the Weser one dark, stormy afternoon, and as soon as night had spread her sable mantle over the sea, pushed bravely out among the foe, arriving in Hamburg the next morning, with drums beating and colors flying, amid a deafening roar of artillery from every fort and fortress in that vicinity.

From here he dispatched a special messenger to the Minister of Marine, giving all the particulars of his cruise, and reporting that 'although he had steered boldly seaward, in hopes of bringing the enemy to an engagement, yet had he not been able to catch a

glimpse of a single one of his vessels; from which fact he argued, that hearing of his coming, he had raised the blockade and fled the coast.'

Great was the joy produced by this information throughout Germany; it was heightened ten-fold when a few days afterward it was followed by the announcement that 'Commodore Von Blaunase was again scouring the seas in quest of the northern sea-devils.'

But in order that future generations may have a correct idea of the awful conflict which ensued, I have taken the trouble to make a diagram of the German vessels in their order of sailing, at the precise moment when they were attacked by the enemy, to which I now beg leave, fellows, to call your most particular attention. Here the lieutenant laid this diagram on the table:



around which all the ward-room officers eagerly gathered, and then went on with his narration, as follows:

The four first vessels (each mounting five eight-inch guns, and carrying a hundred men) are, respectively, the 'See-Wolf,' Captain Von Donks, the 'Blixen,' Captain Von Sprutzel, the 'Donderfunk,' Captain Von Tassel, and the 'Dogger,' Captain Von Moder, while bringing up the rear, comes the Commodore's flag-ship, the magnificent 'City of Bremen,' with nine ten-inch *paixhans*, and three hundred and fifty 'blue-jackets,' each of whom could knock off his gallon of lager a day, without reeling.

They had left the Elbe on a certain bright October morning,

and were about mid-way between it and the Weser, when the report of a gun, followed immediately by the whizzing sound of a shot passing in close proximity to his head, made Commodore Von Blaunase jump three feet in the air, with the exclamation: 'Der Teufel!'

'That little fellow is a bold one and no mistake, Commodore!' cried his first lieutenant, a bluff Englishman, of the name of Brown, pointing to a Danish sloop-of-war (D) that had just come within range on the starboard quarter: 'Now all we have to do is to put the helm a-port, run across his bows, and pour a raking fire into him; and, my word for it, in less than a minute he won't have a stick left standing.'

'Nein, nein, mein brav boy,' hurriedly exclaimed the Commodore; 'there are zwei other schiffs (D[1]) in ter offing, and dem Danes ish der teufel on a sea-fight!'

'Why, this steamer alone is more than a match for all three of them, for they carry nothing but pop-guns,' said Brown, bluntly. 'You surely do n't mean to make a run of it, Commodore?'

'Run? to be sure, mynheer Brown, run like de very old Harrish!'

So saying, he ordered general signal, 939 — 'run between me and the enemy' — to be made to the squadron, and then sending for his chief-engineer, Mr. Peters, he directed him to fire up like forty on all the furnaces.

'We are carrying thirty pounds of steam now, Sir,' said this important functionary, 'which is full as much as the boilers will bear.'

'Fire up, fire up, Mishter Peter! de boilersh musht bear it! Fire up quick, I shay, or dem Dansh will have us!'

'If we carry but a single pound more,' answered Peters, who, like Brown, was an Englishman, and dying for a brush, 'we shall all be blown up, Sir, I do assure you!'

'Der teufel you say!' exclaimed the Commodore. 'If we carrish steam, den de boilersh will bursht, and we shall go up into de airsh, like a rocket, and if we don't carrish steam, den de big shots of de Dansh will catch us, and we shall go down like lead in de watersh. Dis ish a nish pickle, to be shure! O mein vrow! mein——'

Here a shot taking effect in the starboard wheel-house so alarmed the Baron, that, without finishing his speech, he made a precipitate retreat to his cabin, leaving his flag-captain in command of the vessel, who, being quite as averse to the smell of powder as his superior, soon succeeded in getting the good 'City of Bremen' out of harm's way; not, however, before Brown had thrown a shell aboard the pursuing sloop, which, bursting amidships, came near causing her total destruction. As the poor fellow was about repeating the favor, though, his head was taken off by an unmannerly round-shot, after which no one aboard the Bremen thought of aught but saving his own bacon.

During the whole of this terrific combat of the flag-ship, the signal 939 was kept flying at her mainmast-head, and various were the comments upon it by the commanders of the other steamers.

'Der shignals ish all wrong!' exclaimed Captain Von Donks; 'he musht mean to run like ter teufel for der Weser!'

'Von Donks ish steering de right coorse,' said old Sprutzel; 'steer right after him, mein good pilot!'

Von Tassel swore that he was too good a seaman to run between a shot and the Commodore's nobility; while Von Moder, crowding all sail to assist the engines, muttered something to himself which sounded very like: 'Now for a fair rashe, and may der teufel catch de hindmost.'

So, each one on his own hook, they made the best time on record, from their starting-place to Bremerhaven; whence, after a long consultation with his officers, the Baron forwarded a wondrous account of his doings, to the Minister, in which he stated, that after being engaged 'for nine mortal hours, with the whole power of the Dane,' he had succeeded in utterly destroying 'two of his frigates and a very heavily-armed sloop;' that the exact loss of the enemy, in killed and wounded, it was of course quite impossible to ascertain, but that it might be safely put down, he thought, 'as between thirteen and thirty-five hundred.'

In conclusion, he dwelt pathetically on the death of poor Brown, and his own narrow escape 'from some wheel-house splinters,' and then called the attention of his Excellency to the reports of his captains, which he characterized as being '*strongly imbued with the modesty of true courage.*

Five days after the penning of this dispatch, Commodore Von Blaunase, 'for his gallantry,' was created Lord High Admiral of the German Navy. Balls were given to him, and swords and services of plate presented, while each bright night for more than a month, on both banks of the Weser could be seen, in letters of fire, Von Blaunase! Von Blaunase! Von Blaunase!

Such, gentlemen, as I have narrated them, said the lieutenant, impressively, were the incidents of the battle of Von Blaunase — a battle which, *with the solitary exception of that of San José, is, perhaps, without a parallel in the annals of naval warfare.*'

OCCIDENTE: A FRAGMENT

How coldly sets this winter sun;
The bitter day is well-nigh done;
Forlorn December fares, with one
Sad smile of last regret.
Thus from thy brief and wintry day,
O Soul! the sun-shine ebbs away:
Thus falls on thee the frozen ray,
That lingers wanly yet.
Thus dies — how fringed with icy gold,
The clouds above yon mountain rolled!
Behind whose summit, dark and cold,
This winter sun has set.

E. E. B.

STANZAS: 'PHANTOMS.'

THERE are phantoms here, there are phantoms there,
There are phantoms, PHANTOMS every where:
Alike in the hall, alike on the hearth,
In the crowded street, or the woodland path.

Man, woman, and child — each breathing thing,
Hath been brushed on the cheek by some phantom-wing:
Hath been roused from a dream with a sudden start,
As some shadowy phantom swept o'er its heart!

'T is but one of the strange, strange mysteries
That beyond our mortal vision lies:
Beyond our vision, yet ever near,
Which we dread to meet and learn to fear.

O'er the sleeping babe one is flitting now,
And it casteth a shade on the innocent brow:
'T is a phantom that rose from the mists that lie
On his Future's path from a troubled sky.

There 's a phantom that lurks in the eye's unrest,
And enters the heart an unbidden guest:
As the youth casts a glance at the long, long day
That before his Future spreads away.

There's a phantom that sweeps by the laughing maiden,
With a half-formed sigh is its hot breath laden:
And it leaves a sweet, undefinable sadness,
Where it found a fountain of gushing gladness.

There are phantoms that cloud stern Manhood's heart,
That from Life's foul marshes and fens up-start:
And point, with a shudder of wearisome wo,
To the tides of passion that ebb and flow.

And they cast a mournfully-leaden hue
O'er that Mother's eye that was once so blue:
And hasten the fall of those gushing tears
From a MOTHER'S heart, and a MOTHER'S fears.

And the rush of their wings sweeps the silvered hair
On the brow of the aged and wan with care:
And a hollow whisper breathes of the gloom
Of the short, rough way to the darksome tomb.

Through every path in our weary earth,
In manhood and childhood — at death and birth,
There are PHANTOMS that darken the brightest glade
With their bodings of fear, and their deathly shade!

Saint Patrick's Day in Wamblepop.

IN THE MORNING.

'T WAS morn, and scarce yon lurid sun,' etc. A March sun rose brilliantly upon the little village of Wamblepop: dispelling the mists of 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.' As the dense curtain of vapor rolled slowly up, a person of common-sense, with or without an investigating mind, passing along the principal and only street of Wamblepop, could not but have observed a group of about twenty Irish laborers, congregated around the principal and only hotel in the little town. And, as the air grew clearer, any person, although a natural fool, unless laboring under the slight inconvenience of deafness, could not but have heard the real Irish shouts that proceeded from their mouths.

These laborers were engaged in building one of the numerous Buffalo and New-York City rail-roads, *via* Wamblepop, and were as gruff and hardy a set of men as you could select on the entire road, or on any other of the numerous roads, *via* any other stock-holding town.

Wamblepop was a stock-holding town, as the residents could tell you. One hundred shares, of one hundred dollars each, had been taken, through the energy and enterprise of the Wamblepoppers: and they gloried in it. The group of Irishmen, so distinctly to be seen and heard, was assembled together to begin an early celebration of St. Patrick's Day. And before the mists had rolled up, and before the air had waxed clear, many a round of poteen' had they taken, at the little inn. For 'song and dance' were the order of the day; and Patrick O'Teal, on the night of this his patron saint's day, was to lead the blushing Bridget Malooney before the priest, and make her, as he confidentially told his friends, 'Mrs. O'Tail.'

'So ye'r to be married this night, are ye, Pat?' said a tall, good-humored Irishman, with as many as an 'occasional' pock-mark on his benevolent features; 'here 's health to you an' your'n.'

'And here 's hopin' you may have lots of little O'Tails,' said another tall and pock-marked individual.

Up went all the little glasses, and up the little bottles, and big bottles, decanter and jugs; and down went the 'poteen.'

'Is it Bridget Malooney he 's to marry? Be jabers, if it is——'

'Hould yer whist, Mike Lamagin, or ye 'll say what ye 'll be sorry for: mind *that* now,' said Wat Malooney, interrupting him.

'An' if I do, divil a won is there to be sorry but meself; mind *that* now,' returned Mike. 'An' whin I mek an observashin agin, hould yer *own* whist, an' do n't be brekin' in upon me, or I 'll — I 'll brek in upon *you* — that I will.'

'Stop that nonsense, ye dhirty blegairds; ye would n't begin this time in the mornin', would ye?' said one of the benevolently pock-

marked individuals; 'here's three cheers, an' long life to St. Patrick: he comes before the Fourth-of-July every year, as he'd ought to.'

The Wamblepop welkin rung with huzzas; and up went all the jugs, bottles and glasses; distended eyes glared fixedly to the heavens for a moment; and expanded mouths gasped and smacked their 'relish.'

The sociality now became general. Each of the twenty was seized with a sudden spirit of confidence and loquacity: surprising personal adventures: biographical sketches of small-potato investments: the extraordinary ascendency St. Patrick possessed over snakes and toads: and his excessive superiority over the Fourth-of-July and Andrew Jackson: the coming marriage, piper, priest, etc. At last, Mike Lamagin found an occasion to 'say his mind,' as he was about to do, when interrupted by Wat Malooney. 'If it's Bridget Malooney he's to marry, he may take her in welkim, for all me: *that* he may.'

Fierce gleamed the anger from the eyes of Wat: 'By the piper that played before Moses, do ye mane to *insinuate* any thing, ye dhirty Lamagin?'

'I *mane* jis what I *say*, an' look to yerself for *dhirt:* take *that* now!'

Fiercely charged Pat O'Teal between the two pock-marked combatants, and with furious mien confronted Mike. 'By the blhood of the O'Tails, ye mane to spake ill of my Bridget? If ye *do*, tunder an turf, but ye may spake yer wake this night!'

The form of Mike dilated with wrath: his eloquent eyes spoke volumes, in the Irish tongue; and his not-less eloquent mouth backed them up. With the ancient air of Chivalry, when throwing down the gauntlet, he snapped his fingers under O'Teal's nose; and, in accents of cutting sarcasm, exclaimed: 'Go to grass wid her!'

At this interesting crisis, a Wamblepop juvenile, who delighted in the sweet name of Samuel Pedilly, made his appearance with a bull-frog, carefully secreted, which he had taken in a neighboring pond; and throwing it into the midst of the angry disputants, exclaimed at the top of his voice: 'Snake! snake!'

Twenty voices, in twenty different keys, howled: 'St. Patrick deliver us!'

'Snake! snake!'

Twenty pairs of heels disappeared in twenty different directions: a moment, and all was peace and quietness at the 'Wamblepop Traveller's Home.'

'IN THE EVENING.'

'A WEDDING there was in Gundercleugh,
Tol de rol de rido.' — OLD SONG.

WE are now about to take the liberty of all distinguished authors, and suppose a certain period of time to have elapsed — say about eight hours. The principal and only street of Wamblepop

presented nearly the same appearance, save that here and there, the hand of Time seemed to have stricken a shadow from the walls; and the little puddles of the morning were all dried up by the noon-day sun. In a large 'shanty,' or, to please the fastidious reader, 'small cottage,' situated at the extremity of the street, sat a maiden, about two-and-twenty years of age. Her fair head leaned pensively on her hand; her queenly eyes seemed intensively gazing into vacancy; her beautiful lips, closely compressed, pouted a tempting pout, like luscious grapes hanging on the stem; her dark hair fell (with the slight aid of curl-paper) in natural ringlets over her snowy shoulders; her features possessed that nameless, womanly charm which elicits the admiration of all beholders, and claims a portion of the heart of every true gallant. She was habited in her bridal costume, a snowy white, cut after some fashion, gathered in all necessary places, and ornamented with little bits of blue and red ribbon, in a truly tasteful and becoming manner.

This was Bridget Malooney, soon to become the bride of the chivalrous Patrick O'Teal. Without rising, she turned her head toward an inner apartment, and in a voice of surpassing sweetness, greatly enhanced by a 'rich Irish brogue,' addressed an elderly lady, or, to be more concise, an old woman, saying: 'Mother, how much 'poteen' did father bring home for to-night?'

'Two gallons, darlint,' answered the fond mother.

'They do n't drink all that *this* night!' was the determined exclamation of this heroic girl. 'Where is it, mother, dear?'

'In the closet,' said her maternal progenitor, 'where it always is.'

The maiden arose from her seat, and, with a firm, determined step, crossed the little room to the closet. Unheeding the admonition of the old lady, 'not to turn out much of it,' she opened the door, and brought to light a large brown earthen jug. Pulling forth the cork, she gazed a moment at this, the cause of so much rioting and contention among her countrymen; still she hesitated: she was about to sacrifice her father's idol to her sense of right. And, as she gazed, thoughts of — of — It is impossible to accurately determine what: but it is to be presumed, thoughts of her poor, injured, bleeding, down-trodden country struggled within her breast.

No longer hesitating, with Amazonian strength and purpose she poises the unwieldy vessel in mid-air. Imagination already pictures it shattered into fragments on the hearth-stone, and the pent-up poison seeking the earth from whence it came. O horror of horrors! would that our pencil (we write with a pencil) had withered in our grasp ere we had brought the records of Wamblepop thus far! But Truth will out! Behold, then, the fair Bridget, with her sweet mouth glued to the brown earthen jug, and taking what nautical gentlemen are pleased to term a 'lunar;' after which she re-corked and re-placed the jug, and resumed her seat and pensive attitude by the window. Alas! the nameless womanly charm had fled to the 'Gentleman in Sables.'

Presently there came an old, gray-headed Irishman, the father of Bridget. And *he*, too, seemed to entertain the same opinion as his daughter: that they 'were n't going to drink all *that* this night:' for he applied himself to the jug with a zest, betokening that they would be free from drinking a large portion of it at least.

By-and-by, in came Wat, with the same philanthropic wishes. And quickly followed the arrivals: each succeeding one evidently wishing to save those yet to come from the task of 'drinking all that this night.' As the evening was growing a little chilly, great was the display of fur-capes and fur-cuffs, and rainbowy blanket-shawls, on the part of the ladies. And upon their disrobing themselves of those articles, still greater was the display of ear-rings and finger-rings; and occasionally an old Irish dowager, who kept a boarding-shanty, (also 'poteen,') sported a watch and chain; though instances of this kind were rare, even in this Irish upper-tendom.

The little party of the morning had all arrived, except Mike Lamigan: and it was also observed that none of Mike's friends were there; and that the 'Fardowns' generally had abstained from coming. However, they were 'low,' and no sorrow was expressed at their absence. The piper and priest were there; and the general wish of the company, as expressed audibly by them, seemed to be, 'to rush the ceremonies through,' that the festivities might begin. So a corner of the room was cleared of its occupants, by Wat's politely requesting them to 'stand back,' and the lovely Bridget and Pat went down on their knees, looking like a pair of turtle-doves searching for insects near a mud-puddle. The priest, at first, proceeded to 'make them one' with the aid of a bottle of water; then drank their 'Health and future Prosperity' in something stronger.

The corner occupied by the newly-married couple was now taken by a blind individual, with a suspicious-looking bundle under his arm. A small circular space having been cleared in the centre of the room, the blind gentleman in the corner unfolded his parcel, displaying a number of round sticks, highly ornamented with a red-and-yellow 'quality.' Upon putting his mouth to one of them, the rest flew up, and spread out like a peacock's tail; and the bundle (which upon inquiry proved to be the 'Bag-pipes') gave a *squawk* not unlike the melodious accents of that gay bird. Immediately Pat led out his beautiful wife for a reel. 'All ready!' bow to piper: bow to company: bow to each other. Away they went, 'right hand around' and 'left hand back;' 'left hand around' and 'right hand back;' 'balance to each other,' and 'cross over;' 'balance to piper' and 'cross back.'

Now commenced a series of aërial skirmishes on the part of Pat's legs, utterly defying description: while from beneath Bridget's skirts issued a succession of muffled thumps calculated to awaken sporting reminiscences of partridges drumming on a log. These were immediately followed by: 'right hand around' and

'left hand back,' etc.: bow to each other: bow to company: bow to piper.

Pat now gave place to one of the pock-marked individuals before mentioned, with whom Bridget went through the same 'steps,' so called. Upon his retiring exhausted, his place was taken by another benevolent individual: who in his turn gave place to Wat, who in his turn gave place to the elder Malooney. By this time the fair Bridget was so thoroughly entered into the spirit of the dance, that every one said: 'How swate she takes her steps, to be sure!' Now Pat, somewhat refreshed, came in for a reel; but Bridget declared she could n't abide a change of time: so he was obliged to lead in one of the ancient dowagers, whose performance gained her great credit. Thus the festivity proceeded: the spirits in the large brown earthen jug getting lower and lower; and the spirits of the assembled multitude rising in the same proportion.

At a late hour of the night as one of the ancient dowagers was completing her forty-ninth jig, whiz-z-z! came a stone through the window, striking her in the back of the head, glancing and hitting a fierce little Irishman plump in the mouth — bowling them down like nine-pins.

'Whoop! The Fardowns!'

Instantly, from a small stand of arms in the corner, shillelahs were distributed to the exasperated Corkonians; and in battle-array forth they marched, headed by Wat and Pat, shouting, 'Hurrah for Saint Patrick!' 'Down wid thim Fairdowns!' 'Give 'em dhucks!' etc.

Directly in front of the door, at a distance of about six rods, stood a body of 'Fardowns.' armed *cap-à-pie* with stones, shillelahs, and 'poteen.'

'Down wid thim mhurderin Carkmin!' shouted in stentorian accents the voice of Mike Lamagin from the centre of the little phalanx; and immediately a shower of stones assailed our wedding-party, materially injuring the contour of Pat's nose, and breaking the heads of several minor personages.

After recovering the stunning effects of this broadside, the Corkonians assaulted the other party fiercely with their shillelahs.

Now came the tug of war! The moon, which until this moment had been concealed behind a cloud, suddenly came forth, brilliantly illuminating the battle-ground, and enabling the combatants to distinguish friend from foe: a very necessary 'light upon the subject;' for up to this time, Wat had been zealously engaged in pummelling his father. Nor did he desist until his mother, seeing the position of affairs, hastened to the rescue, and by receiving three or four sound thumps, succeeded in bearing off the old man to the house. Early in the engagement, Pat O'Teal had sought and found Mike Lamagin:

> 'THERE, man to man, and wood to wood,
> Each strove to do the best he could:'

until a score of 'old scores' were 'scored up,' and new ones opened. When the foray was at its height, a diminutive person

'might have been seen' creeping along the shady side of the shanty, and superlatively enjoying the combat. This was none other than our friend Samuel Pedilly, evidently bent on mischief. Presently he applied a lighted match to a large bunch of fire-crackers, and threw them into the midst of the combatants. Snap! snap! snap! snap! went the crackers on their exploding 'mission.'

'Howly Moses! but they 'r firin'! shouted the Fardowns; and away *they* went, helter-skelter, over the fences and up the street.

'Thim blhoody blegairds have got powther-guns!' exclaimed the Corkonians, rushing into the house and closing the door; and there they remained in a state of maudlin trepidation during the firing, and then not daring to venture forth for a long time. At length, long after the crackers had subsided, they opened the door, and meeting no opposition, sneaked quietly home.

Quiet reigned supreme, as Samuel Pedilly stole through one of the back-windows into his father's residence. The little village clock struck twelve: and thus ended SAINT PATRICK'S DAY IN WAMBLEPOP.

I WANDERED ON THE SILENT SHORES.

I WANDERED on the silent shores;
I heard the distant sound of oars:
'T was scarce an echo when it fell;
'T was like a whisper in a dell.
Smooth lay the lake mine eyes before,
When first I heard that dipping oar:
The quiet winds had gone to sleep:
The ripples slumbered on the deep:
The waves breathed softly to the shore,
As gently fell that dipping oar.

Hark! what breaks upon my ear,
Softly murmuring, sweetly clear,
Like Æolian chords awaking,
Music when bright dawns are breaking;
Or like summer's evening sigh,
Breathing down a golden sky?
Echoes from another sphere,
Telling what may not appear;
Fading on the sandy shores,
Distant sounds of dipping oars.

'T was a fancy: all was still;
'T was a vision of the will,
Gliding o'er the summer sky,
Bringing scenes of things gone by.
Far away along the deep,
Where forgotten memories sleep,
I beheld again the past,
To the future sweeping fast:
Heard again along the shores,
Sounds of gently-dipping oars.

Where is now the light canoe,
Gone forever from the view:
Where the happy Indian girl,
Gazing at the waves' light curl?
From blue Michigan departed,
Sighing, weeping, broken-hearted,
With her mantle gathered round her,
Gone, where few in tears have found her,
Vanished from those silent shores,
With the sound of dipping oars.

See beyond the skyward mark,
Aspects mournful, frowning dark,
Tawny heroes to the West,
Drifting slowly and to rest:
Scenes familiar sadly leaving,
Musing deeply, sorely grieving:
O'er the horizon they go,
Where themselves and none may know;
And as fade those distant shores,
Echo mourns their parting oars.

All are vanished, gone forever,
Though 't was hard, 't was fate to sever:
Fate their rule had long deserted,
Fortune long with them had parted;
So they drifted o'er the wave,
To an unknown, distant grave:
No more to their paddles' flow,
Music surges, cresting snow.
Fancy now upon those shores,
Hears alone their dipping oars.

TUDOR.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

Of the ten days following that of our arrival at Malta, I am sorry to say I can give no rational account, inasmuch as during the whole of that period (being delirious from fever, induced by the bodily and mental suffering which I had undergone) I fancied myself an alligator vainly endeavoring to make my way across the Ganges, against a head-sea and wind, to the residence of my aunt, now miraculously transformed from a two-story brick into a bamboo *bungalow*, and romantically situated on the left bank of the 'Sacred River,' with a lofty pagoda on either hand of it.

When Reason resumed her sway, I found myself lying on a comfortable 'four-poster' in a neatly furnished room, through the large folding-doors of which the English naval officers were just entering.

'Doctor,' said the elder of the two, softly approaching my bedside, and laying his rough hand on my burning temples, 'all your cups, blisters, and leeches have failed to produce a beneficial effect thus far, it seems. What do you propose to do next?'

'That is my own business, Captain Brown, with which I will thank you not to intermeddle!' answered his companion, tartly.

'I choose to make it *mine*, Sir,' retorted the first speaker; 'for if this pug-nosed little Yankee should die on our hands, I consider that the British lion would be in a measure disgraced; and so, if he be not better by to-morrow, I'll send to the barracks for an Army surgeon.'

'You will do no such thing, Sir!'

'Blood and thunder, Sir, I say I will!'

'I say you will not!'

'I'll report you to the Admiralty!'

'Report, and be damned, Sir!'

And with this exclamation, the doctor bounced out of the room with a jerk; and the captain, who was lame of one foot, limped after him, loudly calling upon some one of the name of David 'to bring him pen, ink and paper, that he might write a dispatch to the First Lord of the Admiralty.'

Scarce had the echo of the captain's voice died away, ere the quiet of my room was again disturbed by the entrance of a youth, whose light hair and florid complexion betrayed his Saxon blood, as clearly as the white patch on his collar denoted his being one of Her Britannic Majesty's midshipmen.

'And so,' said the youngster, bending over me until I felt his warm breath on my cheek, 'you are about to take your departure for the other world, it appears. I am sorry for you, democratic Jonathan, from the very bottom of my heart, I am.'

'Don't distress yourself, Nobility Bull,' I replied promptly,

opening my eyes very wide, and making a faint attempt at a smile as I spoke. 'I 'll weather the medicine-men yet!'

'The devil!' cried the mid; and starting back in affright he commenced retreating from the apartment. Quickly recovering himself, however, he exclaimed with a laugh: 'A fair Rowland for my Oliver! Damn it, my fine fellow, you lay there so still with your eyes half-closed, that I thought you were under way already for the *warm country*, and the sound of your voice nearly frightened me into a duck-fit. I 'll be off, and send the doctor to you!'

'Stop a moment, if you please.'

'Well, what will you have?'

'Before you go, tell me where I am.'

'In the Naval Hospital of Valetta.'

'And who were the officers who left my room just before you came in.'

'I did n't see them. What sort of looking men were they?'

'The one was a big, coarse-looking man, a Captain Brown; the other a small Doctor Somebody, whose name I did n't hear.'

'They were quarrelling, I suppose?'

'Yes; and the captain threatened to report the doctor to the Admiralty for treating him with disrespect.'

'He has made that threat at least twenty times in the last three days; but he will take very good care not to put it in execution; for although he blusters a great deal, he is, in reality, afraid of the doctor, who, he knows, is a confounded smart fellow, and enjoys a high reputation in the Navy. The fact is, the captain is perhaps a well-meaning man enough, but he is excessively ignorant, and is always interfering with what in nowise concerns him. He is a sailing-master; and having been wounded two years ago in a battle with Chinese pirates, so that he can no longer go to sea, the Admiralty thought proper to reward him for his services by appointing him Superintendent of this building with the honorary title of Captain. He usually goes by the name of 'old Blood and Thunder.' There, now, you know as much as I do about him.'

'And I thank you much for your information. The doctor's name is ——'

'Wilson. But I must be off, or I fear you 'll injure yourself by talking,' and away he ran, while, wearied with the effort that I had made to carry on the conversation, I closed my eyes, and composed myself to sleep.

Our young friend Morton, (for such was the English reefer's name,) having made us acquainted with the superintendent and surgeon of the hospital in which I passed two months of my life, I will here take the liberty of introducing to my readers the other inmates of it in the order of their rank. First comes Commodore Pepper, a silver-haired old sea-dog, over ninety years of age, who, being in his dotage, at all times fancied himself aboard ship, and when not engaged in a controversy with Doctor Langhorne, (of whom we shall hear more anon,) was continually giving orders to make or take in any quantity of imaginary canvas.

Next, we have the *medico* aforesaid — a raving Bedlamite, who, also, commonly imagined himself one of that respectable class of persons 'who are confined in prison with the privilege of getting drowned.' Now and then, however, this eccentric personage would vary the monotony of a sea-life by making short excursions to the moon; and when he returned from his travels, on these occasions, it was quite refreshing to listen to his account of 'things he had seen by the way.'

The others comprised a one-legged master's mate and ten maimed seamen, (all of whom had been disabled shortly before by the bursting of a gun on board the 'Eurydice,') and a whole troop of cooks, scullions, waiters, nurses, etc.

The madman, being on a water-gruel diet, had somehow taken it into his head that he had been placed on 'short allowance' by the Commodore, against whom he consequently cherished the most bitter animosity; and he spent half his time in showering abusive epithets on his hoary head, which the old dotard, who had always been noted for his promptitude in 'clearing ship for action,' never failed to return with interest; and as the rooms of this interesting pair were on either hand of mine, day and night was I exposed to the whole cross-fire of their lip-batteries.

'Who ever heard of old Pepper's war-services, I'd like to know?' the doctor would bellow out with stentorian lungs. 'All the wounds he ever received were in the breech, and be hanged to him.'

Now soldiers, I know, consider it a high honor to be wounded in the precise spot of which the doctor so often spoke, and, if my memory serve me right, Othello makes honorable mention of the place, (in speaking of the means he used to win the affections of 'that old man's daughter,') coupling with it (somewhat strange, I must confess) the adjectives 'imminent' and 'deadly.' Yet we sailors rather incline to the opinion that a man's breech can never be exposed, so long as his head is pointed, as it should be, fair and square toward the enemy. And so the doctor never introduced the word breech in his discourse without its producing a breach of the peace between him and the Commodore, who would invariably respond with:

'Keep thilence, you mootinuth thcoundrel — keep thilence, I thay!'

Then the doctor would return to the attack with:

'Lisping old hog that he is, not content with having a whole cabin to himself, he must needs monopolize all the grub in the ship!'

To this serious accusation, old Pepper would reply:

'Tell the futht lefftenant to put that mootinuth thcoundrel in ironth, thir!'

And so they went on, day after day, as long as I remained under the same roof with them.

One morning, after I had got strong enough to walk about a little, I was awakened by hearing a demoniac laugh close to my

ear; and springing up in bed, I found, to my infinite terror, the crazy doctor's head in my room, and in close proximity to my pillow. His body, however, very fortunately for me, was still in his own apartment, owing to the fact that the hole in the wall, which he had succeeded in making during the night, was not yet large enough to admit his shoulders.

'I 'll have you before long!' cried the maniac, glaring at me with blood-shot eyes, and gnashing his teeth in a frenzy. 'I 'll have you before long, you rascal!'

'Perhaps you will, and perhaps you won't,' I mentally ejaculated, as I rushed from my room and down two flights of stairs to the 'dispensary.' 'Perhaps you will, and perhaps you won't. It takes two to make a bargain, my fine fellow!'

'What, in the name of HEAVEN, brings you down here in your shirt, Mr. Jenkins?' said Surgeon Wilson, as I entered his *sanctum.* 'It 's a warm morning, I admit; but your rig is somewhat airish, it strikes me, even for this weather.'

In a few brief words, I explained the situation of things above stairs, and begged that a strong force might be detailed to wait upon me to my room, to protect me from any incursion of the madman until I could secure my baggage, and make a more becoming toilet; and the obliging doctor was just in the act of summoning the whole *posse comitatus* of the hospital to my assistance, when who should pop into the dispensary, but the meddlesome old Superintendent and his eldest daughter, Miss Rachel.

This was a pleasant predicament for a modest youth to be placed in, truly! But, luckily, there were two outlets to the apartment; so Wilson, who was a quick-witted fellow, placing me behind him, commenced making a rapid stern-board toward the door opposite to that through which the Browns had entered.

'It 's a very fine morning, Doctor,' said the Captain, advancing two steps. 'Beautiful, indeed!' replied Wilson, falling back four.

'Rather sultry, I think,' remarked Miss Rachel.

'Rather so, I must confess,' assented the Doctor.

The Captain and his fair daughter exchanged glances of astonishment and delight. Never before had Doctor Wilson treated them with so much courtesy and respect; and they were evidently charmed at having at last insinuated themselves into his good graces. I was charmed, too; for in another moment I expected to make good my retreat. Vain expectation! The door behind me at this instant flew open, and in stalked Morton, with the gallant Captain's youngest daughter leaning fondly on his arm.

Thus placed between two fires, as it were, with a firm breastwork in front, it is true, but scarce even a Marcy-patch to protect my rear, I adopted the expedient, which, according to a distinguished Southern novelist, one of our Yankee regiments had recourse to in Mexico. 'Sir,' said Mr. Gilmore Sims to me on a certain occasion, 'I assure you most solemnly, that at the battle of Contreras, the very troops of which you speak, *throwing their arms behind them, incontinently fled!*'

For several days after this, poor Langhorne obstinately refused to take the slightest sustenance; and as he had strongly barricaded his room, it became necessary at length to storm it, in order to save him from actual starvation. For this purpose the whole disposable force of the hospital was mustered; and the seamen of the 'Eurydice' organized into a forlorn hope, and carrying on their shoulders a heavy spar, which served them as a battering-ram, gallantly led the attack by running full tilt against the *loco's* door.

At the first onset, the upper part of this treacherous defence giving way, the jack-tars gave three hearty cheers, and making use of a step-ladder, which happened to be near the scene of action, they commenced emulously mounting to the assault. But the doctor, standing on his bed, which, with a madman's cunning, he had placed against the door, and being amply provided with good hard bricks from his hearth, gave them so warm a reception, that they were forced to retire, and the '*corps de reserve*,' consisting of sixteen Irish waiters, led by old 'Blood and Thunder' himself, meeting with no better fate, the attacking army retreated in disgust, minus two noses and an ear.

A council of war being now held, Doctor Wilson said, gravely: 'It is confidently asserted by very many eminent members of the faculty, that a madman can be easily cowed by any one who possesses nerve enough to look him steadily in the face. I therefore propose that Captain Brown, so justly distinguished for his bravery in the East, be appointed a committee of one to creep through the 'hole in the wall,' (which can readily be enlarged for the purpose,) to give poor Langhorne *a fair trial with the eye.*'

This bell-the-cat proposition, however, meeting with no favor from the Superintendent, who seemed not at all inclined to sacrifice himself *pro bono publico*, the one-legged master's mate, who had been a ship-mate of Langhorne's, and was an especial favorite of his, was deputed to treat with him; and after much parleying, the lunatic consented to lay down his arms, and be guided in all things by his medical adviser, under the following conditions:

'Imprimis. That lisping old hog, Commodore Pepper, shall never again presume to stop Doctor Langhorne's allowance of beef.

'Secondly. Doctor Langhorne shall be at liberty to speak of the Commodore's breech whenever and wherever it may please him so to do; and he shall, moreover, be permitted to sing the song of 'the rough old Commodore, tough old Commodore' at least twice a day.

'Thirdly. Doctor Langhorne is by no means to be debarred the privilege of an occasional visit to his intimate acquaintance, the man in the moon; and should he at any time think proper to extend his wanderings to the planets Jupiter and Saturn, he is not to be 'hauled over the coals' for so doing, on his return to the ship. Provided, however, that he never loiter by the way, under any pretence whatever, to hold fiery converse with Mars, and should he by any chance fall in with the goddess Bellona, he is to be particularly careful to give her a wide berth.'

The ratifications of this treaty being exchanged by the 'High Contracting Powers,' Doctor Langhorne, in good faith, dismantled his fortress, and partook of a bountiful meal, after which he slept about eighteen hours on a stretch, and the white flag of peace again floated triumphantly over the naval hospital of Valetta.

Nothing could exceed Captain Brown's and Surgeon Wilson's kindness to me during the time that I remained under their care; and as to Morton and myself, notwithstanding the wide diversity of our political opinions, we became as thick as two pickpockets, and contracted a friendship for each other, which has continued up to this very hour. With him I visited the church of Saint John's, and the numerous other *lions* of Valetta; and when I became strong enough to make the 'grand tour of Malta,' he it was who occupied the seat in the *caleche* by my side. A letter now lying open before me, which I received from him but a week since, recalls vividly to my mind an incident of one of our journeyings, which I beg the reader's leave to relate.

We were looking out on the bay of Saint Paul, and indulging in various idle speculations, as to the model of the craft from whose stern the 'shipmen' deemed it advisable to 'cast four anchors,' when a woman of about thirty years of age, dressed in deep mourning, with eyes of fire, and a face colorless as the snowy kerchief, which confined the disordered masses of her raven hair, made her appearance on the beach, where, eagerly gazing seaward, she remained for some time motionless as a statue. At length, starting up, and wringing her hands, she commenced pacing up and down in front of us, with unequal steps, all the while muttering to herself: 'He is dead! he is dead! and I — O my God! — I am a murderess!'

I looked toward my companion, and was about to speak, when, laying his hand on my mouth, he whispered in my ear: 'Hist! it is crazy Ellen! If you wish to hear the mournful story of her life, accompany me to yonder chapel, and Father Thomas, I doubt not, will tell it to you.'

As we drew near to the chapel, which forms one of the compartments of a cave, commonly known as Saint Paul's grotto, we observed the good father seated on a stone-bench, a little in advance of it. He was a poor monk of the order of Saint Francis, whose thread-bare habit and wooden rosary bespoke the poverty of one who was compelled to depend upon the cold charity of the world for his daily bread; yet none could look upon the face of the holy man, and fail to perceive that he had exceeding great treasure laid up in heaven, 'where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.'

'Father,' said Morton, 'my companion here is anxious to know something of poor Ellen. Will you not repeat the tale you were good enough to tell me the other day?'

'Most certainly I will, Morton,' replied the monk, rising, and motioning to us to be seated as he spoke; 'but the day is warm, and I must first gather some oranges from our garden for your re-

freshment.' So saying, he left us, and soon returning with a basketful of the golden fruit, he took his seat between us, and commenced his narrative thus:

'Fairest among the fair English maidens of Valetta, some fifteen years ago, was Ellen Grahame, whose marvellous beauty formed the theme of conversation with young and old, in every habitable corner of this little isle. But alas! my children, that pride which goeth before destruction was also hers: and, although but the daughter of a poor mechanic, she rejected, with ill-dissembled scorn, many advantageous offers of marriage from the youths of her acquaintance, openly declaring that she would never mate with one who was not, in some way, distinguished above the common herd.

'Years passed away; and Ellen had reached her twentieth birthday, when there came to Valetta a young Italian artist — Pascal Carelli, by name — whose paintings, it was said, rivalled those of the great Raphael. He had been a traveller in many lands, spoke English fluently, and was filled with the inspirations of genius. It was not long ere he heard of the rare charms of Ellen Grahame, and having a Madonna to paint for the Church of Saint Elmo at Naples, he called upon her with the request that she would serve as his model. It is needless to say that this flattering tribute to her beauty was received by Ellen with unfeigned emotions of delight. For a month thereafter she was either closeted with the artist in his studio, or walking arm-in-arm with him along the seashore; and soon it became rumored abroad that the two were betrothed, and would be married at an early day, in the cathedral of Saint John.

'Things were in this train when Carelli was summoned to Florence to attend the death-bed of a dearly beloved sister, his only relative upon earth, and scarce had he departed from Valetta, before the whole city was thrown into a great state of excitement by the arrival in their harbor of the 'Pearl of India,' a beautiful yacht, freighted with the valuable person of Lord William Howard.

'My lord was old, ugly, and a cripple, and had buried his third wife; and yet he entertained an ardent desire for a fourth, who should be younger and prettier than his first; and he had no sooner laid eyes on the belle of Malta than, to the surprise of its inhabitants, he offered her his withered hand, which, to their still greater surprise, and infinite disgust, she had the baseness to accept.

'When these strange tidings came to my ears, I lost no time in portraying to Ellen — for she was a Catholic, and I her father confessor — the heinousness of the crime she was about to commit. But I found her 'like the deaf adder, which listeneth not to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely;' and I left her in despair. Pride, that false pride, which taketh delight in vain show, was still her besetting sin; and the title of 'my lady' possessed an attraction for her ear, which all her love for the gifted artist — and it really was great — could not withstand.

'And now the evening appointed for the ratification of her *bar-*

gain was at hand, and Ellen, decked like a queen, was impatiently awaiting the arrival of the carriage which was to convey her to the residence of his excellency the Governor, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed, when, unannounced, I entered her chamber, determined, if it were possible, to save her soul from perdition, even at the ninth hour. And in this I hoped to succeed; for with me was her lover, who had that instant arrived at Malta, flying on 'the wings of the wind' to his beloved, only to learn that she was *his* no longer.

''Ellen, dear, dear Ellen,' cried Carelli, passionately throwing himself at her feet; 'what is this that I hear? It cannot, O God! my love, my life, it cannot be true!'

'For a moment, as I noted the varying expression of the unhappy girl's face, I believed that love and honor had triumphed. But no. Slowly rising from a silken couch on which she was half reclining, and looking, in her cold, majestic beauty, like the marble image of some Grecian goddess, she said, with a scornful smile: 'I have no time to-night to listen to your love-prating, Signor Carelli; I prithee leave me with my maidens.'

'Starting to his feet as if an asp had stung him, Carelli left the room and the house; and when, following him, I reached the street, he was nowhere to be seen. I called loudly upon him to return — for at this instant I heard, or fancied I heard, the voice of Ellen fondly breathing his name; but the sighing of the night wind, and the moaning of the breakers on the shore alone made reply; and, with a leaden weight at my heart, I betook myself to my cloister, and retired to my narrow cell — to pass the night in watchfulness and prayer. . . . .

'It wanted but a few minutes of mid-night, when, at the east end of the 'state chamber' of the Governor's princely mansion stood the Archbishop of Malta — the last of the noble race of the Colonnas — in the midst of a lordly assemblage of England's chivalry, while at his feet knelt Lord William Howard and the fair Ellen Grahame.

'Thrice did the vain beauty essay to place her jewelled hand within that of the infirm old lord, and thrice did she withdraw it with a half-stifled shriek, as of one in mortal agony; and the guests looked in each other's faces, and darkly hinted, one to the other, of a broken vow and a love betrayed. But at length the hands *were* clasped, and the words spoken that bound the *happy* pair in bonds that man may not sever; and the venerable Archbishop, having pronounced a benediction, Lady Howard rose to her feet, and proudly stood beside her lord — in the eyes of all that brilliant throng his lawful wife; but in the presence of God and His angels, a shameless harlot, who had sold her body for a price.

'And now came feasting and revelry — and many were the cries of 'long live Lady Howard!' as she was led by the Governor to the head of the festive board; and the whole banquet-hall was filled with praises of her beauty; for her cheek was flushed, and

her eyes sparkled, and her lips gave utterance to many a brilliant jest.

'But when the guests had departed, she laid her head in her nearest bridesmaid's bosom, and, shudderingly, whispered to her of *a drowned man's hand that had come between her and the groom* — and then, with a wild, unearthly yell, she fainted.

'Whether the sea had indeed 'given up its dead,' God alone knoweth; but that night, as the chimes of Saint John's Cathedral were sounding the hour of twelve, the waves were wildly closing over the head of a suicide — and that suicide was Pascal Carelli, surnamed 'the glory of Florence.'

'Time sped on. My lady went abroad; and, after losing sight of her for some years, I learned that she had lost her husband, and was about to return to Malta; and something I heard of a disease that baffled her physician's skill. At length she came; and I was sent for to 'the castle' to confess her. I found her with debilitated frame, and an intellect fearfully disordered; and she told me a strange tale of a spectre that never left her.

'This was five years ago, and ever since she has continued to roam by the sea-side, as you see her now ——'

'A living monument of God's wrath!' interrupted I.

'Nay, say not so, my son: 'judge not, that you be not judged.''

While the father yet spake, there came a low wail from the shore, and, looking in that direction, I saw the maniac lying prostrate on the beach, with the life-blood welling from her nose and mouth.

We flew to her assistance, and Father Thomas, placing his arm under her head, raised it gently from the ground. Her eye had lost its fire; and with the approach of Death, Reason had returned to her throne.

'Father,' she gasped, 'my sin was great, but great has been the punishment thereof.'

'Daughter,' replied the monk solemnly, 'there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.'

Then, looking up into his face with a sweet smile, she said, 'Pray for poor Ellen;' and with these words she expired.

The sequel of this tale is soon told. After lying in state for a week at 'the castle,' the remains of Lady Howard were carried to England, and interred in the family-vault of her husband, with all 'the pomp and pageantry of wo.'

But her spirit still lingers near the grotto of Saint Paul, where, nightly, as the chimes of Saint John's Cathedral tell the hour of twelve — if we may believe the artless tales of the Maltese — and why should we not? — two figures, robed in white, are seen to kneel by the side of a cross, on which is rudely carved: 'Pray for poor Ellen.'

When I returned to the hospital, I found Fearless in my room, who informed me 'that Captain Blazes was getting somewhat im-

patient to see the light of my countenance aboard : ' so, leaving my kind English friends, I returned to the 'Shenandoah,' where I was received with a very hearty welcome indeed, particularly by my mess-mates, who, after feeling my pulse a number of times, inquired most anxiously concerning the state of my appetite.

I found the 'old craft' looking very trim and neat in her new rig, and, ere many weeks had passed, we were outside of the harbor of Valetta, bound to the Dardanelles.

And here, dear reader, let me inform you that our acquaintance must soon cease. Having now served some twenty months in the Navy, the novelty of the thing was gone: and as year after year dragged its weary length along, bringing with it the same eternal round of mid-watches by night, and boat-duty by day, I longed for the humble home of my childhood, as the Israelites, in the wilderness, longed for the flesh-pots of Egypt. It is true, that during this period I smoked with the Turks, danced with the Sicilians, and maliciously inflicted a great deal of bad French on my enemies, the Mount Seers; but yet I can recall no incident worth narrating until we stopped, for a day, at Mahon, on our homeward voyage from Spezzia.

Indulge me, then, in one more chapter, and my yarn is finished.

> 'Tis to be wished it had been sooner *spun* ;
> But *yarns* will, somehow, lengthen, when begun.'

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH

It was in the fall of eighteen hundred and forty-six, and we had, consequently, been absent from the United States nearly four years, when the 'Shenandoah,' under her three topsails, jib, and spanker, stood for the naval anchorage off Mahon — that great city, founded by Mago, the Carthaginian! Mahon! dear, dear Mahon! who is there that has not heard of the beauty of thy women, the hugeness of thine eggs — the exquisite flavor of thy *camarones?* Or what mortal will pretend to deny the surpassing musical powers of thy long-eared trumpeters, who, each morn, at cock-crow, make the air jocund with their harmonious strains?

Like Rosin, the beau, 'I have travelled this wide world all over,' but better people than the Mahonese have I found no where. What wonder, then, that the instant the anchor was down, almost every officer in the ship went ashore?

As we labored, in a body, up 'the long hill,' loud and long were the *vivas* which greeted us; and by the time we reached Castle-street, on our way to the tavern of John Cacho, the whole population of the place, young and old, male and female, were tagging at our heels. There was Pons the cobbler, Pons the hatter, and Pons the rope-maker; old Jo Quevedo, Jim Brandywine, and Jack Constitution; *señora* Antonia, *señorita* Juanita, and *tia* Leonora, and a host of others, whose names I will not attempt to enumerate,

for the same reason that a Spanish biographer gives for not mentioning *all* the wondrous miracles of that chief of *saints-errant*, Francisco de Xavier, namely, 'lest it should take until the general resurrection to do so.' 'Oh! Mishter Pipe-de-clay, Mishter Pipe-de-clay, my well remembers you,' whined aunt Leonora — 'and Mishter Hoyle, too, I do declare — ah! Mishter Hoyle, how you do dis morning, Sare?'

'Mishter Pipe-de-clay one vary good friend of de family!' cried another.

'Please, Señor Hoyle, give me one penny — two *sheester*, five moder — no *padre*, no *madre*,' yelled a third.

And so they went on — one crying one thing and another another, until we reached the *posada*.

But, best of all, was the meeting between Hoyle and the *posadero*. They embraced, they kissed, they wept; and then, sitting down side by side, they talked over former times, and of the many good dishes which they had partaken of together. At length Hoyle, resting his head on his old friend's shoulder, and still weeping, said: 'I want you, Johnny, to turn right to at once, and make us an *olla podrida*, and a camarone-omelet, such as you sometimes read of in ancient history; for know you, my fine fellow, we sail again this evening.' At these last words a cry of anguish escaped from the very bowels of the publican; but, manfully laying aside his private grief for his public duties, he bustled off to the kitchen, whence he presently sent us up a dinner that the gods might have envied; so with stout hearts, and willing stomachs, we fell to, determined to do our *devoir*, and as Hoyle took two glasses of Mahon wine for every mouthful of food that he swallowed, he became, at first, jolly, next, quarrelsome, and finally, so drowsy that he fell fast asleep in his chair. This was his condition when *bang* went one of the frigate's guns, and, immediately afterward, word was brought to us that she was actually under way, standing, under easy sail, down the harbor. There was no time to lose; so, finding it impossible to awaken our ship-mate, four of us middies shouldered him and marched off, followed by the other officers and the Mahonese, in funeral order; Major Pipeclay and Surgeon Salado with swords reversed, bringing up the rear, and Jo Quevedo and Jim Brandywine walking on either side of the *body* as pall-bearers. In this manner we passed through 'Rough Alley' street, and by the 'house of Blazes,' and leaving Jackass-point on our left, we descended the hill of that name, at the foot of which a boat was awaiting us. Now, whether it was the smell of the salt-water, or a tremendous blast, which one of the trumpeters afore-mentioned blew at this instant, that revived the *defunct* luff, I know not; but certain it is, that he had no sooner been placed in the boat than he stood upright in the stern-sheets of it, and, reverently uncovering his head, thus beautifully apostrophized the place we were leaving:

'To Port Mahon's dear shore,
I never comes no more.'

When we reached the ship, he staggered over the gang-way, and reported his return to Mr. Garboard, who had charge of the deck: and, in reply to Captain Blazes's query as to what detained him so long ashore, he replied, with a leer: '*Camarones, you old buster, you!*' whereupon the skipper indignantly ordered him below.

About nine o'clock that night, he sent the ward-room steward to me, with a request that I would come to his room.

I found him seated in a large arm-chair, *en camisa*, with a drawn sword lying across his lap, and a cocked-hat on his head; and in a most excited state of mind. 'Mr. Jenkins,' said he, 'I have sent for you to warn you against placing any faith in our captain: for I have possession of certain facts in relation to his conduct while on board this ship, which prove him to be lost to all sense of honor and virtue; and as soon as we reach the United States, I intend to bring him to a court-martial, and have him dismissed from the service.'

I was really quite shocked to hear my superior talk thus, and I shuddered as I asked: 'What dreadful crime, then, has he committed?'

'Do you promise me faithfully not to mention to a soul what I am about to tell you?'

'I do.'

'Put your ear down here, then, and listen. It is confidently asserted of Captain Blazes that he puts *pneumatics in his bean-soup*, and between you and me, *I think he drinks!*'

And now the 'Shenandoah' spread her white wings to the gale, and in six weeks carried us back to the port whence we sailed. In ten days we were all 'paid off,' and I received orders to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where, after six months' hard study, I came before a Board of Examiners, composed of eight pursy old 'commydores,' and captains, who were pleased to express themselves satisfied with my abilities, and to give me a certificate of my having passed my examination; whereupon, with great pride and joy, I set off for Philadelphia.

It was night when I reached Second-street; and as I stopped a moment outside my aunt's dwelling, to still the beatings of my heart, I discovered that Parson Jones was holding forth to a goodly congregation assembled in the 'little back parlor.' Presently his voice ceased, and then, 'with one accord,' the whole number of the elect commenced singing, in a very high key, 'From Greenland's icy mountains,' while, high above all others, I clearly distinguished the clarion notes of Miss Sally Smuggins.

In I now rushed; and, to the horror of all present — for not a soul recognized me — I threw my arms about my Aunt Polly's neck, and nearly smothered her with kisses. 'Why, aunty, do n't you know me?' cried I at length. 'Why, bless my soul,' exclaimed the dear old lady, 'if it an't my darlin' nevvy — why, how you have grown, Johnny, to be sure!'

'The sea-farin' sheep 's returned to the fold at last!' ejaculated

the parson. As to Miss Sally Smuggins, she said nothing whatever, for, at the first glance of my *incipient* moustache, she had fainted dead away.

A week after this, I received a very polite note from the President, informing me that in consequence of the great confidence which he reposed in my 'patriotism, valor, and fidelity,' he had appointed me a *passed* Midshipman in the Navy.

And thus ended the life of *Midshipman* Jenkins.

STANZAS: 'LOU AND I.'

BY ERNEST.

In our cottage low and humble,
Lou and I,
Envying no dweller in a palace
Grand and high,
Quaff to-night from goblets glowing,
Wine of Life in rich o'erflowing.

In the 'Study' warm and cosy,
Sit we two,
Where no breath of out-door coldness
Pierces through,
And the eyes of pictured beauty
Smile adown on love and duty.

On their shelves our chosen volumes
All their store:
Sages' maxims and the poets'
Golden lore:
Offer freely, at our seeking,
Or in silence wait our speaking.

So with work or talk or reading,
We, at will,
All the long, dark winter evenings
Sweetly fill:
Finding home to heaven the nearest,
And of earthly places dearest.

In this white-walled cottage chamber
Lou and I,
Rich in love, with Hope abiding,
Filling high,
Quaff to-night from goblets glowing,
Wine of Life in sweet o'erflowing.

Mamaroneck, (*N. Y.*,) *January* 17*th*, 1858.

THE WINTER'S DREAM.

AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

'T was winter: and before a winter's fire
  Alone I sat, and o'er my passive soul
  Sweet thoughts, from happy lore-land wafted, stole,
As winds of eve float lingering o'er a lyre.

The sun was sinking down a golden west;
  A delicate rose-hue lay upon the snow,
  Such tint as my Love's fingers only show:
And dreams of her came thronging to my breast.

She seemed to glide within—I know not where:
  And her sweet smile endeared the gathering gloom,
  And her sweet eyes, in whose recesses bloom
Eternal springs with soft ethereal air.

I felt her fingers melt within mine own:
  I heard the heaving of her breast, love-warm,
  Whence stole my name on whisper borne:
I heard no more the winter's dying moan.

And then 't was spring: and in a flowery bed
  Spring-like she stood, and on me, as I lay,
  Threw many a flower, the mournful and the gay;
And, kneeling, wove a wreath around my head.

I plucked a rose and placed it on her breast;
  And, gazing in her eyes, I seemed to roam
  Within a clime where fairies made their home,
Who, light-winged, circled round me, ever blest:

Sweet were the May-flowers, sweet the May-sun's ray;
  But sweeter flower-like smiles fell from her lips,
  Whose honied treasures my heart ever sips;
And sweeter light dissolving round her lay.

And then 't was summer: by the river-side
  We wandered blissfully at eve, alone:
  The dying sun upon the waters shone;
As stream of heaven flowed the golden tide.

And we, as angel-spirits, on that bank
  In locked embrace did tread, where loftily
  In mildly solemn mood towered many a tree,
Among whose leaves the west wind slumbering sank.

And we were one, and with that hour were one;
  Eve's breathings only through our bosoms flowed:
  That hour was love—love in our hearts abode:
Thus, as in heaven, blissful we wandered on.

But naught of other presence did I feel:
  In her reposed the river, eve, and all;
  Anon, sweet whispers stole from soul to soul:
Thus passed the dream. Ah! would that it were real!

FATHER OAKS.

NATURE has been in a strange mood to-day. Thick, dark clouds have stretched themselves over all the blue above, sending down occasional messengers to foretell the coming storm; large feathery snow-flakes, drifting downward, to lose their whiteness as they touch the darkness of the street beneath. All day the wind has not ceased wrestling with the tall maples before my window: they bend in its embrace, till their long, bare branches sweep roughly against the window; then proudly they regain their upright position, while, with a tone of angry determination, the wind gathers strength for another attempt.

I love to watch the conflict, and think my maples are like those strong, brave souls, whom no storm can move from the right, and whose strength grows with every successful conflict.

Now, in the gathering twilight, the tone of the wind has changed: it has become a low, deep wailing. I have listened to music, till all consciousness of time and place was lost, and I heard only the voice of suffering: as if some heart, bereaved and alone, with its hopes all blighted, and the future lying before it like a dark mystery, gave utterance to its deep anguish; and to-night the wind speaks with such a voice.

Let me turn from the sad memories it awakens. The shaded lamp sends its warm, bright glow over the table, with its wealth of newspapers, magazines, reviews, and the dear old books we would never willingly be without.

I turn over the pages of the old magazines, occasionally turning to my favorite portion of the KNICKERBOCKER, to gossip with the Editor, and to hear him in his genial, earnest manner, talk of books, both old and new; speaking a kindly word sometimes of some old favorite, whom we almost fear the fashions of to-day will crowd out of remembrance; then, with a thanksgiving to him, which I fear does not reach him, I close the magazine.

Again, as I turn other pages, my careless eye is arrested by passages of true beauty, written by that magic pen which led us all away from life around us, to the Holy Land, with its wealth of precious associations — the home of HIM of whom the nations have heard — and painted for us with HIS rich word-coloring, our deepest emotions.

Strange power of association! The mournful often suggests the ludicrous, the sublime is closely followed by the ridiculous, and following the leadings of some invisible thread of association, we pass rapidly from one to the other.

What is there in the description of 'Temples in which I have worshipped — those temples of the old world, time-honored and hallowed in many hearts — what is there to lead me away from the present, past all the churches I have loved, and all the eloquent, soul-moving sermons which genius and piety have preached to me,

back to a time-stained log-house, in a country village in Maine, where, years ago, I heard a Sabbath service, so strange, and in its strangeness so impressive, that the whole scene has been kept in memory as faithfully as if it had been transferred to canvas?

A mile from the village, in a westerly direction, was the 'Oak-Hill settlement.' History does not record whether it received its name from its noble growth of oaks, or from the old patriarch of the village, 'Father Oaks,' whose twelve sons and daughters, with *their* sons and daughters, have grown, or were growing up around him, contributing no small share to the population of the 'settlement.'

Father Oaks was the wise man among them, albeit not overburdened with the wisdom that is found in books. He had never learned to read; but he would sit, an entranced listener, for hours, while some favorite grand-child read to him the beautiful and touching narratives of Holy Writ, which our mothers told us when we were rocked in their arms, and whose hidden meanings come to us in later years.

In the old man's log-house, all the families in the settlement, and those from the scattered farm-houses two and three miles distant, met for Sabbath worship. The service which has been so strangely recalled to me to-night, was on one of those beautiful mornings in October, when — if you have been in a quiet village on a bright Sunday morning in mid-autumn, let memory paint for you what it is in vain for words to attempt.

From the indescribable brightness of the world without, we passed into the low cottage. It was a strange sight: that rough old kitchen, with its smoke-stained walls, the lines of dried pumpkins and apples, stretched across the ceiling, the dinner-pot with its steaming contents, hanging from the crane in the yawning chimney, and the strange-looking people in their stranger-looking attire, so far removed from the fashions and vanities of the world. When no preacher chanced that way, old Father Oaks was always ready to 'exhort' the people, and tell them the wonderful stories he had heard of life when the world was new, and make strange applications of their meaning to the lives of those around him.

He stood in one corner of the room, leaning on his old leather-covered arm-chair; the Bible, which he could not read, open on a table by his side; his heavy spectacles pushed high upon his forehead; his white hair streaming over his shoulders, and his voice tremulous with age and enthusiasm. The old man's voice rose high in prayer: then he repeated the hymn:

'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,'

which the congregation joined in singing; then followed his discourse, which was a strange mingling of Bible stories, with his own comments.

The wonderful narratives he had heard were mingled in his mind in strange confusion. It was never quite clear to him, whether Cain killed Abel, or Abel killed Cain: whether Abraham or Noah

was saved in the ark; and in his dramatic delineations, Joseph and Moses were continually changing characters.

Occasionally he was interrupted by a loud whispering, or suppressed laughter among the younger children, which he rebuked by a grave shake of the head, while his trembling finger was pointed at the offenders; or by the sudden crying of some little one, awakened from its sleep by his shrill voice, and the oft-repeated: 'Hush, there, hush, it 's meeting-time, deary.'

After the discourse was concluded, permission was given to all who had any thing to say, 'to free their minds.' Among the speakers was one, a woman of forty years, tall, gaunt, and hard-featured, who, in loud, singing tones, related her miraculous conversion from darkness to light. When she had described the strange lights and unearthly sounds which had warned her, Father Oaks arose and said: 'Well, brethren and sistren, I do n't know as I can tell an experience to beat that, but think I can pretty nigh equal it.'

Then he told of his youth, passed in thoughtlessness and sin, and of the powerful preaching which brought conviction to him. 'All the week after that sermon,' said the old man, 'I could n't work, though 't was planting time, and the ploughing was n't half done. Often, while I was a-thinkin' of the way of salvation, my plough stood still in the furrow, and I would n't know nothin' of it, till father called out: 'Zechariah, what in natur' is the matter, dreamin'? an' I declare to it, you 've bewitched the cattle till they 're dreamin' too.'

'All that week 't was just so. Father scolded an' mother pitied me, an' thought I was sick. Mothers, you know, are tender-hearted, and can always find excuses. When Sunday mornin' come, there was to be no meetin', for we only had preachin' once in four weeks; I took my little dinner-pail on my arm, and went out into the woods to spend the day, so that no one could see how bad I felt. The sun was shinin' bright, but I did n't know it, I did n't see the blue sky: every thing looked gloomy. I wandered along, not carin' where; I did n't even know when I came to the stream, though 't was the very same stream where I had washed sheep two days before. The stream seemed to run along sort of mournful; the birds did n't sing as usual; and when I came to the yard where father had fenced in his pigs, I opened my dinner-pail and threw its contents to them, for I could n't eat; an' would you believe it, the critters would n't touch a morsel. Then I felt that every thing in natur' was sympathizing with me. I could n't stay any where; I went from place to place till the first thing I knew, I found myself every where present.'

I cannot follow him through the day's experience, but at night he returned home after the family had retired. 'And then,' he continued, 'I sat alone by the kitchen fire, for I was cold with the night dew, and I sat hour after hour thinkin' of my lost condition, with my head a-leanin' on my hands, and the tears ran down over the heels of my hands, till they formed a puddle on the hearth, as

large as a plate or a platter, large enough to kiver a pot or a kittle.'

The result of all, I do not remember. This, the climax of his figures of speech, diverted my attention from what followed. When he had finished, and they had sung,

'When I can read my title clear,'

there was an intermission of half-an-hour, before the afternoon service. The children gathered in the corners of the room, or around the door, to eat their luncheons, and the family dinner was offered to those who had brought nothing. Then the men smoked their pipes, the women talked baby-talk to their little ones, and there was a confused mingling of questions, concerning the state of religion in town, the best time for threshing, and the last recipe for dyeing woolen yarn blue.

Down the hill, on whose summit the old man lived, along by the little foot-path that led across the meadow, through the woods in all their autumn glory, we went homeward. MIRIAM GRAY.

Death of a Pet Canary.

Our little bird, 'CHARLEY,' died in my hand yesterday, in the seventeenth year of his age. His only complaint was 'old age,' and he seemed to be quite conscious to the last. The last four hours he was contented only while cradled in my hand, occasionally lifting his head to beg for a drop or two of water from the end of my finger. While death was upon him, he would stop breathing, open his eyes, and listen attentively when whistling or chirping to him. He was very tame, affectionate, and 'knowing.' The following was written by a lady, who had long attended, and was much attached to him:

AT length his hermit life is ended,
And dust to dust again is blended,
Unknown to all the world but me,
And to himself a mystery;
Yet filling equally a part—
With human life—the mighty mart:
Fashioned by his CREATOR'S hand,
And given to play, at HIS command,
In the great scheme of joy—and pain,
My bird! thy life was *not* in vain.

. . . . . .

No more he 'll quaff from crystal cup,
Nor from his humble drawer sup,
Nor from my hand so fearless fill
His little, ever-busy bill,
While pleasure glistened in his eye,
As peach or melon he 'd espy;
And e'en the goblet's sparkling tide
Tempered his bath, when Time his pride
Of plumage paled, and flagged his powers,
Cheering his sadly-closing hours.

How well he knew, my tiny bird!
His mistress' step: and when he heard
Her voice, with golden head awry
He 'd chirp and chirp, and aim to fly.
Alas! in vain, for soon he 'd tire
Of beating at the cruel wire;
And so, becalmed his mirthful mood,
He 'd skip from perch to perch, subdued:
He could not, like *young* birds, rejoice,
For CHARLEY long had lost his voice;
Full many winters' snows he 'd seen,
And summers shed their golden sheen;
Yet, thankful for the present good,
He seemed to prize his solitude:
And when a gleam of sun-light fell
Within the home he loved so well,
My pretty pet would flit and play,
As though it were the brightest day
His captive life had ever seen:
A lesson it were wise, I ween,
For human heads to profit by;
To be content—nor question why
The changes that are to us sent:
All, doubtless, with some good intent.
Now smile not, that I shed a tear
Above my darling birdie's bier,
And he whose eye would not be dim,
Let no one shed a tear for him.

Philadelphia, Sept. 1857. M. A. P.

ISRAEL QUARRELL AGAINST FORTUNE.

CHAPTER FIRST

'Jurisque Legumque Peritus.' — Horat. Sat. Lib. 1 : 9.

Fortune at times favors us with eccentric, unique specimens of humanity which command instant attention, and yield matter for curious, perhaps profitable, speculation. Such an one came in our way not many months since, and the concurrence of peculiar circumstances has induced us to newly nib a pen and dip it in ink, preparatory to making a few notes of him.

Now, we do not suppose, dear Mac, that the hero of our prospective sketch will prove a very remarkable character, or that any surpassingly startling developments will be made in his brief history. In fact, we incline to the belief that hero and plot, description and incident — every thing connected therewith, will prove commonplace to such a degree, that upon the instant no sufficient excuse would suggest itself for reducing them to writing. Such an honest confession, so soon made, will doubtless, Mac, bring you down from the tip-toe of expectation to the firm step and deliberate gait of your every-day life; or what is more probable, will fetch from you the emphatic interrogation: 'Then why the purposeless wanderings of your goose-quill upon foolscap?' The reason of my scribbling humor will appear some pages hence. To begin, then.

Not more than a dozen miles from the Ohio River is a quiet village, which, in this history, may be known as Willowdale. At what precise era it was founded, I am unable to state, although I have used considerable diligence in searching its archives, and proposing questions in regard thereto, to some of the oldest inhabitants. It has, however, an indisputed claim to antiquity, and in the anticipation of its founders, was destined to be a place of no small importance. In harmony with this idea, it was regularly laid out into streets, chiefly named from the Revolutionary heroes, the main one being called Washington-street, and another intersecting it at right angles, Jefferson-street. Whether this fact had originally a political significancy, I do not here pretend to decide. At all events, we may conclude that the primitive Willowdalians were a patriotic people, who wished to perpetuate memories of their country's benefactors. They were content with the honor of bestowing their names upon the alleys and cow-paths — an additional proof of the excellency of their character.

In due time the village was incorporated, and as many as one or two buildings were put up in a year: but its isolated location, and the rapid growth and importance of several neighboring cities, kept it in a diminutive state, and its commerce in a condition of comparative insignificance. Not far distant is a large and stirring city of more than a hundred thousand people; yet, for all that, the region I tell of, and the good folk who dwell there, are as un-

known as if beyond the Cordilleras. The hopes cherished during its infancy of its speedy expansion into a thriving town, and ultimately into a great metropolis, have not ended in reality.

At this day Willowdale is mainly a single street of dilapidated dwellings, situated in a pleasant valley, watered by a small stream shaded by abundant willows. Willows, with their long, funereal boughs, are planted each side of the street, and around the houses, suggesting the name of the village. A stranger, deceived by the signs of quietude, and the sighing of the winds, as he walks underneath the trees, might suppose the residents of the valley to be of a sorrowful and lachrymose temperament, out of sympathy with their surroundings: but let him tarry with the Willowdalians, and he will discover them to be the most hospitable and good-humored people in the whole world.

Loving the good old ways of their ancestors, they are keenly sensitive to innovations of every character. A month before my visit, the place had been thrown into a state of morbid excitement by the appearance of a stage-coach, connecting it with a large city on the banks of the Ohio. The appearance of this four-wheeled novelty, with all its appurtenances, constituted a memorable epoch in its history. As the horn sounded when the coach whirled into the village, its social elements were as violently agitated as the waters of a stagnant pool by the throwing in of a pebble. The rattle of the vehicle, and the smack of the coachman's whip, were signals for the suspension of all business, and the assembling of a curious group of wondering spectators. Some of the bolder and more knowing lookers-on, hazarded remarks upon the mysterious vehicle and the horses attached, to which the clever driver listened with a merry twinkle of the eye. Had the untravelled Willowdalians assembled to see a magician crawl into a bottle, and had they witnessed the actual performance of the feat, it could hardly have surprised them more than the ingress and egress of the passengers. An omnibus load of visitants from the moon would hardly be subjected to closer scrutiny, and be more vehemently talked of, than new-comers at Willowdale.

Several citizens of an adventurous disposition visited the great city not far off, and having once trod its well-paved streets, became so possessed with the spirit of improvement, that upon reaching home, they boldly talked of similar works, but without courage enough to set about them. They will be content, as they have ever been, to encounter the perils of traversing the streets during the muddy periods. Daily newspapers got into the hands of the villagers, and produced an agreeable diversity in the conversation of those who lingered much about the inn. On a certain occasion, I was not a little amused at finding one of the most nimble-tongued of the village idlers, intensely interested in the contents of an inverted newspaper.

In the summer of 185–, came to the place I have described a man named Israel Quarrell. He was an entire stranger; no premonitory whisperings had intimated his coming; none of the

Willowdalians knew aught of his former dwelling-place and the incidents of his life. He seemed to have dropped suddenly from the clouds; yet, if he had once been an inhabitant of the air, his wings had disappeared the moment he touched the earth, and left him with a moderate resemblance to its inhabitants. The object of his coming was to establish himself in the legal profession. He accordingly entered a small office in the most secluded part of the town, made arrangements for boarding at the inn, and — waited for clients.

I will give a description of his *physique*, and tell of some other things which naturally appear in a biography.

The personal appearance of Israel Quarrell was by no means prepossessing. Short in stature, so lean that his garments hung loosely upon him; as rigid and ungraceful in his movements as a skeleton; having wild, staring eyes, which appeared fixed on vacuity, and a determined bachelor withal, who had reached the sober down-hill of life; he lacked a long list of the introductory elements of success. The tropical fervor of his soul, evaporating the fluids of his system, had checked all adipose tendency. His nose was such an unexampled exposure of length and surface, seeing it in profile, one might well wonder that strong and sudden gusts of wind did not keep him veering as uneasily as a weather-cock, or that they had not long ago twisted his head entirely off from its slender attachment. His face was full of projections and angularities, and of wrinkles pulling divers ways; and his brain was so continually a-glow with the heat of thought, that his hair had been thinned and reddened like the verdure parched during a drought in summer-time. He had, moreover, a gloomy, repulsive, and unsocial air, little calculated to win confidence and friendship any where, still less with the jovial, roystering, good-natured Willowdalians, among whom he hoped to find friends and clients. On most occasions, he appeared lost in the maze of his own thoughts, and nearly insensible to external things; hence, those who approached him for acquaintance or counsel, did so with faint prospect of succeeding.

His name, as his MSS. afterward showed, was, in a degree, indicative of his varied and adventurous life. He had wandered here and there in the capacity of school-master, preacher, practiser of physic, and had at last turned lawyer: hence he was truly named Israel, as if christened in anticipation of his destiny; and the starving success he met with in his last adopted vocation, and his vain struggle for wealth and fame, would justify a Quarrell against Fortune.

He was hindered in his attempts by too much egotism, an overweening confidence in his own talents and acquirements. Instead of the lucubrations of twenty years which Brutton says are essential to make the good judge, and the lawyer also, his had been continued but a few months, and of course doomed him to bitter disappointment. He had only reached the *propylæum* of the temple of legal lore; picked up what little learning had casually come

in his way; gazed, perhaps, with wonder and reverence upon the gigantic and severe architecture of the ancient pile, without so much as withdrawing his view therefrom, entering within and remaining for years, gathering wisdom and inspiration from the spirits of the past, whose embalmed thoughts are preserved in big, bulky volumes on the dusty shelves, or are hidden in the dark recesses of the alcoves.

Day after day passed on. Quarrell sat in his office by a scant array of text-books, or, weary of these, framed imaginary pleas, or filed bills in some fictitious court of chancery. Then he wrote orders of study, as he doubtless did in his school-boy days, or jotted down a maxin; and when hard pushed by fate, and thrust into an angle in which he hardly knew which way to turn, he for a time lost sight of the ills of an empty purse and reluctant credit, by making retrospective and prospective estimates of the cost of existence. Many of these calculations, along with mathematical demonstrations and devotional exercises, were curiously interpolated in some of his legal documents, thus affording indices of his character and contemplations.

Still business came not. I dropped into his office one day, and began a friendly chat, marked by long intervals of silence, in one of which the sharp buzzing of a fly, entangled in the web of a spider in an angle of the room, invited our attention. The wrathful spider, successful attorney as he was, had just seized his victim, and proceeded to dispose of him according to the ancient code of practice in use among the spider species. Undesignedly, I turned my eye toward Quarrell, and saw an expression, half-smiling, half-sorrowful, come over his angular face, as he evidently comprehended the moral, and remarked that 'the spider, having got sure hold of a client, was a more fortunate lawyer than himself.' A few words more, and he relapsed into his habitual dreamy, subjective state. I plied him with numerous questions, if possible to draw him out of it, but all my endeavors were vain. My interest in the character and history of the man, had been aroused without being gratified, and I was compelled to leave him — still a mystery.

Time wore on: board-bills and washing-bills accumulated — not so with fee-bills; and the attritions incidental to existence, had made Israel's wardrobe look rather thread-bare. He wore a huge, amorphous hat, always much too big for him, whose vast circumference of brim settled in ruin over his solemn countenance, while the voluminous skirts of his weather-beaten coat hung dejectedly about his legs, as if in kindly sympathy with the feelings of its wearer, and with the friendly intention of hiding any evidences of dissolution rearward: yet now and then a tell-tale breeze would waft them aside, and reveal the pressing need of patches.

As Quarrell had his office scot-free, he kept his courage up, and his muscular system braced to a proper tension. When he walked abroad, instead of drooping despairingly earthward, he maintained his perpendicularity, inflated his lungs with pure inspiring air, and looked hopefully away into the depths of the blue sky. While in-

doors, if despondency seemed taking fast hold of his spirit, and weakening his energies, he straightway seized his pen and wrote, *labor omnia vincit*, or some such comforting aphorism. If his stock of proverbs failed, he wrote those of his own composition. He kept in memory the saying of Lord Chancellor Eldon, that most lawyers succeed by commencing practice without a shilling.

Fortune smiled at last upon my hero — a faint smile. He was retained in a petty case before a magistrate, and was successful; but he plied the justice with such an excess of syllogisms and Latin hexameters, which the worthy man took to be legal maxims, that his understanding, for the occasion, forsook him. Such a favorable conclusion delighted Quarrell exceedingly, and seemed an earnest of future success. He was also employed in several cases in the county and circuit courts; but there, for some cause, his good fortune forsook him — he was always defeated.

His knowledge of the law was so scanty, and he had so little tact in the conduct of his business, that when resistance was offered, he was presently in perplexity. Alas! that he never bethought himself of sueing capricious Fortune for breach of promise of some time wedding him, or at least recovered ample damages for violated engagements and blighted hopes. What multitudes, though not parties to, would have been silently interested in, the success of such a suit as a precedent for future actions!

The elocution of Quarrell was of a peculiar style. His customary taciturnity was balanced by unusual volubility when he spoke in public. He made a sensation, especially in his exordium. He never began speaking without getting worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and then he stormed and effervesced like a glass of soda-water, and became insipid as soon. While speaking, important paragraphs and sentences were indicated by the bending of his body so that the upper section made nearly a right angle with the lower; and then, resuming his perpendicular, accent, emphasis, and punctuation were expressed by throwing his head forward with such rapid force and suddenness, that one watching the motions of his acutely-pointed nose, would readily fancy him a legal woodpecker making his way into the heart of his adversary. When fairly on his legs to make a speech, he was under the influence of an afflatus which threw him into the most uncouth shapes, and apparently painful postures. In this respect he might well vie with the ancient priestess of Delphos when mounted on the tripod and under the inspiration of the spirit of prophecy.

He had studied the efforts of the ancient orators, and in his desire to be guided by the sublimest models of eloquence, he lost sight of times, places, and capacities, and larded his discourse with an abundance of classic quotation, seldom appreciated by those to whom it was addressed: hence most of his displays were but failures, lacking a fitness for the occasions which called them forth.

After the lapse of a few months, Israel's health failed — a dark tide of adverse fortune rolled over his hopes, and an expression of melancholy settled on his countenance. He mingled less and less

in the society of the Willowdalians, secluding himself in his office, or wandering, cane in hand, along unfrequented roads, and indulging in Jaques-like meditations in the forests. He had few friends, and apparently wanted none — meeting all advances of aid and comfort with chilling responses. Day by day he released himself from the social sympathies of the Willowdalians, and in a short time, came to occupy but a small place in their thoughts.

A mile or two from the village is a quiet, densely-wooded vale, best reached by secluded paths, or by a way across the fields. Through it a brook runs brawling in its hasty course, till its waters, dashing wildly down a steep hill-side, are lost in the turbid flow of a neighboring river. This woody dell, with all its original wildness, had been left in the vicinity of well-tilled acres, and not far off I have seen a community of wood-choppers; yet this circumstance may be no strange matter.

Neglected by the first settlers, and difficult of access, their descendants, discouraged by the unwedgable and unmerchantable appearance of the trees growing there, had very willingly let them remain unconverted into cord-wood. Lofty oaks grow there, which, having long ago been deprived of the aid of their forest brothers, in sharing and dissipating the force of storms, have struck their roots still deeper into the earth, and boldly spread abroad their branches, while beneath grow those of a smaller size, as if seeking shelter and protection. Grape-vines of luxuriant growth have twined affectionately about their trunks and limbs, their shoots taking hold of contiguous trees, until the patriarchal oak and the humble hazel, the tall maple and the scrubby beech, are now united in the bonds of *arboristic* brotherhood — an every way virtuous polygamic knot — otherwise a type of Mormon society in Salt Lake City.

As it is, this wood-seclusion presents a more natural and flourishing harmony of individuals, an Arcadian retreat more inviting than the most complete experiment of socialism anong mankind. This unfrequented nook was the favorite haunt of desponding Israel. Vexed with the troubles of being, and desiring a withdrawal of his thoughts and sympathies from the cold and selfish world, and to hold converse with his innermost self, thither would he retire, and for hours sit musing, or lie beside the rivulet and find his fevered spirit soothed by its murmuring music.

One sunny autumnal day, after the frost had turned the foliage to golden and roseate hues, and while the leaves were gently falling, after wandering vainly about with dog and gun, I found myself in the midst of this dell. Being weary, I sat down on the mossy projection of a rock shielded from view, and lighting a cigar, began leisurely smoking. Not considering myself as an intruder, I felt quite comfortable while enjoying the fragrant fume of my Principe, but in the midst of my smoky happiness, I espied the *genius loci*, walking abstractedly by the brook-side, then pausing, and muttering incoherently to himself. While watching him in anxious wonder, I saw him take from his bosom, at the same time deeply

sighing, a dingy packet of letters, and begin reading them. Their perusal was interrupted by expressions of anguish painfully visible in his countenance, but which found no relief in tears. When a number of them had been read, he returned them to his bosom, and walked hastily away. I had seen sufficient to convince me that some mystery was involved in Quarrell's history, and there was faint prospect of its revelation. Presently I returned to the village, and made no mention of my surmises.

One morning Israel did not come to breakfast at the inn as usual — a failure which elicited some remark. His absence from dinner provoked still further inquiry and uneasiness; and his not appearing at supper, induced us to visit his office to see what had become of him. A knock at the door called forth no response from within, nor did a second; and an entry revealed the startling fact that Israel Quarrel was *non est inventus*. Whither had he departed? A feeling of gloom, a sensation of the supernatural came over us, as we stood there in the dark of evening, each looking inquiringly in the face of his friend, as though expecting to find there a revelation of the mystery. In the stillness naught was heard but the melancholy sighing of an October breeze amid the boughs of a willow that grew beside the building, and spread its branches protectingly over it, and let its pendent limbs sway fitfully against the window. What if the corporate part of Israel, which we had day by day seen wasting away, consumed by the vehemency of the spirit that burned so like a furnace-flame within, had all at once crumbled; and as its animating essence flamed high, and trembled expiringly like a candle in its socket, what if some gaseous ignition had caused an explosion which had dissipated all its dusty particles about the room! The disposition of the *debris* in the apartment was favorable to the supposition. It had remained unswept since he first entered it, and, as might be expected, there was a huge accumulation of scribbled papers, cigar-stumps, and rubbish indescribable. Appearances encouraged the idea of a detonating experiment of some sort; for a chair and a table were over-turned, and most of the litter and dust was blown up to the sides of the room.

Raking over the huge heap of rubbish, we discovered, buried beneath, a crownless hat, a pair of soleless boots, and Quarrell's coat of easily recognized green, torn almost to tatters — fearful indications of the sad fate of their ancient owner. The catastrophe, if there was one, must have been terrible indeed, for we found nothing resembling organic remains. A preternatural solemnity marked all our feelings at that hour: the weeping-willow, underneath whose boughs we were, was significant of the last scene in the life of the departed, and the sighing gales were his requiem.

We found a box of books, some well-worn clothes and bedding; a hundred copies or more of a sixteen-page pamphlet, purporting to be a treatise on the proper treatment and ultimate cure of certain diseases, of which work he was author and sole proprietor. There were sheets of paper, having thereon inventions of personal

expenses, schemes for making money, letters from relatives, fragments of sermons and rejected applications for employment. All these remained as mementoes of a dark and unsuccessful past, ending in a sorrowful uncertainty. Quarrell the lawyer had vanished, leaving no clue to the future. We gathered up his literary remains, and as his history, and lapse into oblivion, had awakened much curiosity, and would provoke an indeterminate amount of lingant activity, it was concluded on all hands best to have his story rendered into writing for the special benefit of all Willowdalians.

Being rather familiar with the subject, and by dint of repeated interrogatory attempts, tolerably well versed in the details of his more private life, the performance of the task seemed naturally to fall upon me. No objection was made to my taking possession of the MSS.

CHAPTER SECOND

'DEFERAR in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis.'— HORAT. EPIST.

IN these monetary and commercial times, when the circumference of a dollar is the horizon of most people, and little of interest or value is supposed to lie beyond, a well-filled purse seems essential to a comfortable existence. Hence, a feeless lawyer, as Quarrell was, will have debts accumulating against him, and will eventually, in an algebraic sense, become worse off than nothing. In all his transpositions and relations, the *minus* symbol will indicate his pecuniary condition, and people will be reluctant of an introduction in the same social equation.

So had it been with Israel Quarrell. When I intruded myself into the office of his literary executor, and received the rubbish of letters and papers to be wrought into a tale for the amusement of the Willowdalians, I had small idea that this act of intermeddling made me liable for all his debts, and legacies, if any. Unwittingly I have become an executor *de son tort*. An inventory of all the assets in my hands has shown them insufficient in their present state to discharge the claims of his creditors. Shall his reckoning with my landlord of the inn remain unliquidated, and the honest bill of his washerwoman, for keeping him in wholesome linen, continue unpaid?

What, therefore, can I do but make the most of the materials I have, by expanding them into a story for a magazine — thus making the musty MSS. of Quarrell realize the means of cancelling his indebtedness?

Having got safely through some introductory leaves of peril, I must indulge in a retrospective look. After meditating this morning during an hour or two over my materials, I begin to perceive what a complex piece of work the writer of a bit of biography engages in; what a tangled skein the threads of life make, and when once it is committed to his hands, he is expected to free it from all

snarls and knatted tangles, hold in his fingers all the broken ends, and to tie and wind them orderly, so that others may unwind them at their will. If in his endeavors to find some lost link, he becomes impatient, and in an unlucky moment of petulance, shakes the threads of being and feeling and passion, then there is an entanglement which the snipping shears of Atropos only can disentangle!

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'FORTUNATUS et ille, deos qui novit agrestes.' — VIRG. GEORG. 2: 493.

A CAREFUL inspection of the MSS., shows the State of Vermont to have been the birth-place of my hero. The western shore of Lake Memphramagog, near the line which forms the boundary between the Green Mountain State and the Canadian province, was the probable home of the Quarrell family. At what precise point of time the birth of Israel took place, I am unable to state, although I have used much diligence in my endeavors to know of a certainty, having a great desire to be accurate in all my statements. Yet a knowledge of this fact is not absolutely required. If known, it would soon be forgotten, and, therefore, might as well be left uninquired after.

It is more proper to have his beginning, and the period of blankets and triangular apparel shrouded in somewhat of traditionary mist. Dryness and particularity of detail would, I fear, greatly lessen the interest so essential at the outset.

It is not too bold to affirm that the accidents of time and place pertain to the existence of every individual from the very date of his appearance in the world: and even though the readers of this story are left in topographic and chronologic ignorance of this most interesting period of Israel's life, they will not doubt that he was born at some precise point of time, as well as in some particular place. And this slight knowledge is all that most people care to know about the matter.

Doubtless the glare of broad day-light dazzled his eyes, and his visual perceptions of the external world were confused by continual winking: nor was he free from that irritability peculiar to infantile existence. We may suppose him to have been in those days pinched and vexed with winds—as what infant is not?—and to have manifested a consciousness of his uncomfortable situation and pains by loud and persistent cries—as what baby, however good-natured, does not? By-and-by his eyes, becoming used to the light, he looked speculatingly upon the flaming candle, and never tired of gazing upon the wrinkled face of his good grand-mother, who served him in the capacity of nurse, hymning him to sleep by the music of Mother Goose's Melodies. By degrees he familiarized himself with the appearances and proportions of surrounding objects, and daily exhibited symptoms of awakening intelligence. Before he had been a year a resident of this planet, and without having the least notion of the law of gravitation, he had performed the astonishing feat of balancing himself on his legs, and may be

took a step or two before he fell bumping on the floor. Nor did his progress stop here. He uttered some articulate sounds, imitations of human speech, which no one but his doting mother could interpret. These utterances were of telegraphic brevity, and not readily rendered into good English. Such a specimen of juvenile precocity could not longer go undenominated.

After due deliberation, he was christened Israel, as if in anticipation of his future adventures.

I must pass rapidly over his early history, and devote my pen to other and more important records. It is enough to say that he grew thriftily, 'was pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,' as is the character of new humanity, and, at the proper period, doffed his infantile attire, and put on habiliments of a fashion, which mothers — blessings on them — ever attentive to the welfare and convenience of boyhood, know best how to devise.

He was the youngest of a half-a-score of children; and, being regarded by his parents as the most gifted of them all, and most likely to do honor to the hitherto undistinguished Quarrell stock, by becoming a 'great man,' was the recipient of special attention, learning his A, B, C almost before leaving the maternal lap. Soon he was sent to a small school, taught by one Solomon Switch, *Magister* as he usually subscribed himself, a man of long pedagogical experience, and universally regarded as the possessor of extraordinary learning. To a tolerable knowledge of the English rudiments, he united a smattering of Latin and Geometry. Never backward about making a display of his varied acquirements, he seldom permitted an opportunity of so doing to pass unimproved. He would talk so mysteriously in a deceased language, and discourse so convincingly for hours of triangles, the hypotenuse, and the quadrature of the circle, that he was the wonder and admiration of the whole country for miles around.

To this learned man was the juvenile Quarrell sent, and having acquired the first elements beforehand, he was at once set to the study of syllabic combinations. The rapid progress the young pupil made, delighted old Switch, and the deferential manner in which he listened to his teachings, rendered this gray-haired Solomon ambitious of training the docile Israel after his own heart—of imparting to him the wondrous wealth of his own mind, and in the end, making him the sole heir of all his wisdom. Could his wishes have been gratified, I have not a doubt (such was his devotion) that at his demise, he would have left his worthy disciple an estate in fee simple to all his learning, and allowed the rest of his pupils to suffer the poverty of ignorance.

Such was the industry of both, that in a few months there was not a reading exercise in Dilworth which he had not mastered, or a column of words, however perverse in orthography, that he could not readily spell, giving the proper accentuation. Other studies, as geography and arithmetic, followed in their proper time, but proved mere pastimes to our juvenile hero. While the other boys of the school were playing marbles, or rambling through the woods

in search of birds' nests, he remained at the master's desk, reading page after page of history, or looking at the diagrams in Euclid. After he became subject to the tuition of the sage Switch, he appeared to have relinquished boyish games — *relinquere nuces*, as his classic master had it — and under his formative influence, he assumed a bearing and manner much beyond his years.

There were seasons, however, when the contagious mischief of his companions operated on the customary orderly nature of the boy Israel, inducing him to commit some petty crimes, for which he received a gentle reproof, or some other equally slight punishment. On one occasion, not having a due fear of his preceptor before his eyes, and being instigated thereto by an evil-disposed boy who sat beside him, he slily put a crooked pin in old Switch's chair; and as was foreseen, no sooner had he seated himself firmly, as was his wont, than he resumed a perpendicular position so suddenly, and glared around the school-room with such a terribly painful scowl, that it struck terror into the hearts of both the innocent and the guilty. Strange to say, Israel was deemed an innocent instrument in this rash experiment, and passed with scarce an admonition, while the prompter of the deed, being an old offender, and never a favorite with the suffering master, had his posterior person visited with so vigorous an application of the ferule, that he was observed to maintain a sedentary position reluctantly for near a week afterward.

Apparently Switch, in his devoted love for his pupil, thought himself entitled to no more physical regard than an insect in the hands of an entomologist, and therefore doomed to suffer pain, and, if need be, yield himself a victim to scientific experiment. One day Israel had carelessly drawn upon his slate a scalene triangle, and several circles, in one of which he had very exactly inscribed a square, and about another circumscribed one. These coming under the worthy tutor's notice, astonished him beyond measure: he at once set the lad down as a prodigy, and told his doting parents, without their having the faintest notion of a triangle, or of inscribed or circumscribed figures, that their son was undoubtedly a genius, and might some day discover the long-sought quadrature of the circle. All these encomiums and predictions were fondly treasured up in their minds, and large hopes entertained of the future. As the boy increased in size, and the buttons burst from his clothes, all the needed changes and enlargements were cheerfully attended to, for they were viewed as so many indications of his growth into the eventual 'great man.'

But other duties and toils awaited the boy Israel. He could not always go to school. His father, being poor, and worn by a life of labor, needed his assistance in the discharge of his agricultural employments, and accordingly he was regretfully removed from the worthy old pedagogue Switch. He proved to be a play-at-work farmer in the true Virgilian style, and had little relish for the rugged and perspiring work of georgic life. In consideration of his being a genius, and an eminent man in prospect, he was indulged

in his love of reading, and a propensity for solitary wanderings amid the wildwood picturesque scenery around his birth-place. Very early, too, he evinced a fondness for day-dreaming and reverie, and a taste for a species of architecture, commonly known as 'air-castles.' This propensity, daily nourished, grew stronger and more apparent as he verged toward manhood.

Natural scenery has much to do in the development and direction of the mental habitudes and feelings. The physical appearance of a country is in a degree indicative of a nation's advancement and character. Switzerland, with its immense glaciers and the terrific avalanche; its dizzy precipices and monarchs of mountains capped with enduring snows and wreathed with clouds, has a bold, hardy, and liberty-loving race of men, who nobly scorn the rule of the oppressor; while Italy, with the finest soil and climate in the world, a beautiful sky and an enervating atmosphere, unworthy of her ancient renown in arms and her proud preëminence in literature and the arts, has an idle, ignorant, and oppressed people. The natives of the Tropics and of the Hyperborean regions, are not in stronger contrast than the Sahara and the Polar snows.

The country in the vicinity of Lake Memphramagog presents a rugged and mountainous aspect: it is a wild region, abounding in dense forests, dark and rocky glens, and wildly-dashing streams. At the time of my hero's residence there, the region had so little arable land and its general view was so wintry and cheerless during the greater part of the season, that few people had gone thither. When the reign of Hyems had fairly set in, the whole sky was filled with feathery flakes of snow falling waveringly, spreading over the earth a robe of dazzling whiteness, and obliterating all traces of roads and foot-steps. Then fierce winds would arise and whirl the snow into impassable drifts, or fill the vales and mountain-gorges. The air grew gloomy with the storm, and to the bewildered eye of the beholder, enveloped in cool and fleecy clouds, all former terrestrial relations seemed sundered and scenes forgotten, and he would quite fancy himself spirited away from this dirty earth to far-off cloud-land.

The winters were long and unsocial periods to the Memphramagog people. Confined to a radius of a few miles, families were forced to remain mostly about their cottages. When the snows were of great depth and the frosty blasts swept piercingly, they seldom ventured forth, but remained in-doors, hearing the remorseless storms raging without, while they sat comfortably around a roaring fire of logs not niggardly heaped up in the ample fire-place: *ligna super foco large reponens.*

Having but a small collection of books, and most of those of ancient type and binding—volumes of witch-craft and ghost-stories, and that quality of matter, which had descended as heirlooms in the Quarrell family—so often read that they had lost all their novelty, the long winter evenings would have passed tediously, had not the household had an inexhaustible fountain of interest and

story-telling ever present in that dry and withered relic of antiquity — Aunt Canidia.

A ready belief of the marvellous and supernatural was a peculiarity of the Quarrell family. They had a large swallow, especially for the ghostly. Almost any thing reported of a goblin or a witch obtained ready credence with them. The whole ancestry teemed with tales of witch-craft, which at their first relation appeared absurdly incredible; but they had come down in oft-repeated traditions, and had become too well authenticated to admit of disbelief. Israel's grand-father regarded Cotton Mather as a much more veracious personage than Euclid or Lord Bacon, and would much quicker discredit the truth of the Pythagorean proposition, or find fault with the Inductive Method, than for a second doubt that he had many times seen ghosts.

One, in looking upon antique Aunt Canidia, would suppose her age to fall not much short of a century. She would be imagined to have been once buried amid the dust and relics of the past, then exhumed and pushed into day-light, bringing a load of memories, especially of ghostly ones, along with her. When the wintry night-winds were heard sighing mournfully without, and the clock ticking solemnly within, the spirit of story-telling came upon her, arousing her slumbering recollections. Laying aside her knitting, and lighting her perpetual pipe, she would smoke till enveloped and nearly hidden from view in volumes of tobacco-vapor, and then begin her relations to the expectant listeners gathered around. Hours were consumed in telling apocryphal tales, and the wonder excited thereat produced a sort of wild, staring gaze; a frightened expression in the features of the younger and more impressible portion of the race, from which it never wholly recovered.

Israel grew to be a firm believer of the ghostly narratives of his gray-haired relative; and in his lonely wanderings often fancied he heard a stealthy step close behind him; and if by mischance his clothes caught on a bush, he yelled with fright, thinking himself in the clutches of some merciless goblin. It could not be otherwise than that this early training had a potent influence upon his young and plastic nature. The frighted look his face wore when he sat in the circle of his brothers and sisters around his wintry relative, had become hardened into an unchangeable expression by the time he reached the years of manhood.

He was a devoted admirer of natural scenery; yet all the impressions he received from material objects reached his mind through such a singular medium, and underwent such endless refractions, that his perceptions were colored and proportioned differently from those of most observers. Attempts to harmonize his perceptions with those of others, would often end in misunderstanding and perplexity. His existence could scarcely be reconciled with the every-day sensations and experiences of ordinary humanity. What wonder, then, that he grew to be an anomaly!

The prospect over the Memphramagog was a fine one, especially when the clouds of mist and fog which frequently gathered over it began breaking away, letting in the sun-light. With enthusiastic delight would Israel watch the vast volumes of vapor clearing away after a storm, and the glorious rays of the sun hastening their retreat. Then would he give himself up to his meditations and dreams, and inspirited by them, become for the while an inhabitant of a world little removed from the dirt and din of our own sphere. In sultry summer-time, when his father and brothers were hard at work in the meadow or the grain-field, he was permitted to run at large; for what had genius to do with the perspirations of farmer-life? Often during his sylvan adventures at the approach of a thunder-storm, would he remain in the forest, fascinated by the vivid flashes of lightning and the loud roar of the thunder-peals, as they echoed and reëchoed among the hills and glens. A thorough soaking seldom failed to arouse him from these spells of dreamy musing, and, restored to consciousness, he would make his way homeward.

According to the dictum of the myriad-minded Shakspeare:

> 'We are such stuff
> As dreams are made of; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.'

The dreamy element predominated in the composition of Israel, still the corporate part of him enlarged each year. His secretory system performed as it should. His disrelish for systematic physical labor annually increased, so that he did very little work on the farm, and would assuredly have been called an incumbrance in the family, had he not been a genius. Old Switch, his tutor, in surrendering him up to his parents, had so pronounced him; and parents, brothers, and sisters, believed what he said. But it was thought high time to put him to some use; for had all the family been equally gifted, starvation would have come upon them. Israel was then a slender lad of seventeen years, and if not remarkably robust, had a good degree of vigor and elasticity of constitution, which might serve some purpose. A domestic council was held, and trifling persuasion was wanted from the maternal head of the household, to induce the father to release him from farther agricultural service, and prepare him for a transposition to academic halls. His brothers were content to work wearily at home, hoping some day to see their brother a 'great man.' Still they had no very definite notion what sort of an animal 'a great man' is. His mother and sisters having more of a turn for piety than the male portion of the family, looked forward to the time when they should hearken to his learned displays in the pulpit, far surpassing in spiritual eloquence preacher Goodman. But old Ezekiel Quarrell was of much the same way of thinking as his sons: he cared not so much what kind of a man he proved, provided he got to be a man of magnitude. There dwelt in his bosom an earnest wish that the Quarrell stock might be hoisted

into public notice. For an indefinite period the current of its history had flowed so silently and equably along, that its murmur had fallen unheeded on the world's ear, and made no lasting impression on its memory. Their archives were the fly-leaves of odd books—brief registers of births, marriages, and deaths, the readily written history of the larger part of mankind.

In a few weeks all needful preparations were made, and Israel, clad in a new suit of his mother's best home-spun, and his pockets heavy with some of his father's hard dollars, was ready, for the first time in his life, to bid adieu to the innocent pleasures and endearments of home. Tears were shed in great plenty: and freighted with a large supply of good advice, he set out in company with his father for a college situated a hundred miles southward, somewhere among the Green Mountains.

The incidents of so short a journey, hardly demand mention. Israel, and Ezekiel his father, were astonished at the contrast between the one-story log school-house by the road-side, in which the hero of this story had passed his earlier years, and the vast building that he was about to enter. Father and son were kindly received, and shown through the various departments of the institution. Wonders were also revealed to them, and illustrated by strange apparatus. Our worthy and respectable friend, Mr. Ezekiel Quarrell, happening to advance some unscientific views on the subject of thunder and lightning, a quiet professor charged a Leyden jar with electricity, and blandly inviting his rustic friend to apply one hand to its outside, and make a certain communication with the other, the solemn man of science seemed startled at witnessing the sudden tremor which thrilled the old man's nerves, and hearing an involuntary shriek of pain.

All required arrangements having been completed, Ezekiel took his departure homeward with an exalted opinion of the experimental wisdom of the learned men in the college to which his son had been transplanted.

It is not the purpose of this history to relate the incidents of the academic life of its subject. I am not in receipt of them, and were I, to accomplish it might be a foolish waste of paper. From the moment his freshman life began, his corporate increase came to a stop. His altitude and greatest circumference had already been reached. At the expiration of five years, he had got the prescribed quantum of those defunct languages, the Latin and Greek, and could talk fluently of spheres and asymptoles, and had, moreover, acquired such a love of logic, that he was hardly willing to give currency to an axiom without attempting to settle its truth by a syllogism. With such an exhaustive diligence had he applied himself to his studies, by night and by day, that his body shrivelled up, and his whole system assumed an appearance of drought which continued with no subsequent restoration to humidity.

Finally he received a parchment title to a Baccalaureate, and, diploma in hand, turned his back to the college with the deep resolve to make some noise, and perhaps confusion, in the world.

It would never do, thought he, for the promising disciple of Professor Switch, pronounced by him a prodigy, to rest content with a life of quiet and unheard-of obscurity.

To the great grief of his mother, he had determined not to devote himself to sermon-making; but on the contrary, to the law, which promised more opportunities of attaining wealth, and 'that strange spell — a name.' His father being unable to assist him farther, told his son Israel that he must henceforth rely upon his own exertions for the means of support and advancement. Unwilling to return to the tillage of the paternal acres, he concluded to betake himself to pedagogy in this emergency, as many an illustrious man had done before him, and to give his leisure to the study of Blackstone.

At the beginning of his pedagogico-legal studies he was very much the attenuated individual he appeared at Willowdale. He had also at this epoch his later idiosyncratic notions in respect to dress: he was eminently conservative on this point, never yielding to the whims of fashion. His favorite equipment was a green coat with metal buttons, very voluminous in the skirts; breeches so brief that they barely covered the tops of his boots, and a hat of expansive brim; nor had he ever been initiated into the mystery of the tie of a cravat — once around the neck with a careless knot and both ends at liberty, was his invariable mode. The spirit of his dress appeared to be, to have as many skirts and ends fitfully flapping in the breeze as possible. While crossing the mountain-ranges of his native State, ascending the sharp profile of a hill, or cautiously making his way along the verge of a precipice, with such an exposure of rigging and sail to the rough winds, it is a wonder that he was never flitted away like an autumn leaf.

Had such a melancholy occurrence taken place, and he been untimely whirled into oblivion, then there would have been an end of his history, and consequently no need of writing this narrative. Hence we may discover on what cobweb-like contingencies a writer has to depend. It is frequently the case, in the course of a story, that two incidents or events are so widely separated, the writer must, like the spider, spin some threads, give them to the light breeze, and if chance allows them secure points of attachment, availing himself of their assistance, he may pass safely over the threatening chasm. Let him pass on such a slight film with deliberate slowness and caution, lest by breaking, he be lost beyond recovery in the dark depths below!

A few such perils I have already met with; and from the disjointed and fragmentary character of the MSS. I may expect future exigencies. How are their deficiencies to be supplied but by some uniting lines of fiction?

Let no one, then, laugh at the writer of this story, if in coming chapters he be seen, like the spider employed in a simile a moment ago, swaying to-and-fro on the suspension-bridge of the imagination while striving to reach the precipitous cliffs of truth and fact beyond.

THE HINDU'S REWARD.

'I HAVE HEARD OF FEW THINGS MORE TOUCHING THAN THE REPLY OF A RYOT WHO BROUGHT AN ENGLISH BABE TO THE FORT. REWARDS WERE PRESSED ON HIM, BUT HE REFUSED THEM ALL, SAYING: 'IF I HAVE DONE RIGHTLY, DIG A WELL TO MY MEMORY.'' LETTER FROM INDIA.

THE fort is strong and the night is still,
What do the watchers fear?
'T is but a shadow that they see,
But a foot-fall that they hear:
Ah! 'British hearts should mock at fear,
And grow in danger strong;'
But not when they guard what they love best,
From worse than deadly wrong!
Calm lies the hill in the moon-light glow,
But human tigers may lurk below.

A form moved slowly up the vale,
Each hand on the trigger falls,
He has passed with a word the native guard,
Who watch *without* the walls.
Some news from Delhi sent to *them?*
Some leader whom they wait?
With a bold, free step the stranger came,
And on to the very gate:
The click of a hundred locks he heard
Ere he had uttered a single word.

Bears he some tidings of deep import?
A message of joy or wo?
Of the coming tramp of the British host?
Or the gathering of the foe?
He wore the native garb and hue,
Though he spoke the English tongue;
Yet the muskets sank from the shoulders down,
And the heavy gate back swung,
But sobs shook many a manly vest
When he laid down a burden he bore on his breast.

Fast asleep in the torches' glare,
With lips that sleeping smiled,
Rosy and dimpled and soft and fair,
Was the face of the English child.
He wakes in the clasp of gentle arms
And a rain of woman's tears;
But lips that kiss him grow ashy white
With newer, wilder fears.
Who was his father? his mother — where?
'Peace,' said the Hindu, 'my story hear:

'She came to my hut in the gray of morn,
Her feet from the jungle were bleeding and torn;
Her head to the sun and dew was bare,
Save its tangled masses of golden hair;
And her large bright eyes with fear grew wild,
As she looked from my face to her wailing child.
Famine and frenzy burned in her eye,
She asked but for food, and had turned to fly:

In vain, for her feverish strength was gone,
She faltered and sank on the threshold stone;
And I knew when we lifted her through the door
She never would cross that threshold more:
No scathe from a human hand she bore;
But horror and anguish had raged in her breast,
And our sultry sun-shine had done the rest.

'At first she raved of her frantic flight,
Of the blazing noon and the dreadful night:
Thrice had the tiger passed by the bed
Of the highly born and the gently bred:
Terror and hunger and thirst she had known
In the pathless jungle all alone.
She slept and wakened — that scene was gone,
And her murmured words had another tone:
'Why did I leave him? He bade me fly!
Did I look from the hill with a straining eye:
They come — they are leading them forth — to die!
Friend and beloved in the dust are low:
Cling not so closely! Oh! let me go!
Falling, still falling: my sight grows dim:
Babe! but for thee, I had died with him!'

'And this, too, passed: with the setting day,
The dark clouds rolled from her mind away,
And there came to her memory again
Nothing of horror or grief or pain:
She was back again in her childhood's home,
Her fair young sisters around her come:
'T is her brother's call she is answering now;
'T is her mother's kiss on her fevered brow:
Oh! could that mother have dreamed her fate,
Widowed and frenzied and desolate!

'The sun-rise broke o'er the mountain's steep,
As her eyes unclosed from a troubled sleep:
The room in the golden rays grew bright;
But there flashed o'er her beauty a holier light,
As she spake of ONE who had died to save,
Of a love and a life *beyond* the grave:
One look on the fair babe by her side,
With a smile and a blessing: and so she died.

'Dear to our hearts had the infant grown;
Fain had we cherished him as our own:
We have hushed in his breast the orphan pain:
We have nursed the rose to his cheek again;
But my power is weak, as my will is good,
And the SAHIB thirsts for the English blood.

'Take back your treasures: it may not be:
Offer no gold and no gems to me.
If the deed I have done of reward be worth,
Bid in some desert a fount gush forth;
There will the fainting wanderer drink;
Some of the giver perchance may think,
With a blessing and prayer, if they bend the knee:
Mine shall that prayer and that blessing be;
And not to this helpless babe alone,
But to coming ages good may be done.'

M. L. R.

Windholme, Nov.

REFINEMENT IN MANNER AND CONVERSATION.

BY T. BIBB BRADLEY, A.M.

'NEMO adeo ferus est ut non mitescere possit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.'—HORACE, EPIST. 1:1, 39.

THE value of a graceful address and refined manner cannot be over-rated. However commanding their intellectual characters may be, men are oftentimes judged by their outward appearances. On account of this estimate, many learned men have been unappreciated in certain circles of society. A consciousness of his inability to glide with unruffled ease upon the stream of etiquette, caused sagacious Thomas Baker to refuse an introduction to the Earl of Oxford and the men of 'his set.' Devoting their whole lives to the cultivation of the mind; toiling assiduously for 'the food that does not perish,' men of letters generally have neglected the acquisition of bodily graces. When they emerge from their studious retirement, they find themselves unfitted for the ways of the world. Entering mixed assemblies, they become useless burdens. Goldsmith was peculiarly unhappy in this respect: the current of his genial humor was congealed by the cold conventionalities of life. His plastic temper could ill brook the stately pomposity of the fashionable dignitaries of the day; and, in consequence of this, those dignitaries often depreciated his genuine abilities. Men of letters cannot smooth the furrows of thought upon their brows with as much facility as they can arrange the pages of a manuscript for publication. They cannot wreathe their lips into suitable smiles with as much precision as they can elaborate a profound argument. To them Venus is not the most adorable divinity upon Olympus; nor do they study with intensest application the graceful qualities displayed by the courtly shepherd of Mount Ida. Their forms, bent with severe study, they cannot in the twinkling of an eye erect into 'presentable shape.' Elegance of attitude is not assumed with dexterity by them; nor are they at all expert in the beatitudes of posture. In voices, earnest, eloquent, and

'Mild, as when ZEPHYRUS on FLORA breathes,'

they cannot, or will not, frame honeyed sentences for fashionable assemblies. They feign no eagerness which they do not feel; they endeavor to conceal no aversion really felt; when weary they are prone to yawning, and when exhausted, they permit nature to make apparent her wants. Unaccustomed to the demands of polite society, they cannot adopt themselves to its manifold requirements. In the entangling mazes of ceremony, they would be more hopelessly lost than in the labyrinth of Minos. The silliest coxcomb, with the most lamentable deficiency of brains, will generally

surpass men of letters in 'being agreeable.' He will skip, with unexampled ease, into the drawing-room; while they, in the abstractions of thought, are unmindful of the necessity of skipping. He, by his ready tact, becomes 'charming,' while they, by their superior knowledge, are rendering themselves 'highly disagreeable.' He is able, without a single clearly-defined idea, to glide with grace into the current of conversation; while they, by the multitude of their thoughts, are unable to utter one word. Upon the stream of small talk the fop floats as a flower; while the man of intellect, from the very weight of his knowledge, ingloriously flounders, and sinks to the bottom. Thus scholars often retire from social amusements, disgusted with themselves and averse to society. They are thus, by fashionable men and women, voted 'outrageous bores;' and, to revenge themselves, they return the compliment, by altogether despising the bestowers of the ungracious epithet. Hurrying to their studious pursuits with renewed zeal, in order to forget their mortification, they resolve never more to leave their retirement. Regardless of social pleasures, they determine for the future to find true enjoyment in the domains of thought. Thus have some of the profoundest minds been deprived of needful relaxation and exquisite pleasure.

Against this tendency to become veritable hermits, men of letters should always struggle. Their studious habits are too apt to indulge and engender this feeling; and unless suitable means are brought to counteract it, it will certainly increase, and have unlimited sway over them. They should endeavor to estimate refinement of manner at its proper value; and neither above nor below that value. For sentimentalism and prating effeminacy, they must, from the nature of things, always entertain a wholesome contempt. Certainly, in the wide world, we find not a more contemptible animal than the sleek fop, whose sole aim in existence is to live like Alcinous, and to render himself 'interesting to the ladies.' As in valiant Hotspur, it may well engender contempt in any man of lordly stamp to look upon one of these animals, clad in fashionable garments, and

> 'To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
> And talk so like a waiting gentle-woman.'

In venting this contempt, however, upon pertness and coxcombry, they should not under-rate true dignity and elegance of manners. A graceful exterior will always favorably impress strangers. It is, in itself, a more admirable letter of recommendation than Onesimus ever received from Paul, or Septinicus from his poet-friend. To be dignified without reserve; affable without forwardness; communicative without loquacity; polished without conceit; and at all times obliging — is, indeed, difficult; but to conquer the difficulty is to possess many of the qualities of the true gentleman. The man of refinement finds ready welcome in all circles of society; in every situation of life, his refinement will commend him to men.

There is real enjoyment in the refined gentleman's presence.

Even under circumstances calculated to render him irritable, his courtesy never deserts him. Like the lance of Chevalier Bayard, '*Sans peur et sans reproche*,' his politeness abandons not the true gentleman in his utmost hour of need. He is at all times gracious, and ever prepared to contribute his share to the enjoyment of the company in which he may be placed. He never condescends to any artifice in order to accomplish his wishes; never resorts to base means in order to achieve his designs. He proceeds, in direct, manly, and dignified manner, to the furtherance of his purposes. Having nothing to conceal, he does not fear investigation; having honesty in his heart, he does not dread censure; having faith in himself, he can repose confidence in others. He courts the open light of day — hating darkness, which hides evil deeds.

The true gentleman by no means adopts Lord Chesterfield as a proper model. He does not endeavor to regulate his outward actions, or his inward emotions, by the noble Lord's precepts; but rather by the prompting of an honest heart, loving man, and aware that the God of the heavens beholds his every action. Many, indeed most, of the maxims and counsels of the unctuous Lord were heartless and hollow in the extreme. His entire life was fraught with deceit and hypocrisy. He did not scruple to abuse the confidence of his best friends, or to violate any law of honorable duty. His advice, if followed, will indeed render a man outwardly as a stately pillar — but as one rotten and worm-consumed within, and resting upon an unsafe foundation. A disciple of Chesterfield would not hesitate to commit a dishonest act, if he could do so under the semblance of honesty; nor shrink from lowering himself to the level of meanness, if thus he could gain an apparent elevation. With softest plausibility, his tongue distils honeyed deceit; and with politest glance of the eye, his mouth emits a falsehood. With affected purity of language and unruffled evenness of manner, he proceeds deliberately to the commission of a base deed. With the apparent innocence of the dove, and the visible mildness of the lamb, he nevertheless, like the serpent, inflicts an unseemly wound, and leaves filthy slime upon his deluded victim. With energetic ardor, he applies himself to learn cozening hypocrisy as a science, whereby he may mislead the unsuspecting, and accomplish his purposes. He is the veritable Belial of John Milton:

> 'He seems
> For dignity composed, and high exploit:
> But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
> Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
> The better reason, to perplex and dash
> Maturest counsels: for his thoughts are low;
> To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
> Timorous and slothful.'

Thus vile, and indeed viler, is the pupil of the urbane Lord, albeit he assumes angelic guise. If divested of his superficial graces, disrobed of his artful smoothness and crafty refinement, like the mummy of Egypt stripped of its attractive cerements, the filthy

corpse would appear in its naked hideousness. His whole life must necessarily be a refined lie. Accustomed to look upon accomplishment of manner as the one aim in this world, hollow courtesy and dissembling falsehood become at length engrafted upon his nature. Arriving at the end of life, when Death is about to claim his victim, he endeavors to appease the grim messenger with the same stately pretence which he found so successful among men. The last words of our Chesterfield are polite ones. Then his soul soars to God, where polite hypocrisy and refined vice meet with just reward.

The man who regards the elaborate Earl as 'a city set upon a hill,' must beware how he imitates his model, if he would not lose the confidence of persons of integrity, and greatly diminish his own self-respect. Endeavoring to attain to refinement of manner, he must keep afar off from hypocrisy; striving to be courteous, he must remember not to be treacherous. If he seeks to become the polished gentleman, he must not only spurn the maxims of Chesterfield, but must entertain salutary disdain for the aphorisms of Talleyrand. Granting the possession of extraordinary abilities to Prince de Benevento, the honest man must look with contempt upon his hollowness of heart and his artful duplicity. Intensely and invariably selfish, he had in life only one end to attain — his own advancement. The important Ego was at all periods of his life uppermost in his mind. In the first revolution and subsequent restoration, in every convulsion between them, the fortunes and personal position of M. de Talleyrand were never, for a moment, forgotten. With a reckless disregard of principle, he was willing to sell himself to any party for any means. Yet this man the world called great. 'O sacred name profound!' Where undaunted honesty led the way, he feared to follow; where dignity advanced with composed front, he, in exceeding crookedness, twisted his tortuous way; where virtue stood up opposed to fearful odds, he crawled away to be safe. When duty called, Talleyrand heard not; yet when craftiness suggested the politic course, in great haste he adopted. He crawled into the most lucrative posts of society by the same means which Satan adopted in entering the garden of our first parents. When virtue sought for Talleyrand, she ever found him 'squat like a toad' at the ear of the powerful, 'essaying by his devilish art' to augment his consequence. To the stars he never looked with honest eyes, and in him the moon never beheld the emblem of calm and fearless integrity. To the virtuous gentleman, then, M. de Talleyrand, Prince de Benevento, can never be the trusted leader.

The gentleman will not look to forms, but to realities; not to the semblance, but to the actuality of things. He will ever recognize the law of kindness as the law of etiquette. He will not violate his faith, nor break his plighted word. His refinement will naturally display itself in all his actions; will insensibly glide into his conversation, and be amply conspicuous in his intercourse with men. In his pleasures, he will be as refined as he is cultivated in

his manners. Not over-estimating, he will at the same time enjoy keenly the comforts of life, using, but not abusing them. In prosperity, he is not elated with false ideas of his own importance; is affable to his equals, and gracious to his inferiors. In adversity, he bears his ills with constancy; not all its scourges will rob him of his integrity. In the extreme of poverty, his native nobility of soul will shed such a lustre around him, that every man will delight to honor him. Like Regulus among the Carthaginians, though shorn of the pomp and pride of power, he will be the true Roman, loyal to his sense of duty, awaiting better days with inflexible dignity. If he becomes invested with office, his purity will be incorruptible. If temptations allure him, he will manfully resist them. No charm can seduce him; no phylactery need be placed around his neck to defend him from dangerous weakness. Nor threats, nor entreaties, nor promised rewards will induce him to perjure himself in sight of his God. He sails with flowing canvas past the island of Allurement, with as much graceful tact as Ulysses used in avoiding the deceptive Syrens. Of such a man's virtue, a harvest of gold will not shake the foundations; the yellow stream of Pactolus could not wash it away. If the most formidable opposition is arrayed against him, he will not yield one jot. He may be one opposed to a thousand bad men, yet he will be true Spartan. Like the spotless angel, Abdiel, he will not permit unnumbered spirits to seduce him from the path of duty. He will be always

> 'Faithful found
> Among the faithless, faithful only he;
> Among innumerable false, unmoved,
> Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.'

Like the forest oak, pointing heavenward, his aspirations will always be toward the clouds. He will, however, seek no elevation without the consciousness of an ability to occupy it in a worthy manner. He will crawl stealthily to no high place; but in the open light of day will assume it as his own. The false gentleman will alone endeavor to carve out an honorable destiny in a dishonorable manner. He will endeavor so to do, but cannot at all succeed; the same means which caused the elevation of the dishonest gentleman will, at no distant day, lower him 'many leagues' in the estimation of all honest men. He will be lowered, too, in a more speedy manner than he was elevated; he will be lowered with assistance and with vengeance. He will be thrown into the 'Cerbonean bog,' into the very slime of disgrace, of merited and universal derision. From thence, who shall draw the truckling knave, who dared to occupy a prominent position with prominent blots upon his soul? Not one honest hand shall be raised for his relief. He will be condemned to a pit of infamy, far deeper than the one the rebel-angels received as fit dwelling-place. When they heard the potent voice of their dread chief,

> 'Up they sprung
> Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch

> 'On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
> Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.'

But him, the dishonored, no voice of encouragement shall bid arise and recover him of his disgrace. He shall be there in his pit, an abject thing, yea, a most contemptible thing. Forever wallowing in his dire disgrace, he shall have abundant time to repent him of his evil ways, and his fallible method of crawling into high places. But the true gentleman, adopting no such ignominious means, will be liable to no such ignominious failure. Having passed his life in performing his duty, he does not shrink affrighted from the gaze of death. Calmly as an infant he sinks to rest, while his immortal soul soars to the skies. In the hearts of those who knew his worth, his memory will be forever preserved as that of a 'just man and true.' For the great model of the character portrayed, we are not compelled to examine the histories of other countries than our own. His name, which has been repeated in fondest accents by millions, is GEORGE WASHINGTON! Every outward grace, every mental perfection, every moral attribute, seems to cluster around that noble name, the greatest and most sacred

> 'OF the few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die.'

If any man wishes the true model, here let him find it. In any transaction of life, if he needs guidance, let him read the life of the first and best of American Presidents. To all future men he must stand out in bold relief, the man of integrity, the unyielding patriot, the father of his country, and the benefactor of the world.

The man who assumes this illustrious model, in forming his manners, will not underrate the value of the small courtesies of life. In trivial matters, as in gravest affairs, his urbanity will not forsake the gentleman. Politeness will adorn his every act, whether performed before few or many beholders; to the poor, as to great and powerful, he will be gracious; in the palace-hall or peasant's hut, he will be marked as a man of true refinement. Upon the street, or in the crowded room, the same comely dignity will be apparent in him. Indeed, little deeds of graceful urbanity are sometimes attended with immense importance. A kind word, kindly spoken, often leaves such an impression that nothing thereafter can efface it. Napoleon attributed not a little of the intense devotion with which he was regarded by his soldiers, to his 'small acts of kindness.' Numberless instances of his uniform graciousness of manner are upon the pages of history. On one occasion he had just mounted his horse, when a dragoon on foot came up before him, and presented him with a bundle of dispatches of great importance. Napoleon, as was his custom, immediately opened and read them with the keenest attention. Having perused them, he handed them again to the dragoon, ordering him to return in all haste. 'My horse is dead,' replied the courier; 'I would not lose a moment while engaged upon your service: in consequence, the forced speed killed him.' 'Take my own, then,' said Napoleon. The dragoon

delayed to mount the superb charger. 'I see,' said the General-in-chief, 'you think him too fine for you: mount him, he is your own — there is nothing too superb for a French soldier.'

Such an instance as this, reported to his soldiers, rendered Napoleon ardently beloved by them. At the tones of his commanding voice, they were willing to rush into the deadliest battle. If they caught his eye observing their movements, their energetic valor was ten-fold increased. Not only to his soldiers, but likewise to those who were first his enemies, such courtesies endeared him; and in the hearts of his friends, his grateful kindness enshrined him. Indeed, it is in the smaller acts of life that true nobility of soul is best exhibited. Nor is it an easy task to speak softly, when an angry word is hurled at you; to be kind and conciliating, when sullen obstinacy endeavors to force a quarrel upon you; to be long-suffering, when direct attacks are made on your amiability. An unruffled temper will, however, confer its own reward. It is not, indeed, desirable to be an 'angel in meekness,' inasmuch as such a being could not long dwell upon earth, on account of a want of congeniality. And that man, who has never twice spoken angry words, under slight provocation, is not only rarely found, but, when found, is liable to be suspected of stupidity; or, what is worse, of pusillanimity. Divines, remembering this, should not lavish such virulent invective upon Peter for cutting off the servant's ear; for his sword, though drawn with an excited arm, was drawn under considerable provocation, and in a good cause. But the man who allows himself to be swayed by every gust of passion, to become irate under every trifling annoyance, will find his existence utterly miserable. His case will be very happily represented in the myth of 'Io vaga,' pursued by the importunate gadfly of Juno jealous. The life of the man of unsubdued temper is a continuance of petty misery; each hour adds to his irritation. Over small vexations, and trifling annoyances, the serene man will invariably triumph. In such matters, Washington was truly great. During his public life, possibly no man was subjected to more and keener trials of patience. Ardently engaged in attending to the interests of his country, his moments were intruded upon by requests and solicitations of aid from all quarters of the Union. To the slightest demand upon his attention, he was obedient, and was never known to disregard a request courteously preferred. After he retired to Mount Vernon, he was literally besieged by painters, who sought to obtain portraits of the world's hero. With his usual kindness, he always gratified them; an artist of real merit never being dismissed by him without a sitting. Such uniform urbanity rendered our first President as beloved as he was distinguished in the estimation of all. The illustrious Goethe, also, during his life, was constantly displaying that graciousness, which, in a truly great man, is so charming. Numberless visitors thronged about his residence, drawn there by the desire of beholding the countenance, and listening to the conversation, of the glorious German. At all times, however busily engaged in his literary oc-

cupations, Goethe was happy in receiving friends and acquaintances, and ministering to their enjoyment.

A courteous act, performed at the proper time and in the proper manner, has often been attended with singularly fortunate results. Sir Walter Raleigh owed his future advancement in the Queen's favor to a single deed of courtesy, accomplished with ready gallantry. Elizabeth, passing through a filthy street on a certain day, was interrupted in her progress by a pool of water. The stately cavalier, unwilling that a particle of mud should fall upon the royal foot, immediately threw an embroidered mantle across the dirty spot. The royal dame, gratified by his polished grace, for some time afterward addressed him by the title of 'The Knight of the Mantle.' In the subsequent fortunes, so various and strange, of the 'gentleman and scholar,' that refined tact never deserted him. Upon the sea with ignorant and obstinate sailors; in the prison, with solitude for his companion; or upon the scaffold about to die, his deportment was ever beautified with grace, and admirable dignity ever sat enthroned upon his brow. Where is the man who possessed more claims to the emphatic compliment, 'He was England's noblest son'? In the domestic circle, the refined gentleman will shed a graceful lustre around his every-day intercourse, so that each morn will be more cheerful to his companions than the preceding. A kind word for this member of the family, and for another a smile assuring of love, will render him doubly dear. A cheerful face, with a cheerful smile hovering about it, is a real magnet; it allures and fascinates by its loveliness. Pleasant smiles upon pleasant countenances, are like rays of sun-shine upon the dew-laden vale. The sweet sad smile of Ruth in the waving fields of green allured their owner — Boaz. He said unto his young men: 'Let her glean even among the sheaves, and reproach her not.' The fair countenance of Carthaginian Dido was an ample recompense to the Trojan for multiform dangers upon the seas. Juno learned from her lovely rival, Aphrodite, the full value of a smile. When she appeared before flexible Paris, unlike Venus, she did not try the power of a gracious countenance and beaming smiles, in order to turn his decision in her favor. The 'ocean born,' therefore, bore away in triumph the prize of beauty from her discomfited rival. After this, the wife of Jove needed no second lesson to learn what temptation to place before the King of the Winds, when beseeching his power to aid her wrath. Dian, the nymph of 'healthiest hue,' leading forth her choir, was conspicuous among them all. The fairest picture in all 'Paradise Lost,' and one best adapted for the admiration of the artist, is when our grandsire is represented as arising at earliest dawn, and smiling upon sleeping Eve,

> 'With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek
> As through unquiet rest. He on his side
> Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love,
> Hung over her enamored, and beheld
> Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
> Shot forth peculiar graces.'

The polished gentleman in society will always resist successfully the desire of shining. Content with the just appreciation of his worth, he will not seek for the unlimited and exclusive admiration of the company. Dignified, yet politely so, he will always be prepared to contribute largely to the general enjoyment. He will not endeavor so to thrust himself forward as to cast a shadow upon the merits of others. If Dr. Johnson could possibly have committed an error, his warmest admirers may deem him faulty in this respect. But in Goldsmith this tenacious and insatiable thirst for shining was an absolute misfortune. 'Poor Goldie,' although transmitted to posterity as the possessor of more envy than the gods gave him, could not really endure the hearty praises of another, but would turn away in sheer vexation. At a certain exhibition in London, one of his friends by his side praised the dexterity which enabled a puppet to toss a pike. Goldsmith, interrupting him, said: 'Pshaw! I can do it better myself.' To prove his assertion, the author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' on his way homeward, endeavored to perform the feat; but in consequence, injured his shin. His thirst for *shining* after that was considerably abated. This occasional envy, however, found no real lodgment in the heart of Goldsmith; nor did it at all injure his fervent friendship for his literary associates. In other men this feeling of envy might have been the result of a malignant nature; but to the genial soul of him who wrote 'The Traveller,' it was only a shadow, which the sun-shine of affection always dissipated.

In society, the man of refinement will not usurp the conversation, although his sentences may be more polished, and his thoughts more profound, than those of others. Indeed, he will adapt himself, with imperceptible grace, to the company in which he may be temporarily placed. He will strenuously endeavor to draw others out, and to divest them of embarrassment, by judicious inquiries and general suggestions. He entertains well, who renders others entertaining. He will create an impression favorable to himself, who causes others to be favorably impressed with themselves. Some men of genius will only condescend to be fascinating when their auditors agree not to be so; their greatness, therefore, is only discovered by the enormous price attached to its exhibition. Than such geniuses, men of moderate abilities are more successful in bestowing pleasure, inasmuch as they give more of their coin, albeit of inferior value; and they give it with infinitely more grace. Nor are they so rich as to refuse farthings in exchange for their pounds. Desirous of being pleased, they allow to others the privilege of attempting to be so likewise; and they are not displeased when others are more pleasant than themselves. In company, men must be willing to give and to take; to delight and be delighted. The usurper of conversation is generally apt to be severe to those who wish to share it with him. Upon his Olympus, he 'affects the god,' and hurls defiance at those who will not assist his affectation. He will not allow participation in his regal state, regarding all as unloyal who will not assent to his edicts. When

his subjects dare to think and speak, as a true Jove he hurls his fiercest thunderbolts upon their devoted heads. Now, conversation should be the flowing fountain, to whose refreshing draughts all should be entitled. Society is no monarchy, but emphatically a republic, in which the 'divine right of kings' may not be acknowledged. To become an honored citizen in that republic, one must faithfully discharge the duties incumbent upon him. To obtain distinction in it, he must not threaten instant annihilation to all engaged in the same pursuit.

To be cuttingly severe, is no evidence of great attainments. It is neither courteous nor politic. Any one of common abilities, bilious temperament, and bad temper, can manage to be tolerably sarcastic. The man upon whom you vent your bitterness, however, may, at some future day, with usurer's interest, repay you. The weakest man is not to be injured with impunity: his uninterrupted enmity may counterpoise the best efforts of a multitude of friends. The thousand kind words you speak may be forgotten by well-wishers; but the cutting sentence will be treasured up in the heart of your unforgetful enemy:

> 'There never yet was human power
> Which could evade, if unforgiven,
> The patient search and vigil long,
> Of him who treasures up a wrong.'

A man's bitter words may not be flavored with 'attic salt;' yet the quantity of venom may compensate for the deficiency. Thersites, in the Iliad, pours forth continually his fiery invective upon the heroes of the army; yet the Grecian leaders forgave his malignity on account of his insignificance. There is, indeed, in society, much to be discovered provocative of sarcasm. Sarcasm is of good Damascus steel, and will cut its way through all manner of filthy substances. It may be used with apparent success against pretending ignorance and abominable vanity; yet much calm composure will more successfully banish pomposity and check the inroads of insolence. The sarcastic man, from long familiarity with his weapon, and unlimited confidence in its use, is often tempted to resort to it, when conciliating courtesy would more avail. The polished converser will rarely stoop to sarcasm, when graceful indifference will answer his purpose. If he is with inferiors, he will display his infinite superiority only by his efforts to conceal it. If conversing with his equals, he accords to them the same liberty of speech which he himself claims. In argument he is unflinching yet honest — having recourse to no petty artifice in order to gain a momentary victory. Upon lighter topics he is graceful, carefully avoiding the appearance of labor in making his remarks interesting. Upon graver themes, he is earnest in enforcing his opinions, at the same time paying due deference to those of others. If he gains an easy victory, it is without discourteous exultation. If he finds his antagonist at all points armed, he may, indeed, experience

> 'That stern joy which warriors feel,
> In foemen worthy of their steel;'

but does not allow feelings of bitter hostility to rob him of his dignity. With ready grace he changes his subject when his companions give evidence of a loss of interest in it. Like Franklin, he converses cheerfully, if he converse at all—with the rough sailor, or the beggar clad in coarse rags, contributing to the present enjoyment of each of them; or, with the prince in his regal saloon, he demeans himself with the manly grace of the cultivated man. The American Philosopher was exceedingly happy in the 'retort courteous.' He was dining in London on a certain occasion, when, the cloth being removed, toasts were proposed. An English nobleman present proposed: 'England: the sun whose beams daily illumine the world.' The French minister in his turn offered: 'France: the moon whose genial rays dispense pleasure by night.' Franklin, rising up with republican dignity, said: 'To America: the young Joshua who commanded the sun and moon to stand still; and they obeyed him.'

The good converser, if he has a keen sense of the ridiculous, is often tempted to seek his '*pabulum*' from objects which should always be held sacred. He will often be tempted to give vent to his merriment under circumstances when solemnity should prevail. Such temptations he should earnestly resist, remembering that 'for all things there is a time.' The possession of wit renders not only its possessor dangerous, but often places him in danger. The witty man, therefore, should be cautious how he uses his rare gift. Wit is nearly allied to hardness of heart. Wit is like unto an artificial flower, fair to the view, but not embalmed with the gracious dews of heaven. Wit differs from humor, inasmuch as the last is a quality of the heart; the first, of the head. Voltaire was a witty devil, but never a humorous one. Indeed, devils may scarcely become humorous. In the heart of Lawrence Sterne, on the contrary, humor was a never-fading blossom. Almost every page of his, by his genial, kindly, philanthropic humor, is made to drop myrrh and balmy perfume. Wit is blithe of tongue, but frosty in heart; swift of foot and nimble of wing; but without strength of breast. In the youth, wit is scarcely distinguishable from pertness; in the man, it is strongly tinctured with bitterness; and in the old man, it subsides into petulance. Humor, however, increases with years, becoming mellow in old age, putting cheerfulness in the heart, and very few wrinkles on the brow. 'When the grasshopper becomes a burden,' humor relieves it; 'when the almond-tree flourishes,' humor blossoms with it, shedding a most commendable grace upon the venerable sire. The polished gentleman will cultivate humor, but not give much nourishment to wit.

The good converser, who is without malignity, will soon acquire many friends. Men will throng about him, entranced with his goodly companionship. His readiness and capacity to afford enjoyment to others, will make others delight to do him honor. Let the circle of his influence be large or small, in it he will accomplish much good. Even if he is great in nothing else, his conversational powers will secure for him an enviable reputation. If he is other-

wise distinguished 'as hero, statesman, poet, man of parts,' the charms of his colloquial powers will increase the halo of his fame. Thomas Jefferson's presence was delightful to all who were favored with it. Possibly, in his day, no man was more celebrated for his conversational ability. He was sparkling and brilliant, yet profound in his discourse, fascinating and instructing his delighted hearers. Upon light topics of general interest, he touched with graceful ease, dallying with them as the bee with the flower, long enough to extract most delicious and delicate sweetness. His master mind grappled with loftier subjects, as the eagle, soaring to the clouds, '*χυδει γαιων*.' Each object in nature afforded him illustration of some particular topic, and each important fact in history he arrayed with equal facility, in support of his arguments. To dwell with him under the same roof, hearkening unto his instructive words, beholding the genial smiles upon his countenance, the light in his eyes, and the tokens of genius displayed upon his brow, would more have enriched a man, than to have dwelt forever with Aladdin in his gorgeous palace.

The polished converser will always possess the 'Open Sesame' to the best society, inasmuch as he will bestow more than he will receive. He is the copious stream from which every guest will imbibe exhilarating draughts. His irresistible attractions will render him 'king of the feast.' Others may be the gods or goddesses, but he will be the 'sceptred, Jove-descended monarch.' Brinsley Sheridan, at all times, and in all places, ruled the throng. His auditors were invariably intoxicated with his conversation as with pleasant wine of delectable flavor. He allured, bewitched, and enchained them. With a more than mesmeric power he captivated the hearts of all. His nimble fancy wreathed itself in most inimitable sentences; now gamboling as the lamb in the flowery mead; now twisting as the lithe serpent in many-hued folds. His princely imagination, always obedient to his volition, summoned up a thousand shapes in varied guises:

> 'As when the potent rod
> Of AMRAM's son, in Egypt's evil day,
> Waved round the coast, up called a pitchy cloud
> Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,
> That o'er the realm of the impious PHARAOH hung
> Like night, and darkened all the land of Nile.'

Thus numberless, but far more attractive, were the shapes conjured from the teeming brain of brilliant Sheridan. It is not wonderful that in the spring-time of his life he was courted and caressed by admiring multitudes. S. T. Coleridge's conversation, also, although of a different cast, was not inferior to that of Sheridan. As the gushing fountain emitting its waters in perpetual flow, the mind of Coleridge sent forth streams of thought. For hour after hour, in 'tones most musical,' he threw off the scintillations of his genius. The strain of his conversation was always biform; it always admitted of two interpretations. Upon the top lay a meaning obvious to most casual observers; beneath, profound

subtleties nestled, whose exceeding beauty was only visible to his best-beloved disciples. The stream of his conversation was like the river of baronial mien in the fabled land, having flowers forever floating upon the surface, and opals glittering at the bottom. The flowers of Coleridge's talk were for the multitude; the opals of gorgeous hue rewarded the earnest votary who plunged beneath the flowery surface. As an inspired prophet he uttered his oracular words. He was Delian Apollo, and as graceful to view. The son of Latona in burnished armor upon the snow-clad summit of Olympus offered not a more attractive picture than Coleridge upon his intellectual tripod, adorned in the armor of polished thoughts, and with generous hand dispensing ambrosial food to his admiring followers.

Dr. Johnson, in argumentative conversation acknowledged and had no superior. As the leviathan, 'hugest of beasts,' in his own element, he would brook no opposition. In an encounter with the foe, he moved like the stately frigate, ready at the slightest provocation to belch forth his deadly thunder. With his immense amount of knowledge, he was prepared at all times for the discussion of any subject. The abstrusest point in science, the strangest fact in history, the most hidden root in philosophy, were to him known 'as of yore.' He seemed to have quaffed copiously from all the sources of wisdom. His memory likewise was extraordinarily perfect; his knowledge, therefore, was ever at his command. He had it arranged, labelled, and stored away in his mind, in different parcels. In all company his words were 'as apples of gold set in pictures of silver.' No man dared to contradict his assertions, fearful of the dangerous consequences. Wo unto the unwary wretch who dared to render irate the author of the 'Rambler.' Upon such he rushed as the angry elephant upon his defenceless keeper, bruising, mangling, and destroying him; then raising the carcass upon his intellectual tusk, he hurled him in sheer contempt afar from him many leagues.

All persons may not expect to acquire the conversational excellence of these remarkable men. Indeed, such potent conversers are of the very fewest — who, are verily, little lower than the angels. Yet any one of us, however 'uncouth,' may cultivate refinement with some degree of success. The asperities of nature may in some measure be smothered, and a graceful deportment substituted. If kindness of heart be cultivated with honest care, out of it will assuredly grow kindness of manner. If a man's soul be adorned with love, his speech will certainly smack of that heavenly quality. With that blessed resident in his bosom, the tones of his voice will become as musical as the sighs of the zephyrs. Meeting his fellows in the halls of luxury, or the straw-roofed huts of poverty, he will endeavor to minister with sweet words to their enjoyment, or with merciful deeds to remove their sorrow. The mission of the true gentleman is of more magnitude than is generally supposed. Indeed, his whole life may be a continual sermon, and preached for great good. In this world, 'if

men had ears,' they would hear much fine preaching, beside that uttered by the regular clergy. Healthy and wholesome preaching is going on around us, which, alack! findeth few hearers. Were the air vocal, we should this day hear unnumbered sermons floating up to the blue vault of heaven. Some of them are pregnant with interjections; some conditional, and abounding in conjunctions; but not a few short and earnest, bearing glad tidings to the listening angels above us. Each object in nature unconsciously utters its sermon. The vilest reptile, in his crawling, draws an argumentative sermon after him. The sonorous tramp of the greatest of animals conveys its suited lesson. The roar of the lion in jungles has a touch of eloquence in it; and the whale spouteth out in water-columns its sublime sermon. The repose of each mountain hath a lesson; the stream in the green mead ripples out most instructive sentences. The sandy desert is loquacious; the barren peak is voluble. Each pattering rain-drop speaks in audible language; each fountain murmurs in joyous tones; each solemn swell of old ocean sounds its appropriate speech. Each Favonian breeze, or roaring north wind, hath its sermon. The rigid oak, pointing to the sky, conveys its thoughts; the modest violet, blushing beneath, speaks its sweet words. The soaring eagle preaches near the clouds; and the lark, of spiral flight, is a sermonizer in song. Every night the boundless arch with numberless preachers is spangled, who convey to mortals, in sparkling sympathy, their salutary sermons of love.

If thus natural objects deliver themselves, what a vigorous sermon may not the life of a true gentleman be! In what harmonious tones may not the utterance be given! How it may smack of love, of mercy, and of crowning charity! Moving onward with

> 'The innumerable caravan that moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death:'

tohow many pleasant oases may not the refined man of gentle heart lead his weary companions? Such a man will always find abundant employment. In the social circle, he may sow good seed, which shall flourish and bear fruit. In the banqueting hall, he may for an hour cheat the melancholy out of the recollection of their sorrow. In the marts of business, his forbearance may afford relief to the embarrassed, and his courteous kindness may subdue the frantic efforts of avarice. By the bed of the sick, his gentleness may cause the smile of gratitude to diffuse itself over the wan features of the sufferers. In all circles of society his influence will be attended with happiest results. Among all men, he will be marked as one of stately integrity and merciful heart. Looking to his conscience, and the smiles of Heaven, for approbation, he will be impervious to the arrows of envy, and will present an unterrified front to malicious foes. His courtesy, better than triple-fold armor of steel, will secure him from insult, and with a smile will always disarm rudeness. His true nobility of soul will baffle the asper-

sions of slanderers, and his unassailable dignity will be a tower of strength against evil speakers. In private, as in public relations, a stern sense of right will mark his every action. He will not lower his self-respect to gratify a mean spirit of revenge; nor will he stoop to accomplish a base purpose. The love of justice will be his law of guidance, and no inducement will swerve him from it. If Prosperity's sun shines upon him, its splendor does not hide the worth of the lowly from his eyes, or dazzle himself into a false estimate of himself. In poverty, his nobility of soul will not desert him; but, cleaving unto him, will render his greatness more conspicuous by the humility of his condition. If in a dungeon of obscurity, like courteous Paul, his true dignity will represent him as more majestic than him crowned in a palace, and called a king. In all situations of life, his excellent graces will cluster about him, as roses in an arbor, perfuming the atmosphere around him. Wherever found, the true gentleman is acceptable to men, and beloved of angels.

LINES: 'IN CAPTIVITY.'

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Dark looms a baleful prison
  Against the wintry sky,
Where, bound in heavy fetters,
  My weary members lie.
The keen, cold blasts that whistle
  Through corridor and lock,
Tell to my heart a tale of doom
  As pitiless as rock!

Yet Fancy's rosy cherubs,
  With all their winsome art,
Play with my chains, and scatter
  Their sun-light on my heart:
And through my mid-night watches,
  Between the lattice bars
Come in the songs of trust and hope,
  The sweet voice of the stars.

But bolt, nor bar, nor fetter,
  The spirit's will can tame;
And, flashing through the darkness,
  It wings its flight of flame!
And from the luminous planets
  That burn the hill along,
I feel a welcome ray stream out,
  To greet my humble song.

As from my lonely prison,
  This gloomy winter-time,
I'd pour my earnest yearnings
  In pulsing throbs of rhyme;
And glad as melted rivers
  That shout their wild release,
I'd roll my song-waves out to charm
  A nation's heart to peace.

The Land should sing till weary;
  The Ocean's voice grow hoarse;
The bright Stars heavy lidded,
  Within my humble verse:
The ancient Winds that chanted
  'Mid cedars grim and old,
Should wave the green locks of the West
  In cities paved with gold!

The maiden in her arbor
  Should murmur loving words;
The lover pour his raptures
  Amid the song of birds:
The soldier 'neath his banner,
  That flaps its azure bars,
Should stroke his stallion's mane, and point
  His red sword to its stars!

As from the sleeping marble
  Leaps out the radiant Thought,
And on the glittering canvas
  The loveliest forms are caught,
So all life's golden fancies
  My singing should prolong,
Till earth should be a heritage
  Of Beauty, Truth, and Song!

Yet peers a prairie prison
  Against a sunless sky,
Where walled in heartless granite,
  My voiceless hopes must die;
And all the bows of promise
  That spanned my youthful brain,
Melt, like the wreaths of mountain mist,
  Beneath a captive's chain.

LITERARY NOTICES.

BIOGRAPHY OF ELISHA KENT KANE, Commander of the Last Arctic Expedition in Search of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his Men. By WILLIAM ELDER. Philadelphia: CHILDS AND PETERSON.

WE have heretofore announced this work as in a state of advanced progress, and expressed our very favorable opinion of the merits of Mr. ELDER as a biographer. He has in no respect disappointed us. His style is exceedingly clear; his incidents selected and collated with great industry, and contrasted with good taste and marked effect: and he has the rare capacity of avoiding verbal repetitions, in scenes and events, which must more or less simulate each other, in an account of occurrences and adventures in one especially marked and peculiar region of our globe. It was a coincidence, that on the very evening in which we received the book from our friend Mr. PETERSON, there were sent to us by Messrs. WILLIAMS, STEVENS AND WILLIAMS, from town, framed in dark oak-and-gold for the sanctum, three pictures, (photographs of the best kind, from a Philadelphia house, which we ought to have noticed before, and which we should notice now, but that the names of the excellent firm are cut off in the framing,) of KANE, BAYARD TAYLOR, and THACKERAY. But of these more anon. But our present business is with Dr. ELDER's excellent book, which we predict will prove a very popular one, and most deservedly run through many editions. The annexed, by a reviewer in the *Times* daily journal, is a succinct account of the life and career of the subject of the memoir:

'DR. ELISHA KENT KANE was born in Philadelphia on the third day of February, 1820. He was a slight, frail child, quick, bold, impatient of restraint, and greatly averse to regular studies. There was nothing remarkable in his boyhood, and his parents, it seems, did not anticipate any greatness for their eldest child. He soon manifested a love of enterprise, and delighted in accomplishing feats of difficulty and danger for the mere pleasure of accomplishing them. His biographer says he earned the character of 'a bad boy,' because he was a brave one, and would not pocket an affront from any body. His first notable exploit, which seemed to indicate his future achievements, was a successful attempt to make the ascent of a tall kitchen-chimney, which rose temptingly above the roof sixteen feet high. He had made up his mind that he would seat himself upon the top of this towering pile, and, in order to accomplish his purpose, he persuaded his younger brother,

TOM, to assist him. After the family were a-bed and asleep, he got out upon the roof, and by the aid of a clothes-line, which he had secreted for the purpose, he succeeded in accomplishing the aim of his ambition, at the imminent risk of breaking his neck; and having seated himself on the chimney-top, he went back to bed. He was then ten years old, and, like the similar feat related of Lord NELSON, it indicated only a boldness of character, which might in time ripen into a hero — or a burglar. Up to his thirteenth year, he was an unpromising school-boy, and, according to the testimony of the family physician, 'he manifested no extraordinary love of learning.' He had an extraordinary love for learning, however, although it was not noticed, because it was manifested in a direction different from what his teachers desired; and he was called 'refractory,' because he would not seem to consent when he did not mean to obey. He would only study according to his own inclinations; and refused to be driven where he did not wish to go. He was fond of chemistry, geology, and geographical explorations, and delighted in all kinds of field-sports; he had a partiality for sketching and whittling, and was fascinated by dogs and horses. But he hated classical studies, and took genially and fondly to *Robinson Crusoe* and *Pilgrim's Progress*. At the age of sixteen he began to be sensible of his deficiencies in study, and set himself resolutely to make amends for his neglect of the classics; his father intended him for a civil-engineer, and he had given more attention to Mathematics than to his other studies, so that when he was taken to New-Haven for the purpose of being entered at Yale, he was found not to be sufficiently prepared for college, and it was thought that he would be compelled to devote himself to another year of preparatory study. So it was determined that he should enter at the University of Virginia, where a greater freedom was permitted. He remained here a year-and-a-half, and distinguished himself by his proficiency in chemistry, having also made considerable progress in Latin and Greek. But the symptoms of the disease which at last proved fatal, and which at first manifested itself at New-Haven, now assumed so alarming a form that his father had to carry him home in a blanket. For a long time his life was despaired of by his family, and when he recovered, it was only to be informed that he might at any moment fall as suddenly as from a musket-shot. He was now in his eighteenth year, and about to commence the serious business of life with the knowledge that he had in his system a fatal disease, which might suddenly terminate his earthly career, at a moment's warning, and which was sure to be always a source of pain and suffering. His father said to him, 'ELISHA, if you must die, die in the harness;' and he resolved to act in conformity with the advice, which was, in reality, a matter of necessity, for inaction was more injurious to him than constant exposure to dangers, and he found that the only way to combat with his enemy was to keep himself incessantly employed. There is the best authority for the opinion, according to his biographer, that his ailments had always in them a preponderating character of neuropathic disturbance. Even when he was comparatively free from the acute form of rheumatic disorder, his nerves were tingling and rioting with irritation. But in the midst of this nervous rioting he was always heroically calm, sedate, serious, and thoughtful. His friends, believing that his disease rendered him unfit for the profession of an engineer, he yielded to their suggestions, and began the study of medicine. In his twenty-first year he was elected Resident Physician in the Pennsylvania Hospital at Blockley, over the Schuylkill. He attended strictly to his duties for six months, while he was laboring under so severe an attack of cardiac disease as to be unable to sleep in a horizontal position; and he never closed his eyes at night without the feeling that the chances were against his ever opening

them again in this world. The consciousness of his physical condition must have weighed heavily upon his ardent nature, but it never interfered in the least degree with the performance of his duties.'

'His father, being satisfied that the routine of a physician's life would be fatal to his son's constitution, obtained for him, without his knowledge, an appointment as a Surgeon in the Navy. He was greatly indisposed to the place, and the position he held on ship-board was always odious to him. His aversion to a sea life amounted to detestation; but he again yielded to his father's wishes, and after his examination prepared himself cheerfully for his new duties.

'Now commences the actual career of this remarkable man: and henceforth his life is a succession of wild and romantic adventures, which sound more like the creations of some highly imaginative fictionist than the actual exploits of a slight youth, who, with a mortal disease in his system, has quietly schooled himself to the determination to 'die in harness.' His first appointment to active service was as physician to our Chinese Embassy, when Mr. CUSHING was sent out as Commissioner to China. The Commissioner went out over-land, with the design of meeting the frigate at Bombay that was to carry him to Canton, and Doctor KANE embarked in the 'Brandywine,' expecting to join him at that port. He sailed in May, 1843, and had the advantage of stopping at Madeira and Rio de Janeiro. At the latter place he improved his time by making an ascent of the Eastern Andes, which rear their fantastic forms on the Coast of Brazil. The notes which he made of this exploration were unhappily lost while he was travelling on the Nile. On the voyage from Rio to Bombay he employed himself assiduously in the study of navigation and modern languages, and Mr. CUSHING not having arrived when the 'Brandywine' reached the latter port, he directly began to visit the caves of Elephanta, and every other object of interest in the neighborhood, and then started on an elephant-hunt in the island of Ceylon. The frigate, with the Commissioner and his suite, arrived at Canton in July, 1844: and impatient at the tedious progress of Chinese diplomacy, he obtained leave of absence from Mr. CUSHING, and started to make an exploration of the Philippine Islands. He traversed the largest of the group, Luconia, from Manila across to its Pacific coast, and, at great hazards and imminent perils, he made the descent of the crater of the Tael: a feat which but one European had ever attempted, and he without success. This feat very nearly cost him his life: first, by the poisonous gases he inhaled; and secondly, from the attacks of the wild natives, who were outraged by his sacrilegious invasion of the residence of their Deity. After the departure of the embassy, he remained at Canton to establish himself as a physician; but, at the end of six months, he was struck down with the rice-fever, and came near dying; but he recovered after a long illness, and left Whampoa for Singapore, in company with a young Englishman, intending to make the overland journey for Europe; and while *en route*, he visited Borneo and Sumatra, and crossing over to the Indian Peninsula, he made the ascent of the Himalaya Mountains. Arriving in Calcutta about the time the great DWAKANOTH TAGORE was preparing to start on his visit to England, he joined the *suite* of the princely East Indian, and having visited Persia and Syria, parted from him at Alexandria, whence he visited Thebes and the Pyramids, and, in the course of his wanderings, formed the acquaintance of Professor LEPSIUS. Here again he twice narrowly escaped with his life; once in a skirmish with the Bedouins, in which he was wounded in the leg, and then from an attack of the plague. After six months of travel, he determined to return to Manila, and establish himself as a physician;

but failing to obtain permission from the Spanish authorities, he bent his steps homeward through Italy, France, and England. At home once more, in 1846 he hired a house, and made preparations for settling down in his native city as a physician. He had never been commissioned as a Surgeon in the Navy, and thoroughly detesting the rules of the service, he would have resigned his post, but the country was on the verge of war with Mexico, and he could not, in honor, abandon it just as there was a chance of his services being needed.

'Three weeks before war was declared, he was ordered to the frigate 'United States,' bound for the coast of Africa. He cheerfully obeyed the summons; and after visiting the King of Dahomey, he was attacked with the coast-fever, and was again brought to Death's door: being completely prostrated, he returned home 'invalided,' and never wholly recovered from this disease. But the Mexican war was not at an end, and he panted for an opportunity to distinguish himself in his country's service, still determined to 'die in harness.' He applied to the PRESIDENT for an appointment as an Army-Surgeon, and was dispatched to Mexico with orders for the Commander-in-Chief. On his passage to Vera Cruz, he narrowly escaped a watery grave on board the rickety little steamer 'Fashion,' which has since been rendered famous by the fillibuster WALKER; and after landing at his port of destination, he started immediately for the capital, with an escort, composed of a company of contra-guerillas, commanded by the infamous DOMINGUEZ; and while on this journey, he distinguished himself by his valor, and chivalric conduct in the encounter between his escort and the Mexican guerillas, among whom were Gen. GAONA and his son, whose lives, together with those of four other officers, he was the means of saving; and, on his return, received the complimentary present of a sword from his fellow-townsmen. He suffered terribly while in Mexico, from fever, exposure, and the effects of a lance-wound which he received in the affair with the guerillas.

'On his return home, after the war was ended, he was sent to the Mediterranean in the store-ship 'Supply,' and, while on this voyage, was seized with an attack of tetanus, the most terrible of all disorders, when, to use his own expressions, his body felt as though it were composed of fiddle-strings, and a host of devils were tuning him up. He had not the faintest hope of recovering from this disorder, but he did, and returned to Norfolk, not quite dead, in September, 1849. After a brief rest at home, he was again ordered on duty on the Coast Survey; and in the Spring succeeding he was luxuriating among Cherokee roses and blooming magnolias in the perfume-laden atmosphere of Florida; and on the twelfth day of May, while bathing in the tepid waters of the Gulf of Mexico, he was suddenly startled by a brief missive from Washington, ordering him to proceed at once to New-York to join the Arctic Expedition in search of the long-lost FRANKLIN. In seven and a half days from that date he had left the port of New-York, and was proceeding on the voyage which has given immortality to his name. The rest of his story is too well known to need recapitulation.

'The commander of the expedition, Lieutenant DE HAVEN, had never even heard of Doctor KANE until they met for the first time in the Navy-Yard at Brooklyn, the day before they set sail; and he confesses that when he took the measure of the man upon whom the health of himself and crew must depend, he felt a misgiving that he was not the right man for the place; and if there had been time he would have requested the Department to exchange him for some more promising person. But there was not time, and he made up his mind to send the feeble-looking little Doctor back as soon as he got to Greenland, if he should hold out so long. The Doctor was, as usual, sea-sick, and when they

touched at Whale-fish Island, after having been thirty-one days at sea, an English transport-ship was found there, and Captain De Haven benevolently proposed to send the Doctor home as an invalid. The Doctor looked at the commanding officer in blank dismay, and firmly said, 'I won't go,' and De Haven soon learned the mistake he had made in estimating the character of his physician.

'He returned from this memorable expedition in May, 1851, after an absence of sixteen months, nine of which he had been ice-locked in the Arctic Ocean. Yet the hardest and most difficult part of the expedition he had to accomplish, after his return, in writing the history of it. As Dr. Livingstone has said, he would rather make another journey across the Continent of Africa than write another book of travels, so did Dr. Kane feel when he sat down to his literary labor. There was nothing in it to brace up his nerves, and test his powers of endurance and that indomitable faculty of overcoming difficulties which seemed essential to his existence. His book completed, he at once set himself to work to organize the second expedition, which he was so eager to command, and all his energies were bent upon raising the requisite funds to pay for the necessary equipments. The labors and anxieties he underwent while making his preparations for his second Arctic voyage were hardly less trying to him than the dangers he encountered while absent on that perilous expedition; but his plans were at last completed, and, though he was still suffering from debilitating illness, he was as full of eagerness and enthusiasm when he left, on the thirty-first of May, 1853, on that ever-memorable voyage, as a young boy going on an excursion for pleasure. We can give no word to his exploits while on this expedition; he returned to New-York on the eleventh of October, 1855, after an absence of thirty months, and the news of his arrival caused a pulsation of delight throughout the civilized world. Honors and greetings awaited him on both sides of the Atlantic, but his health was fast failing him; and when he left New-York for England, hoping to be strengthened by the journey, he said to Mrs. Grinnell, on taking leave of her, that he was not sure of soon returning to her again. He grew worse in England, and on the seventeenth of November, 1856, left there for Havana, where he arrived on the twenty-fifth of the following month, growing all the time weaker, and on the sixteenth of February his earthly career was closed.

'He was five feet six inches in height, and in his best health, weighed about one hundred and thirty-five pounds. His complexion was fair, and his hair soft and silken, of a dark chestnut color. His eyes were dark gray, but lustrous, with a wild light, when his feelings were excited, and when he was in the torrent-tide of enraptured action, 'the light beamed from them like flashing scimetars, and in an impassioned moment they gleamed frightfully.' 'In company, when the talk ran glib, and every body would be heard, he was silent, but terse and elastic as a steel-spring under pressure. He had a way of looking attentive, docile, and as interested as a child's fresh wonder: but no one would mistake the expression for the admiration of inexperience or incapacity; yet it cheated many a talker into a self-complaisance that lost him the opportunity of learning something of the man he wanted to know.' 'Idle curiosity never made any thing of him, and he did nothing at gossip; but inquiry with an aim was never disappointed.' His biographer asked him once, after his return from his last Arctic expedition, 'for the best proved instance that he knew of the soul's power over the body: an instance that might push the hard-baked philosophy of materialism to the consciousness of its own idiocy.' He paused a moment, and then said, with a spring: 'The soul can lift the body out of its boots, Sir. When our Captain was dying—I say dying, for I have seen scurvy enough to know—every old scar in his body was a

running ulcer. If conscience festers under its wounds correspondingly, hell is not hard to understand. I never saw a case so bad that either lived or died. Men die of it usually long before they are so ill as he was. There was trouble aboard, there might be mutiny. So soon as the breath was out of his body we might be at each other's throats. I felt that he owed even the repose of dying to the service. I went down to his bunk, and shouted in his ear: 'Mutiny, Captain, mutiny!' He shook off the cadaveric stupor: 'Set me up,' he said, 'and order these fellows before me.' He heard the complaint, ordered punishment, and from that hour convalesced. Keep that man awake with danger, and he would n't die of any thing until his duty was done.''

For this clear and comprehensive synopsis of Dr. ELDER's admirable book, we are indebted to a writer in the New-York Daily *Times*, who was so fortunate as to obtain possession from the publishers of the unbound sheets of the work, before it was issued from the press. A careful perusal of the work itself satisfies us that it is in all respects correct in re-statement, and authentic in well-established facts.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW, FOR THE JANUARY QUARTER, 1858: Pp. 300. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 564 Broadway.

WE promised, in the last issue of our Magazine, a farther reference to the current number of this our time-honored QUARTERLY: hence the present notice: and almost hence *only:* since we perceive that it has been widely disseminated, and cordially welcomed by the public as an excellent representative of what a good Review should be. Like NAPOLEON'S '*colonne serrée*,' the heaviest force is in the van: and we rather like this: because it moves on with such learned length and thundering sound. It is an elaborate review of a work by the august German scholar, BOECKSH, (pronounced BOSH, in our dialect,) '*Die Staatshaushaltung*,' and relates to the 'Public Economy of Athens,' a village in the land of Greece, on the Mediterranean shore, famous, several years since, as a summer-resort for marble-workers, lapidaries, philosophers, and early politicians. Now that our American *Tin-panic* has partially subsided, and 'times' are loosening, let us look for a moment (subjectively, of course, and from the Boston stand-point*) at the economics of Athens. Now we do not hesitate to say, that the man who worked a day in Athens for a theatrical *Diobelia* was under-paid. No wonder the 'fatal disease' of *Theorica* broke out. The smallest investment in the *Liturgia* would have yielded a better return, even with the '*choregia*' in the nature of a coupon, attached. Now in

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* A BOSTON '*stand-point*' is a curious thing. You can start from the 'Tremont-House,' go in *any* direction for half-an-hour, and you 'll be back there within that time, 'sure.' Do n't mind the 'p'ints of compass.' There *are* none around Boston. When we were there, the sun came up in the North, and set in the East. The moon rises in the West, and sets over the Cambridge Observatory. They have a fine east breeze, though, in Boston. We were there in March, day the twelfth, about fifteen years ago. We know what a *sirocco* is: the late lamented FENIMORE COOPER told us once, what time we were fetching a 'walk' with him on the Battery: it is '*a Boston east-wind boiled!*'

Mr. Bosch's '*Urkunden über das Sew-heezen des Attischen Staates*,' it is distinctly stated, that even in the trierar-kick reform of Demosthenes, before the 'system of symmories' had been abolished, three *obolii* were not considered a large price for a good day's work. And it was even better in the times of Nausinicus himself, and also of Androtion, that notorious and most unpopular constable, or tax-collector, that ever lived in Athens. We might enlarge upon this article, for Boston is 'the Modern Athens': but 'ye men of Athens,' we 'can-ah not-ah *do* it-ah:' we lack the room. The succeeding paper is an exceedingly good one: '*The Profession of Schoolmaster;*' a review of 'School-Days at Rugby, by an Old Boy, an English re-publication. We the more willingly advert to this article, since we were compelled to omit a notice of the work of which it treats, which had been prepared for these pages. We call attention to three or four brief but pregnant extracts. Of the unscrupulously English *style* of the work under notice, the reviewer remarks: 'There is a full and healthy flavor in its style, smacking of the breezy upland and sunshine and open fields, a luxuriance of good spirits, a manly manner of thinking straightforward, an absence of all cant and sentimentality, a tone as loud and cheery as a hunting-song, and withal, an almost aggravating independence and self-satisfaction, qualities refreshing to the soul in these days of spasmodic poetry, illicit dramas, and ecclesiastical novels. There is not a twinge of indigestion in it. The stormy contests of the play-ground, where the passions of the man are first awakened in the mind of the boy; the tyranny of fagging, not the last nor the only relic of savage ages which has held place in English schools; the inevitable and constant battle levied between master and pupil; the other warfare, which is carried on by the boy, within his own breast, between the temptations that easily beset him and the loyalty which he owes to the dear old home; his first consciousness of ambition; his first intuition of the serious purpose of living; all this, and more, is told by many vivid and graphic pictures of the life led at an English foundation school; and standing above or behind all the scenes, suggested rather than described, appears the serene figure of that great and good teacher, Dr. Arnold. Reading this book is like watching some limpid, self-confident, brawling mountain-torrent, that runs sparkling over moss and shingle, and yet there is something in it greater than is seen at first, of genuine nobility and manliness of soul, and, in the closing chapters, of unexpected pathos and tenderness, in reference to that undiscoverable futurity in which life ends. It has cost the world,' the writer proceeds to add, 'ages of experience to earn an appreciation of the position and character of woman, and we have not yet attained to a knowledge of the true position, requirements, and character of the child. One reason for this ignorance may be due to the fact, that the study of the condition of childhood requires the mind to turn back upon itself, and observe its own motions, a mental process contrary to the habits of nature, and which has made the secrets of the mind far less attractive to most persons than the secrets of a patented machine for the hatching of chickens.' This last flippant allusion to our widely-patented 'Hen-Persuader' is uncalled-for: but 'let that pass.' The subjoined is but too true, as many a boyish bosom knows and feels:

'Look at the manifold different systems of education. One might suppose that the mind of the child was made for curious experiments, to find by what variety of place,

or by what clipping and coaxing, it might be brought to assume a certain style of growth, without ever being suffered to put forth the laws of its own nature. We cannot but look upon that class of beings stigmatized by the term *boys* with some lively touch of pity. Particularly when transplanted from the soil where they were born, and placed under foreign influences, are they deserving of this humane sentiment. Would any man who has passed a moderately comfortable life bo willing to live over the decade between his fifth and fifteenth year? Does any one feel a response in his heart to that lyrical wish, now popularized by the street-organ, to be a boy again? The truth is, that the boy, as regards his conception of his own nature and its due education, is in advance of his age. He is not understood, or misunderstood. We arrogantly put him into that class which Sir WILLIAM BLACKSTONE denominates *ferœ naturæ*, and base our plans for his improvement upon the assumption of his total depravity. He has ambition which burns out in disappointment; he has dreams of heroism and love which he dares not confide to another; he has keen sensibilities which his elders do not forbear to taunt or to disregard; he has an understanding of matters whereof he is assumed to be absurdly ignorant; he has aching doubts about life and death which he knows not where to satisfy. Often, like one who wanders in the dark, his undeveloped reason and half-knowledge fail to guide him through the night into which his more mature fancy hurries him, and he stumbles over chasms, or starts at those awful phantoms of the brain which the firmness of riper intellect cannot at all times exorcise. The loneliness of night, the mystery of the heavens, the sadness of good-by, fill his imagination and grasp his whole soul with a power which lessens as he advances in years. Like young ALBANO, in JEAN PAUL's delectable romance of *Titan*, he has to restrain and hide within himself all his emotions, his longings, his precious thoughts, for fear of some stern father or some domesticated DIOGENES; or, if he ventures to unbosom himself to an imagined friend of his own age, asking only for the bread of sympathy which his heart craves, it is but to find himself possessed of the scorpion of treachery and neglect, and perhaps, at last, he flies to the beauty of some amiable girl, whom his ardent enthusiasm clothes with every grace and every virtue, who smiles upon him, and comprehends him no more than he comprehends the ocean.'

The gradual progress of education, from the earliest times in Massachusetts, a progress begun only a few days after the 'Mayflower' emerged from the mists of the Atlantic, and dipped her anchor in the waves of Plymouth harbor, is forcibly and beautifully sketched. We wish that the late venerable and lamented JOSEPH CURTIS were alive to read the tributes which are here paid to the results of labors such as those in which himself, with PETER COOPER, and other friends of children, were so long and so lovingly engaged, among the various schools of this metropolis: warm tributes to 'the care and ingenuity which have been expended in achieving perfection in the arrangement of the school-room, and in the school furniture, so as to insure sufficient air, light, and space to the scholar; the improvements in the mechanical apparatus of teaching, as well as in the text-books; the changes in discipline and modes of punishment, from that barbarous age when it was supposed that the rod, the dark closet, and public disgrace would improve the temper and stimulate a thirst for knowledge, to the present time, when, happily, a medal, a ribbon, a mere cipher of approbation, has almost driven the name of punishment from our schools; the large economy of time and labor secured by the systematized employment of both, and by the gradation of schools and classes; the gradual and favorable alteration in the relations of master and scholar; and, lastly, the improvement in the master himself, from the ICHABOD CRANES of former days, who worked on the farm and 'boarded round,' to the thoroughly educated men who now stand at the head of our schools.' But children bless the good man's name, although he can no longer smile his grateful joy at their well-earned praise. We have said and quoted enough of this excellent paper to indicate its true character to the reader. We pass to the next, which is upon '*Reformatory Institutions at Home and Abroad.*' It embodies a large

amount of various and clearly-arranged information, upon the general theme of which it treats: involving many lessons of kindness in the treatment of young and first-offenders, which are well worthy of heed. The notices of the prominent penal-reform institutions of Massachusetts, especially around Boston; those of Hamburgh, in the North of Germany, and Mettray, in France; present much incidental detail, and afford very interesting illustrations. An able and appreciative article upon '*Venice*' succeeds; which is followed by 'Ireland, Past and Present;' 'Anatomical Architecture;' 'The Financial Crisis;' 'Jerusalem;' 'Contemporary French Literature;' LEWES' History of Philosophy;' with numerous brief 'Critical Notices of native and foreign works.'

HOW TO DO BUSINESS: A PRACTICAL MANUAL OF PRACTICAL AFFAIRS, and a Guide to Success in Life. Broadway, New-York: FOWLERS AND WELLS.

WE regard this work very much in the same light in which we look upon books on 'Manners,' 'True Lessons for a Gentleman,' 'The Complete Letter-Writer,' and the like. 'How to do your Business,' we take it, depends upon the experience of the man who *does* it: for 'every man,' as HAMLET says, '*hath* business, such as 't is.' However, it is not our purpose to run down Messrs. FOWLERS AND WELLS' book: on the contrary, hear another wholly disinterested critic, what *he* says upon the subject: 'If we were to form moral character by mechanical rules, and insure success by any special method of deportment, there would be very few failures in any kind of business, and very few bad people in the world of either sex. But every individual stands by himself in the world, and though something may be learned from the successes or failures of others, yet every man's conduct must be determined by his own circumstances and idiosyncrasies; the self-same rules by which one succeeds would insure the failure of another. One man must be hasty, bold, impetuous, and apparently reckless, while another must be slow, cautious, quiet, and suspicious; each succeeds by being true to his own conditions, while they would fail if they attempted to imitate each other. But there are certain radical and established rules of conduct, great laws of the moral as well as the physical world, which must be attended to, and it is the true exposition of such laws that give value to such publications as that before us — 'How to do Business.' The title of the work alone, in a country like ours, where every body 'does business,' ought to insure it a wide circulation; and, as it is written in a very plain, comprehensive style, printed in a convenient form, and sold at a very moderate price, we have no doubt that it will be found in the coat-pocket of a good many young and ambitious men, who are desirous of doing business and doing it successfully. The 'Manual' is not only a guide to business, but also a history of commercial pursuits, and the miscellaneous information is of a highly interesting nature. The rules are all well arranged, and the maxims and general observations placed under separate heads. There are also forms of accounts, letters, invoices, notes, bills of exchange, and other formula essential to the prosecution of mercantile undertakings.'

THE BIBLICAL REPERTORY AND PRINCETON REVIEW. Edited by the REV. CHARLES HODGE, D.D. For the January Quarter. Philadelphia: PETER WALKER, 821 Chestnut-street.

THE 'Positive Philosophy of AUGUSTE COMTÉ,' which opens the present number of the '*Princeton Review*,' we positively have not read: but the papers on 'The Revolt of the Sepoys,' and 'English Hymnology,' (an outlandish term,) we *have* perused with pleasure. The first-mentioned article is a clear and comprehensive *resumé* of all that has taken place in India since the Sepoy mutiny broke out, with sound and well-digested reflections thereupon. From the second paper which we have mentioned, we propose to make two or three extracts. And this is one of them:

'SUBLIME imagination, philosophic discernment, perfect command of language, and exquisite skill in versification, even when hallowed by fervent piety, do not alone qualify one to write a hymn. It is not the greatest names in our literary annals, who have excelled in this really difficult style of composition. It is rather simple, devout men, mostly ministers of the Christian Church, and pious women, familiar with the discipline of bodily and mental suffering, who have enriched our Hymnology. It was not theirs to trace the outline, to invent the plot, to conceive the personages, and to grasp into unity the manifold details, of an epic or a drama, but, possessed of a truly poetic spirit, familiar by personal experience with the development and vicissitudes of the Christian life, imbued with the truths of the Gospel, they have uttered their varied emotions in metrical form with an intense fervor, a compressed energy, an unerring directness, and an all-pervading sympathy, which awaken a response in every Christian heart. Although not equally successful in all their productions, they have, in the best of them, attained that unity of theme, that depth and warmth of feeling, that freedom from mere didactic statement, and from extreme individuality of sentiment, with that liveliness, simplicity, and terseness of expression, which together realize the ideal of a good hymn. They have really secured sublimity, tenderness, beauty, and elegance, without calling our attention to the fact; they produce the proper effect, without making us conscious of it, and well establish their claim to be true lyrists, by causing us to love and use their productions, without reflecting why it is that we so love and use them.'

Speaking of STERNHOLD and HOPKINS' version of the Psalms and Hymns, the reviewer observes:

'IN the whole of this version there is nothing equal to the two stanzas from Psalm Eighteen:

> "THE LORD descended from above,
> And bowde the heavens hie;
> And underneath His feet He cast
> The darknesse of the skie.
>
> "On cherubs and on cherubims
> Full roialliie He rode;
> And on the winges of all the windes,
> Came flying all abroade.'

'Such is the sublimity of the original passage, that no imitation or version of it can be very tame. The only representative of this old translation which still survives among us in frequent use, is HOPKINS's version of the One Hundredth Psalm, 'All people that on earth do dwell.'

'To this day there is in use in the Presbyterian churches of Scotland, and among some of the Scotch churches which preserve their individuality in this country, a version which was originally prepared to supersede the version of STERNHOLD and HOPKINS, sanctioned and employed by the English Church. Its author was FRANCIS ROUSE, or ROUS, a zealous English Puritan, who was at one time Provost of Eton. His religious fervor and political sentiments gained him a seat in PRAISE-GOD BARESBONES' Parliament, and in the Westminster Assembly, the speakership of the House of Commons, a place at the Protector's council-board, and finally an entrance into the House of Lords. Either of his own accord, or by the direction of the anti-prelatical House of Commons, he made a translation of the Psalms, which adhering more closely to the original than STERNHOLD and HOPKINS's, is perhaps less rugged

in its diction, equally simple and unambitious in its style, but by no means more harmonious and correct in its versification. That pious and learned Assembly of Divines, whose Catechisms, Confession, and Book of Discipline, have become the Standards of the Presbyterian Church, approved this version made by one of its lay members. The House of Commons in 1645 ordered it to be printed. The Scotch Church adopted it, and, unwilling to employ uninspired words in its worship, still clings to it with a tenacity which astonishes those who cannot find its explanation in any peculiar beauty or felicity of expression. But to the true Scotch heart it is endeared by a thousand stirring memories and sacred associations. In lonely glens and secret hiding-places its simple verses have been sung by little bands, whose voices have been hushed at the sound of the distant tramp of CLAVERHOUSE's dragoons, or by solitary captives whose dungeon doors would open only to usher them to the scaffold. Its words have died away upon the air when a hundred hearts have been touched and bowed by the Spirit of GOD, as at the kirk of Shotts, or wedded to 'Dundee's wild warbling measures,' or 'plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,' have ascended from the altar of many a cottar's home. If it has its glaring defects, it has also its striking beauties; and if we sometimes meet with a verse as harsh and prosaic as the following from Psalm Seventy-four:

> ''A MAN was famous, and was had
> In estimation
> According as he lifted up
> His axe thick trees upon.'

we as often find them as sweet and simple as this from the Twenty-third Psalm:

> ''THE LORD is my Shepherd, I'll not want,
> HE makes me down to lie
> In pastures green: HE leadeth me
> The quiet waters by.''

We are well pleased to see what justice is done to ISAAC WATTS: the more, that it is not long since we encountered in a daily journal of a sister city, an elaborate condemnation of the great majority of his hymns:

'FROM his day to our own, the Psalms and Hymns of ISAAC WATTS have been more highly valued, and more extensively used, than those of any other uninspired sacred poet. The spirit of catholicity which led him to decorate the walls of his study with the portraits of eminent men of every Christian name, which hung side by side the pictures of LUTHER and BELLARMINE, of CALVIN and ARMINIUS, of LEIGHTON and of BUNYAN, and which prompted him to desire that the devout men who carried him to his burial should represent the Independent, the Baptist, and the Presbyterian faiths, has been reciprocated by believers of almost every sect. Though often strongly marked by doctrinal peculiarities, his lyrical compositions have commended themselves to all true Christians. Selections from them are sung alike by Episcopalians, who, as Dr. JOHNSON says, will be happy if they 'imitate him in all but his non-conformity;' by Presbyterians, who have no sympathy with his Independency; by Baptists, who reject his views on infant church-membership; by Methodists, to whom his doctrine of decrees is an offence; by Unitarians, who, although his Psalms and Hymns prove him to have been an humble worshipper of CHRIST, claim him as an adherent; and by Independents, who number his gifts and his usefulness among their peculiar glories. There are no hymns so early and so long associated with our experience as his. Our childish memories gather round them. The cradles of most of us were rocked to the rhythm of his cradle-hymn, 'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;' and probably few of us had advanced far beyond the age at which he lay in his mother's lap, at the prison-door of his non-conforming father, ere we could lisp, ''Tis the voice of the sluggard,' 'Let dogs delight to bark and bite,' and, 'How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour.' The strong emotions of our manhood take hold upon them. In their language penitence sings, 'Show pity, LORD, O LORD! forgive;' self-reproach exclaims: 'Alas! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?' Faith lays her hand, not 'on beasts on Jewish altars slain,' but on that 'Heavenly LAMB,' which 'takes all our guilt away.' Christian fortitude nerves itself for the conflict with the question: 'Am I a soldier of the Cross?' and goes home to its reward with the triumphant assertion that

> ''JESUS can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are.'

Surviving affection disciplines itself with the thought: 'Why do we mourn departing friends?' and in unfaltering trust reflects:

> ''So JESUS slept; GOD'S dying SON
> Passed through the grave, and blessed the bed.'

'Rarely does a man's fame rest mainly on his earlier efforts. But the Psalms, and many of the Hymns of Dr. WATTS — the most celebrated of his works — were the productions of his youth. Some of them were composed while he was still beneath the paternal roof, a pupil in his father's boarding-school at Southampton. The young poet's ear and taste were offended by the miserable psalmody of his native place. He prepared his Hymns as a substitute for the inharmonious and prosaic strains which hindered rather than helped his devotion. His first offering is said to have been the hymn beginning, 'Behold the glories of the Lamb.' A collection of his hymns was printed in 1707. In 1719 he published his Psalms, in which he professed to have imitated the Psalms of DAVID in the language of the New Testament. The latter received no additions, but the former were multiplied during his long, retired and studious, but painful and laborious life. Few, if any, of them can be connected with the incidents of his ministry; few, if any, are way-marks along the peaceful paths of his history. We long in vain to associate some of them with his six years' tutorship in Sir JOHN HARTOPP'S family, at Stoke Newington: his Logic is its only memorial. We endeavor, to no purpose to read in some of those penitent, confiding, or joyful strains, the record of nervous hours spent in bed in a darkened chamber, after a fatiguing service in the Independent congregation in Mark Lane, London. It is but a few of them which we can connect with that visit of his to the hospitable roof of Sir THOMAS ABNEY, at Theobalds, which, intended to last a few days, extended through thirty-six years, and terminated only when in 1748 the mourners bore him to his final resting-place in the hallowed ground of Bunhill Fields. It was for the children of this kind entertainer, who had welcomed him when an invalid, that he composed many of his Divine and Moral Songs; and some of the friends of this Lord Mayor's family may be supposed to have been consoled with the funeral strains,

> ''Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.'

'It is pleasant to see how the fame of this Christian poet has survived the ridicule which once sought to lessen it, and how the merits of his productions have triumphed over all the opposition which they awakened. It is to the praise of POPE, that in later editions of 'The Dunciad,' he substituted some inferior name in the place which that of Dr. WATTS had held in his merciless satire; and it is no less to the reproach of the insincere author of the 'Night Thoughts,' that in his 'Universal Passion,' he allowed himself to stigmatize WATTS as

> ''ISAAC, a brother of the canting strain.'

One of the most amusing and harmless exhibitions of feeling provoked by his innocent lyrics, was that called forth from the Rev. THOMAS BRADBURY, who, when his unlucky clerk had stumbled upon one of the Doctor's hymns, rose, and cried out: 'Let us have none of Mr. WATTS's whines.' '

Of DODDRIDGE, the friend and emulator of WATTS, and who ranks next to him among the hymn-writers of English Independency, the reviewer thus speaks. The scene referred to is Northampton church, in one of the English provinces:

'LET us turn aside to visit this quiet scene of his useful ministry, and on some Sabbath day enter that old chapel 'with the square windows and sombre walls,' where so many precious words of truth have been uttered, and such sacred notes of praise have been sung. There, in yonder square corner-seat, in the scarlet coat of a Scotch cavalry-officer, sits a tall and stately man, the fire of whose gray eyes seems subdued by the sanctity of the place, and whose gentle and devout manner betokens a spirit rarely associated with his garb and calling. It is Colonel GARDINER, destined to fall upon the field of Preston-Pans, and to be immortalized by the pen of him whose ministrations he so highly prized and so often sought. There, too, is the stately and haughty Dr. AKENSIDE, who, having just completed his 'Pleasures of the Imagination,' and finished his studies at Edinburgh and Leyden, tries the effect of his drugs and nostrums on the boors of Northampton, ere he removes to London, and by poetry and physic wins his way to the post of physician to the queen. The pupils of the Northampton Academy, as yet unknown to fame, but destined many of them to usefulness and even celebrity, and the good people of the village and its environs, constitute the rest of the congregation. With gentle winsome tones, and simple, earnest manner, the preacher is uttering a clear and well-arranged discourse, evidently drawn from the depths of his own experience, and hallowed with prayer. His text is, 'There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of GOD.' The discourse ended, the preacher 'lines out' to his hearers the well-known hymn, 'Thine earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love,' into which he has compressed the leading thoughts of his sermon, that it may

impress them more deeply on their minds, and serve at once to awaken and utter the emotions which the theme demands. This was his usual custom, so that in his three hundred and seventy hymns we have reproduced and perpetuated the spirit, and even the form, of DODDRIDGE'S ministry. Each of them has its Scripture text, and each was once appended to a parish discourse. It is easy to see what spirituality, what directness, what fitness, and what sympathy with human feeling and human need hymns must possess, when thus originated. Of these three hundred and seventy hymns, but a small number have found their way into our modern collections. But the best of them are in use among us, and are among those most frequently employed. Few are more familiar than those recalled by the following first lines: 'JESUS, I love THY charming name,' 'To-morrow, LORD, is thine,' 'Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,' 'Grace, 't is a charming sound,' 'Dear SAVIOUR, we are thine,' 'Now let our cheerful eyes survey,' and 'Hark, the glad sound, the SAVIOUR comes.' It has been beautifully said, that 'if amber is the gum of fossil trees, fetched up and floated off by the ocean, hymns, like these, are a spiritual amber. Most of the sermons to which they originally pertained have disappeared forever; but at once beautiful and buoyant, these sacred strains are destined to carry the devout emotions of DODDRIDGE to every shore where his MASTER is loved, and where his mother-tongue is spoken.''

We rejoice to see the praise which the reviewer awards to CHARLES WESLEY as a 'hymnologist.' No hymn-writer, of any creed, has ever exceeded him. Sung to many of the tender, pathetic tunes of the Methodist church—and how very tender and touching are those airs—they have many and many a time moistened our cheek with tears. It is not long since that we attended the funeral of a member of the Methodist church. He had been a devout, self-denying, *living* Christian. The congregation, as many of them as could do so, gathered together around the open coffin, and looked upon his pale, clay-cold face—the white hair falling away from his temples, and his 'hard and horny hands,' that should work no more on earth, cross-folded on his silent breast. And the good old minister, walking backward and forward, past the head of the coffin, gave out, sang, and also they which were with him, this exquisitely consolatory hymn of CHARLES WESLEY:

'How blest is our Brother, bereft
  Of all that could burthen his mind!
How easy the SOUL, that has left
  This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
  Whose relics with envy I see;
No longer in misery now—
  No longer a sinner, like me.

'The languishing head is at rest:
  Its thinking and aching are o'er:
The quiet, immovable breast
  Is heaved by affliction no more:
The heart is no longer the seat
  Of sorrow, or shaken with pain:
It ceases to flutter and beat—
  It never will flutter again!

'No anger, henceforward, nor shame,
  Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
  And passion has vanished away
The lids he so seldom could close,
  By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Sealed up in eternal repose,
  Have strangely forgotten to weep!'

There was barely a dry eye in the congregation. Reëadverting to WATTS, it is an evidence of 'progress,' that he is rebuked by the reviewer for the 'minute-

ness with which he pursues metaphors descriptive of eternal perdition:' such, we presume, as:

> 'But oh! their end, their dreadful end!
> Thy sanctuary taught me so:
> *On slippery rocks I see them stand,*
> *While fiery billows roll below!*'

There is quite a savage article upon Mr. O. A. Brownson's new book, '*The Convert, or Leaves from my Experience*,' yclept in the Review, '*Brownson's Exposition of Himself*.' His 'classic, nervous English' is highly praised, but his variorum religious record is deemed 'faulty.' Among the '*Short Notices*,' we remark one upon Mr. Eleazer Lord's elaborate and cogently-reasoned work, recently noticed in these pages, '*The Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures*.' If we were not aware that we were speaking of a learned clergyman, the editor of the Review, we should describe this notice as simply *flippant*. The learned writer sees some bugbear in the idea of an 'absolute necessity of words to the exercise of thought;' and suggests that 'Infants have thoughts before they have words, and so have the deaf and dumb.' But if under the term 'words' signs, gestures, etc., equivalent to vocal articulations, are included, then there is no evidence that infants or mutes have thoughts before they have words: and, since the question of inspiration has no reference to infants or to mutes, and 'no *man* can have a wordless thought, any more than there can be a formless flower,' (the reviewer's own words heretofore, be it understood,) the objection would seem to be quite irrelevant.

The New-Englander: First Number of Volume Sixteen: for February, 1858. New-Haven, Connecticut: William L. Kingsley, Proprietor, New-York: Wiley and Halstead, Number 351 Broadway.

It has twice been complained of us by correspondents, that while we have rendered justice to kindred publications, we have permitted some of the best numbers of the '*New-Englander*' Quarterly that have ever been issued, to pass unnoticed in our pages. While we plead guilty to this charge, let us try to amend our fault: first imparting information as to what this Review *is*, and also what it is *not*. Comprehensively, 'in the affirmative,' then, it is a quarterly journal, whose aim is, to give expression to the views of religious persons, on all the topics of the day. It is not a professional journal, in which questions of Biblical learning, or of metaphysical theology are scientifically discussed for the use of clergymen and students of divinity. It is not exclusively a journal for the discussion of religious and ecclesiastical questions. It holds itself free to treat of *every* subject, literary, political, theological, or religious, that may be presumed to be interesting, either speculatively or practically, to intelligent readers. It is generally known that the '*New-Englander*' is under the control of a club of gentlemen, residing in New-Haven, Connecticut. Among their number are the President, and many of the Professors of Yale College, together with some of the Pastors of the Congregational churches of New-Haven. Beside these, there is given a list of forty other contributors,

all either 'Professors' or 'Reverends.' Among the former is a LARNED man, and among the latter, a GULLIVER. It seems to us that there must be many 'doubters' in a congregation, while listening to a minister whose name is GULLIVER:

> 'PON my word it's true.'
> 'What'll you lay it's a lie?'

we should fear might be the response to the ministerial 'utterance.' But that is 'neither here nor there:' the present Review is the matter whereof we are to speak. It has three or four very interesting articles. *Is Protestantism responsible for Modern Unbelief?*' is the title of the first, which contains some fine passages, and this is one of them:

'LUTHER, on his way back to Wittemberg from Rome, whither he had gone on a mission in behalf of his order, had time to ponder this brief phrase of the Scriptures: '*The Just shall live by Faith.*' Few events in history are more fitted to kindle the imagination than the journey homeward of that solitary Monk, revolving in his mind a single sentence of the Bible, a sentence which was slowly gaining possession of his soul, and thus preparing a power that was to rend ancient churches and empires, and stamp a new character upon the civilization of mankind! LUTHER explains how he dwelt on the words of PAUL, until at length they gave up to him their meaning: 'Through the Gospel that righteousness is revealed which avails before GOD, by which He, out of grace and mere compassion, justifies us through faith.' 'Here I felt at once,' he exclaims, 'that I was wholly born again, and that I had now found a door thrown wide open, through which I could enter Paradise.' The Bible was transfigured before him. He read it with an ardor and an insight that amazed himself. He needed no proof of its divine origin, but the full satisfaction it yielded to the deepest wants of his spirit. His peace and lofty joy carried with them the consciousness that he had reached the truth. The Arctic voyager, after the long and dreary night of a Polar winter, hails the Sun, with no misgiving of its reality, the moment he espies its broad and radiant disc above the verge of the horizon! The truth of GOD, like that luminary, shines in its own light.'

The second paper is upon '*Extemporaneous Preaching*,' a review based upon the three volumes of sermons by SPURGEON, heretofore noticed in the KNICKERBOCKER. The defence of extemporaneous preaching is elaborately argued, and forcibly illustrated. Among other 'enforcements,' however, the writer has the following platitudinal, depleted, emasculated caricature of Mr. MICHAEL WALSH's superb and original illustration, drawn from the incident of the contending Grecian sculptors, for the honor of furnishing the statue which was to crown the apex of the Temple of MINERVA. Compared with the original, (which we first preserved herein, years ago,) observe the following:

'WE remember a story of two rival sculptors competing for a prize in statues to be erected on a lofty column; the one offering a delicate elaborate figure which the spectators admired as it stood on the ground, while they only marvelled at the rude unfinished workmanship presented by the other; but as the two forms were elevated to their intended site, that which was so nicely chiseled lost its charm, and the homelier lineaments grew imposing to every eye: upon which the judgment was reversed, and he was rewarded as the successful artist who adapted his work to its distinctive design.'

We have looked, in too much haste, and hence in vain, for the original sketch of the rough-hewn statue, rising above the heads of the people, its coarse seams and seeming deformities melting into lines of beauty, until, 'when it was lowered upon its pedestal, you would have thought the Divinity herself had descended upon the apex, so exquisite was the workmanship.' The subjoined, while it is true, is also in much better taste:

'THAT the 'Modern WHITEFIELD,' SPURGEON has achieved a wonderful success in arousing and attracting the public mind, is a plain fact that deserves to be considered.

There has been nothing like it since the days of WHITEFIELD and WESLEY. Born in England, in June, 1834, a son and grand-son of Independent ministers, with no extraordinary aids of education or of introduction, for more than three years he has been so preaching from day to day that the people of London have crowded to hear him, ten thousand at a time, even at the risk of personal safety. Wherever he has gone, the masses have felt the same attraction. And his power, like that of all other genuine orators, has been felt by 'all sorts and conditions of men,' statesmen and nobles and authors being found among the multitude of his hearers, and aiding his church-building enterprise. By this time the process has been repeated, with the same effects, often enough, with the publication of these three volumes, containing seventy-one sermons, and more than twelve hundred pages, to furnish settled data for inquiry and inference, and we are sure also, for instruction.

'Now in the face of this phenomenon, no thoughtful man will content himself with flaunting forth such terms as 'clap-trap, 'gammon,' and the like. Superficial, conceited talkers may sneer at what they call the 'gullibility' of such people as run after SPURGEON, and affect to despise the excitement he produces, as the unreasonable, fickle 'rage of the season,' though not one of them would fail to covet just such applause from such a source, or would fail to be intoxicated by it. But wise men remember that the common people, though not philosophers, are yet not fools, and that their verdict is the best that can be had in any instance as to the reality and extent of that indefinable power called eloquence. The orator, whether before a jury, or in the pulpit, or 'on the stump,' gets his truest response from their instincts, and when they run after him and crowd about him continually, it is sheer nonsense to say there is no sufficient reason why they should. The fact of his success is an effect which demonstrates a cause too deep and solid to be questioned or despised.'

'The Israelites in Egypt,' 'The Mosaic Cosmogony,' 'The British in India,' and 'California, its Characteristics and Prospects,' are the remaining papers, to which, in the pages of the Review itself, we must refer the reader.

NORTHERN TRAVEL. By BAYARD TAYLOR: SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN NORWAY AND SWEDEN. In one Volume: pp. 468. New-York: GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Number 321 Broadway

BAYARD TAYLOR, as an accurate describer of whatever passes under his observation is simply a Travelling Daguerreotype. In light and shadow, his reader may rely upon one thing: he is as true as the sun itself. We have travelled with him, and know and feel that what we say is strictly and entirely true. We *know*, that when he is at the '*Voaring Foss*,' or the smaller cataract of the *Rhineau*, in Norway, what he sees with his observant eyes, *we* see — that what, with his ever-open ears, *he* hears, *we* hear. With 'perfect concord' do we indorse the annexed tribute: 'He travels and writes with equal facility and equal pleasure; and he travels, too, that he may write. Looking into any of his books, we do not find that he travelled with any other motive than to gather materials to make a volume; and when his volume is filled, his journey is at an end; nothing more remains. But the spirit of locomotion is strong upon him; he has sturdy limbs, robust health, and an inexhaustible stock of good nature. He can start off at a moment's warning, with his writing materials, on a ramble to the North Cape, or to Terra del Fuego. He has no preferences; a summer in Africa, or a winter in Lapland, it is all the same to him, and he turns his observations into three sources of profit: first, as letters to the journal which he makes the medium of his communications to the public; then as lectures, and lastly as books. He has a free, easy, and picturesque descriptive style, and he always preserves his temper. It is

marvellous to see what a uniform tone of quiet contentedness he exhibits under all circumstances, in all climes, and all societies. Lapps, Egyptians, Arabs, Chinese, Japanese, Mexicans, Germans, Englishmen, and Californians, are all equally agreeable to him, and he to them. He is never excited, never loses his self-possession, is never dissatisfied; and he manages by the easy flow of his narrative to infuse into his reader something of the spirit which pervades his own volumes. The last volume of travels from the pen of this most genial of wanderers is composed of his letters from Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland. The volume published by G. P. PUTNAM, is entitled, '*Northern Travel, Summer and Winter Pictures of Sweden, Denmark, and Lapland.*' Our traveller landed at Stockholm early in December, 1856, and started immediately for the North, making his way into the Arctic circle just at that season of the year when most men would have been desirous of leaving it. But he wanted to see the Lapps in mid-winter, when the sun scarce shows its disc above the horizon, and the earth is covered with a coating of ice and snow. And it is fortunate for us, who lack the opportunity or inclination for such laborious and dangerous travel, that he was impelled by a noble enthusiasm to make a mid-winter journey in those frozen regions, for his pictures of life among that remote and little-visited people give us a more vivid sense of their peculiarities than any other traveller has furnished the world. It imparts a feeling of delicious enjoyment to sit in our warm and cosy rooms, and read his lively descriptions of reindeer travelling over the sparkling snows of Lapland, and to follow him into the huts of the Lapp peasants. It was while he was at Kantokeino, where the sun did not show itself above the horizon during twenty-four hours, that he heard a man give a regular Indian war-whoop, and, on asking an explanation of the strange sound, he was told that it had been learned from OLE BULL. Mr. TAYLOR arrives at the conclusion, after his Arctic experiences, that the proper zone for human beings to thrive in is embraced between the thirtieth and fifty-fifth degrees of latitude.'

A PRACTICAL TREATISE UPON THE LAW OF RAIL-ROADS. By ISAAC F. REDFIELD, LL.D., Chief-Justice of Vermont. In one Volume: pp. 786. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.

CEDAR-HILL COTTAGE looks over, yet down upon, the great Eastern terminus of a 'broad-gauge' Rail-road, which reaches from the green waters of Lake Erie to the blue waters of the Tapaän-Zee — the 'New-York and Erie.' Not unnaturally, many Rail-road officers, of the highest grades, are 'hereaway' often: these have spoken to us, in the highest terms of praise, of the work whose title appears above. Now, we shall not incur the suspicion, that because its 'Honorable' and honored author has long been, and still is, a too-'occasional' correspondent of this Magazine, *therefore* we are bound to praise 'those things,' the knowledge whereof we ourselves are not possessed of: and it is for this reason that we say, 'Ditto to Mr. BURKE:' a critic whose reputation is not less recognized, nor much more thoroughly established, than that of the great English debater:

'THE entire subject of this book appears to be handled in a very thorough manner. Though it is less than thirty years since the introduction of locomotive engines first brought rail-roads into use as a means of general travel and transportation, they have come within that time to constitute a constantly-increasing occasion of litigation in the Courts, have raised many questions entirely new, and have called for many new applications of old principles. A treatise in which these decisions are arranged in an orderly manner — not a mere digest of cases, but embracing also an exposition of the principles involved — cannot but be a great convenience to the student and practitioner, and indeed to many men of business. In this treatise the subject is taken up at the beginning, commencing with the preliminary associations for the construction of a rail-road, and the obligations assumed and the rights acquired by the original associators or their assigns. The author then takes up the charter and the proceedings under it, including the organization of the company, the acceptance of the charter, modification of it, the ordinary powers of the company as exercised by the majority, the meetings of the company, and the election, meeting and qualification of directors. Then comes the subject of by-laws, of the stock, of the transfer of shares, (including the sale of spurious shares, and many other interesting questions,) assessments or calls, and means of enforcing them. The subjects of the organization of the company and the provision of the capital being thus disposed of, the book proceeds next to treat of the right of way — whether obtained by an express grant or by that right of eminent domain residing in the State and transferred to it by the company — the compensation to be made therefor, and the method of procedure in relation thereto. This chapter embraces the questions of the right to take highways or other rail-roads or corporate franchises, to occupy city streets, to build over navigable waters, and to obstruct streams. Next follows the law of the construction of rail-roads, which is fully treated in nineteen sections, including the rights and liabilities both of the company and the contractors. The twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh chapters discuss at length the liabilities of rail-roads as common carriers of goods and passengers, in connection with which are considered in subsequent chapters the questions of excessive fare and freights, fires communicated by the company's engines, injuries to domestic animals, liability to maintain fences, and liability for the acts of the company's employees. The twenty-third chapter is devoted to the directors, their authority, duties, powers, and liabilities. The twenty-fourth chapter discusses arrangements between different companies. Next follows, in distinct chapters, the subject of legal proceedings against rail-roads by mandamus, certiorari, in equity, and by indictment. The thirtieth chapter discusses the subject of taxation, including the rights of towns and counties to subscribe for rail-road stock; and the thirty-first chapter considers the extent of the powers of the Legislature, especially in relation to paramount and exclusive grants, and their right to impose restrictions on existing corporations. The thirty-second chapter treats of the important questions of the raising of money by bonds, mortgages, and the issue of new shares and preferred stock, followed by chapters on dividends, and on proceedings against rail-roads by levy and execution, including the dissolution of companies. Next follow legislative supervision and police of rail-roads, and finally the consolidation and amalgamation of companies. It will be seen from this sketch, that the book discusses a great many questions at this time of practical interest to large numbers. It has an excellent table of contents, which carries the reader easily to any matter of which he is in search, and must prove a great convenience, not merely to lawyers, but to rail-road men generally.'

'I don't care a tinker's copper about *that!*' said, the other day, in our hearing, a 'drover,' respondent to an esteemed friend, (who 'each particular of his rail-road duty *knows*,' and *does* it.) 'I don't care nothing about *that!* — rail-roads can't ketch *me!* I'll have my own *way* in this thing, and what's more, I'll have my own way of *havin'* it, too! *I* an't kerless: my *stock* an't kerless. *See* if 't'ant so!' It *was* 'so,' as he said. The 'Road,' however, wanted just this book to have 'non-plushed' him.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE AMOURS OF WARREN HASTINGS. — The following instance of adventure and fidelity in love-matters, comes to us from a new and welcome correspondent, 'R. H. H.' As British India, in its fortunes and its misfortunes, is at the present time, to a greater or less extent, arresting the current thoughts of all readers, the writer has not unwisely judged in 'believing, that a passage from the far from unromantic life of one of its earliest and most distinguished Governors — one indeed, than whom no one else has done more to subject India to British dominion — may not prove untimely, nor perhaps altogether uninteresting:'

'IN the early spring of 1789, the 'Duke of Grafton' sailed for the South Seas, and in it WARREN HASTINGS, who had been home from the East on a visit, returned to India. This celebrated personage was born in England, and of noble blood; but through some reverse of fortune, never succeeded to the patrimony and estates of his fathers. His earliest and life-long ambition, through all his checkered and eventful career in India, was to possess himself of the means necessary to redeem this ancestral home. While a lad of only a dozen summers, he used to recline on the green banks of one of those pure streams that fertilized its gardens and parks, in full view of the old baronial palace, and mature plans by which to realize this great object. The plan upon which he finally determined, and which he afterward pursued with such signal success, was, to secure employment from the East-India Company, proceed at once to India, and there press every thing into service that promised success. He accordingly embarked for that far country, went to work for the Company, labored four or five years without any thing special 'turning up' to mark his history, returned home on a brief visit, and has now taken passage once more for the land of his adoption.

'An uninterrupted voyage of fifteen thousand miles, may be easily conceived to present as monotonous a phase of life as can possibly be otherwise afforded. Cut off entirely from the world, the limited community of a dozen individuals, perhaps, affords the only resources for that variety which gives life any zest, or renders it in the least degree supportable. With this community, good, bad, or indifferent, one *must* come in contact daily, hourly; circumstances eminently propitious for contracting the most inveterate and lasting dislikes, or, on the other hand, the most interesting connections.

'Among the passengers of the 'Duke of Grafton,' it appears, was one German portrait-painter, by the name of IMHOFF, and wife, which latter is described as an individual in whom was fitly blended outward beauty and accomplishments with nobleness of mind, and interesting and engaging manners.

'With this individual — the wife — HASTINGS, very naturally, was not long in forming an acquaintance, and one which, under circumstances so favorable for social intercourse, soon amounted to little less than intimacy. Pretty much the first thing, strange as it may appear, of which he became fully satisfied was, that, whether with good reason or otherwise, she most heartily despised her husband; and, but little later, what more particularly concerned himself, that she was fast actually becoming an object of special favor and regard in his own eyes. Startling discoveries, indeed! — discoveries which rendered his situation one at once of interest and of peril: of interest, because his own future happiness, or course in life might be affected by it; of peril, because the only individual whose companionship could in the least degree afford any antidote for the ennui and mortal irksomeness of a long and tedious voyage, in spite of himself, was fast making him her slave; gaining possession, indeed, of all he had in the world, his heart; an estate with which he was not so ready to part, at least for the sake of an old married woman. But how was he going to help himself? Circumstances utterly precluded, on the one hand, the possibility of avoiding, much less fleeing the object of his passion, while no secret ocean-cave, provided in the hazardous extremity, an elopement were determined upon, offered the asylum of a Gretna Green to the enamoured pair. He seemed by fate irretrievably hemmed in. Flee from temptation he could not. Why then be surprised to learn that he felt most keenly its 'cruel power?' And what man, let me ask, can long remain in the presence of a beautiful, intelligent, fascinating, and, therefore, a woman of *power*, and not feel her influence? As likely would he be to resist the influence of the sun-light with success, though exposed to the full blaze of noon-day. No: as ice must of necessity melt, if exposed to the influence of heat, so against that subtle power which woman holds, that anon sparkles in her eye, mellows in her tones, beams upon her face, 'mantling through its beauty,' and which, when intensified, is aptly defined by TUPPER, as 'a volume in a word;' 'an ocean in a tear;' 'a seventh heaven in a glance;' 'a whirlwind in a sigh;' the 'lightning in a touch;' a 'millennium in a moment;' it were altogether vain, and worse, to think of making successful resistance. Such, then, was the dilemma in which HASTINGS found himself. Nor was it any longer worth while to deny it; an attachment, fostered by every little kind office performed, every glance, every word, by almost every circumstance of every-day life, was springing up — an inexorable necessity.

'At this juncture, events transpired which operated to precipitate matters very considerably; nay, bring them pretty decidedly to an issue. HASTINGS fell seriously ill. Now of all the places to be sick, the worst, we are told, is on shipboard, where every lurch and leap of the reeling, staggering vessel, wrings another pang from the tortured victim, and where the constant motion affords never a respite for perfect and natural repose. Thus circumstanced, haunted with the loneliness of his situation, and racked with pain, who, with all a mother's tenderness and assiduity, administered to all his wants and necessities? Who, while others slept, through the long, wearisome watches of the night, watched over him? Who, with her own hand, gave him all his medicines, smoothed his pillow, supported his aching head, cooled his feverish brow in the interims of his deliriums, and counted as days the doubtful moments of his recovery? Whose was this ever-present spirit, this ever-constant heart, that thus so unexpectedly hovers,

watches, and waits about the sick-bed of this friendless boy at sea? Who would not love it indeed? Alas! the power of kindness! especially when its object is a poor orphan boy, homeless and friendless, and the benefactor a beautiful woman, whose looks are so full of tenderness, and whose tones so full of love! IK MARVEL says, we can sometimes afford to be sick; nay, covet it, for the very sympathy it brings, especially when that sympathy was felt and expressed in our behalf by the woman we best love. JOHN HOWARD, the lowly yet immortal, whose name is indorsed in heaven, while sick at Stoke Newington, was not proof against the unremitted kindness and devotion of his landlady, Mrs. LOIDORE; but long before fully restored to health, had not only confessed his sincere attachment to her; but, though she was twenty-five years his senior, offered her his hand as well as his heart, and was accepted; nor was it ever known that he had the first occasion to repent of the step he had taken. We certainly, then, shall not wonder to learn that, long before the 'Duke of Grafton' arrived in Madras, HASTINGS was avowedly in love.

'But his love, while it was strong, earnest, and deep, was not impetuous. Intent now, since his heart was altogether engaged, and, as he then felt, his happiness for life at stake, on realizing at any expense, or whatever sacrifice, the fruition of his desires, he set about maturing a scheme for the accomplishment of this object, with as calculating a mind, and cool consideration of ways and means, as he had previously done for the redemption of his paternal estates. The plan which he, in connection with his mistress, finally adopted, was as follows:

'He would proceed immediately to Bengal, and get reëstablished in business, while she was to institute a suit for divorce in some of the courts of Franconia. While this matter was pending, (which, in all probability, would be during five or six years,) she should remain with her husband, as usual; but as soon as the marriage was dissolved, he would make her his wife, and adopt the children which she had borne to her former husband.

'Whatever view, in a strictly moral sense, we may take of these amours of HASTINGS, or his mode of working out his purposes, we can yet but admire if not applaud the singular fidelity with which he lived to fulfil all his vows; fulfil to a letter this contract, the offspring at once of passion, yet of mature deliberation.

'Fired now with a double ambition, to redeem the home of his fathers, and spend there, with her whom he now loved better than his own life, his declining years, the evening of life, he proceeded at once to engage himself in the service of the East-India Company, and applied himself to his pursuits with a devotion and decision of purpose, that promised some success. Nor was it long delayed; commencing at first in the humble capacity of clerk, by his indomitable energy and untiring application, he so worked his way from one post of honor and trust to another, and by his indefatigable devotion to business and the interests of the Company, as well as by the wisdom of his counsels and the skill displayed ever in his political exploits—*coups d'état*—so secured the confidence of the Company, that mainly through its influence, in less than fifteen months after his return he was called to occupy the high and responsible position of Governor-General of India. Like BYRON, indeed, he too had suddenly 'awoke and found himself famous.'

'The millions of India were now all his subjects, and obedient to his will; a standing army was at his command, ready and willing to do his veriest bidding, even to letting itself to foreign service for pay, and exterminating the innocent, defenceless, unfortunate Rohillas. The resources of a vast and ancient empire were subject to his control; and the treasures of time-honored and inoffensive

nabobs gathered to swell his treasury, and carry forward his enterprises. His word was law in the province, and his name soon became a terror to all the tribes abroad. In short, in an almost incredibly brief space of time, from the capacity of posting books for the Company, he was become statesman, diplomatist, monarch. His movements were attracting the attention of the whole civilized world, and for a long series of years, afforded a fruitful topic of comment and disquisition by the English press, and of debate in the House of Commons. Feeling indeed that he was born to be dictator supreme, in defiance of instructions from the Home Government, he outwitted and discomfited altogether Sir PHILIP FRANCIS, a man who had eminently distinguished himself as a statesman at home, the alleged author, indeed, of the papers of JUNIUS, who, with one or two others, had been sent out to rule as associate Governors of India with himself, and correct some of the abuses of which the latter had been charged as guilty. In the mean while, with such consummate skill and indomitable energy and perseverance, was he pushing his enterprises, he was winning the admiration even of his enemies. So manifestly was all India undergoing, under his administration, a radical and rapid revolution, and the English Government securing a firmer, a stronger hold upon the country than ever before, that he was popular with the Court, in spite of his obstinacy and excesses. So astonishingly were the coffers of the East-India Company replenished by the rich harvest of pagodas he was reaping, that they were bound to sustain him at all hazards.

'Now then, query: would not this highly-distinguished and honored potentate, flushed with this tide of victory and success, conscious that, in the future he was to be the companion of nobles and princes, and be associated with the titled and the powerful, look with contempt upon, if not entirely forget his love affair with the Dutch woman on board the 'Duke of Grafton.' Not so: all praise to his honor! About five years from the event of that voyage, during which time HASTINGS had neither seen nor been able to hear from his intended, news was received that one Mme. IMHOFF had at length succeeded in obtaining a divorce from her husband in the Franconia courts. HASTINGS hailed the piece of news with every demonstration of joy; took immediate measures to have the lady brought to him; caused the day of his nuptials to be announced as an universal holiday, and celebrated it with festivities of a very conspicuous order, bidding welcome to all, friend or foe, young and old, all in the name of his bride.

'No, he had not forgotten the old mistress of his heart, that guardian spirit that watched over him when none other was near to pity, to comfort, or to cheer. And we are by no means out of humor, amid all the hypocrisies, infidelity, and deceit so fearfully rife, especially in high life, that history has not deemed it foreign to its province to preserve this one instance of singular fidelity and trust in an *affair de cœur*.

'HASTINGS was some fifteen years Governor of India, and his wife always exerted a marked and controlling, nay, almost magical influence over him. And when he at length returned to England, she who was born under the Arctic circle, had played the queen under the Tropic of Cancer, proved herself worthy to grace the Court of Queen CHARLOTTE, acted a conspicuous part during the famous and protracted trial of a husband, whose alleged crimes are preserved in the amber of the immortal eloquence of SHERIDAN and BURKE; and subsequently, HASTINGS having been enabled, through the liberality of the East-India Company, to redeem his ancestral home, for which object he had lived and labored so long, but in which his long and expensive trial had well-nigh defeated him, became extensively known and favored as the distinguished Lady of Daylesford.'

STORY OF A DETECTIVE 'EXPERT.' — The reader of the 'Lost Jewels of ACHMET BEY,' in a late number of the KNICKERBOCKER, will need no added inducement to peruse the following, which proceeds from the same pen:

'THE circumstance which occurred in Cairo to which I alluded in my account of the recovery of the jewels of Achmet Bey happened on this wise.

'I had been to Petra and Mount Sinai, and had reached Cairo, *en route* for Upper Egypt. Departing from my regular custom of sleeping at a Khan, I put up at SHEPPARD'S Hotel, determined to atone for past fatigue by a fortnight's rest. Our caravan arrived late in the evening, and when I sat down to tea I found but one companion. He was a large and rather handsome Englishman, whose gigantic frame and ruddy countenance evidently bespoke a traveller for pleasure and not for health. The usual courtesies of strangers passed between us on meeting, and it was not until we were nearly through our meal, that an active conversation was commenced.

'Finding our tastes somewhat similar, and being much prepossessed in his favor, at my solicitation he accompanied me to my room, where there was a good fire, more for appearance sake than necessity, and soon being involved in a dense cloud of Latakia, (for which my heart now sighs,) we unfolded our several histories. He had for some years been the chief 'detective' in a large English city; having grown weary of his calling, and possessing some property, he had determined to travel. 'Not,' as he bluntly and honestly confessed, 'because he was a scholar, and wished to see that of which he had read, but because he simply wished to enlarge his views, and enjoy himself.' He entertained me until long past mid-night, with detailed accounts of the adventures and difficulty he had experienced in ferreting out offenders, although he frankly confessed that it was an unpleasant thing to find that what at first was amusement, soon turned into an unpoetical, degraded feeling of spy-like drudgery. About one o'clock we separated, promising to devote the next day to sight-seeing; I offering, as an inducement, my knowledge of the language which would preclude the necessity of other guide than our donkey-boys.

'Two or three days of pleasant companionship had rapidly flown, during which much was accomplished, when the servant who brought fresh water to me in the morning, asked if I had heard of 'the murder.' In answer to my listless inquiries, he told me that IBRAHIM, the cobbler, was missing, and that there had been enough blood found on the floor of his room to guarantee the belief that wherever he was, he was not alive. This was all he knew, and I thought little more on the subject until breakfast time.

'THOMPSON — so I shall call my friend — was already seated when I reached the table, and after bidding me good morning, he asked me the English and American question: 'What news?'

''It would appear,' I replied, 'that they have had a murder or abduction case during the night, for our old friend of whom you bought your red slippers, has disappeared.'

''If, instead of murdering him, they had made him wear a pair of his own slippers for an hour or two, I think they would have punished him badly enough,' said THOMPSON, who the day before had been heroically enduring a pair of Turkish shoes.

After we had finished our meal, I proposed the Pyramids, or the Palace of

ABBAS PASHA, (which latter was not then completed.) THOMPSON said his feet were too much blistered to walk round 'the curiosities,' and proposed we should visit the house where the murder was committed, and, said he, 'Perhaps I can give you a hint or two on circumstantial evidence, which will prove useful to you some day.' So saying, he limped out of the hotel, I following, and we were soon cantering gayly toward the bazaars.

'When we reached the house, which was in the thickest part of the Tahan Bazaar, a large crowd had already assembled, and the secretary of the Pasha was loudly vociferating and calling upon them to disperse.

'THOMPSON seemed to forget his lameness, for dismounting, he *ploughed* a path to the house, I following in his furrow. Watching his chance, when the secretary was engaged in laying down the law to the most persistent, he pushed open the door, and walking in, as quietly closed it, leaving none within its walls but ourselves. The sight to me was almost sickening; and, to divert my thoughts, I was about peering into the closets, when my companion called to me to stop.

''Do not touch any thing,' he said; 'here is a rare chance to show you, that all my adventures were not idle talk. I will guarantee that if you will interpret for me, I can find out who did this deed.'

'I looked at him in astonishment. His keen eye was rapidly scanning the room, and indelibly transferring to his memory all it rested on.

''We shall not long remain undisturbed here, and therefore do n't say any thing to me, but note every thing, however minute, about the place, and we will talk it up afterward.'

'I obeyed his instructions. In about half-an-hour the crowd had been dispersed, and the latch was drawn. At the noise we both looked up. It was the secretary who entered, with a broom in his hand; I paid little attention to his looks, however; my friend paid more. The secretary was a little startled at finding two Franks in the dwelling, and he seemed heated and fatigued with his contest with the people outside; he, however, asked us to be seated, and apologized for his having no refreshments to offer us. He did not ask us our business, as is the custom among the Orientals, although they always couch the inquiry in such terms as to make it appear an act of friendly interest rather than curiosity. Although he did not ask me, it seemed so natural to make some remark concerning our affairs, that I asked THOMPSON what excuse I should offer for our intrusion.

''Tell him,' replied he, 'that we are going to discover the murderer, after the English plan; that we would like him to recommend us to the Pasha, as being excellent diviners.'

'Although I was somewhat troubled to find the requisite words in which to frame this eloquent address, I managed in some manner to convey the idea to him, and with abundant assurances that he would exert his influence with the Pasha on our behalf, we left him.

'After taking a ride for an hour or two longer, we returned and enjoyed a *siesta* before dinner. I took a little walk round the square, which is in front of the hotel, and then went to my friend's room. I found him drawing, at the table, and without looking up, he pushed a piece of paper before me and asked me to draw a plan of the room in which the tragedy took place.

'On comparing them, they were found to agree in general; but in detail, his was much more exact than mine.

'He then drew two chairs before the fire, and after clapping his hands in the hall to summon a servant, he ordered some of 'ALSOP'S East India,' which, though less

poetical than sherbet, is far more satisfactory. We lighted our cherry-handled chibouks and drew comfort from their amber mouth-pieces.

''And now,' said THOMPSON, after we had smoked a while in silence, 'what do you remember about the room, and what things attracted your special attention?'

'I gave him all the observations I had made, without skipping, as I thought, the most trivial thing. When I had ended, he praised my power of noticing, and said he thought a few lessons would make me an adept. Then, refilling his pipe, he told me his views, as follows. I only omit such things as we talked up and discarded as irrelevant:

''I noticed that the house was at one end of a small street, although it fronted on the bazaar; there was no occupied house in front of it, and the shops on either side, I remember, are closed at night. In the rear there are no houses whose windows command IBRAHIM'S dwelling. I noticed that the house was composed of the room in which we were and the loft above. Now that loft has never been opened, within a week at least, as the cobwebs were as thick round it as they are round the mouth of a parish poor-box. Now, as the man must have slept somewhere, he slept in that room, and perhaps was sleeping when his assassin entered. I observed in one corner of the room a mat and some pillows, which had not been disturbed; and the only evidence I have that he was sleeping, was the evident adjustment of those three ottomans. Now a man is never murdered — at least very, very seldom — except from covetousness, jealousy, or hatred for an injury done; insanity I look upon as a mere make-shift used by clever counsellors to divert the law from its true course; although so popular has the doctrine become that the word murder seems to be defined *unpunishable insanity*. But that is getting off our subject. In this *enlightened* country, where it is no object for a man to be insane, we may reduce our inquiries to the three causes of murder before mentioned. And first, let us take up jealousy. Was the man handsome, was he even passably good-looking? was he young? was he attractive? What think you?'

''To me,' I replied, 'he appeared to be none of these.'

''Very well,' continued THOMPSON, 'at best, these are but suppositions; we will find out to-morrow, in a quiet way, a great deal more about him. You think then, we might dismiss jealousy?'

''I do.'

''Then, to my mind, he either had something worth coveting, or else he had done some one a real or supposed injury, and this was their revenge. From my experience, I am much inclined to favor this idea, and here are my reasons: he seemed to be a poor man; had he been a Jew, we might have found him working hard, notwithstanding immense, so to speak, latent wealth. Then again the Turks are an extremely jealous people, and from the crafty way this murder was conducted, I am disposed to think the culprit one of that nation. Here again, however, in my mind two ideas clash: I have some reason to think the offender a Bedawee; and if I am correct, I would be willing to bet, from your description of their character, that rapacity was the object; had it been revenge, a less open place would have been selected. To further this opinion, that it was covetousness of treasure, to which we are to ascribe the deed, I would call your attention to the room once more. Do you remember that there was a pile of bed-clothing in one corner untouched, although the three ottomans bore marks of a person having reclined on them? Now why were those clothes not used? You know that an inhabitant of these climes, even in the hottest weather, covers himself completely when he sleeps. May we not argue from this circumstance, however slight, that he did not intend to compose himself for a sound sleep. What was the motive?

We must look for a strong one, for this people are not easily caused to forego rest. What motive stronger than on account of treasure? The blood dashed all around the apartment shows a struggle; the man was not sound asleep; he hears the assassin enter, he mingles the noise first with half-waking dreams, the thought of treasure arouses him, and he copes with his adversary. He is at disadvantage, however, and is at length overcome.'

'THOMPSON stopped; and after sitting, each absorbed in his own thoughts, we separated for the night.

'Early the next day we went into the bazaar, and found the Pasha's secretary holding forth to the multitude on the probable and improbable manners by which the deceased came to his death. We pushed into the room, not heeding his gestures or vociferations to the contrary. He was too busy to hinder us, for he had his hands full outside. On looking again carefully at the room, we found a mark under the head ottoman, as of a sack or bag being drawn across the floor; the mark was almost obliterated, but it was there nevertheless. The track was a narrow one. Now as the object had been dragged, it must have been heavy, and as it was a narrow track, the mind caught the idea of a money-bag at once So far, so good. I was looking under the ottoman to see if there was any more treasure of the same sort, when my eye caught a small sparkling object. I drew it out, and found it a seal, with a piece of guard attached. I showed it to THOMPSON.

''Read the name!' he said.

'I did so: 'ALI EBN DAOUD.'

''Do you know any such person?'

''Yes, that's our friend the secretary; I will return it to him now.'

''Are you a fool?' said THOMPSON, stopping me.

''I beg your pardon for my haste; but I was so excited at seeing that, that I did not know what I said.'

''Tell me this, was that guard on it when you found it?'

''It was.'

''Where do these folks wear their signets?'

''Round their neck by a guard.'

''Did you break this guard, or is it as you found it?'

''As I found it: I was——'

''Did you get that blood on it, or was it on?'

''I had not noticed any, but if there is any, it was on before.'

''Let us now go,' said THOMPSON. We pushed out, and now the secretary was as anxious to stop our retreat, as before to prevent our entrance. With an humble salaam, and pretending not to understand, we rode away. THOMPSON told me to direct the boys to guide us to the gate which leads to the Tombs of the MEMLUKS. I did so; and we soon were standing by the weazen-faced porter. THOMPSON stopped, and turning to me, said: 'Give the man a piaster, and tell him I lost an ass night before last, *pretty late*, with a sack on his back.'

'I did so. The porter, whose wit was sharpened by the bribe, asked what color the ass was. I interpreted to THOMPSON.

''Tell him all beasts are the same color at night, and then ask him over again.'

'I did so. The porter was a little ruffled by the species of answer I gave, and said pettishly: 'But one beast passed here after night, and that was a horse with *two* sacks, so I don't know any thing about your ass.'

''Ask if he did not go through without an order?'

'The porter was turning on his heel; but the sight of another piaster brought

him back, although it did not quite smooth his ruffled dignity; so he only answered: 'By the secretary's own order. Why?'

'THOMPSON now took his turn at not answering, and rode toward the bazaars. I now began to see what he was driving at.

'When we came to a cobbler's stall, just round the corner from IBRAHIM'S, THOMPSON dismounted, and with the blandest manner possible, invited me to come up with him and sit by the cobbler, and traffic for a pair of slippers. After taking pipes, (the cost of which you have included in your bill for shoes,) and making his purchase, THOMPSON proceeded to a systematic but unnoticed *pumping*. We gleaned from it that the departed IBRAHIM was not a man to cause jealousy, and had never for thirty years hurt any man by word or deed; and that on the day of his murder, *he had sold the secretary some lands, and had been paid for them;* and that in the evening, when the secretary had gone to take a receipt, he *had found the poor man dead*, which fact he did not give out until the next morning, *for fear of creating a disturbance.* I asked the man why he had not borne witness to these facts. He said his opinion was, that a Bedawee had murdered the man for the money he was known to possess at that time, and 'perhaps the same Bedawee might murder me, who knows?' and with a pious shake of the head he began a new topic.

'Cutting the interview short, we rode to our rooms to consult, and heard on our way thither at one of the Khans, that the Pasha's secretary had offered a reward for the discovery of the murderer.

'On our arrival at SHEPPARD'S, we retired to my room and discussed the case at large. THOMPSON said he would like to bring matters to a better close, but had determined to go with a party of his friends on to Suez that night. On deliberation, we determined to send the secretary a 'notice to call:' I summoned the waiter, and quickly wrote the note. To our minds the evidence was complete; it showed that the secretary had bought lands of IBRAHIM, paid for them, and then had gone at night and murdered the victim to get the money back. All we wanted was his own confession. We then arranged that THOMPSON was to pronounce the sentence. He told me that the facts must be made public, and that as he was to leave Egypt that night, never to return, I might take all the honor in the morning. 'For,' said he, 'by that time my sentence will be executed.' He refused to enlighten me further.

'In about an hour the secretary walked in, rubbing his hands and looking flushed, (*perhaps* from rapid riding.) Every thing I said to him was at THOMPSON'S dictation. Requesting him, therefore, to dismiss his attendants, with which wish he immediately complied, we bid him be seated. Through me THOMPSON said: 'You have offered a reward for the discoverer of IBRAHIM'S murder: am I right?'

''You are.'

''If I know who he is, and draw up a contract, will you sign and *seal* it?'

''I will sign it.'

''And seal it, too?'

''Impossible!

''Why so?'

'The man's tact did not fail him: he replied, 'that his seal was worn out, and was now being re-cut.'

''Very well: I know who the murderer was; and if you will *sign* the contract, I will *seal* it with this.' Here THOMPSON produced the seal.

'The secretary, wretched man, paled and blushed alternately: he was speech-

less. I interpreted for THOMPSON here as quickly as I could, (for I dreaded to hear the guilty man speak,) as follows:

''You were paying him his just due; you went to his house; you robbed and murdered him; you placed his body in sacks, and drove them by night into the desert; you thought you were not discovered; you offered a reward; do you see the blood on that signet; blood will not be silent; *that* betrayed you.'

'I ceased. He was dumb: he did not raise his eyes, nor did he endeavor to recover his ring. We sat in silence some time. At last he raised his head, and said: 'I did not wish to kill him.'

''I believe you,' responded THOMPSON; 'and now listen to your sentence. As yet, we three are all who know of the deed.' Here the poor fellow's eye brightened, quickly to be dimmed. 'Send for the money you took, and have it here, in this room, in one short half-hour; if you are here one instant later, all Cairo shall know the author of the deed.'

'He gazed vacantly at us for an instant, and then ran down-stairs: we heard his horse's hoofs dash rapidly across the road. I asked not any farther explanation from THOMPSON: he sat in silence; and I knew that a few minutes more would bring the last act of the tragedy on the stage. Punctually, and panting, ALI EBN DAOUD was back with the blood-stained treasure. But instead of half-an-hour, an age seemed to have left its withering blight upon his features, as he stood to hear the rest.

''You have killed a man; one of ALLAH's beings,' said the judge; 'you have restored the treasure: instead of death, this is your sentence: Before the sun this day sets, you must leave Cairo, never again to return. As the morning gun is fired at the citadel, all Cairo must know the author of this horrid deed. Go!'

'He gave us one look, a look that will haunt me forever, and then left us, with the mark of CAIN on his forehead; a ruined man. What became of him I know not. THOMPSON and I parted, perhaps forever, that night; he to go to India by way of Suez; I to go up the Nile in a few days.

'The next day, by THOMPSON's instructions, I ferreted out the next of kin, and restored to him that to which he was heir, and gave him all the particulars of the sentence of the culprit. Great was the excitement when the secretary was found missing the next day, and great the feeling manifested when the author of the dark deed was discovered.

'My fame was uncomfortably great, when it was known that I had been in some degree the means of discovering and banishing the offender. So greatly was I inconvenienced, that I hastened my upward Nile voyage. GARDET was not at all pleased at my not having said *any thing* to him till it was all over; but, good-natured soul that he was, it did not disturb his equanimity long.

'And thus ends the mystery of IBRAHIM the cobbler.'

And 'all's well, that ends well.' - - - A MR. WILLIAM FERGUSON, a 'furriner,' has been writing a book upon this country, which he entitles '*America by River and Rail.*' Mr. FERGUSON, we take it, was one of the better sort of a class known in England as 'commercial travellers.' He is no great writer, but has picked up a good deal of information in his travels, touching our hotels, etc. He was hospitably received by many of our most esteemed citizens; and he has not been over-careful in recording, or rather in omitting to record, what he saw: insomuch, we think, that if he were to return to us again, the salutation would be: 'It's all very well, Mr. FERGUSON, but you can't come in!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — 'A friend,' says the *Manchester* (English) *Guardian*, 'recently returned from America, mentioned to us the other evening, that while sitting at an inn in Baltimore, in the State of Maryland, one day when he was on his way to Washington, the National Capital, he was much struck with the singular appearance of an old Guinea negro, 'black as the ace of spades,' who was attending to some menial duty in the travellers' room. His face was scarred and seamed, his legs were dreadfully awry, and his hands seemed almost turned wrong side outward, and in form and color resembled, more than any thing else, the paws of a wild animal, or the hands of an orang-outang. Our informant inquired of POMPEY what had occasioned these deformities. 'Wal, dey *is* beformities, massa, dat 's fac'. Wal, den, I 'll tell you hew dey come, massa. 'Good many years ago, I was in lub wid a handsum black gal, and we was same as married; and one day I see a nigger comin' out o' de house. I knew dat man, an' uf I am a nigger I had my feelin's. I was full ob de debbil in my heart ag'in him, 'cos I know'd him, and I know'd where he worked — e'yah! e'yah! He worked in a powder-mill; and next day I went up dar. I went to de door and looked in, and dar I see him; an' I took a coal o' fire dat I had brought along, and frow'd it in on to de floor. Good Gwacious, massa, 'fore I could get away *myse'f*, dere was de biggest flash o' lightin' *I* ebber see, and dat was de last I know'd any t'ing 'bout dat business for two months. 'T would a-been all right, dough, but de man 't was dar was not de nigger I t'ought! He 's a dead nigger his-se'f, dough, long ago; and I was glad ob it when he went, 'cos he always looked at me as if he 'd got de best ob it; and he *did* got de best ob it, massa, dat 's fac'; for I was n't de han'sumest nigger den dat dar was in Maryland — dat 's sartin sure. E'yah! e'yah!' Now, if we are not much mistaken, *we* wrote that anecdote, years and years ago, *somewhere:* and it seems to have been 'conveyed' bodily to the '*Guardian;*' just as Captain MARRYATT 'appropriated,' ten years after WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK wrote, the capital story of '*Desperation*,' (the scene of which was also laid in Baltimore,) every incident, and most of the entire language, without the slightest acknowledgment of the source whence he derived them. In respect of which, the author of 'PETER SIMPLE,' albeit he *did* write two or three excellent original articles for the KNICKERBOCKER, must be regarded as having been 'faulty.' - - - LISTEN again to our friend the Breakfast-Table Autocrat:

'I AM not ashamed to make you laugh, occasionally. I think I could read you something I have in my desk that would probably make you smile. Perhaps I will read it one of these days, if you are patient with me when I am sentimental and reflective; not just now. The ludicrous has its place in the universe; it is not a human invention, but one of the Divine ideas, illustrated in the practical jokes of kittens and monkeys long before ARISTOPHANES or SHAKSPEARE. How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounter of wits as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties and then call *blessed!* There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gayety from their hearts, and all joyousness from their countenances. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me (and all that he passes) such a rayless and chilling look of recognition — something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to 'doom'

every acquaintance he met — that I have sometimes begun to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold, dating from that instant. I do n't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it. Please tell me who taught her to play with it?

'No, no! — give me a chance to talk to you, my fellow-boarders, and you need not be afraid that I shall have any scruples about entertaining you, if I can do it, as well as giving you some of my serious thoughts, and perhaps my sadder fancies. I know nothing in English or any other literature more admirable than that sentiment of Sir THOMAS BROWNE: 'EVERY MAN TRULY LIVES, SO LONG AS HE ACTS HIS NATURE, OR SOME WAY MAKES GOOD THE FACULTIES OF HIMSELF.'

'—— I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving. To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind, and sometimes against it; but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor. There is one very sad thing in old friendships, to every mind that is really moving onward. It is this: that one cannot help using his early friends as the seaman uses the log to mark his progress. Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern with the string of thought tied to him, and look — I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion — to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows — the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamonds stuck in it! But this is only the sentimental side of the matter; for grow we must, if we out-grow all that we love.

'Do n't misunderstand that metaphor of heaving the log, I beg you. It is merely a smart way of saying that we cannot avoid measuring our rate of movement by those with whom we have long been in the habit of comparing ourselves; and when they once become stationary, we can get our reckoning from them with painful accuracy. We see just what we were when they were our peers, and can strike the balance between that and whatever we may feel ourselves to be now. No doubt we may sometimes be mistaken. If we change our last simile to that very old and familiar one of a fleet leaving the harbor and sailing in company for some distant region, we can get what we want out of it. There is one of our companions; her streamers were torn into rags before she had got into the open sea, then by-and-by her sails blew out of the ropes one after another; the waves swept her deck, and as night came on, we left her a seeming wreck, as we flew under our pyramid of canvas. But lo! at dawn she is still in sight — it may be in advance of us. Some deep ocean-current has been moving her on, strong but silent — yes, stronger than these noisy winds that puff our sails until they are swollen as the cheeks of jubilant cherubim. And when at last the black steam-tug, with the skeleton arms, that comes out of the mist sooner or later, and takes us all in tow, grapples her, and goes off panting and groaning with her, it is to that harbor where all wrecks are refitted, and where, alas! we, towering in our pride, may never come.

'So you will not think I mean to speak lightly of old friendships, because we cannot help instituting comparisons between our present and former selves by the aid of those who were what we were, but are not what we are. Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course.'

Admirable 'Autocrat!' - - - ONE of the preëminent characteristics of the mere verbal style of DICKENS, is his wonderful adaptation of names to his characters, and of simple sound to the sentences which they utter. Thus recently, in an exceedingly clever story of his in the '*Household Words*,' wherein he depicts a Smuggling Adventure on the English Coast, he describes, with great effect, a buccanier-spy, who has been sent on shore to assist in misleading and outwitting the '*Coast-Survey*,' on land. He is a Portuguese, who understands 'small English;' yet he is deemed reliable and is trusted: and he is to wake up the coast-guard in the morning. So, in the morning gloaming, the narrator, after a 'dream-rap' at his door, hears him, '*Sol-Jeer, Yupp!*' — which being interpreted, means, 'Soldier, get up.' We read this last night, saying what we have just said, to one or two friends around us, including our little near-about Six-Year Old Little Boy, who had n't gone to bed yet. We were going to town in the morning, and told him, not thinking that he would be awake, or if he were, that he would remember what we had re-

quested, to call us in time for the boat. Now, this morning, what do you think that little boy did? He woke us from a sound sleep, by a pull with his small, soft hand, at our "*stache*,' as he calls it, and these words, '*So-Jeer, Yu-u-upp!*' And this is the same juvenile, whom we have mentioned before, as not only willing, but even anxious, to come into the house at the commencement of a hard shower. We wish he could always remain as he is: we should like him not to grow any more. He is big enough; and he knows enough; and he is innocent. We don't wish ever to see him with a big gold watch-chain-and-key hanging down over extended abdominal proportions. He is 'all right' now. - - - 'You cannot convince a Frenchman,' (says a correspondent who sends us from New-Orleans a prospectus of '*The State, a Journal of the City and Parishes*,') 'that he is not an excellent English scholar: hence our Gallic littérateurs *will* always write their own prospectus-es. We give an extract:

'The list of the numerous french papers which since twenty years have raised and failed in New-Orleans, is so long that we will not undertake to describe them. We, therefore, acknowledge the just mistrust of the public when a prospectus for a new journal is presented to *him*. The editors, notwithstanding their pompous promises, their perspective patrons repulse them, at the only thought of their past deceits. We have, therefore, hesitated before to decide the undertaking of the publication of the journal, '*The State*.' Even thus have we taken a share of the New-Orleans publicity; but when we were certain to have enough subscribers to commercial advertisement, so that a sufficient number should have permitted us to bring our enterprise *at a satisfactory end*. In first place, our wishes were that the merchants, who patronize us, be convinced that our publication will be such extended, either in the city or in the country, as in any other journal in this city. Moreover, we wish to give all the pecuniary guaranties as may be desired; guaranties which were never brought forth by any journal until now. We have, at least, done all *what* could possibly be done, to secure our enterprise, and that no one doubt of our sincerity for the success of our sheet.'

Confiding in the special 'patronizement' of the merchants of New-Orleans, the 'editor-proprietor' announces, that his collaborateur, 'M. de Sard, a distinguished publicist, will assure, by his help, precious correspondences.' For the 'Programme of Disposition,' and 'Tariff of Advertisements,' we must refer the reader to the 'Prospectus' itself, which is widely circulated, we are given to understand, 'along the Mississippi and its contributaries.' But let us not smile at the simple lingual or orthographical errors of our French 'compatriots' on this side of the water. Our mistakes in their language are infinitely more ridiculous: yet they seldom excite laughter, and are corrected with characteristic courtesy. But this aside: Listen to the great Rachel. ('Have you seen her *Camille?*' 'Yes.' '*Enough.*') She is writing from Havana, after leaving our metropolis; and amidst professional troubles in Cuba, is 'stretching out her wasted arms toward France:'

'I shall lead back all my hapless army, defeated and routed, to the banks of the Seine, and then I myself, like another Napoleon, shall go and die at the Invalides, asking only a stone to stay my head; but no, I am wrong — I shall find there my two guardian angels, my young boys. I seem to hear them calling me. Indeed I have been too long away from them, too far from their kisses, their caresses, their dear little arms, and God, who protects the angels, is forcing me home again. I regret my losses no more, nor my fatigues. I have carried my name as far as I could, and I shall take my heart back to those who love me.'

Let us not laugh at the mere word-errors of our French compatriots. They

very seldom laugh at bad French. - - - A NEW correspondent, and a facile rhythmist, sends us '*The City of the Ague*,' a 'distinction' which he thus explains: 'The town of Circleville (Ohio) is one of the worst places in the world for the fever-and-ague. The writer having taken a 'chill' while passing through the place, some three years since, and not having been able as yet to 'shake himself clear of it entirely,' perpetrated the following.' What a risk we must have run, when, with a pleasant and hospitable party, we visited, 'summer-before-last,' a splendid mound-amphitheatre, near Newark, (Ohio,) which we were told was one of the circles, which, in almost regular succession, widen on to Circleville! But the '*Lines*' are in order, at this present:

''BY a route obscure and lonely,'
Travelled now by stages only,
Stands a city dark and dreary,
Where the traveller, tired and weary,
Is met by people pale and sallow,
With voices gruff, and coarse, and hollow,
And their eyes look wild and sunken,
And they act like people drunken.
Here at night, or noon, or morning,
Without a moment's warning,
That horrid thing will take you,
And 't will shake you, yes 't will shake you,
Shake with it once, you 'll shake forever,
You 'll stop shaking never, never!
It shakes the tops from off the houses,
Shakes the men from out their trowsers,
Shakes the hoops from off the ladies,
Shakes the gew-gaws off of babies,
Shakes whate'er it takes a notion,
And it 's ever after kept in motion;
Shaking once, 't will shake forever,
'T will stop shaking, never, never!

'In this city dark and lonely,
'Mong these people lank and bony,
Half are doctors; yes, by thunder!
There are doctors without number;
But yet there 's room for others,
For if each doctor had ten brothers,
And each brother had ten cousins,
And each cousin had theirs by dozens,
And all were doctors stout and healthy,
Every one would soon get wealthy;
For there 's work enough for all folks,
Small ones, large ones, and tall folks,
All take turns and hold each other,
Father, mother, sister and brother,
Hold each other while they 're shaking,
Shaking out quinine they 've been taking,
And they 'll shake forever after,
'To the land of the hereafter.'

'In this valley dark and lonely,
Haunted by this *demon* only,
The soil is rich and mellow,
Where these people, pale and sallow,
Plant their corn when it is seed-time,
Eat their quinine when it 's feed-time;
Eat it for breakfast, supper, and dinner,
And they keep growing thinner and thinner,
Till their bones come through their body,
Till 't wont hold their whiskey-toddy,
Then it is they 're gone forever,
Yes forever! ever, ever!

'Once there was, and always should be,
(If I had my way there would be,)
A spot where all these shakers
Met in a place of several acres,
More or less, I know not how much,
But yet I know there was such
A place, where every morning,
As the bell sent forth its warning,
In the circle* all 'd assemble,
There to tremble, tremble, tremble:
In they 'd flock, like sheep to slaughter,
From across Scioto's water;
O'er this route so dark and dreary,
Came these people, tired and weary,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, and cousins,
Came in squads of tens and dozens,
Came a-flocking in together,
Both in fine and stormy weather,
Here to shake forever after,
'To the land of the hereafter.'

'Where is this place so dark and lonely,
Haunted by the AGUE only,
Where people stout and hearty,
Of every politics and party,
As soon as they reach its border
Feel their system out of order,
Feel a something o'er them crawling,
To their senses most appalling?
Wandering pilgrim, cease to wander
Way down yonder, yonder, yonder,
'For this route, obscure and lonely,'
Travelled now by stages only,
Draws folks on as if by suction,
Draws them on to sure destruction.
Stay from off this route, I beg you,
Which leads to the CITY OF THE AGUE,
Circleville the people call it
Since the ague did befal it,
Which has been forever, and ever,
And 't will leave it never, never,
And I warn you, and I beg you,
Shun this City of the Ague. J. A. A.

'*Cleveland*, (*Ohio*,) *Jan.* 18, 1858.'

* THE old circle which used to surround the town.

'We shan't do anything else.' - - - How much may be expressed in a few words, conveying thoughts truly felt, and *accordingly* recorded! Regard this commencement of a notice of Dr. ELDER's Life of Dr. KANE, elsewhere reviewed in our present number. The brief sentences are from the pen of Mr. GEORGE RIPLEY, of the New-York '*Tribune*' daily journal: 'No biography of Dr. KANE can equal the natural pathos and beauty of the almost unconscious personal revelations which gem the records of his voyages in the Arctic seas. He there appears to us in the maturity of his intellectual strength; his frail body inspired with fresh life by the impulses of a noble purpose; with a feminine sensitiveness of character, braving perils before which the stoutest heart might shrink; losing sight of his own personality in devotion to a humane mission; and in the darkest hours of a polar night, not only preserving his trust in Heaven, but alive to all genial sympathies, and with indomitable gayety of spirit, enlivening the gloomy scene by his cheerful presence.' - - - DR. HALL, of the '*Journal of Health*,' says to his 'consumptive friends:'

'You want air, not physic; you want pure air, not medicated air; you want nutrition, such as plenty of meat and bread will give, and they alone; physic has no nutriment; gaspings for air cannot cure you; monkey capers in a gymnasium cannot cure you; and stimulants cannot cure you. If you want to get well, go in for *beef and out-door air*, and do not be deluded into the grave by advertisements and unreliable certifiers.'

Ah! but DOCTOR, suppose your 'consumptive friend' 'do n't seem to have no *appetite*,' as an octogenarian lady told us Major ANDRÉ did n't, when she offered him five beautiful peaches, on the morning of his execution! 'They was beautiful: he bit into one of 'em, smiled, and thanked me very polite; but *somehow or 'nother, he did n't seem to have no appetite.*' It may be so with many a 'consumptive friend,' and in *one* respect, for a similar reason: their hours are numbered, and they know it. - - - WE can't be 'held:' *that* we have ascertained from counsel: but if there *be* any thing libelous in the following, our correspondent awaits a 'cartel': 'The Portsmouth and Concord Rail-road is the poorest, meanest, slowest, 'Goddestverzaken' road in all New-England. A few nights ago a Concord man went over this road, arriving at Concord, after innumerable and unaccountable delays, at eleven o'clock at night, two hours behind time. The conductor had had 'business' at every station, to the great annoyance of the five passengers, and had at one place taken in a string of '*smelts*,' (the smallest kind of fish, as every body knows.) Arriving at the hotel, the Concord passenger was inquired of, why the cars were late? 'Well,' said he, 'the conductor, (who stood by) has been retailing smelts on the way; when we arrived at Hookset, he found that instead of a half-dozen which he ought to have remaining, he had only five; so he took us back eight miles, to correct the mistake which he had made with a widow woman, to whom he had delivered thirteen for a dozen; and that made the train two hours late!' While we are going over this very road, next June, as we hope to do, to visit a friend, suppose we should be asked: 'Sir, when you published that scandalous story concerning this road and our conductor, in your Magazine, did you *believe* the story, Sir?' 'We *did*.' Do you *now* consider the statement true, Sir?' 'Ah! Sir, *that* is a different matter entirely!' - - - 'PUNCH' is going largely into 'MAXIMS.' Here are a few from his lips, which are pregnant with his deep wisdom:

'My son, if thou wilt wear tight boots, there are three bad things thou wilt inevitably suffer, namely, a bad corn, a bad gait, and a bad temper.

'It is the last air on the hurdy-gurdy that gets the player's head broken.

'How fleeting in the holidays is a leg of mutton! Still, a prelude of hard dumpling *is* an antidote to appetite.

'It is said that necessity knows no law. This accounts for people making such a virtue of necessity.

'My son, when cabmen take the pledge, and the police will not take supper when on culinary duty; when an omnibus half-empty goes the same pace as a full one; when the laws of private property extend to umbrellas, and a case of confiscation may be dealt with as a theft; when your laundress gives up taking snuff, and abstains for four-and-twenty hours from touching any body's gin-bottle; *when a bachelor in lodgings finds a shirt without a button off*, and has his shaving-water brought without ringing more than five times for it; when the beef-eaters are all of them confirmed vegetarians, and no alderman will take a second plate of turtle — then, O my son! thou mayest chance to find a wife who will not object to travel without eight-and-twenty packages, and who will show herself possessed of such angelic self-denial as even to refuse thy offer of a dress because she finds and confesses that she does n't want it.'

Can any of our friends inform us who is the author of the subjoined lines? They seem to us wonderfully melodious, and in thought extremely felicitous. We have consulted six different collections of poetry, American and English, without being able to find either the lines, or the name of their author:

'One eve of beauty, when the sun
  Was on the stream of Guadalquiver,
To gold converting, one by one,
  The ripples of that mighty river;
Beside me on the bank was seated
  A Seville girl, with auburn hair,
And eyes that might the world have cheated —
  A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair.

'She stooped and wrote upon the sand,
  Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
  You would have sworn 't was silver flowing:
Her words were three, and not one more;
  What could Diana's motto be?
The syren wrote upon the shore,
  'Death! not inconstancy!'

'And then her two large languid eyes
  She turned on mine, the devil take me!
I set the stream on fire with sighs,
  And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived
  By such an eye and such a hand;
But one week more, and I believed
  As much the woman as the sand!'

If that is n't mellifluous, what is? - - - An esteemed friend and an old contributor, writing from Illinois, thus adverts to our late lamented associate: 'So, since I saw you, our kind-hearted and genial friend, Mr. Hueston, has gone upon his long journey. Of course, residing at this distance from the city, I could not know him intimately; but in my brief visits to the Metropolis, I saw enough of him to convince me that he well answered the comprehensive description of an 'unpretending gentleman.' We cannot review the decrees of Heaven; but men of Mr. Hueston's stamp are not so numerous that we can lose even one, without feeling that the world's stock of nobleness has been sensibly diminished. I hope the Magazine is prospering under its new and evidently energetic management; for in the literary circle its loss could be hardly less felt, than the departure from a fire-side of a long-loved face.' The

'*Chicago Daily Journal*,' in a few desultory reflections, pays the following tribute to the same kindly spirit: 'They must miss his honest smile and quiet presence in the office where he sat so long: his cordial welcome and his earnest word. All that pertained to the KNICKERBOCKER were numbered among the household of his heart: its EDITOR, its Contributors, *Itself*. To him, it seemed in some sort a child; he would have gone sleepless and hungry for their sake and the MAGAZINE's. Its plain blue cover was transmuted in his eyes to rich brocade; and the newly-printed pages, bright from Mr. CLARK's revising eye, seemed to him sinless, like a new-born child. While other and more pretentious periodicals, that thrived in green, have wilted, his charge kept on the even tenor of its way. No GARRICK to make 'an alphabet of faces,' it wore the old expression that we learned, so long ago, to love; and so, and so far, it was like him whose death we now deplore. Mr. HUESTON was neither brilliant nor eloquent, as the world has it; but better than either, he was a good and true man. Simple in his heart as in his habits, sincere, earnest, and honest, he attracted friends who loved and respected him while living, and who will remember and regret him now that he is no more.' - - - DID our correspondent, 'KNIGHT-ERRANT,' really suppose that we could 'find among our manuscripts' his '*Lines to* ——: *an Invocation*,' sent us, by his own showing, very nearly five years ago? Why, we should as soon think of looking for a black cat in a deep cellar, on a dark night, with a blind nigger holding a dark lantern, with the light out. We have received perhaps five thousand similar pieces since that was sent. - - - Two of 'our' boys, (writes a western friend) HI ANGEL and DICK WALKER, emigrated to the wilds of Minnesota. During the long winter evenings, they went to work and made up a lot of axe-helves. Being 'raw' hands at the business, the helves were any thing but saleable. Going to the nearest town, they tried in vain to dispose of them at the different groceries and stores. There was but one shop left, and HI, giving DICK instructions, went in alone. Inquiring of the shopman if he had any helves, he was informed that he had not. Blustering up, he inquired why he did not keep such things, and told him to buy the next dozen he came across and put them one side for him. After he had been gone some time, DICK went in and sold the helves. The shopman is undoubtedly keeping them. - - - WE cannot oblige our CROCKET (Texas) correspondent in full, but we annex a few stanzas of the piece sent us, which will afford a 'taste' of the elegiac poem which adorned the poet's-corner of the '*Crocket Printer*' for January 15th, 1858:

'NOVEMBER is long to be remembered,
For the death of little LEVI CALVERT DUPREE,
It was on the twentieth day of November
In the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

'Adieu! little LEVI: Heaven is your prize,
And JESUS your king for e'er praise in glory,
And we of this vain world lives in hope of Heaven
The golden streets of the New Jerusalem?

''T was in Eden that ADAM was doomed to die
For his disobedients in serving GOD:
And we of ADAM's family must follow,
For dust we are, and to dust we must return.

'The day of resurection is drawing nigh,
When we must rise from the tomb to meet JESUS
In the heavenly skies of eternal blyss.
And there to read titles to the mansions.'

And much more of the same sort. Doubtless Mr. 'KING D. D. SHIPLEY' fancied he was writing 'poetry' when he penned these lines. - - - OF all places in the world seems to us that the CHURCH should be the very last for the exhibition of 'pride' and 'vain-glory.' 'LORD, have mercy upon us miserable sinners!' appears to be a supplication misplaced, when we behold such things. It is not a long time since, that we saw, in a metropolitan church, a stalwart, burly person, with head erect, 'eyes right,' and heavy tread; with squeaking boots; a fat wife, and a lean boy, (he had red hair, 'cow-licked' to a point over his scanty strip of forehead, like an incipient conflagration,) sweep down the aisle, enter their pew, open their gold-embossed, velvet prayer-books; and 'kneel before the LORD their MAKER!' That robust, 'pompious' father seemed to us to consider *Physical Devotion* the 'most acceptable service:' and yet, in the Psalter of that very day, the responses of which he pronounced with a most sonorous voice, looking around furtively now and then, upon the bending congregation, was this passage: 'HE hath no pleasure in the strength of an HORSE, neither delighteth HE in any man's legs.' - - - WE desire to state, in justice to our old friend and correspondent, the author of '*The Hut*,' Mr. HENRY J. BRENT, the distinguished landscape-artist, that the discontinuance of that interesting serial in these pages, arises in no respect from any fault of his own. Its suspension began when a good many *other* suspensions began; and its secret was, *curtailment*, or 'cutting one's coat according to one's cloth:' in other words, the publisher who was to succeed Mr. HUESTON, did not 'see his way clear' as to the expense of the requisite engravings for every month: nor does the present publisher. But '*The Hut*' will be completed, with all its intended illustrations, and published in book-form, in the coming season: and our readers shall hear *of* it, and *from* it. - - - AN exceedingly simple and beautiful poem — a most 'vivid picture in little' — is the following, just received for the KNICKERBOCKER from our old friend, JAMES T. FIELDS, of Boston. It is a translation from the German:

'IN the old Cathedral resting,
Two coffins press the stones;
One holds the great King OTTMAR,
And one the Poet's bones.

'High in his power, the monarch
Ancestral glories led:
The sword lies in his right hand,
And the crown upon his head.

'The minstrel hear the proud king
Is laid in quiet sleep;
His lifeless hands enfolded,
His gentle harp to keep.

'Castles and towers are falling—
The war-cry thrills the land;
But the sword it moveth never
In the dead king's hand.

'Through valleys, sweet with blossoms,
Mild breezes float along,
And the poet's harp is sounding
In never-dying song.

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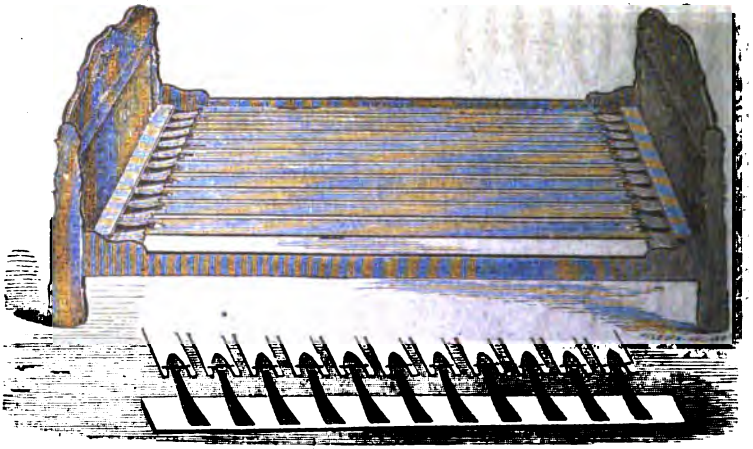

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ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1858, BY

JOHN A. GRAY,

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

JOHN A. GRAY, *Printer and Stereotyper*,
16 and 18 Jacob Street, New-York.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LI. APRIL, 1858. No. 4.

THE LOST SOUL.

MY dear lost ELMA!

I write her name with tears, and lay down my pen, and think. My mind drifts off into a sea of love and sorrow. I feel the presence of a spirit near me. I close my eyes, and see a sweet but pallid face, a vague but beautiful form. I hold them by my will, and live over a thousand solemn recollections. Stay with me a little longer, Elma, if only in a dream. Remain, I implore you! In vain, in vain! The figure vanishes: the dream is past. I awake, and find myself alone.

I have been thinking of my past life a great deal lately, and trying to understand it: but I cannot. It is a strange, dark mystery — an appalling night-mare. My friends try to persuade me that I am ill, and melancholy. 'You have lived and thought too much,' they say: 'you need repose and society. What seems to you a reality, is only a dream. You have but dreamed: nothing more.' You mean well, my good friends: but you are mistaken. I am not the man you think me:

> 'MY pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
> And makes as healthful music: it is not madness
> That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
> And I the matter will re-word, which madness
> Would gambol from.'

No: I am not mad; I am sane: too sane, alas! to be happy.

I foresee a difficulty in writing this narrative: it faces me on the threshold of it, and thrusts me grimly back. I am to recount my past life: but *which* life shall I recount? For I have lived two lives: one common to the race, the other peculiar to myself alone. Shall I describe my inner or my outer life? If I describe my outward life, I fear I shall be too common-place: if I describe my inward life, I shall be too subtle and metaphysical. If I blend the two, I may be successful.

The book of my youth opens in a city by the sea. I behold in the neighborhood of the wharves an antique dwelling, of yellow

brick. It stands at the end of a paved court-yard, with its front facing the street, and its back the wharves and ships. From my back-window I saw tall masts and black spars, with here and there a half-furled sail, and, beyond, the bright belt of the sea: from my front-window, I saw the paved court, the stony street, and the brick walls opposite.

My favorite walk lay among the wharves. I loved to stroll past the coils of rope, the pyramids of rusty chains, and the tar-barrels which cumber the side-walks of maritime neighborhoods, and past the great anchors, and the noisy forges, luminous with red-hot iron. The streets were filled with heavy drays, loaded with casks and bales: and around the doors of groceries and taverns stood groups of sailors, just come home from sea. I often picked my way down the crowded wharves, jostling authoritative stevedores and sweaty laborers, and reaching the water, sat down on the edge of the pier, and dreamed. In thought I unmoored the black hulls of the ships, and drifted out to sea, piloted by the winds. I tried to imagine the mysterious sea — an illimitable waste of waters, under a brooding sky and hanging clouds, and conjured up the winds that drove the billows. I saw the sky black with thunder, the forked lightning cleaving the air, and the billows, mountains high, crested with hissing foam. Anon the moon came, and the good ship sailed by its light. I pictured the tropic islands that sleep on the ocean like sea-birds: their coral reefs, their graceful palms, and the dusky savages that inhabit them, paddling their long canoes through the roaring wall of surf, or basking in front of their huts. But I soon came back to the pier, and the strata of civilization around me.

From my earliest years, I loved my fellow-men. I felt that they were my brethren, and my heart longed to embrace them. I peered curiously into the faces that I passed in the streets, and wondered who they were, and where and how they lived. I wondered whether the men had sweet-hearts and wives, or were alone on earth. Whether the women had husbands and children, or only lovers. Whether the children had parents, or were orphans, like myself. There was no end to the questions that flitted through my mind in my city walks. I have hardened my heart since then, and now I can look on mankind coldly. I passed a beggar on my way home to-night — an old, gray-headed man. Did I help him? I fumbled among the small change in my pocket, and withdrawing my hand, left him sitting there penniless in the rain.

Night has always been a happy season with me — a season of calm and peace. Year in and year out, I have sat for hours by my solitary lamp, plucking my thoughts as they budded, and binding them into little posies of song. Or I have pored over quaint old folios, until my eyes blinked with sleep. Having but few books in my youth, I used to while away my night hours at the open window. My favorite seat was at the back-window, which looked out on the harbor. Opposite the city was a small town, the lights of which were reflected in the water. When the night was calm, and the

waves were smooth, their long golden lines stretched clear across the harbor: when it was windy, they were broken into a thousand fragments. It was the custom then for the bells to ring every night at nine o'clock. The bells of the city began, and before they ceased, they were joined by those of the town opposite. There is something weird in the sound of a bell at night, and it always moves me strangely. It was sweet to sit at the window and hear the rich clangor of the city bells, softened and mellowed by distance, stealing over the dark water, and dying away in the dewy air. Peal followed peal, slowly and solemnly, stately mourners at the funeral of Music. The music was not of the earth, but of the air — the winds — the clouds. It seemed to me the music of the spheres.

I buried my face in my hands, and leaned my head on the window-sill, and dreamed dreams, and saw sights. Sun-set was my dream-hour, when I was a child: like secret writing held before a flame, my nature was revealed by its dying fires. In youth and manhood, I read the cipher of my soul at night. Its darkness was my light. My nature broadened and deepened. I discovered in it powers which I had not dreamed of before: new and strange feelings — mysterious and unearthly thoughts. I seemed to expand, and to pervade the room. I floated in the still night-air. I brooded on the dark water. I rose up to the stars. I knit my brow and closed my eyes; and, striving to concentrate my mind, the blank of my thought slowly became a face! It was as if the invisible moisture that fills the air should gradually become a mist, and then a cloud; or as if the light should gather and orb itself into a star. The face was vague and undefined, rather a dream of a face than a reality: still it was real to *me*. Was it the memory of a face that I had seen, or the hope of a face that I was to see?

I remember the time when I first beheld that face. It was in summer, and I stood in an old wagon in front of my grand-father's house. I saw the sky over my head as I had never seen it before. I heard the sound of voices in-doors, and caught a glimpse of a face at the window. The face was a picture, the voice an echo. The sky was, I knew not what, perhaps God! The universe seemed to stand still, to give me an opportunity of looking into my being. A moment, and the divine chance was past: my eyes were sealed again. The face was gone: the voice was heard no more!

Not far from my home in the city stood an ancient Episcopal church. It was probably named after some saint in the calendar, and known to the goodly as Saint Jude's, or Saint John's: but to the majority of the citizens it was merely the Seven Bells. It had seven great bells, and they were known the country over. On Sabbath mornings they lifted up their sonorous voices, and poured a seven-fold peal from the ivied belfry. They were sweet-toned, and in perfect tune; and the sexton, or whoever played upon them, was a rare musician. He never seemed to ring them loudly, yet we always heard them distinctly, even when the neighboring bells

were loudest. Their soft, low voices filled the pauses of the brazen anthem, and soared divinely above the tempest of sound.

It was a delight to sit at my front-window and hearken to their Sabbath chime, watching the while the church-going crowd below. I had read in an old school-book the story of an Italian bell-founder, who died in exile, in a foreign land, within the sound of some bells that he had cast. The story was nothing, but there were four lines of poetry in it which sang themselves in my memory whenever the seven bells rang. They were these:

> 'Those evening bells, those evening bells,
> How many a tale their music tells,
> Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
> When last I heard their soothing chime!'

Hearkening to the seven bells one balmy Sabbath morning, a sudden impulse seized me to go to church. I dressed myself in my best clothes, and joining the multitude in the street, in a short time arrived at the old church. The bells ceased ringing as I crossed the threshold. While I waited for the sexton to show me a seat, my eye roamed over the dusky interior. The pews were already filled. A dim light struggling through the long windows, lay in squares across the sombre aisles. Over the windows which ran nearly up to the ceiling, were the heads of cherubim and seraphim. The rector sat in the pulpit, looking over his sermon. In a minute the sexton led me to a pew under the left gallery. I was hardly seated when the organ opened the morning service, rolling its heavy base through the trembling pile. It was as if a river of thunder were slowly rising, flowing along the aisles, and eddying around the pillars, mounting higher and higher, until it reached the roof, and drowned the whole building. The voices of the choir were heard at intervals, battling with the noisy waves. I folded my hands, and gave myself up to the music, which bore me along on its bosom, I knew not whither.

After the morning prayers were read, the minister began his discourse. It was one of a series based on the text: '*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*' Commencing, as I did, in the middle of the series, I had but a dim idea of the plan and unity of the whole: but what I had heard interested me greatly, not only for its beautiful ethics, but for its strangeness and novelty. The minister of the Seven Bells, I afterward learned, was a remarkable man. A profound theologian, he held the dogmas of theology in contempt: of the purest morals, and rigidly ascetic in his life, he was tolerant of the sins of others. He could beat a dialectician with his own weapons, and suit himself to the meanest understanding. He was as wise as a serpent, and as harmless as a dove. His scholarship was great, in all departments of knowledge, ranging from the spiritualism of Swedenborg to the materialism of the physical philosophers. He studied man's physical nature and needs, as well as his spiritual ones: he gave the poor food and clothing before he gave them tracts. 'We

must save their bodies,' he would say, 'before we can save their souls.'

His sermon that day was on the nature and essence of the soul. He adverted to his sermon of the previous Sabbath, in which he dissected, so to speak, man's body; and then examined the doctrine of the materialists, who maintain the soul to be the result of his organization. Seeming to admit the truth of that icy creed, he ended by proving it a lie — the invention of the enemy of souls. He analyzed the instinct of the animals, and compared it with the reason of men; showed its limited range, and its radical difference from thought; and glanced at the phenomena of Mind, in its various manifestations. The substance of his discourse, as I have stated it here, wrongs the discourse itself sadly: from my *resumé* the reader may conclude it to have been metaphysical and obscure; but it was not. It was remarkably clear and simple. He was a perfect master of his subject; and, for the time, he made his hearers masters also. Forgetting his process of reasoning, they could not forget his deductions. When he taught them most, he appeared to teach them nothing which they did not already know. He made them know themselves.

'*What shall it profit a man*,' he said, repeating his text, like a refrain: '*What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*' But before a man can lose his soul, he must first find it. For he cannot lose what he does not possess. It is a common belief that all men have souls. I shall not controvert it. What I insist upon is this: that, soul or no soul before, there is a period in the life of man when his soul reveals itself to him; when he no longer guesses, or believes, that it exists, but knows and possesses the bright stranger. How many here,' said he, casting his eyes over the congregation, 'how many here to-day have found their souls?'

His doctrine was new and strange; yet it bore on its face the authentic seal of truth.

'Have you found your soul?' asked he, addressing an imaginary person in the church. I put the same question to myself; and lifting up my eyes, I saw in the opposite gallery a face that startled me. It seemed to me that I had seen it before; but where, I knew not. I gazed at it steadfastly and silently, and wondering where I could have seen it, unconsciously recalled my nightly dreams. I sat again at my back-window, and looked out on the dark water. I heard the clangor of bells, and saw in the heaven of thought a mysterious face. It was the face before me! Nor did I merely see a face, but a form; the beautiful form of a woman. She was in the front seat of the right gallery, directly opposite the pew in which I sat. The gallery was dusk at the time, so dusk that I could scarcely see the faces of the congregation there; nor had I seen hers, but for a window, whose half-opened blinds let in a stream of religious light. It poured in from the upper half of the blind, I remember, and, passing over the heads of those behind her, fell around her in a golden shower. She was dressed in white,

neatly and simply, and her bonnet was off. Her hair fell down her neck in ringlets, and the ringlets glistened and threw out a halo. Her brow was high and pale, a dome of meditation and thought. Her face was pale, very pale; but some unwonted emotion had slightly flushed it. Her eyes were closed; her lips moved, as if in prayer. 'Pray for me, sweet one,' I murmured: 'oh! pray for me.' She hearkened a moment to my whispered words, and then her lips moved again. I clasped my hands, and prayed with her. 'Have you found your soul yet?' inquired the rector solemnly. His question thrilled me like a voice from heaven. I coupled it with the woman before me, and shuddering with awe and ecstasy, I shouted, 'I have found her!' and sank back in a swoon. When I came to myself, she stood beside me. I stared at her wildly, caught her hand and pressed it to my lips, and allowed her to lead me away like a child.

I kept a firm hold of her arm as we walked through the streets, for I was fearful of losing her in the crowd.

'I am better now,' I said at length, 'and able, I think, to find my way alone. Instead of your going with me to my house, I will go with you to yours. Show me the way.'

'At present, our ways are the same,' she said with a smile.

'I am glad of that,' I answered warmly, pressing her arm to my breast.

'And I, too,' she replied, casting her eyes on the ground.

We walked in silence until we reached my home.

'I live here,' I said.

'And I, too.'

It was even so. Elma dwelt in the same house with me, and I knew it not. How blind I had been!

I look back upon this part of my life with a sweet but melancholy joy. I would fain describe the growth of my love for Elma: how it flashed up in my heart like an electric fire when I saw her in the church: how it broadened and deepened, filling my life with light and music and beauty: but, alas! my words are weak. They refuse to bear the burden of memory, even when that burden is a perfect bliss!

I was no longer the man that I had been. A change had come over me, or over the world and men. I walked the world like one in a dream. I was in a new world; a brighter and better world than the old creation of my childhood. Unknown to myself, I had drawn gradually near it, step by step approaching its shining borders, when suddenly there came an angel to me, and in a moment I was in Paradise! Old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

I loved!

What a heaven lies in that little word — LOVE! It is unfathomable: it cannot be defined. It is too noble for words: its subtle essence escapes even the clutch of Thought. We feel it, but we cannot describe it. The inspiration of poets for thousands of years, it flies their sweetest songs. The spices and the sepulchre are

there, but the LORD is flown. But I will not rhapsodize. It is enough to say — I loved.

The Providence which had thrown me in Elma's way was kinder to us than to most lovers; for after we had once met, we were seldom parted. We met as strangers; but we did not part as such. We were friends the moment we met; old friends, it seemed. The friendship between us was of ancient date. Our love was not so much a new bond, as the renewal of an old one. It was the most natural thing in the world that we should meet and love, as we did: the wonder was, that we had not met and loved before. We compared our recollections of childhood, and I was amazed at their many resemblances. Elma, I gathered from her conversation, had been in the village where I was born, and knew all its localities. In certain moods she had a singular gift of memory; a magnetic power over the Past. I have heard her describe in trances the landscape of my childhood, grouping scene after scene on a mental canvas, painting with words as picturesquely as an artist with colors. I have known her to repeat my very thoughts.

'I know your secrets,' she would sometimes say; 'you cannot hide them from me.'

Elma and I were seldom apart. Sometimes she would come and sit in my room, and read to me; but oftener I went to her chamber, and feasted my eyes with her beauty. I have watched her for hours in silence, scarcely breathing, hanging on her lightest look. I loved to sit at her feet, and feel her fingers on my throbbing brow. Her white hand fell upon me like a benediction from GOD. The walls of her chamber were the boundaries of my world. I could have been content to live there forever.

'In this little room,' said I one day to her, 'you and I sit and love. Beneath and around us lies the city: houses that shut out the light of heaven, and stony streets where the noises of life roar. Men and women go to-and-fro on their earthly errands, wasting the golden moments of the never-returning day. But we, dear Elma, are wiser; we are happy in each other's arms. You push the dark hair from my eyes, and press your lips to my forehead; I gaze in your eyes, and dream of heaven. Pass on, ye crowds, pass on! we have no business to transact with you. Your aims and interests are not ours. You work for bread, and gold, and power. We only live for love.

The chimes of the seven bells summoned us to the old church every Sabbath morning. Apart from its sacred character, it was dear to us, because it was there that we first met. Elma would tap on my door at day-break, and I would rise and dress myself, and read the morning-prayer in the stillness of my chamber. Though I have long ceased to pray, I love to recall those solemn seasons of prayer. They lifted me above the Earth and Time. I seemed to knock at the gate of Heaven, and the LORD of Heaven seemed to answer me.

At last we were married.

We plighted our faith one beautiful spring night, under a whole

heaven of stars. We were married the next winter, on a bright December morning; not as I could have wished, in the Seven Bells, but in a dingy little church in a distant city. I never pass that church without a thrill at my heart. Only last Sunday I made a pilgrimage to it in the rain. It stands in a narrow and crooked street, in a poor neighborhood — a plain, low edifice of common gray stone. When we reached the church, the minister was waiting for us. He slipped on his robe and band as we entered, and led us to the altar. We followed him up the aisle, wrapped in solemn thought. I dared not look at Elma, my heart was so full. I saw the minister reading the marriage service; I heard the words as they came from his lips. I responded, I believe, in the right place; but my brain whirled, my heart beat, and the blood left my cheeks. It was over at last. The ring was on her finger: she was mine — mine! I gave her my arm, and led her down the aisle, and into the street. Neither spoke. We parted at the door, as we had agreed; and she went home alone — to weep, perhaps to pray! I wandered about the city till noon, drunk with the wine of love. She was mine — mine! Elma was my wife!

Not long after our marriage, we moved from the city to a cottage on the sea-shore. We were just far enough from the city to be out of its distractions, and yet near enough to it to feel its influence on our lives. The best and happiest life, I have always thought, should alternate between town and country. Our cottage stood in a curve of a little bay. It was built on a narrow neck of land, with the sea on one side of it, and a belt of woods on the other. It was spring when we moved there, and the trees had just begun to leaf: a delicate greenness was visible in their dark entanglement of boughs. Tender blades of grass were shooting up in the fields, and a few early birds twittered along the roadside.

Elma's chamber looked out on the woods and the sea; but mine looked only on the village. I could never write well in sight of a noble landscape, because I could never sufficiently abstract myself from it. Unlike the painter, whose genius needs the form and color on which his eyes feed, the poet works best when he communes with his soul alone. I was a poet, and I gave myself up to my art. I loved it better than any thing in the world, except my sweet Elma. It was she who made me a poet. She taught me to read my nature, its desires and powers, and showed me that I was set apart for song. I was inspired by her. I saw with her eyes; I sang to the music of her voice. For a long time I had but one theme — Love. It was the spirit of all my songs, the bloom and aroma of my thoughts. It moulded itself in a thousand different forms, seizing upon every fresh creation of my mind. I lived, moved, and had my being in an atmosphere of love. I could not write in the room with Elma, or where I could see her, so all-absorbing was my passion; but when I locked myself up in my own room, and let my impassioned memory have its way, I wrote with ease the most perfect poems. I had only to remember

what I felt, and the rhyme and the rhythm came. I read my poems to Elma as I wrote them: she rewarded me with smiles and praises. Sometimes, however, she chided me.

'Your poems are sweet,' she would say, 'but limited in their range. Your walk is too narrow. You must see more of the world and life.'

'You are my life and my world, Elma; I desire no other.'

'I know you love me now; but hereafter, who can say that you will not change? I mean not that you should love me less, but that you should love others more. The poet must not isolate himself from the world. He must have a warm, large heart, and quick sympathies, and must suffer and rejoice with mankind. Not otherwise can he know them, and help them.'

'But I do not wish to know them,' I would answer: 'it is enough for me to know myself, and you.'

The great defect of my nature has always been a feeling of self. I feel my own personality too strongly. I am not so much selfish, as tenacious of my individuality. I will not sacrifice myself. It was years before I learned that this was my bosom sin; for I used to think I was a martyr to others. Elma undeceived me on that point before our marriage. With all her love, she saw me as I was, not as I imagined myself to be, and she was courageous enough to tell me of my faults. I acknowledged them, and promised, by her help, to purify my nature. How could I refuse her any thing? She was the soul of sweetness and goodness — a pure and perfect woman. I realized in her my idea of an angel. She was religious; but she was good, also, else I had not loved her. Her religion was an accident, the result of circumstances; her goodness was herself. She was a member of the Seven Bells, where we met, and she practised the forms and ceremonials of the Episcopal Church. Their solemnity and beauty impressed her. The simple grandeur of the Episcopal prayers, the finest specimens of our good old Saxon tongue out of Holy Writ: the grave reading of the service; the music of the chants; the voices of the singers blending with the roll of the organ; the heavy pillars; the stained windows; the broad aisles; the dark fretted roof; all these things are powerful to a young and imaginative mind. I am no longer young or imaginative: but I feel them still.

The window of my study gave me a view of the village. Looking westward along a little curve of the bay, I saw a score of cottages, new and old, some standing out sharply and boldly, offending the eye with their glaring white fronts and green blinds; while others, that were old and weather-stained, were scarcely to be distinguished from their dusk back-ground of woods. A lane led from our cottage to the road. The road ran along the shore a short distance, till it made a turn, and was lost in the village. On its hither side was a blacksmith's forge and a carpenter's shop; farther on were two ship-yards, in one of which a ship was being built: the sky shone through its mammoth ribs. Here and there were glimpses of orchard-trees. Beyond, in the heart of the vil-

lage, stood a little church with a square belfry, whose corners were crowned with towers. In this unpicturesque place Elma and I buried ourselves after our honey-moon.

We were never tired of walking in the woods, and listening to the wind among the leaves. When the wind was still, we heard the dash of the waves. Near the edge of the wood there was a tall rock, on whose top we used to sit and watch the sea. I loved the sea on sunny days, when its dancing surface dazzled my eyes: but Elma liked it best when the sky was clouded over.

'Give me,' she would say, 'the dark green water: it rests me, and makes me strong.'

In the distance we saw the sea-gulls swooping from their airy heights, and skimming the foam; and, now and then, the white gleam of a sail, flitting into dimness. The open horizon enlarged my mind: the sea lent its freedom to my songs.

We brought with us from the city a goodly collection of books, among which were translations of Plato, and the French philosophers. My favorite reading was the great masters of song: but Elma gave herself up to philosophy. It was her passion. She had a divine thirst for knowledge, which nothing could quench or satisfy. No science was too abstruse for her, no speculation too mystical. I wanted something that I could see and grasp: sensuousness, and the picturesque in poetry, and the practical in philosophy. Elma yearned for the abstract: for ideal beauty and truth. She understood me much better than I understood her. I felt that, even when our pursuits separated us most. Sometimes when I was satiated with poetry, I would ask her to read to me; and she would open Plato, and strive to illuminate my darkness. I acknowledged the beauty of the writing; but I could not understand the thought with which it was freighted. She tried to make it clear by simile and illustration; but I could not follow her: she spoke an unknown tongue. I was of the earth, earthy: she, of the heavens, heavenly.

We attended the village-church every Sabbath: Elma, through a sincere spirit of piety; I, rather from habit than devotion. The minister was a good man; but he was dull and common-place. He taught me nothing new: he tired me. I remembered the intellectual discourses which I had heard at the Seven Bells, and shrugged my shoulders. I missed the impressive reading of the Episcopal service, the solemn music of the organ. I drew unfavorable comparisons: was exacting, contemptuous, witty. Instead of being humbled by Religion, I was exalted by Intellect. Not so Elma. She humbled her intellect, and exalted her religion. Though I had ceased to share her religious raptures, I did not cease to respect them: they were genuine and noble in her. I never loved her more than when I saw her at prayer: the whisper of her silent lips, and the droop of her serious eyes, touched me like mournful music. And when her ecstatic soul lit up her pallid cheeks, and the tears gushed from her eyes, I could have fallen down and kissed her feet.

In our conversations, Elma and I discussed the problem of man's life.

'Why was he sent on earth?' I would ask.

'To glorify his MAKER,' she answered.

'But he does not glorify HIM, Elma, and will not, while the earth stands. He comes of a bad stock. The centuries may turn him from the evil Past; but an evil Future is before him. He travels in a circle. If he glorifies GOD, it is through ignorance, or under compulsion. It is wrested from him. He lives his little day, like a May-fly in the sun, buzzing and glancing about till evening, when he dies. He works in the earth, like the blind mole that he is, digging his own grave. Look on mankind to-day: picture to yourself all the kingdoms of the earth, the continents, and the islands of the sea, peopled with human beings: mark their daily lives, the nothings that they pursue; their thirst for gold and power; their petty loves and hates; their ungovernable lusts and sins: are they worthy of the world in which they live? — worthy of GOD their Maker? They are not worthy of themselves. They are below even their own standard, which is low enough, GOD knows. We are knaves, fools, all of us, and there 's an end of it.'

My bitterness saddened Elma: she shook her head, and was silent. I felt that she could have answered me had she chosen to, and I was angry with her because she did not.

Little by little I began to neglect my wife: slightly and unconsciously at first, but wilfully and persistently afterward. I ceased to notice her closely. I forgot the way she wore her hair; her favorite colors and flowers; her little likes and dislikes. No longer the aroma of my thoughts, she passed out of my mind for hours at a time. She came into the room where I sat without my seeing her, and departed as she came. When I did see her, it was as if I saw a portrait, not a person. My eyes were hard and cold: she made no impression on me. There was a lack of sympathy between us. It was my fault, I know, but I insisted that it was hers.

'You do not love me,' I said.

'I do,' she answered, sadly: 'but you do not love me. You love yourself.'

She was right: I loved myself alone.

I hugged my personality to my heart, like the most precious thing in the world. I withdrew into myself, and shut the gates against mankind. I gave up poetry for a season, and devoted my days to philosophy, plunging head-long into the sea of speculation. Turn whichever way I would, the mystery of life faced me. I could not shut it out.

'Why am I here?' I asked Elma one day.

'To live,' she answered.

'I suppose so,' I replied testily; 'but to live how? What must I do to be happy?'

'Be good.'

'But what is goodness? As the world goes, I *am* good. I obey

the moral code, and wrong no man. I pay my debts: am neither a thief nor a liar. I do not commit adultery or murder: still I am not happy.'

'You are too proud,' she said.

'I did not expect that from you, Elma; from you, who, I fancied, knew me so well. But grant me proud, as you say, have I not reason to be so? I am not like common men, made of the clay of the earth, but a Poet, a Thinker, an Intelligence. There is one law for the lesser, and another for the greater: their orbits are not the same. I cannot revolve happily in the sphere of my inferiors: their pleasures are pains to me; their goodness evil. I must have a broader and larger life: my enjoyments must be less limited, my knowledge more profound. My senses are keen, my passions eager: I will follow them. To know life, is the mission of the poet. But to know it, he must drain it to the dregs: he must taste the bitter as well as the sweet. I know what you would say,' I continued, for I saw she was about to speak: ''There is sin in this:' but you are wrong. There is no such thing as sin. It is not our actions which are good, or bad, but their consequences. The consequences may affect ourselves, but they cannot affect our MAKER. HE sits enthroned on the inaccessible heights of the universe, and the world revolves before HIM. HE hears the thunder of cannon from battle-fields, and the roll of organs from cathedrals: the prayers of those who worship — the curses of those who fight. They disturb not HIS eternal calm:

> ''FILL the can and fill the cup!
> All the windy ways of men
> Are but dust that rises up,
> And is lightly laid again.''

I saw by Elma's looks that she was shocked beyond measure. To her pure and simple nature, my skeptical sophistries were blasphemy. She sighed deeply, and left me. I heard her go to her own room and pray. I smiled, and commenced a poem!

The life that we had led in the city, in the first flush of our happiness; the fervor of our impassioned hearts, and the earnestness and depth of our religion, were too much for one so delicate as Elma. She began to droop and fade. The spring, however, revived her: and what with our calmer thoughts and feelings, and our walks by the wood and sea, her eye recovered its brightness, and her cheek its bloom. But now she began to fade again. Her cheek grew pale and thin, and her eyes shone with an unnatural brilliancy: the lids drooped heavily, as if they ached with weeping. An indescribable languor oppressed her. She would sit for hours with her hands folded, and her eyes closed, seemingly in a dream — lost to every thing around her. Then she would start suddenly, as if something had touched her, open her mournful eyes, and heave a profound sigh. I pushed from my heart the feelings of pity which she awakened: I shut remorse from my thoughts. 'She is nervous and whimsical,' I said, 'and not over

strong. But she will be better soon. I will not yield to her fancies.' So I went on writing my poems.

Occasionally we took long walks in the woods, as we had been accustomed to do, but the old pleasure was gone. There was a coldness and constraint between us, which marred our enjoyment of nature. We saw every thing with different eyes. We spoke but little; chiefly on indifferent topics; like friends about to become enemies. I hid my thoughts from Elma, for I fancied she could not sympathize with them, and she hid hers from me. It was a pretence on both sides, for we knew each other thoroughly. I remember but one of our woodland walks, in which we were our old true selves. It was at the close of a calm afternoon in the last days of autumn. We had sauntered on for a time in silence, hearkening to the rustling of leaves, when we reached the edge of the wood. Through the last ranks of the trees we saw the village illuminated by the setting sun. The windows of the nearer cottages burned redly, while a tender and pensive light lingered on their walls. Something sweet and melancholy in that light recalled the smiles of my wife. I turned and gazed in her face. We looked at each other long and sadly. A flood of tender memories swept over my soul. We rushed into each other arms, and wept.

I was dejected and melancholy all the evening. My mind was full of regrets for the past, and apprehensions for the future. 'If I should die to-night?' I thought. I went to bed early, leaving Elma up, reading. I had a great mind to kneel down and pray before I slept; but pride and shame prevented me. I undressed myself forgetfully, and crept into bed. 'As I lie here now,' I said, 'I shall one day lie in the grave.' I closed my eyes, laid my hands on my breast, and tried to imagine myself dead. My brain grew drowsy. I heard Elma come in the room where I was, but before she could undress, I was asleep.

As she was the last thing in my thoughts, she passed into my sleep, and peopled my dreams. At first my dreams were too vague and dim to remember; rather the unrest of the body than the activity of the mind; but they perplexed and troubled me, nevertheless. I was haunted with a sense of danger somewhere. Wandering from one dusky realm to another, passing shadows and phantoms and shapes, I found myself at last in a land that seemed familiar to me, walking side by side with Elma. We cheered our journey with pleasant talk and songs, now and then plucking the flowers from the road-side. I was seized with a desire to loiter, but Elma was for going on to our journey's end. 'We will stay here,' I said, and stretched forth my hand to detain her. 'I must go,' she replied, and glided from me. I clutched her robe angrily, but it slipped through my fingers like mist! I clutched at it again, but failed to reach it. 'I must leave you,' she said. I was alarmed. My heart leaped: I awoke, and sat upright in bed. The room was intensely dark: I could see nothing. I heard the muffled tick of the clock in the next chamber, and the sea washing on the shore. All other sounds were hushed: the night was breathless. The

stillness and darkness frightened me: my blood froze in my veins. I stretched forth my arms and felt for Elma. She was gone! I sprang out of bed, and groped for her, overturning the furniture in all directions, as I rushed about the room. I found her at last, lying on the floor senseless. I lifted her in my arms—a cold, dead weight, and bore her to the bed. I chafed her hands and temples, and finally succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. Then I lighted a lamp and held it up to her face. It was haggard, ghastly, death-like.

'Are you dying, Elma?' I whispered.

She shook her head. I dared not believe her. I threw myself on my knees, and stormed the gates of Heaven with prayer. 'Give her back to me, O God!' I said: 'she is my life, and I cannot lose her!' I burst into tears, and sobbed like a child While I wept, I felt a light touch on my head—a hand that caressed and soothed me. I pressed it to my lips reverently, and rose with a lighter heart. She motioned me to remove the lamp. I placed it on the floor, and shading the light from her eyes, seated myself by the bed-side in an arm-chair. The rest of the night was spent in watching.

A few days afterward, Elma seemed to have regained her strength, and I started for the city alone. She gave me a parting kiss at the door, and watched me till I was out of sight. I looked back as I went down the road: she waved her hand to me as long as I could see her.

It was twilight when I reached the city; the dusk of a sober autumnal day. The last beams of evening had faded, and the lamps were being lighted. The streets were crowded with men who were hurrying home after their day's work. The tide set so strongly in one direction through the principal thoroughfare, that I was carried with it, whether I would or no. Seldom merry in a city at any time, I am always melancholy in one at sun-set. I never feel so much alone as when I am jostled by a crowd at night. 'They are going,' I think, 'to their wives and children, to the comforts and joys of home. Bright eyes will grow brighter when they come; love-words and kisses will be exchanged; and tiny little hands will be outstretched, eager to clasp their necks. I have no children, no wife, no home.'

A feeling of lonesomeness came over me as I was borne along by the crowd. To rid myself of it, I stopped at the theatre. The curtain was up when I entered, the play was just commenced. It was that strange and dark attempt to solve the riddle of life, the old story of Faust. Faust was on the stage, bewailing the nothingness of knowledge. He pored over his books of magic, and summoned the demon to his aid. 'He should not have done that,' I said; 'he should have trusted to himself alone. We are strong when we rely upon ourselves, weak when we rely on others.' Suddenly the demon appeared, rising from the stage at his feet. 'I wonder how a man would feel,' I said, 'if the devil should appear to him? It would depend somewhat on the form the devil

took, I fancy, but more on the man's nerves. It would terrify most men: it would shock even me, but not so much as to prevent my speaking to his Highness! But pshaw! there is no devil. I might believe in an angel now, could I only see one; but a devil, that myth is exploded.' In the mean time, Faust and the demon had come to an understanding. The demon was to give Faust all the pleasures of the world, in exchange for which he was to have his soul. 'Faust,' I said, 'was a great fool to buy what he could have had for nothing; but the devil, a greater fool still, to buy what he could not have at all. The world belongs to man, and man to God. Now, the world belonging to man, the devil has no right to sell it to him. And man belonging to God, he has no right to sell himself to the devil. And, having no right, of course the bargain is null. So you see, devil, you are cheated.'

While my brain was spinning this web, the scene had changed, and instead of the study of Faust, I saw a street at Nuremberg. On one side of it was a tavern; on the other, the entrance to a cathedral. The back-ground was made up of quaint old houses, with pointed gable-roofs. Three or four roysterers sat in front of the tavern drinking, and bands of grave citizens, burghers and their wives, filed into the cathedral. The musicians of the theatre were behind the scenes playing a mass. While my eye was taking in the picture, and my ear the music, Faust appeared again, no longer the haggard student in his thread-bare suit, but a young and gallant cavalier, arrayed in mantle and plume. Mephistopheles dogged him like his shadow. They stationed themselves behind the roysterers, who had come to the bottom of their tankards, and watched the last of the church-goers. The procession ended, the stage business paused a moment, and then Margaret entered, on her way to church. She moved across the stage slowly, apparently lost in thought. Her garb was neither that of a peasant-girl nor a gentlewoman, but something between both — a simple but graceful gown, fitting tight to the waist, and ending in a small train. She wore a quaint little cap on her head, and carried a prayer-book in her hand. Faust lifted his cap as she passed him, and gazed after her admiringly. Mephistopheles shrugged his shoulders. She reached the threshold of the church, bowed her head reverently as she crossed it, and was lost in the music within. 'How sweet and pure she is!' I said; 'how tragic too! Poor child! poor child!' I forgot that I was looking at an actress, who was playing a part; I seemed to behold the real Margaret. She was no poetic abstraction, but a sweet and touching reality. Pursuing the thought, and hearkening to the music which was still playing behind the scenes, it flashed across my mind that the meeting of Faust and Margaret was like that of Elma and myself. 'He met Margaret outside of the church,' I added mentally, 'while I met Elma inside.'

Up to this moment I had taken an interest in the play, however slight, but now it was gone: my thoughts ran on Elma. I lived over the last few months of my life, and regretted the change that

had taken place in my feelings toward her. I recalled her patience and gentleness, her sincere and earnest piety; I recalled her genius and her loveliness. 'She is too good for me,' I said, shaking my head mournfully. I closed my eyes and pictured her in our little cottage by the sea. It was night, and she was in her room. She sat by the round table, in the light of the astral lamp, writing a letter. I peeped over her shoulder and read the word, '*Return!*' The music was still playing, but its spirit had changed, for the curtain had fallen on the first act, and the musicians were again in the orchestra. These were playing one of Strauss's waltzes. Elma laid down her pen when the waltz commenced, and went to the window and looked out into the night. She stood there a moment, straining her sight through the pane, and then took down her hood and cloak. She opened the door, and glided out into the lane. The wind blew back her hood, and I saw her pale face in the darkness. The sickly moon had been shining through a ragged cloud, but it set now, and the sky began to drop rain; it was intensely dark. The waltz went on merrily, whirling and whirling, but it grated on my ear. I could not keep Elma out of my mind; her leaving the house so late, alarmed me. 'What a fool I am,' I thought, 'to be cheated so by my fancy;' but I could not reassure myself. My heart beat rapidly, my eyes filled with tears. I rose and left the theatre.

It was a dark and rainy night without, but the streets were crowded still, and the shop-windows were bright. I lingered awhile on the steps of the theatre, looking up and down the city, uncertain where to go. 'I will walk off my melancholy,' I said at length, 'and then go to a hotel and sleep.' I wrapt my cloak about me and plunged into the crowd again. There is something strange and grim in a city at night, and I never felt it so profoundly as I did then. The long avenues of lamps that stretched away in the distance; the broad window-plates, roughened and dimmed by the rain; the shining, sloppy pavement, that muffled the noise of my feet; the shadowy figures that jostled me in the light, and disappeared in the darkness. How unreal they all seemed, how lonesome they made me feel! 'I wish I had some body to talk with,' I said; 'I am heartily sick of myself. Won't some body speak to me? ask me a question, or let me ask one? any thing for a few pleasant words. The sound of a friendly voice would do me good. Friendly, forsooth! There is not a soul in this great city that cares whether I live or die! I might throw myself under the feet of the horses in the street, or go down to the river and plunge into the black water — who would save me?' I stopped the next man that I met and inquired the way to a hotel. He cursed me for stopping him, and hurried on without giving me an answer. 'I thought these dusky figures were men,' I said, 'but I was wrong; they are evil phantoms. If I believed in devils I should say they were abroad to-night; but the only devils are men.' As I said this, I was seized by the arm. Before me stood a woman, a brazen creature, bedecked with flowers and feathers, and deeply

rouged. She cast a leer in my face from her bold black eyes, and attempted to take my hand. I shook her off, and passed on.

I could not shake off my melancholy; it deepened every moment. My nerves were irritated, my heart was as heavy as lead: I was very wretched. And, to add to my discomfort still more, I found that I was wet through. Shivering with cold, and reckless with wretchedness, I entered a saloon, and called for a bottle of wine. It was brought me. I poured out a brimming glass, and drank it. 'It is the true vintage,' I said, and filled again. I held the golden sweetness to the light, and watched the little bubbles as they rose to the surface. 'There they go, the tiny jewels, shining and wavering upward, until they are lost in the bed of jewels above them. The wine is a perfect Golconda. It will enrich my sluggish blood and kindle my brain. It is like drinking the sun-shine to sip it. I taste the flavor of summer, the light and warmth of the south. I will fill again.' I drained the glass, and leaned back in the box. 'I wonder I did not think of this before: what a fool I was! This is comfort now, solid comfort. My blood begins to run warmly in my veins; my heart grows as light as a feather. I 'll have another bottle.' I remember drinking the second bottle, but after that, my memory was confused. I paid some body something; walked somewhere in the dark; was dazzled by a great chandelier; danced a waltz to the sweetest saddest music, (but perhaps that was a dream;) took a coach: I can remember no more till morning.

It was a dull day when I rode home; cold without wind, and damp without fog. The roads were miry from the rain over night; puddles of muddy water had fallen in the wagon ruts, and in the prints of the horses' feet. The woods through which I journeyed were bare; all bare skeleton forests of withered trees, whose dead leaves were rotting on the ground. There was no heaven above me; only a dim gray roof of mist, an indistinct dreariness, that weighed upon my soul. The sky was pitiless.

I rode on in a strange mood, perplexed with a double consciousness. I saw the dull sky, the dead trees, the stagnant water, not as in a real landscape, but as in a picture. They passed before my sight, but left no impression on my brain. There was another picture on my mind, and for my life I could not banish it thence; it would not depart. As a picture, it was beautiful, and instead of troubling, it should have delighted me, but it did not. The thought that it was not so much a picture as a remembrance, filled me with apprehension and grief. I tried to persuade myself it was but the creation of my heated fancy, but something told me it was a reality all the while.

I saw in my dream a richly-furnished chamber. The walls were lined with yellow damask, and hung with voluptuous paintings. The mantle was loaded with bronze and alabaster vases. The chairs and couches were rose-wood and satin. A Turkey carpet of the deepest dyes covered the floor. The window-curtains were crimson and lace. On a small mosaic stand were two Bohemian

goblets and a flask of wine. In one of the goblets I spied a woman's bracelet. Beside the stand, thrown carelessly across a chair, was a rumpled ball-dress; on the floor lay a wreath of flowers.

The chamber was dusk at first, but by-and-by the fierce light streamed in, and I saw, what I had not before noticed, a sleeping woman! Her bed was in a small alcove, behind a half-drawn curtain. She lay, with her face to the light, fast asleep. One arm was doubled under her head, the other was thrown outside on the quilt. It was a miracle of symmetry I saw, and the little taper fingers were loaded with rings. Her heavy black hair was unbound, and its long tresses straggling over the white pillow, had crept into her whiter bosom. But her face, her beautiful voluptuous face; the ripe curve of her lip; the fresh little rose-bud in her cheek; the delicate droop of her eye-lid — I cannot describe them. She was youth, beauty, passion! 'These,' said I to myself, with a bitter smile, 'these be the devils that lead men to their ruin.'

It was evening when I drew near the village. The sun had set behind a mass of dark clouds, piled one upon another, like ruins; between their ragged rifts, the crumbling walls of temples and palaces, his lurid light was spreading rapidly. In a short time the whole west was a red core of fire. A turn of the road brought me in sight of home. I strained my eyes through the dusk, hoping to see Elma coming to meet me; but she came not. I spurred my horse into the lane, and galloped up to the house; still she came not. I dismounted and ran to the door. It was open; I entered; still she came not! I went to her room; it was empty. I ran to mine; that was empty too. 'Elma, where are you?'

I ran back to her chamber. 'Perhaps she is hiding,' I said. I looked behind the door; she was not there. I threw open the window-curtains; she was not there. Neither was she under the table, nor on the bed. I could not find her. 'Elma! Elma! where are you?'

I ran to my own room again, and searched that, peering into every nook and corner; I could find her nowhere. 'Great God! what has happened? Perhaps she has gone out to visit a neighbor. I will go and see.' I mounted my horse and galloped through the village; but no one had seen her!

I went back to the house, determined to know the worst. I was calmer than I had been, my distraction had given way to apathy. The blow had stunned me. I walked about quietly, rather like a guest in a strange mansion than a man in his own house. I noticed every thing. My curiosity was roused; I was piqued to get to the bottom of the mystery. I lighted a lamp, and went into my room. It was exactly as I had left it. My books were piled on the table; my paper and pens were untouched. There lay the draft of my great poem, 'The Bridal of the Soul,' ending abruptly in the middle of a stanza! I went to Elma's room again, and scrutinized it closely. Every thing seemed to be in order: the chairs were in their places; the guitar hung on its peg, and on the little marble

stand lay her work-basket and scissors. Her chair was drawn up to the round table, and on the table stood the astral lamp, just as I had seen it in my thoughts. I started. 'There should be a letter,' I murmured. There *was* a letter! I tore it open and read. It said, '*Return!*' I threw myself in the chair, and buried my face in my hands. 'I *have* returned,' I muttered bitterly, 'and this is what awaits me!' I rocked-to-and fro in my misery. 'You asked me to come back to you, Elma, and I have come. I ask you now to come back to me.' I spoke to the vacant air; there was no reply. 'Come back,' I moaned, 'come back! I am not worthy of you, I know. I have sinned, and wronged you deeply. But if you give me up, I am lost. Come back! come back! come back!' I sobbed aloud.

The letter was still in my hands, and after my first wild burst of grief, I read it again. How imploring it looked on the paper, that mournful word, '*Return!*' 'There may be something else written over leaf,' a faint hope whispered; I clutched at the suggestion, and turned the leaf. Something else *was* written there, and it was blotted with tears. 'IT IS TOO LATE!' I pored on the awful words until they multiplied themselves and covered the page. I crumpled them up in my hand, but I saw them still. They hovered in the air before me; they danced on the chamber wall. They were written every where. 'IT IS TOO LATE!' It was the burden of every sound. I heard it in the chirp of the cricket on the hearth, the tick of the clock in the corner, the moan of the wind in the chimney. And the sea without, creeping stealthily over the sands: the exulting dark sea hissed it in the ear of Night: 'IT IS TOO LATE!'

'I shall go mad,' I shrieked, 'if I stay in this cursed room!' So I rose and fled.

That night I locked up the house and threw the key into the sea.

Years have passed since then, and I have changed in heart and brain; but I have not found my dear, lost wife. I may have grown better; who knows? I may have grown worse; I have certainly grown wiser; but I have not found my lost wife. Elma has not come back. I am care-worn and wrinkled, and my hair is becoming gray. I have a stoop, too, in the shoulders, and I need some one to lean on. I begin to totter in my walk. But Elma does not come back. I was very sick last spring: they did not think I would live. I lay weeks and weeks at Death's door. But Elma would not come back. She will never come back. For did she not say in her letter: 'IT IS TOO LATE! IT IS TOO LATE!'

I passed the old house by the sea a few days ago. It was blackened by rain, bleached by sun, shattered by wind and lightning. The chimney had blown down; part of the roof had tumbled in; and the shutters were off their hinges. A bloated toad sat on the door-step; the garden was a wilderness of weeds. It was as great a wreck as its master. I wonder if Elma has ever gone back there since that fatal night?

Elma! still Elma! Her name is ever on my lips. I cannot

banish her from my mind. She haunts me like a ruined soul. If she would only return once more; if I could only see her face, and hear her whisper, in the sweet tones of old, 'You are forgiven,' I would lie down and die with a smile. I would give the world to regain my beautiful Elma. For what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

I have lost my soul.

TO THE QUEEN.

BY R. M. OAKES

I.

In the juices clearer than amber,
The blood which the grape distils,
And from flagons filled with the nectar,
Which the honey-suckle spills:

II.

From the antique cups of the lily,
Brimmed with the soft brown rain,
I drink to the beauteous lady,
That ruleth my heart's domain.

III.

Adown 'mid the blossoming grasses,
Where waters cool in the shade,
I lie on my breast at the noon-day,
And drink to the glorious maid.

IV.

On the brim of the oaken-bucket
That drips the mosses between,
I whisper her name with a blessing,
And drink to my heart's dear queen.

V.

Whenever I quaff from a goblet
Of water, or rare red wine,
I drink to the glorious lady
That makes loyal this life of mine.

THE SUMMER BY THE SEA.

You remember the summer, MARITA,
The summer we spent by the sea,
In the little brown house at the head of the bay,
Which was open to sun-shine all hours of the day;
When the 'old folks,' MARITA, had journeyed away,
And left it to you and to me?

You remember the sea-beach, MARITA,
Which gently sloped back to the land,
The pleasant white reaches that bordered the blue;
Where the waves of the OCEAN told love-tales to *you*,
Or bellowed at *me* when the storm-wind blew,
And were always melodious and grand?

You remember the headland, MARITA,
Which jutted far into the sea,
Where the rocks were jagged and scattered and torn,
By the waves of centuries washed and worn,
Where the moan of the sea was so wild and forlorn,
But was music to you and to me?

You remember the OCEAN, MARITA;
'Our' ocean, our boundless domain:
Where oft the white sails we watched come and go,
In the mild moon-light or the sun-set's glow,
And thought we could look beyond, you know,
Almost to our castles in Spain?

You remember the dreams, MARITA,
Which we dreamed by the side of the sea:
The innocent dreams of the coming time,
The beautiful dreams, the dreams sublime,
To which the waves made music and rhyme,
As we dreamed there of you and of me?

We are far apart now, MARITA,
As far as we ever could be,
We never shall meet by the sea-side again,
And there 's something, MARITA, that burns in my brain,
(I know it 's not joy, and it should not be pain,)
As I think now of you and of me.

I am dreaming no more, MARITA,
And I seldom recall the past:
But remember the faith to which both of us hold,
That though oceans, or worlds, may between us be rolled,
Yet the beautiful dreams of the days of old
Will surely be true at last.

But oh! the blue ocean, MARITA,
And oh! the brown house by the sea!
How vainly the years have come and flown,
How vainly the summer's suns have shone,
Since the waves by the sea, in the days that are gone,
Made music for you and for me!

Cairo, (Ill.,) January, 1858. EDWARD WILLETT.

Zelda.

A TALE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONY.

CHAPTER FIRST.

ICELAND.

It was a summer day in the island. The intense light came down along snow-capped peaks, ragged mountains, plains of lava, down, down into glens and hollows bright with the rapid vegetation of an Arctic July. The sun-shine, also, walked upon the shore, warming the cold feet of the waves, and cheering the eider-duck as she sat on her nest among the cliffs.

A ship was moored in the little harbor, though it was easy to see, from the curious gazers around, and from the busy gestures of her sailors, that she was about to weigh anchor, and go forth upon the sea. She seemed a feeble craft, ill able to brave the war of the elements; but on her deck were groups of men, and women, and children, who had covenanted with her to convey them to America, that home of the homeless, receiver of the out-cast, comforter of the persecuted.

She was an English vessel, frail and over-laden, and having encountered a tempest, had been driven upon the shore of this remote island. Skilful surgery had healed her lacerated sides, and being fitted with new sails, she now signified her readiness to complete her contract with the emigrants crowding her deck: she even permitted an accession to her list of passengers before leaving the Icelandic harbor. The added name stood thus on the ship's register—'Zelda.'

The time of which I speak was long ago in days when the Roundheads were fain to fly before triumphant Cavaliers, glad to secure rest in lands far remote; and the bark I tell of, numbered among its inmates both Puritans and Quakers, bound for the land of the free. A frown was perceptible on more than one face as the above cognomen, savoring somewhat of heathendom, was whispered around the deck.

The possessor of the odd appellative was a maiden, who stood now several paces to the right of the ship, hidden from view by an intervening angle of rock. She had thrown aside whatever covering had shaded her glowing cheeks; but her long hair hung around her like a veil, and a nameless something in her mien told that she was quite different from the common herd of mankind. One fair arm rested on the rock, while the other hung carelessly over a harp of quaint device. She looked forth upon the sea, and gazing at her in imagination, I saw at first only the earthly beauty of face and form, as she lingered in that unconscious attitude of grace.

Nevertheless, there was that in her rapt expression, in her earnest eyes, and her changing color, which transcended all charms of person, revealing the power and passion of a soul within. She seemed a little weird, though I am sure I cannot tell what combination of tint, or tissue, or line, produced such a result; perhaps it might have come by means of some viewless influence exerted by her sphere on the spheres of others, if certain philosophers may be credited.

Or, indeed, there might have been a current of spiritual essence in her veins, for the island-people told many strange tales of her mother's race. And if you who are glancing over these sentences, have no faith to believe that spirits once haunted earth, air, and water, I pray you, read no farther. For myself, I doubt not that in the olden time, fairies danced on the turf all the mid-summer night: I hold it as unquestionable, that wherever thickets overhung the fountains, Dryads from the woods wooed the Undines of the waters. Neither am I incredulous as regards ghost-stories: why should not some of the eager souls thrust each moment into another state of existence, be able to struggle backward to this earth where all they love remains? So, were I to walk the aisles of the church-yard by night, I should expect an encounter with the wraith of some restless tenant of the manor on which I trod.

The islanders, then, asserted that Zelda's mother was a daughter of the Ocean-King, who dwells in cities beneath the waves of the North: they said she had danced wild measures among the mermaids, and worn on her head a crown of bright sea-flowers, that grew too deep for the grasp of any mortal hand, save that of the ship-wrecked sailor.

How she had been won from her coral home, none pretended to know; but speaking in low tones, lest some of her watery relatives should chance to over-hear, they would tell of her white face, of her dreamy eyes always turned oceanward; of her long amber-colored hair, wherein she delighted to braid the lilies. For aught I can see, she might have been the identical Sabrina whom Milton saw sitting under the 'cool, translucent wave' in merry England. I even regard it as a reasonable supposition, for the lord of her love, who brought her to that far-off islet, was a noble Briton, self-exiled (I relate the story in strict accordance with the best authorities in Iceland) for the sake of the loving being he dared not introduce to the aristocratic circles of his land. And truly, she would have been a strange apparition in the midst of befrizzled, beruffed, and behooped ladies—she, in her sea-green mantle, her blue robe, and flowing locks!

Zelda could not remember this mother, on whose breast she had dreamed in her earliest slumbers; but she knew the popular tale of her origin, and often twisted her gold-green tresses round her fingers, thinking how she had heard it whispered: 'Her hair is like the mermaid's.'

Her father never spoke of his former life, or of the wife who had left in his arms the little Zelda. She knew not even what rank he

held in the merry England, whose language he taught her lisping tongue; but she had hourly testimony that he had accumulated exhaustless treasures of learning.

He had died. She placed his coffin, as he gave command, on the moon-lighted beach, and watched while the tide bore away on its sobbing breast the guardian of her infancy. She looked to see some ocean-spirit rise and greet his coming; but none appeared, though she heard, or fancied she heard, such strains of music as no mortal voices utter; low and sad at their beginning, then swelling into a triumphal chorus that swept from her soul its flood of grief. But the sun-shine was more dim than when she leaned on his arm, for there had come a mist over the landscape: so, as beneath the shadow of Hecla, tales were rehearsed of the boundless forests and springing villages of America, she said she would go forth to the new world beyond the waves.

Her heart found nothing upon which to rest, and like every child of genius, she longed to bear the thread of her destiny through all lands, seeking the repose she might never attain.

When the sails of the ship lying in the harbor should brush the horizon, Zelda would behold no more the cliffs along which she had leaped in all the abandon of girlish mirth.

And standing in that sunny angle among the rocks, this thought dilated her eyes, and gave them so inward a look, as if she saw not the scene before her.

At length the color paled on her cheeks, and lifting her harp, she played upon its strings a prelude that interpreted the sadness of her spirit. Then, in the musical language of Iceland, she chanted her last farewell. The poetic rapture of her lay can ill be rendered into stern Saxon, nor does the mystic mythology of the North suit the practicality of our race; yet I will tell, as best I can, the improvisation of Zelda.

'Far back in antiquity, when young Time began to turn the silver sands from her urn, a son of Odin bore some message to Earth. Beside the maiden Time he tarried, permitting his soul to be filled with her matchless beauty. He sought also to woo her from the throne whereon Odin bade her to abide till the last grain had fallen from her urn.

'The accents in which he pleaded, so low yet so clear, so passionate yet so musical, reached the far-hearing ear of his father. Then Odin's wrath waxed hot against his erring son, and he vowed by his own might, that till Time, wrinkled with years, should expire beside her exhausted vase, so long should the traitor remain on the remotest verge of her empire, transfixed by a thousand icy darts, and lashed by the fury of arctic storms age after age.

'At the sound of that oath, the hammer of the valiant Thor descended upon the rocks, till the Walhalla shook on its foundations, and the hands of its guests trembled while they lifted their foaming cups.

'As the thunder ceased, the form of the rebel was changed. Close on the bounds of eternal frosts an island rose from the

bitter waters. High in air it reared its proud head, but buried its burning heart deep in caverns of Hecla.

'Thus, O Iceland, my country! thou art the child of Odin! Long hast thou borne the punishment of thy crime; yet beats thy heart more gently than when thou didst kneel before the fair Time?

'No; through thy fetters of frost still break the fires of thy soul. We see them playing on the summit of Hecla; we feel them in the hot tears that gush from thy bosom; the throbbing of thy strong pulses rends the mountain's side.

'Alas! thy pain hath not wrought out a cure for thy sin!

'How like, O my country! art thou to the human soul! Like it, thou hast lost thy freedom for earthly love; like it, thou hast sullied thy glory by mortal hopes; yet not the less to thee clingeth the heart of Zelda.

'And thou art beautiful, my island-home. Thy head towereth to the skies, nor croucheth before the tempest. Thou dost wear thy snowy chains as though they were regal garments.

'Thou trainest thy milk-white rivers to leap like steeds from the tall cliffs. The Aurora Borealis hath placed its double crown upon thee — its circlet of living rubies, and its tiara of diamond light.

'Along thy shores cluster the eider-ducks, plucking white down from their breasts to soften the sleep of their little ones. Within thy dingles, rarest flowers kiss the sunshine.

'Thou hast brought to my mind many a fantastic thought; gay visions hast thou aided me to weave. Though I leave thee, thou art mistress of my soul!

'O Iceland! I depart from thy shores with a bursting heart. No more shall I hear the wild pages of thy sagas, or the poetic eddas of thy early faith!

'Never again will kindred hand clasp mine in the embrace of affection! Nor will another listen to the rhapsodies of Zelda!

'Upon thy waters I cast my harp; no foreign ears shall hear its strains. Place it, lovely mermaids, beside my father's hand. His first gift, to him I yield it up. Farewell, my island-home!'

And Zelda, with the speed of thought, gave her harp to the rising tide. She might have been deceived, but a white hand seemed to bear it beneath the deep; and the lone minstrel turned toward the ship with a smile on her parted lips.

CHAPTER SECOND.

BEING A CHAPTER OF INTRODUCTIONS.

It is a favorite employment of some modern pens to darken the lustre of the Puritan name. These would fain persuade us that the hearts once beating beneath priestly robes, were hardly of the human kind; they would transform into fiends the patriarchs of New-England story, and into imps their rosy children.

True it is, they were men of different ideas from those which

mould the present generation: true, they held amusements of this life in light esteem, compared with a joy to come; so great, they believed, that it might not be spoken in mortal ear: true, they scorned petty distinctions of society while contemplating shining ranks of cherubim and seraphim: true, they desired earthly rulers to give place to the Ancient of Days, who demands homage even from kings.

Fixing their eyes steadfastly on the end to be attained, with some disregard for the means of its accomplishment, they often erred. Alas! 'to err is human!'

Their mission, so they deemed, was to lay the foundation of an empire that should outvie the golden age of Rome; its pillars of moral and intellectual grandeur they sought to place upon bases strong and broad. It would ill have beseemed them amid their Herculean task, to have turned aside, grieving, like melancholy Jacques, over the poetics of dying fawns; or boating down rivers, chatting of pleasant landscapes, of the mystery of life, or the unequal distribution of property, and returning at night-fall, charmed with the songs of birds, and rustling of boughs.

Yet, while it was a necessity of their position to elevate the utile above the ornamental, they did not lack power to appreciate beauty. Some among their number had been reared in elegance beyond the sea: some were men of classic tastes, resorting with delight to the pages of Homer, Virgil, and Shakspeare.

Their life on the borders of unexplored forests, was, without remedy, rugged; but they willingly covered its sternness with whatever they thought might embellish without enervating.

What if custom changed for their children the light measures of the dance to the equally airy race upon the green sward? Baby hearts none the less expanded with joy — silver voices rang out as gayly beneath the blue dome of heaven, as through the dusty atmosphere of carpeted halls. What if lads and lasses were compelled to forego their sports on the Sabbath, aping solemn faces? — with seven-fold zest they pursued the games of other days. The tender and mystic songs trilling from their ruddy lips, were no less adapted to develop imagination than are the elegances of Mother Goose, or the flowing verse of Nursery Rhymes.

Having thus made our bow to the early heroes of New-England, and kissed the hem of their garments, as in duty bound, let me conduct you to Boston. Do not rush from the cars to cool your over-wrought spirit in the spray of fountain on the Common, or moisten your lips with clear streams of Cochituate there gushing. Gaze not around for avenues of linden and maple trees, neither seek after lawns smoothed with the roller and shaven with the scythe. Hearken not for the rolling of carriages over stone-paved streets, or for the deep voice of a city baying in its swift career. Look not upward for the benignant face and bald head of the State House; for see! the mansions of Beacon, Tremont, and Park streets, have disappeared as by magic.

The Common is a vast extent of pasture-land, along which cattle roam at will. Children are making into nosegays the flowers that nod over its surface, forming tableaux by no means grim, with their bunches of wild columbine, and baskets of cowslip greens gathered beside the frog-pond yonder. The chief grace of the spot is a native elm, that spreads its branches far and wide, whither youths and damsels resort to renew the world-old vow, whispered alike by Cavalier and Puritan, Mohammedan and Jew.

The height of land upbears a lofty pole, whence beacons of the colony are displayed at the will of the magistrates; and not far distant is the powder-house, perched safe on a rock, which, being forbidden ground to juveniles of the town, receives more longing glances than ever fell to the lot of harem walls.

The streets of our embryo city, few and narrow, are bordered, except in the immediate vicinity of market-places, by two ribbons of grass, that unroll their green parallels from the wharf to the fortifications commanding the only land-approach to this sanctum sanctorum of 'The Massachusetts.'

Its citizens' houses, built of wood, painted only by wind and storm, send upward several triangular roofs: some in style similar to that of which we have read delighted, stand in all the grandeur of seven gables; others can boast but two, while some of the poorer sort hide their diminished heads in one. The second story always projects outward from the first, and the attic thrusts its little window still farther forward, so that the lowest front is sheltered from rain and snow. The door is in a deep recess, and is armed with an iron knocker to announce the coming of visitors. The windows, made of diamond-shaped bits of glass set in metal frames, open, like doors, either inward or outward.

I cannot hope to detain you long in the Tri-mountain town, while Boston as it *is*, spreads out before your eyes; so sit down in a pleasant group on the Common, all you who wish to hear my tale of the olden city, and I will discourse of another circle long since cut down by the Reaper's scythe, and whose gable-roofed dwellings have been sawn into dust by the tooth of Time.

Once, long ago, an odor of springing grass and budding shrubs, crept through certain casements, filling a room with incense. The lingering radiance of sun-set fell upon a father sitting in his arm-chair near the centre of this apartment, and maintaining an air of calm dignity even in the seclusion of home, which marked him at once as a religious teacher.

He was somewhat past the meridian of life, with no trace on his benevolent features of the harshness that, we are told, often marred the clerical visage. Street-doors in those simple times, not acting the part of sign-boards, I must inform you that the occupant of this arm-chair was the Reverend Mathias Phillips.

A girl nestled in his arms, a wee, petted thing, listening, while he read the famous letter of Martin Luther to his son Johnny, and her eager eyes showed forth great desire to possess the jewelled ponies she heard about.

An older damsel of some twenty years, leaned on the father's shoulder, looking with a smile into the avaricious little countenance below. This elder sister was the enviable owner of golden hair, if hair is ever golden out of poetry, blue eyes, and a face full of all-gentle feelings; but Nannie Phillips would win no admiration from the strong-minded clan, for deep thought had never traced a line on her features, and the soft curve of her mouth had never been straightened with that magnificent self-reliance so in vogue now-a-days.

Opposite this group, thrown carelessly back in another ponderous chair, with hands clasped behind his head, was the first-born of the family, at once its pride and reproach. He bore in appearance more of the Cavalier than Roundhead. His curly hair defied the law that forbade flowing locks to young gallants; and his ruddy complexion was the envy of his father's fair flock. There was resistless persuasion in his dark eyes, a single glance from which had made many a tender heart beat hard against the slender bodice of its owner; though, to be sure, the young man seldom deigned more than a passing glance, even to the reigning belles of the day. To say the truth, their quiet manners and simple souls were not to his taste, except in the case of Nannie, whom he thought almost an angel — well he might, for, from his very cradle she had held the shield of her potent entreaty betwixt him and the punishments due his offences: and then he delighted even in Nannie's reproofs; her censure was more palatable than another's praise.

This enticing personage, who figured on the town-register as Mark Phillips, was not yet graduated from the University. There were shrewd suspicions that he was only permitted to remain a member of that august body out of complaisance toward his family; for though the perfection of his recitations was unquestionable, it was a profound mystery to his co-students when, or where, or how, his exercises were prepared. Perhaps his knowledge was hereditary, as his progenitors had been learned men, on whose intellects such a dead weight of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew rested, that their mother tongue was greatly impeded thereby. At all events, Mark was never seen poring over dull text-books, or laboring among the dry bones of the past, while, if we were to judge from the frequency of admonitions, administered by the high-priests of education, our hero was studious in devising mischief.

Indeed, at the very moment you are invited to turn your quizzing-glasses upon him, he was reflecting that whether the Puritan creed were, or were not, a summary of all truth, it was undeniable that he inclined vastly more toward evil than toward holiness.

Something, just then, brought to his mind Timothy, who seems to have profited so largely by the graces of his grand-mother Lois, and his mother Eunice; but though Mark would willingly have compared his own ancestry with Timothy's, he could not perceive that their abundant deeds of righteousness had wrought any pious

inclinations in himself. He was not vicious, according to the present standard of vice. His fastidious taste would ill have brooked the companionship of the vile, and his admiration for whatever was beautiful in creation, or noble in human actions, saved him from crime. But in the indulgence of a genuine love of fun, he far overstept the boundaries of Pilgrim propriety, and in the wilfulness of his temper, rebelled against reasonable restraints.

The book being presently closed, little Esther was chattering about the garden Luther described to his boy, and wondering whether Johnny ever obtained the fine things it held, when a servant announced Sir Henry Ludlow. Esther, set aside as if she were the merest chattel, withdrew indignantly behind the orb of a table which stood folded in a corner, presenting its round face directly toward the centre of the room. From this fortress she cast such comic looks of anger on the intruder, that Mark, who was much of her mind, in regard to their visitor, could only keep a sober countenance by moving out of sight, a compliment the wild little creature did not fail to appreciate.

Mr. Phillips received his guest with all the cordiality that ceremonial age permitted. Mark, with a polar iciness Boreas himself could not have surpassed. Hospitality and hauteur were alike lost on Sir Henry, who only took notice of the glad light sparkling in Nannie's eyes; *that* was a tribute his self-love could not withstand; so he placed himself beside her, bestowing those kindly words and trifling cares a woman prizes above all else, till her brother, burning with rage, almost cursed the English knight, who was so appropriating his sensitive plant, his own gentle Nannie.

So there they sat in the early twilight; but notwithstanding every soothing influence of time and place was around them, love and hate, and selfish passion, were driving restlessly through their hearts: love bewildering the soul of one with her intoxicating draughts, making thought and feeling concentrate in an intense dream of human sympathy; hate made the blood of another leap hot through his veins; selfishness was darkening the spirit of a third, storing up memories which perchance, in after years, should shut out the loveliness of earth and the serenity of heaven.

The good priest was unconscious of mental tempests around him, as he discoursed with Sir Henry of England and America, of Saint James's court, and villas rising from the wilderness like work of magic. Indeed, how little do any understand of the real life even of those who sit beside the same board, or at the same hearthstone!

We clasp the hand of some cherished friend, talking of scenes or deeds amidst which we have moved. But what is of deeper import, finds no voice. We know not the temptations yielded to, or overcome; the brilliant anticipations crushed; the friendships repulsed; the stern warfare of right and wrong, within the breast of the loved companion.

Sir Henry spoke of his own estate, Ludlow Castle, in Dorset-

shire. He turned toward Nannie as he descanted with pride on its old oaks, its lawns, its herds of deer, its aviaries, its studs of horses, and all the appurtenances of aristocratic rank in the old country. Of these things Nannie had rather less knowledge than falls to the share of Yankee girls at the present day; some brother, uncle, or cousin of whom, has surely crossed the sea, and received an apotheosis from placing his hands on the bordering hedges of dukedoms.

Perhaps the speaker was wondering how so fair a lily would bear its head, transplanted among gaudier flowers of his native soil; perhaps he was comparing her natural grace with the high-born stateliness more familiar to his eye. Nannie thought only of scenes through which her beloved had roamed, and oblivious of the Tri-mountain city, she was breathing airs of Dorsetshire amid wide-spread parks. Sir Henry could read the wanderings of her fancy in her innocent face clearly as if she had traced them on her ivory tablets, and was so interested in the perusal, that Mr. Phillips was obliged to ask the second time, if the Quakers had not created great tumult in the vicinity of Ludlow Castle, about the time of his departure from home. His inattention was out of no disrespect to the minister, but he had not yet passed his twenty-fifth birthday, and still took some interest in a heart unconsciously betraying its emotions: probably ere he had doubled his years, he cared no more for a damsel's blushes than for 'the idle wind.'

At the repetition of the question, he seemed somewhat discomforted, though Mark, who watched him narrowly, could see no cause for disturbance in so simple an inquiry. He quickly recovered himself, however, and replied that the Quakers had, for a certainty, made many proselytes in his father's neighborhood.

The clergyman demanded if that marvellous prophetess, Mistress Hutchinson, had not arisen out of Dorsetshire: and again Mark perceived the same embarrassment of manner while he answered in the affirmative. Mr. Phillips then canvassed the tenets and customs of the Quakers, demonstrating their sinfulness so plainly, that Esther crept from her retreat, and climbed into Mark's arms, to ask the foolish child's question, whether it was the wicked Quakers who made the earthquakes she read about. He was assuring her of his belief in the correctness of her proposition, when one Wendall, a college-friend, was ushered into the room.

After the new-comer had paid due reverence to the master of the mansion and his lovely daughter, he said to Mark that a ship with dismantled masts, was entering the harbor, and he was on his way to ascertain whence it came. Mark instantly rose to accompany his friend; and Sir Henry also took leave, proposing, somewhat to the displeasure of the young men, to share their walk.

When they reached the wharf, the ship was still at a distance, and Mark, throwing himself upon the grass, yielded to the influences of the vernal evening. Sir Henry leaned against a tree, engrossed in thought. His meditations were surely not of the

landscape — he never cared for such uncultured scenes. Perhaps Nannie was his theme; perhaps some less pleasant subject, for his brow grew very dark. Wendall, poising himself on the extremity of the wharf, skipped pebbles over the water, evidently in that delicious state wherein one thinks of nothing.

A June evening in New-England! Would an idea of its loveliness might be imparted! Its spicy air makes true the fabled breezes of Ceylon; its skies are tinted with the dreamiest of hues, through which the stars look softly down: and on this particular night, the moon was lifting her pleasant face from the waves eastward, where, as Mark fancied, she had been frolicking with the Naiads; or where, as one imagined, who, with a deeper heart from the deck of that ship, watched her rising, she had been filling her horn with precious gifts for those she loved, and, therefore, was her face all aglow with joy.

There was the lightest rustling of half-grown foliage, as if the leaflets called upon each other to rejoice over the young Summer, and lull her to repose with gentlest music; while, to honor the new-born, the fire-flies gave a grand illumination, their tiny rockets flitting about the coast like a shower of stars.

Birds in languishing tones summoned their mates to the trysting-place, and frogs rang their exquisite bells in all the hollows. Along the shore tripped the light-footed waves, moving to the sound of their own melody; and every new chord of harmony soothed Mark's fiery spirit, till the dark figure against the tree was quite forgotten.

To Zelda upon the vessel's deck, the same music brought a wild excitement. She knew not why, but an enchantment of the time; sparkling billows in the ship's wake; moon-light over those bold shores, and wooded islands of the harbor; odorous breezes from off land; all touched the springs of her being, till tears hung on her long lashes. There was romance in her lonely coming, poetry in the hour; and romance and poetry were one with her soul.

At last the ship was safely moored. Torch-lights flitted about its deck, and emigrant groups gazed upon the dim outlines of their future homes. Mark and Sir Henry had gone down to the wharf to inspect more nearly the newly-arrived.

'A queer specimen that,' said Wendall, shrugging his shoulders; 'I would n't trust *my* corporeal system in her for a sail through a dry-dock!'

'Do n't you see,' (Mark spoke scarcely above his breath,) 'do n't you see she has brought over her patron saint? I 'd navigate the Euxine on a single plank under such protection.'

Following the glance of his friend's eye, Wendall perceived the fair Icelander, apart from her fellow-travellers, gazing toward the open sea, and looking, in her motionless attitude, much as a kind genius might. He was about to echo Mark's admiration, when, with a sudden start, he exclaimed:

'By all saints and goddesses! I see a ghost standing at her side! In the name of goodness ——'

His companion angrily cut short his speech. 'Peace! fool: it is only the light mist of night.'

Wendall proceeded: 'I tell you, I would not touch the hem of her garment for the world's wealth! She is set apart, sacrificed, consecrated, given over, or whatever you call it, to some dismal fate!'

'Ay,' Phillips coolly rejoined, 'maintain respectful distance. She may be Circe herself, bringing us enchantments.'

Shrinking from his tone of contempt, Wendall rallied courage to turn again toward the figure that riveted Mark's attention. But though the apparition was now fled from her company, he doubted not the reality of what he had seen. Visions were frequent in those days when witches infested the air, for less harmless purposes than 'to sweep the cobwebs from the sky;' and every child trembled in its little cot at the noise of their brutal laughter.

To Mark, these strange sights and sounds appeared to have no existence, except in the credulity of those who witnessed them, so that now he easily resolved the fantastic shape he had certainly observed, into a smoke-cloud, or wreath of vapor, to which the imagination, drunken with wine of the season, had given other form.

Zelda seemed unconscious of any salutation she had received; for she still, with rapt expression, gazed toward the silver-shining ocean, dotted with its fair islands; and though unseen by those who observed her, tears still glistened on her cheeks.

And Mark contemplated her with increased interest. Who could she be? so regal in form, so intent upon the majestic night abroad — about whom even the vapors hovered?

All this while — it was longer than I have been telling of it — Sir Henry had stood as if transfixed, with a Puritan cloak muffling his face, and a broad-brimmed hat drawn over his eyes. You could, therefore, divine nothing from his physiognomy; but his form would hardly have retained so rigid a posture, or his regards have been bent so fixedly on that English vessel, unless he had seen something of personal import to him.

Conspicuous among the colonists loitering about the decks in every variety of grouping, was a somewhat stately woman, attired in a garb more quaint and sad-colored, even, than the robes of the Roundheads. A band of youthful people, evidently her own children, was clustered about her, habited in like manner; and upon the eldest of these, a young woman of brilliant brunette style, Sir Henry's looks were concentrated.

To tell how he should be so interested in this family of newcomers, I must refer you to the glens of Dorsetshire, whither we will journey in the next chapter.

POETA NASCITUR NON FIT.

A MAN cannot make himself a poet,
No mor'n a sheep can make himself a go-at.

FOUR MOONS AGONE.

BY EMILY R. PAGE.

I HEAR the echoing tread of Time
  Down the dim galleries of the Past,
And in the funeral train of years,
  I follow where my way was cast:
And pausing where October's moon
  Hangs pale above the setting sun,
I gather up the golden hours,
  And count them over, one by one:
I hush my heart's low wail, and keep
  The record only with my tears,
As in the graves of banished joys
  I bury all my hopes and fears.

I see October's yellow moon
  Climb higher o'er the misty hills:
And where the woods are swart and brown,
  I watch it nightly, as it fills:
Its shimmering light lies braided thick,
  With shadows, checkering all the way;
Where underneath the chestnut boughs,
  I weave sweet fancies, as I stray.

The NIGHT and I are all alone:
  And gathering up the moon-light sheaves,
We follow in the South Wind's wake,
  Among the drifts of yellow leaves:
I lock sweet dreamings in my heart,
  And smile, as lightly up and down,
Hunting the silver nuts, I go,
  Among the wood-paths, crisp and brown.

Two shadows in the moon-light lie,
  Where only mine was lately shown:
And 'mong the beds of rustling leaves
  I hunt the white nuts not alone.
No more I list the south wind's call,
  As 'mid the eddying leaves they hide:
For all my soul is hushed to hear,
  The low voice whispering by my side.

No more I see the moon-light face
  In white drifts where the hedges rise:
For like sweet sun-shine lies in mine
  The love-light of two earnest eyes.
And silently the night has put
  Her snowy fingers from my own:
While locked within another clasp,
  My hand more tremulous hath grown.

O sweetest of all twilight moons!
  Born 'mid the cloud-rifts of the west:
And cradled like a thing of love,
  Upon the young October's breast:

As night by night thy slender bow
  Grew large, and red, and wondrous bright,
I pushed aside the bars of care,
  That shut my spirit from the light:
And underneath thy guardian smile
  I wandered with the night apart,
Feeling a wild and wondrous joy
  Lifting the shadows from my heart.
And when thy waning beams at morn
  Fell slant and pale across my face,
My heart, grown yet more full of hope,
  Held all of heaven in its embrace.
And yet it trembled, half in fear,
  Lest light might deepen into shade:
For is there not 'a happiness
  That makes the heart afraid?'

Too soon, alas! the warning fear
  Foretold the dark and dreadful doom:
For o'er my brief, bright day of bliss,
  Gathered a night of fearful gloom.

Beneath the twilight's ashen hood,
  Three slender moons since then have peered,
Thrusting their sickles through the rifts
  Of clouds up-gathered, wild and weird:
The nights are dismal — and the winds
  Along the lonesome valleys moan;
And where the woods are chill and dark,
  I watch their filling, all alone.

Oh! with the sweet October moon,
  Bright hopes like meteors came and went:
But now, the darkness of my heaven
  Is deeper for the light they lent.

LINES FOR 'KATE'S SCRAP-BOOK.'

When years elapse,
  It may, perhaps,
Delight us to review these scraps:
And live again 'mid scenes so gay,
Which Time's rough hand had swept away:
For when the eye, bedimmed with age,
Shall rest upon each treasured page,
  Those pleasant hours,
  That once were ours,
Will come again, like autumn flowers,
That bloom and smile upon us here:
When all things else seem sad and drear,
We'll tune our hearts, and make them sing,
And turn our Autumn into Spring.

Buffalo, (*N. Y.*,) 1857.

MY FIRST COURTSHIP.

FROM THE MEMORANDUM-BOOK OF 'THE SCRIBE.'

FIFTY years ago, more or less, 'the Scribe' was a flaxen-headed, knock-kneed, gray-eyed boy, just big enough to scare the crows away from his paternal ancestor's corn-field, and from the young turkeys, which were the delight of his mother's heart. This, to the best of his knowledge and belief, as they say in court, (which is tantamount, we suppose, to saying that it is a solemn fact, for we presume the courts do not compel a man to testify to what he has no knowledge of, or belief in,) was his earliest occupation. And he well remembers that it was a glorious one, inasmuch as it earned for him no small amount of the birch, as well as sugar-candy.

These glossy little 'varmints,' the crows, were very destructive to the young poultry, as they went forth, day by day, in pursuit of grass-hoppers, and to the tender shoots of corn, as they peeped out of the earth in the early spring, to seek the genial rays of the sun, and regale themselves in the cooling zephyrs.

Now, by what right the aforesaid sable gentry claimed a large share of his mother's and father's property, or won for him so many introductions to the rod, the Scribe could never gather from the law-books — and he has studied them profoundly for knowledge on this point, even to Chitty on Bills, and the learned Hooker upon Laws in general, and ecclesiastical laws in particular, without arriving at a satisfactory conclusion. It is a source of irritation and mortification to the present day, that the books are silent on the subject. He has never indeed been called upon to plead a cause of the kind — and he hopes never to be — for without more light from the books, he could hardly expect, in such a cause, to rival the speech of Pinkney in the case of the Nereide!

But not to dwell on particulars, we sum up the cause in these words: 'The crows surely had a right, or they would not have trespassed so glaringly, in the face of day, upon the rights and property of another.'

Now, the reader, we trust, will not get up the idea, that the early experiences of 'the Scribe' in crow-scaring, were over-resplendent with noble exploits; for as they are a wise folk, it must be related to their honor and fame, (which it is said from 'no conditions rise') that they often proved to be too smart for him. His weapon, offensive and defensive, was a long stick, which he bore with a defiant and triumphant air, upon his shoulders, and which, ever and anon, as time and chance permitted, he pointed at one of his crafty little enemies, and screamed at the top of his voice: 'B-a-n-g g-a-w!' But it was no gun! there was no smoke! and the 'feathers flew away with the meat!' His crowship as emphatically replied, 'C-a-w, c-a-w!' as he bore off, in his pride and naughtiness, a young turkey, or plucked up a grain of corn.

neither shall you see them. They are sacred, and shall never see the light of day. They would grace the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER, and most likely make its fortune; but I am under no obligations to make a fortune for your Magazine, without thanks. No! I am determined I'll not do it.

This state of affairs, I say, was not to be endured; so, having returned to Muddleton one Monday morning, after one of these unpleasant rencontres with the aforesaid Grimes, 'as mad as a March hare,' I determined to fix the business at once. Sure enough, that very day, with a palpitating heart, I penned the following letter, which I have no doubt will serve for a pattern for all similar emergencies in the future:

'*Muddleton, April* 1*st*, 18—

'DEAR MISS JENNIE: It is laid down in the books, as I read them, that 'A faint heart ne'er won a fair lady.' Whether this be the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I know not. But as we lawyers are wont to say, it is necessary that he who would 'win a fair lady,' should come to the point and make up his pleadings. This, with much of fear and trembling, I now undertake in my own behalf. I have often wished, and as often failed, to say in person what I now commit to black and white. And now I do not know how to say it, but will try. COKE says: 'A reversion *reverseo* cometh of the Latin word *revertor*, and signifieth a *returning again*.' That seems to be to the point; a '*returning* again' of my ardent affection is what I plead for at your hands and of your heart!

'Now I hope and trust, Miss JENNIE, that you will not non-suit me; but take pity on me, and your petitioner, as in duty bound, will ever pray, etc.

'THE SCRIBE.

'Miss J. LYNDON, Lyndonville.'

Capital! This was intended to bring matters to a crisis, and it did it.

The next point was to get it safely and securely into the hands of the fair one. Sallying forth, with the precious epistle in his pocket, 'the Scribe' by accident (providentially, as he thought) met an old negro fellow, who lived near Jennie, to whom, after binding him over to secresy, he committed it, with the following instructions, well-seasoned with a shilling:

SCRIBE: 'Now Simon, this letter, mind, is to be given to Miss Jennie by *you yourself*. You are to ask for her and give it to no one else at the peril of my everlasting displeasure. And, you old ——, if you dare to give it to any one else I'll cane you the first time I lay my eyes on your 'blackness!'

'He! he! he! Massa Scribe, you tink old Simon dun' no; he! he! but he does know, do! He knows what dat letter 's 'bout, for sartin. He aint gwine let no body for see dat letter. He! he! he!'

Now I'll venture a wager 'the Scribe' is in a fix. Nor is it amiss for us just here to 'give an opinion as is an opinion,' as was predicated of Captain Bunsby. The Scribe got a wife, or he did n't get a wife.

The letter reached its destination, but alas! it was placed in the wrong hands. Here was a flutter! It was read by all the Lyndons, including the children and the old gentleman. Scandalous, outrageous, desperate! The news came to the poor 'Scribe' upon

the wings of the wind. He was flat, flatter, flattest! Then, to give the finishing stroke, it was penned on the FIRST DAY OF APRIL! Alas! alas! unlucky date! No argument could convince any member of the family that it was not intended for an insult. 'The Scribe' never has seen Jennie from that day to this. And so ended his first courtship.

He grew wiser in the course of time; but not intending to make others as wise as himself, leaves his experience above, being charitably disposed, on record, as a warning to his kind!

'SHE'S GONE.'

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

SHE 's gone! Oh! will my heart ne'er cease
To echo words against its peace,
All tremulous with sorrows:
I know she 's gone! With autumn flowers,
Which mourn the loved of Summer hours,
She passed away,
Like dying day,
That gilds with Hope the morrow.

Then cease, my heart! oh! cease to hear
Grief's foot-steps ever falling near
To wake anew thy sadness:
Recall again those halcyon days,
When dual love in Hope's bright rays,
Threw soft'ning light
In halo bright,
O'er life suffused with gladness.

Think also of those joys to come,
Like Peri dreaming of his home,
With task at length fullfilled:
And wreathe the tomb with memory's flowers,
Selected from those trysting bowers,
When early love
Found new alcove,
And life with joys instilled.

Then from the Past — Life's morning dreams,
To that bright world which brighter seems,
Since she is there,
Thy eye may pass undimmed;
And soon — perhaps the morning's sun
May find thy task on earth is done,
And won thy prayer
To meet her where,
GOD'S praise is ever hymned.

Boston, January, 1858.

Extracts from an Indian Journal.

THE BATTLE OF FEROYESHAR.

PREFACE.

A SMALL force, consisting of one European infantry regiment, four native corps, and two light field-batteries, in all about five thousand men, have been, for more than a twelve-month past, posted at Feroyepore, a small and desolate station situated on the extreme north-west boundary of the British possession in India.

Toward the termination of the year 1845, the Seiks, under Taj Sing and Lal Sing, commenced crossing the river Sutledge, and established themselves opposite to Feroyepore, with a force of seventy thousand men and one hundred and fifty guns of large calibre; threatening the total destruction of that place and its defenders. The Seik attack has, however, for some reasons, never afterward satisfactorily explained, been delayed from day to day, during all which time the Feroyepore division has been kept constantly under arms. Perhaps the Seiks, who considered themselves invincible, never having yet encountered Europeans, held cheap this little band, to be crushed at any moment. Or that they wished to husband their resources for those extensive operations which they could not fail knowing would soon be made against them.

Feroyepore, Monday, 15*th Dec.* 1845. — There has been constant firing in the enemy's camp all night long. K——, whose tent I share, and whose subaltern I am, generously volunteered to take all the responsibility of looking after the men, so that, notwithstanding the noise, I have been enabled to obtain a few hours' repose. Ten o'clock: We have just learnt that yesterday was the Chutoortee and birth-day of Duttahya, (a form of Shriva,) which may account for the hubbub of our opposite neighbors. Three o'clock P.M.: Suddenly called to arms; hastened down to the front, and fell into line. Something more than ordinary was evidently going on in the enemy's camp. We could distinctly see each regiment as it with praise-worthy precision formed up in open column. Four hours we remained in line viewing their proceedings, and it was nearly dark when the whole of the Seik army, instead of coming down to the attack, moved off in an easterly direction.

Sixteenth December. — Last night passed with perfect tranquillity. The Seiks, we hear, are busily employed in constructing an entrenched camp around the village of Feroyeshar, in the shape of a horse-shoe, having the rear protected by the river. The distance from Feroyepore to Feroyeshar is said to be about fifteen miles.

Twelve o'clock P.M. — A messenger, camel and rider, have

arrived from Soodiana with dispatches for General Sittler, (commanding this division,) and very shortly afterward it became generally known that the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, and the Commander-in-chief, Sir Hugh Gough, have reached Soodiana, and are about to march to our relief with a force of ten thousand men, consisting of Her Majesty's Third Dragoons, Her Majesty's Thirty-First, Fiftieth, Ninth, Twenty-Ninth, and Thirtieth regiments of infantry, and some native corps. The camel and rider left Soodiana at six o'clock, thus accomplishing the distance (seventy miles) without a halt, in six hours.

Seventeenth December. — A quiet day.

Eighteenth December. — Nothing worth recording occurred during the first part of this day. Toward four o'clock a constant low, rumbling sound, as of a distant cannonading, might be heard.

Nineteenth December. — There is a bazaar report that an engagement has taken place between the advancing divisions, and part of the Seik forces.

Twentieth December. — Early this morning a messenger arrived from Sir Hugh, confirming yesterday's report. It seems that thirty thousand Seiks marched out of their entrenchments, and met the advancing relief at Moodky, where a battle took place. Our loss is about nine hundred killed and wounded, including forty European officers. This dispatch also commands that we march out of our lines to-morrow morning, and by a flank movement, effect a junction with the main body previous to a conjoint attack on the enemy's camp. To-morrow, then, I shall smell powder for the first time. Eight o'clock P.M.: I have returned from the mess-tent, where all is uproarious merriment and wild anticipations of future promotion. I find poor K —— just shutting up his diary. Of the twenty-one officers now present with the regiment, he alone has seen service. His shell-jacket bears the insignia of three different campaigns: a deeply furrowed brow, and hair of an iron gray, tell of his twenty years' service. Twenty years, and all in India! Sad to relate, however, he is still only a regimental lieutenant.

K —— is one of those rare birds of the British Army, a man risen from the ranks. One single casualty to-morrow, and K —— will get his company. Perhaps such a thought is even now passing through his mind.

Shall I ever again pen lines in these pages? God alone knows.

December twenty-second, nine o'clock P.M. In my tent. — 'T is past. Two hours since we returned to our lines. Out of the six hundred men that composed this regiment, and who yesterday marched hence in all the pride of health and strength, nearly one third are laid low forever. Of the twenty-one officers, I, with three others, alone remain on duty. Seven we buried on the field of battle. The rest are wounded, many mortally.

Yesterday I was a happy ensign, to-day I am a miserable lieutenant. That horrid stillness which now reigns in our once gay mess-tent, depresses and appals me. Service was laid for the usual

number, and as we four took our seats opposite and along-side those so lately occupied by the many who now rest in that one common grave, callous and worldly indeed must have been that man through whose breast there passed no pang of regret for the dead. We eat in gloomy silence. Stunned and prostrated by the events of the last thirty-six hours, it is with difficulty I can at times even realize all that has occurred.

Poor K —— is no more. On his pillow lies his diary, no doubt a faithful record of his battle of life. It is addressed to his wife, now in England.

December twenty-third. Retrospective.—Bright and clear proved the morning of the twenty-first; the sun, as it peeped above the horrizon, lighting up with a silvery hue the far-distant peaks of the Himalayan snowy range, visible, at this time of the day only, to the naked eye.

No country can be more barren and dreary than that in the immediate vicinity of Feroyepore. A vast, tractless, dusty plain, cut up and intersected in every direction by deep nullahs, through and in and out of which our column commenced its scrambling march: resembling at a distance the mighty folds of some vast serpent dragging its slow length along. Mile after mile we push on, and by mid-day begin to look out attentively for the advancing divisions: but as yet we look in vain. We have got by this time, comparatively speaking, quit of the nullahs; the country, however, still assuming the same withered aspect. The enemy we know to be posted in a slight jow-jungle on a declension to our left, and that the relieving columns must come up from the right; so a halt is called, arms piled, and our men begin seriously to inspect their canteens. By this time of the day the sun is pouring down its beams with all its accustomed ardor, from which there is no kind of protection. Thirst soon becomes our most prominent evil: of brandy there is an abundance, each man having his pocket-flask; but water is what we want: my brandy I would willingly swap for one single drop of the pure element.

Making up our minds to endure, we throw ourselves, muttering imprecations on the beesthees (water-carriers) who have decamped, prone on the dusty ground. Three hours we lay thus, broiling in the fervid sun-shine, when at length the distant glimmering of bayonets announced the advent of that relief so anxiously expected. At the first sight of their brethren in arms, our men broke out into vociferous hurrahs, which all our efforts proved unable to check. Hitherto we had in our movements maintained the strictest silence. Had any doubts existed in the Seik camp as to our whereabouts, they must now have been speedily dispelled. It was by this time three o'clock. Two hours more elapsed before all the dispositions were completed. The First, Second, and Fourth (ourselves) divisions deploying into line, having in our centre nearly the whole of an artillery, with the exception of two light batteries, one on either flank. The reserve and cavalry forming a second line in our rear. Two hours of day-light were all that re-

mained when we bore down with a steady march in the direction of the enemy's camp.

The first intimation of our getting into close proximity, came in the shape of a discharge of round-shot, which went whistling harmlessly over our heads. Our artillery now moved forward at a gallop, took up a position, and opened fire. A very few minutes, however, proved that they were no match for the heavy battering cannon of the enemy. Guns were dismounted, ammunition-wagons blown up, and horses slain almost as soon as they showed themselves: added to which they (the Seiks) had now got the range of the advancing lines.

Marching in my place, as second in command of the company, I had some leisure for observation. Our men as they advanced, uttered not a word. All was still down the lines, save the peculiar dead, splashing sound of the round-shot as they ploughed through us, killing, mutilating, pounding flesh and blood into hideous, shapeless masses. Not a shot did we return. The jungle which, though insignificant in itself, had been sufficient, hitherto, to prevent us seeing distinctly any great distance ahead, now began entirely to disappear, and we debouched into an open plain, within one hundred and fifty yards of the entrenchments. Charge bayonets! double! were now the words of command. With a wild shriek we bounded forward — but no, it was not to be: nothing mortal could stand up against that iron storm. Chain-shot, shrapnel, canister and grape, mowed us down like grass. All was wild, hopeless confusion. Every commander of a company had bitten the dust. Our colors were down. How I lived to write this is to me inexplicable. In a confused mass we stood this pelting, pitiless shower of death, neither advancing nor retiring. At last we were ordered out of gun-shot, and fresh troops brought up, but only to meet the like fate. All along the lines, battalion after battalion was hurled back with shattered ranks. There was now a cry that the Seik cavalry were charging down upon us, and we formed a hasty rallying square around the colors: one of which had fallen to my lot. Our regiment looked a mere skeleton, and of the twenty-one officers, four only were left. Though the other battalions had suffered severely, it was not to the same extent as ourselves. The gloom of the fading day was beginning to settle on this scene of bloodshed, when there passed us at full gallop Her Majesty's Third Dragoons, that devoted band, to whom India incurred that day a debt of gratitude which it can never repay. Straight as an arrow, and with the speed of lightning, do they thunder down upon the enemy, leap the trenches, spur up the embankment, and drop upon the dismayed gunners: thus, at a fearful sacrifice to themselves, enabling a division of infantry to effect a lodgment, and keep possession of a small portion of the great quadrangle upon which they bivouacked. Night had now fallen with this slight advantage on our side.

To us, all that night was one painful anxiety. That we had met our match, was not doubted by the natives. Nothing but a signal

and most complete victory on the morrow could restore the confidence of the Sepoy, or reïnstate the prestige of the British arms. Such resistance as we had met with was wholly unexpected. The horrors of the night of the twenty-first will never be effaced from my memory. During the night there crept into our square many a mutilated wretch, who preferred our protection to the chances of reaching the rear in safety. Many of our own men died from wounds not necessarily fatal. There joined us also officers from other corps, who knew not what had become of the regiments they commanded, or the army of which they formed a part: so complete was the disorganization of some of the native regiments.

The morning of the twenty-second dawned at last, and with it the action recommenced. During the night the enemy had moved considerable of their guns round, bringing them to bear on that section of the quadrangle which our troops had already captured: but other battalions were now moved rapidly in to their support, the whole deploying into line in the face of a murderous fire.

When all was completed, Sir Hugh Gough took command of the right wing, and Sir Henry Hardinge that of the left; and the whole line, changing front to the left on its centre, swept through the enemy's camp, driving all before them, and capturing upward of seventy guns. In this brilliant exploit we, the fourth division, took no part, but were now ordered to enter and keep possession of the village of Feroyeshar. We marched down over the ground of yesterday's conflict; over death in all its most ghastly shapes.

The point at which we entered was that at which the fortunes of the day had been turned by the brilliant charge of the Dragoons. A direr scene of carnage, I conscientiously believe, never met the gaze of man; an indiscriminate gory mass of men and horses filled up the ditch, while on the other side the parapet, the heap of slain showed the sad reality of 'mortal staring war.'

The Seiks now brought up large reinforcements and fresh guns, with which they threatened to dislodge us, but finally abandoned the attempt, and retired down the river to Hurreekeepurthur. Thus ended the battle of Feroyeshar, 'The Waterloo of India.'

For six hours we were occupied in collecting and burying the dead. The last, over whose remains we shovelled the earth, was Major-General Sir Robert Sale, 'the hero of Affghanistan:' wounded in the action of the eighteenth, he had died in his palanquin on the field of Feroyeshar. When all was over, we were ordered back to our lines.

December twenty-fifth. — We have this day, from the Governor-General's camp at Sultan Khan Wallah, the official returns of the action of the twenty-first, namely, two thousand and ninety-six rank and file killed and wounded. And one hundred and fifteen officers killed and wounded. The captured guns have arrived, and are parked on the glacis. Not one of them shows any mark of our shot or shell. They are all of great weight of metal, and large calibre. We hear, also, that the Seiks are preparing for another effort.

THE WINTER RAIN.

'The ghostly rain goes by in haste.'—T. B. ALDRICH.

THE rain comes plashing in my face;
The whispering wind blows by grimace;
The clouds reel on with quickening pace,
'As the rain sobs drearily.'

The summer-flowers are dead, and gone;
The leaves have fallen, one by one;
The silvery waters have ceased to run,
As the rain sobs drearily.

The angry trees reel in the air,
With out-stretched arms, so cold and bare,
And old ÆOLUS is talking there!
As the rain sobs drearily.

The warbling birds of summer-time,
Have flown away to a fairer clime;
And the aged world is left to pine,
As the rain sobs drearily.

The church-yard mounds look bleak and bare,
As the winter rain is falling there,
And the autumn leaves are rustling sere,
As the rain sobs drearily.

Twelve lonely months have past and gone,
Since I gave to earth my darling one,
And Winter again sits on her throne,
As the rain sobs drearily.

Now sad old memories steal again,
Through the arched portals of my brain,
Bringing me back a ceaseless pain,
As the rain sobs drearily.

My days are made of unhappy hours:
My path lies through deserted bowers,
Where never again will bloom bright flowers,
As the rain sobs drearily.

I said farewell to happy years,
When my darling's voice died on my ear:
That voice I never again shall hear,
As the rain sobs drearily.

The day is dying in the rain:
The night has darkened once again,
And to my mind comes back the pain,
As the rain sobs drearily.

Hastings, (M.T.,) December 27, 1857. A. B. VORCE.

The Lia Fail:

OR THE BRYAN BORU DYNASTY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

'GLENDOWER: 'I can call spirits from the vasty deep.'
'HOTSPUR: 'Why, so can I, or any other man; but will they come, when you do call for them?'
'GLENDOWER: 'Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command the DEVIL.''—HENRY IV.

THERE is a charm attaching itself to all that is supernatural, so general and potent in its force, that few or none of the human family can say they are entirely free from its mysterious influence. Superstition, the child of Ignorance, is native born in every breast: and though manifested more strongly by those of limited education, yet even to the most cultivated mind, there is such a shadowy, dim uncertainty encircling the actual of the ideal world, that reason, and even speculation, fail to pierce the meaning of this, which is felt, though still unseen. Do we not stand, as it were, on the confines of two worlds; the one visible, the other invisible? Are they not both actual and real, and do they not exert over our every action each its distinct influence? Then let us not dismiss the subject, and blindly say, with Banquo, 'The earth hath bubbles, as the water has, and these are of them;' but, more wisely, let us admit the truth, and say rather, with Hamlet: 'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.' The mandate, 'Let there be light,' did not preclude, but only withheld from the visible world, the power of darkness. So, also, with the invisible world: the *sit lux* of the OMNIPOTENT has been said; but the faint light, that trembles before our eyes, has thus far served only to render the darkness behind, more manifest, more overpowering. Our yearnings to grasp the far-beyond must ever be vain. The ebullitions of our desire will still only be answered by the fringy froth which the rolling waves of the future dash against the advancing tide of the present. It is our purpose in this article to treat of only one of the various phases of the supernatural, and that is—prophecy; supernatural, inasmuch as he, the prophet, the soothsayer, or the seer, seems each to have had the power to see far down into the abyss of time, and disclose to the willing though perhaps unbelieving eye, the events that centuries alone could unfold; to produce the full-ripe fruit, without having seen even the germ of the flower. We speak not here of biblical prophecies, for they were given not so much as foretellings of what would be, in this sense; but as declarations of what should be. They were GOD'S words; and who could doubt their fulfilment? Every age and country has had its own traditional legends; and the history of almost every race can show

proofs of the enactment of marvellously exact predictions. Prophecies of the most minute detail are being brought to pass in the war now carried on between the Eastern and Western powers of Europe.* In the Posthumous Memoirs of La Harpe can be found some very interesting prophecies regarding the Napoleonic and Bourbonic dynasties. The fall of the latter, the rise of the former; the temporary fall of the former, the reïnstatement of the Bourbonic, their second fall, and the resurrection of the Napoleonic, and so on; their entire fulfilment not yet having taken place.

And so we might continue, *ad infinitum;* but it would be irrelevant to our purpose, as well, perhaps, as tiresome to the reader, to detail instances either in national or individual history, of the fulfilment of prophecy; no one will deny the fact, and every one, who has given the subject the least attention, is probably quite familiar with all the evidence we might adduce. So, without farther preliminary, we will launch into our subject proper.

Little is known of the early history of Ireland; and whatever is authentic, we have more from the history of other nations than from its own. We know that it was a bone of contention between various nations for many years; and that, for a long time, it was the scene of all manner of discord, arising from civil, as well as foreign distraction. We know, also, that during the eighth and ninth centuries, it was the seat of learning for all Europe; and that even one of its universities numbered more than seven thousand students; but from the beginning of the eleventh century, when Brian Boru was crowned king of the whole Island, we have an authentic history down to the present day.

Long prior to this, however, the Tuatha de Danaan brought with them from Scandinavia the Lia Fail, or stone of destiny, possessing the remarkable property of making a strange noise, and evincing great disturbance whenever a monarch of Ireland, of pure blood, was crowned. A prophecy (and on this depends our story) was attached to it, that whatever country possessed it, should be ruled over by a king of Irish descent, and enjoy uninterrupted success and prosperity. It was preserved at Cashel, where the kings were crowned upon it; subsequently was kept at the Hill of Tara, thence was carried to Scotland by an Irish prince, who succeeded to the crown of that country, and there was preserved till Edward the First conveyed it to England, and placed it under the seat of the coronation-chair of the kings. Such is the recorded history of this singular stone.

In reading it aloud to a friend one day, we both remarked the failure of the prophecy: 'For,' said our friend, 'either the prophecy is a nullity, or Queen Victoria must have a rich sprinkling of Irish blood in her veins: now, we know the latter not to be the case; therefore the prophecy is void.'

* A summary of which the reader will find in the May, 1850, Number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, where, also, he can be referred to the original.

'Not so fast,' we said. 'The original prophecy may have had an amendment affixed, or it may have been conditional, or limited in the first place. Let us find out the truth.'

'More easily said than done,' laughed our friend. 'How can we ever find out the truth? Far easier were it to probe the bowels of the earth, to find the source of Ætna's lava, than to reach back into the gulf of ages to find the heart that beat this faint pulsation of a prophecy.'

'We bow ourself in gratitude to thy poetical brain,' we answered; 'that very gulf of ages has given us an idea. Have not wonderful truths been brought to light of late years, through mediums, who held converse with persons departed this, and now residents of the spirit-world? Let us address ourselves to the task, invoke the spirit of Brian Boru, and demand of him a solution of the mystery.'

No sooner said than it was agreed to, and to the work we went with a determination to find at least amusement, if not profit, therefrom.

Without wearying our readers with a prolonged account of the various means we used to prepare our minds the more fully for the imposing scenes we felt devolved upon us to go through, painful as they might be, we will merely say, that we devoted the better part of eight weeks in visiting the many, and, in some instances, celebrated clairvoyants, scattered over the Middle States; thus accustoming ourselves to the solemnity of spiritual presences, and acquainting ourselves the better with the various invocations, the varied manifestations, and methods of communication; keeping in mind, however, our main object.

To this was devoted the whole of our time; and weary were the days, and sleepless the nights, till a final revelation was made of a place, and a medium, where, and through whom, we might hope to accomplish our desired ends. We had commenced our mission with hopes so elated, that a discomfiture had never even been dreamed of; and what was our astonishment and dismay, when, on one of our first visits, after a very agreeable interview with the spirits of several of the most renowned heroes, rulers, and savans of modern times, we boldly requested an audience with the august hero of Ireland's earliest history — the founder of a race of kings, never to die out till time shall be no more — what was our astonishment, then, we repeat, on calling for the spirit of Brian Boru, to see our friend, the medium, fall on his face in a swoon, to feel the very air tremble with the suppressed, though clearly enough evinced, terror and affrighted rage of the invisible around us; while over all, and through all, came the one word: 'Beware!' This was a lesson not soon to be forgotten, and would have been to less determined minds a check to further progress; but though terrified, we were yet undaunted; still, thereafter, we approached with more of caution, and though time and again we were most unmistakably warned, yet at each succeeding interview with those of the spirit-world, we learned to see deeper and deeper into

their mysterious realm of action, and alas! were soon convinced that there were unfathomable depths, from which nothing hidden could be brought to mortal view, and therein, we feared, was plunged that which we most desired. Disheartened, we were about to relinquish further investigation, when by chance we learned of an ancient seer, whose divinations and prophecies had astonished the world in centuries gone by. His aid we sought, and he made known to us through a living medium, the only assistance we could ever hope for to aid us in our cherished desire, (an interview with Brian Boru,) and in these words: 'There are twelve, and one is the master. The spirit knoweth its weakness, and like answereth to like. Seek from me no more.'

Homeward we turned, our last hope thus cruelly blasted. What could such an answer be worth to us? How could we resolve such a riddle? 'There are twelve, and one is the master,' was in our thoughts night and day. We could not answer the riddle, neither could we rid our minds of the question. We had given up all hopes of fathoming the mystery, when one day we received a letter from a medium friend at the East, saying: 'Accept the inclosed letter of introduction, etc., etc. You will find the family of Mr. Tipple a highly interesting one; himself, wife, and ten children, all mediums, and very hospitable.'

It flashed like lightning upon us: himself, wife, and ten children; twelve, and one is the master. Surely was not this Tipple at the head of his family? It was. It could not be otherwise. The first part of the riddle was solved, and now to realize the whole. No time was lost, and the morrow found us on our way. Three days we journeyed, and the close of the third found us entering a lovely village, our destination, where the tapering spire, pointing ever to the invisible, inspired a sense of awe; where the active sound of the busy mill mingled with that of the glad water, happy in the good it had done; where the rustic bridge below, spanning the now quiet stream, told of cheerful thrift and strength of union. But our journey was nearly ended; and the setting sun found us the guests of the hospitable Mr. Tipple. In our host we soon found a friend ready to render us every assistance in his power to further our, as he feared, too ambitious object. He had, we learned, devoted much time to researches in the history of this particular Irish dynasty; but although he had, on various occasions, attempted an interview with the spirit of Bryan Boru, yet in every instance had failed. He assured us, however, that he felt it required but the proper material medium, which he had thus far been unable to discover. With renewed strength we applied ourselves to the task; but a fortnight, fraught with many vicissitudes, with weary watchings and sleepless nights, passed, ere the first faint gleam of a realization of our hopes dawned, to announce the approach of the entire day.

Weary and worn, exhausted nature could no longer bear up against a taxation so incessant on our physical powers, and artificial means were necessary to support us in our labors, for even another evening. At this crisis our host announced his possession of

some fine old Monongahela, as the only stimulant he could provide; and furnishing us with a large bowl, and the necessary ingredients for a punch, pleaded illness as an excuse for absenting himself from our society for the rest of the evening; his wife and ten children, also, who had been our constant companions night and day, urged their necessity for rest, and we were left alone. Our invocations were commenced in the usual way, and a prescience of a revelation thrilled our very souls; yet no nearer did we seem to gain our ends.

It was mid-night: and our friend proposed that we should recruit our strength, and try the virtue of the punch. Forthwith the bowl was brought, the whiskey poured, the water added; it was sweetened with sugar, and on its placid surface floated the sectional parts of a lemon. It was palatable; yes, exceedingly so. It was strengthening and reviving. The blood coursed our veins with unwonted vigor. Our invocations were changed to incantations, and 'Tiddy the Tiler,' and 'Rory O'More' we sung, and then struck up the air:

> 'Oh! the blundering, thundering Irishman;
> The whiskey-devouring Irishman;
> The roaring, tearing, daring, swearing,
> Whiskey-guzzling Irishman.'

We suddenly stopped. We were sobered. We were as still as death. Is it incident to whiskey-punch to evaporate instantaneously? Certainly not. But the bowl was empty, and a minute before it had been more than half-full. A gurgling noise we had heard — had turned our heads toward the bowl, and had seen its contents disappear. Suddenly a voice:

'How are ye, b'ys? I 'm wid ye now, an' be me double shillalah, as was onct a scepter, I 'll stay wid ye. Do n't ye know me, ye blhoody thaves? I 'm Bryan Boru! D' ye mind what the ould seer tould ye: that the spirit knoweth its wakeness, an' like auswereth to like? An' bad luck to ye, ye 've just found it out. Fill the bowl again: I have n't wet the tap of me tongue.'

'How was the last to your taste? Was it too sweet, your majesty?' we asked.

'Too swate! Arrah, be aisy, an' I 'll till ye how to make a punch. Put in the sugar; add the whiskey; an' evry drap of wather afther that, spoils the punch.'

Three times to the brim was the bowl filled, according to the direction, and three times was it drained in the same mysterious manner, as at first: surely, thought we, the spirit must know its weakness pretty thoroughly by this time. This was our introduction to the presence of this august monarch: he, however, claimed the privilege of being, as he said, 'dthrunk' for the rest of the night; but promised faithfully to wait on us the next evening, and answer whatever we might ask him.

We had been disappointed in one thing, at least, for we had expected to hear nothing but the purest Celtic spoken; how his majesty had acquired the brogue, we leave others to divine, for we

did not ask of him an explanation. However, the next evening the conversation was carried on entirely in the Celtic, except when his majesty condescended to be jocular; and then that 'swate brogue' had a wondrous musical accent. We have not space to detail the whole, and a brief summary of what we that evening learned must suffice. And thus his majesty commenced:

'You are well acquainted with the history of the Lia Fail, that remarkable stone on which I myself was crowned king of the royal domain of Ireland. You know that not long after my demise, it was taken to Scotland, and the popular belief is, that thence it was taken to England; and you yourselves have seen what you supposed to be it, under the chair in which the kings and queens of England are crowned at Westminster; but this is not so. The real history of the stone is this:

'In Scotland a civil war broke out, and a band of Irishmen, who had as their chief one of my own descendants, taking advantage of the disturbed state of the country, succeeded in exchanging for it a stone its counterpart in all external respects, and bearing their prize in safety to their native shores. They were not satisfied with this; and influenced by a desire, not only for the safety of the stone, but also that they might hold it in undisputed possession, they trusted themselves in a small vessel to the mercy of the winds and waves to waft them whithersoever they would. They bound their fate to the destiny of the Lia Fail, and dared and braved the elements. For weeks they sailed: at last the rocky shores of your own New-England hove in sight, and there they landed their precious cargo. Who built the Newport Tower, long before the discovery of America by the Spaniards? Yes: by them was that tower, the subject since of many speculations, built; and there for a number of years they lived; but fearing still for the safety of their stone, knowing that other and perhaps stronger bands of colonists might disturb them, they, having secured the friendship of the neighboring tribes of Indians, set off to the then, by white men, unexplored West. For years they were virtually a nomadic tribe, like their copper-colored brethren; and wherever they sojourned they were received as beings of a superior race. At last, an increased and increasing band, they came to the Rocky Mountains. There, to this day, their descendants live. There, undisturbed as yet by the adventurous explorer, in peace and in quiet, guarding their stone, and worshipping their God after their ancient fashion, they have grown to a nation. Surrounded by a vast amphitheatre of hills, they know not of the outer world. And now I have done. I may not, I dare not unveil to your eyes the future. All that you sought, the verification of the prophecy, has been proved to you. Suffice it, that the Lia Fail is concealed in America. Suffice it, that its destiny is not yet fulfilled. Suffice it, that ye heed this, my parting counsel.

'My countrymen are now your countrymen and brothers. Let the bonds of amity, of faith, of friendship and truth, that have now so long existed between you, never be sundered.

'My blessing, and good night.'

COLD IN THE HEAD.

'BETWEEN nose and eyes a strange contest arose.'—COWPER.

——'O DARLI'G!
Swear dot by the Bood—Idcodstadt Bood!
Swear by the blessed Sud!'—INFLUENZA'D LOVER IN PUNCH.

'POOR TOM has a cold.'—KING LEAR.

I KNOW that in the story of my face
Are tearful features:
Of weakness and of falling off from grace—
Dis-colored preachers.

I know the blush, that o'er my cheek is breaking,
Is not the rose:
Nor Mr. SPEAKER would find very taking
My eyes and nose.

I know that something, in the words I say,
My speech is balking:
No courtier-knight would care to spend the day
With me a-hawking.

I know my breath brings sluggishly and slow
Its ministrations:
Gone are my hopes, and very soon may go
My aspirations.

Even on my mental dwelling-place the door
Threatens to close;
Long since and now my brain is very sore
From heavy blows.

But let not mockery add to the smart
With words ill-bred:
Be sure the fault is never in the heart,
But in the head.

The hard misfortune is not yours to fret
And sneer and seize at it:
I 've got a cold—but then 't is mine—and let
No other sneeze at it.

And if the glowing cheek, with less of flame,
Might well be duller, it
Were all unkind to add the flush of shame:
So do not color it.

Or if a redder fire the nose should burn up,
Much might be said:
How would MICAWBER, like his famous 'turn-up,'
Without 'the red'?

The tears may be unnatural, although
I do not sham them:
But if with faster flood my eyes should flow,
You need not dam them.

The tongue to clearer speech may be unkind,
And I abuse
My MS and NS: but shall not others mind
Their PS and QS?

And steadily my reason shines, though much
And long it suffers:
No mental light should ever dim, with such
A pair of snuffers.

I'll go to bed, the refuge of the wise
In troubled weathers:
For sure a very common law allies
Ca-tarrh and feathers.

Then let me be, all solace of my woes
Still firmly shunning:
I'm able yet to follow my own nose,
Though that is running.

The Lessons of Crime:

OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN 'EXPERT

'WE did not wait many days,' says our prisoner, 'for the happy moment, before we heard the sentry leave his station on the covered way, and enter the alley, for shelter from the rain.

'About eleven o'clock at night I made the necessary arrangements for the expedition. The island being in a circular form, I ordered seven men to go round it to the south, while I went round to the north. The reason why I did this, was of the following nature, namely: There was a wharf on the western shore of this island, where the boats were kept, and a sentry placed over them.

'It was necessary, after we had escaped out of the bomb-proof, to procure a boat, in order to transport ourselves off the island; and as there were none, except what were immediately under the eye of the sentry, the only alternative which remained, was to make the sentry a prisoner, and carry him off with us.

'As this was a businesss in which some nicety of conduct was necessary, I chose to trust no one to execute it but myself; and therefore ordered the seven prisoners round the island a different way from what I went myself, and directed them to advance to within fifteen rods of the sentinel, and make a noise sufficient to attract his attention toward them. This would bring the sentry between me and the other seven prisoners; and when he was turned toward them, I should be at his back.

'Having made these arrangements, all the prisoners silently crawled out of the hole, following them myself, as soon as I saw

they all had passed without any accident. We all met at the spot appointed. I told the men to be cautious, not to be in a hurry, not to be in any perturbation; but to proceed leisurely and considerately to the spot appointed. I told them to be five minutes in getting to the spot. I then left them. I hastened round, and arrived as near to the sentry as I thought prudent, about one minute and a half before I heard the noise from the other men. At the noise, the sentry turned and hailed: 'Who comes there?' No answer was made. Immediately on seeing the attention of the sentry turned from me, I arose from my position flat on the ground, and advanced as near as twenty feet, and lay down again. Immediately the noise from the seven men was again renewed; and the sentry's attention was fixed to the object of the noise. He again hailed, in a very peremptory manner, cocked his gun, and made ready to fire.

'By this time I had arisen from the ground, and advanced to within about eight feet of the sentry, when I heard the piece cock, and saw him present it! I immediately darted at him, seized him in an instant, and clapped my hand over his mouth, to prevent him from making a noise, which should alarm the other soldiers on guard. When I first laid hold of him he started, and attempted to get from me, making a noise through his nose, as though very much terrified, crying, 'Eh! eh! eh!' I told him that the least noise from him should produce instant death.

'After I had sufficiently terrified him, I took my hand from his mouth, and told him that no harm should befal him, so long as he behaved in a peaceable manner. I took his gun and cartridge-box from him.

'The other prisoners now coming up, we all went into the barge, carrying ten oars, and put off.

'It was now about half-an-hour past twelve at night, it being extremely dark and rainy, and nothing to steer by, except mere conjecture. We were ignorant of the time of tide, whether it was ebbing or flowing; and consequently could not tell which way we drifted: however, we determined to row until we came to some land.'

Some of Burroughs' fellow-prisoners endeavor to throw the poor sentry over-board, but are prevented by Burroughs' manly, humane, and determined opposition. They at length succeed in reaching land:

'The day began to dawn, and we found it necessary to look after some place to which we could retire from the observation of the inhabitants, all the men, except myself, being dressed in the uniform of the Castle, and of course, would be noticed by the first observer. Some proposed retiring into a swamp, and secreting ourselves in its dark recesses: some proposed the plan of going into the first grove of wood, and climbing up to the top of some trees, and securing ourselves that way. To these proposals I made the following reply: 'It is likely, that as soon as day-light has fairly appeared, the inhabitants of the country will be alarmed, and warm pursuit will be made after us; and every place, where the inhabitants will think it likely that we should hide, will be searched by them, in the most critical manner. No places will be sought more thoroughly than thick

swamps and high bushy trees: therefore, it will be our best way to hide where the people will not look after us, if such a place may be found. For my own part, I had rather take my chance, under present circumstances, in the open field than in a swamp, or at the top of a tree.

'The objects of the swamp and woods were immediately relinquished, and they all seemed content to leave the matter to my judgment entirely. We travelled on with rapidity about one mile farther, and then came into a little thicket of houses, and a barn standing immediately on the road among them: this barn we all entered, and found two mows of hay.

'I ascended one mow, and having taken up the hay by flakes, near the side of the barn, to the depth of six feet, three of us went down, and the hay fell back into its former situation, covering us entirely over at the same time. I had ordered the other two to go on to the other mow, and do as they had seen me. They accordingly went, and I supposed all secure.

'Not long after this, there came a number of women into the barn to milk the cows. Soon after, I heard children round the barn, as though they were in pursuit of something with a dog. I soon found that a skunk was their object, under the barn. However, when the women had finished milking their cows, the children were all ordered into the house, this day being Sunday.

'To my astonishment and surprise, the two men, who had gone on to the other mow, now came over where I was, and told me they could not find a place to hide; 'and indeed,' said they, 'we do not like to be so far off, for it appears to us that we shall be taken if we are!' How I felt under this situation you will readily conceive, by supposing yourself in my place, and people expected into the barn every minute to fodder their cattle! I jumped out of my place, told them to lie down in a moment, covered them over with hay, and returned into my place, just as the young men came into the barn to take care of their cattle.

'They came on to the mow where we were lying, and took the hay from it for their cows, but made no discovery: and yet, notwithstanding all this, one of our men, by the name of Burrel, whom I had covered over with hay, was asleep before the young men went out of the barn, and snored so loud as to be heard; but the men did not know what noise it was, nor where it came from.

'Immediately after these men had left the barn, I again jumped out of my hole, went to Burrel, who had uncovered his head entirely, waked him, and expostulated with him in the severest terms.

'We lay quiet all the forenoon, without any accident: during this time I endeavored to make some arrangements in my own mind for my future conduct. I concluded that I should be able to reach the State of Rhode-Island by the next morning, when I should be no longer obliged to travel under cover of the night; when I could again mix with society, without viewing them as my open and declared enemies.

'We heard the various bells ringing at Dorchester meeting-houses for the exercises of the day. The forenoon meeting was finished, and the first bell for the exercises of the afternoon was ringing, when a number of men came into the barn to put a horse into the chaise standing on the barn-floor. The streets were full of people going to the meeting-house. A number of children came likewise into the barn with the men, and climbed on to the mow, where we lay secreted, looking for hens' nests. At this moment Burrel began again to snore, which brought the children immediately to the spot where he lay, and his head being uncovered, they saw it, and cried out: 'Daddy, Daddy, here's the skunk! here's the skunk!' It hardly appeared credible to the old gentleman that a skunk should be on the hay-mow; he therefore manifested some doubt as to his children's report; but they were determined he should believe them, and affirmed it again with warmth: 'It certainly is a skunk, Daddy, for it has got ears.'

'The peculiar manner in which this was uttered, made the people on the barn-floor think something uncommon was there. They accordingly ascended the mow, to the number of eight or nine, in order to satisfy themselves concerning this matter. By this time Burrel, awakening, saw he was discovered, and began to pull the hay over his head. Those who were on the mow saw it, and were now convinced that the children, in fact, had seen something that had ears. They took

the pitch-fork and moved the hay which lay over these two men, and immediately saw that they were convicts, escaped the preceding night from the Castle.

'The barn was instantly filled with people from the street, on the alarm being given of these men.

'Through the whole scene, from the first opening of the barn by the men who were about putting the horse into the chaise, till this time, my feelings were of the keenest kind. When I had succeeded with all the plans for escape thus far; when I had endured, with so much patience, a course of such incredible labor, as what I performed in breaking through the bomb-proof; when I had, furthermore, overcome the difficulties of making the sentry a prisoner, of preserving him from death, of finding the land we sought through the thickest shades of night, and the uncertainty of being drifted out of our course by adverse tides; and then, by a retrograde course of incidents, to be deprived of the object, to which all these labors were directed, was a prospect which filled my mind with the keenest anxiety, and kept my fears in a perpetual state of alarm.

'I heard the children around the hay-mow with the utmost pain. I heard BURREL's snoring with indignation and horror! I now almost gave myself over for lost! But what were my sensations when the people ascended the mow and discovered these two convicts, plainly seeing who they were by their dress?

'However, all hope of escape was not lost. I thought it yet possible to remain undiscovered, if the two convicts behaved with any prudence, seeing we were so far under the hay. The question was asked, 'What had become of the other prisoners who had made their escape?' BURREL answered that he should not tell, 'but if they were any where in that barn, they are right down there,' pointing with his finger to the spot where we in fact were. With this information, they began the search again, pitching the hay from the spot, till they came down to the place where we had been secreted.

'The feeble twig upon which my last hopes remained, was now broken, and I sunk into a state of despair. All my fond hopes were lost in a moment, and I found myself only fallen into a state of greater wretchedness, in the room of being liberated from my former misery.'

The whole *posse* were now carried to a public house, and kept there until a guard came from the island, and conducted them all back again, when Burroughs was placed in irons.

'THE next morning we were all summoned with great pomp and ceremony before the three officers, sitting as a court-martial, and there heard an enumeration of the crimes laid to our charge, which amounted to five in number, namely, first, breaking the jail; second, carrying the sentry from his post; third, taking the arms and ammunition of the garrison, and carrying them away; fourth, taking the boat belonging to the garrison and carrying it off the island; fifth, and lastly, deserting from our state of confinement.

'Of all these crimes we were found guilty, and received sentence of thirty-nine stripes for each, with the cat-o'-nine-tails, amounting in all to one hundred and ninety-five lashes; we however obtained a remission of ninety-five, and received one hundred only, the next day at sun-setting.

'The three prisoners, who went away by themselves, were likewise this day retaken and brought on to the island, tried and sentenced; therefore, at sun-setting, there were eight of us brought to the whipping-post, stripped, and punished according to the sentence.

'The sentry, whom we had made prisoner, had returned unto the island the morning after his captivity, and had given a very just relation of the events which had taken place while he was our prisoner; of consequence, when the punishment was inflicted on me, it was a name rather than a reality. The others, and more particularly three of them, were punished with great severity, the flesh flying off at every stroke.'

Burroughs made but one more attempt to escape from the island,

but this involved conduct of so heinous a character that he was scourged with one hundred lashes, until his shoes were full of blood, and he was also kept in painful irons for a space of more than two months.

With one single exception, this terminated the criminal courses of Stephen Burroughs — an assault, with an intent to violate the person of a lady, which he denied to the last, and for which he always declared he was made to suffer wrongfully.

The following interesting account of the last years of STEPHEN BURROUGHS' life, is from the pen of Hon. ISAAC F. REDFIELD, Chief-Justice of the State of Vermont:

'THE country has produced few men of equal or similar capacity, to the late STEPHEN BURROUGHS, who, after a long life of turmoil, of commotion, and not seldom of vice and wickedness, and a few years comparatively of quiet and penitence, was laid to rest in the communion of the Roman Church, upon the banks of the majestic monarch of waters, the mighty St. Lawrence, in a small Canadian town, where he had made a quiet and hopeful close of a most eventful life. We chanced to meet him there, in the summer of 1833, and in the winter of 1838. He seemed altogether absorbed in his studies, and in the contemplation of his speedy departure to a better life; but never sober, certainly not sad, and not often grave or solemn, but more commonly playful, and always cheerful. But he never, save once, in the remotest allusion, referred to his former course of life. In one of our first interviews, when conversation took rather a sombre direction, with reference to my own broken health at the time, he said he thought I need not be discouraged. He did not expect to live out half his days at my age, but was now nearly seventy! I inquired if his health was feeble at that period of life. 'No,' said he, 'but every one then said I should be hanged before I was forty!'

'At my last visit to Three-Rivers, where he spent all his reformed life, I was often at his rooms, and derived much satisfaction, and no little advantage, from his conversation. He had an extensive library of choice books; seemed to be a busy student, and much employed in writing, but nothing has ever been published from his pen since his conversion to the Romish Church. His room was hung round with copies, or originals of the master-pieces of some of the distinguished painters of Christian life and suffering, and every thing about him indicated very convincingly the genuineness of his repentance and reformation.

'Few men possessed such extraordinary powers of conversation. His manners were courteous and dignified, without being distant or affected, and he possessed the happy faculty of communicating vast stores of knowledge, which his extensive reading, and long and varied experiences of life had accumulated, without any apparent consciousness of his being the instructor or you the pupil. After some days of gratifying acquaintance, I left him, with sincere regret, and most unaffected admiration of his strongly-diversified talents, and most extraordinary conversion from sin and crime to a life of penitence and devotion.

'There has been a great deal said and published of his history and that of his family, most of which is purely fictitious, or somewhat travestied, as scarcely to be recognized by the side of the simple truth. His early life is sufficiently described in the two volumes published nearly half-a-century since.

'But little authentic is really known of his later history. There were really many strange providences in his decline and death, which, as they did not result in any hair-breadth escapes, or thick-coming accidents by flood or field, are scarcely deemed of sufficient consequence to be rehearsed. One of the most striking of these is in regard to his eldest son, the particulars of which I gathered from eye-witnesses many years since, and some portion from the father himself, but nothing which concerned himself.

'While STEPHEN BURROUGHS resided in one of the eastern townships in Canada East, he maintained the chief deposit of counterfeit bills of the State banks, and

finally sent his eldest son into the United States upon some mission connected with this illegal traffic.

'The son was arrested and committed to prison, and bailed by some friends of his grand-father, the Reverend EDEN BURROUGHS of Hanover, (New-Hampshire,) a most exemplary minister of the Gospel.

'These friends persuaded this son, then a mere lad, to abandon his father, and shift for himself in a life of virtue. He went immediately to Three-Rivers, passing his father's house almost without calling, and entered the employ of the Chief-Justice of the province, SEWALL, as a chore-boy. He soon manifested such genius and aptitude for professional pursuits, that his employer placed him in a position to become a Notary-public, (which is a subordinate rank in the profession of law in the Canadian provinces, similar to a conveyancer in England,) and finally an advocate at the bar. While employed in this last capacity, the Court were constantly annoyed by delays in the trials of causes, consequent upon the absence of files of former cases in the prothonotary's office, there being at that time no printed reports of the former decisions of the King's Bench Court of the province. During one of these perplexing interruptions in a cause in which young BURROUGHS appeared as counsel, he took occasion to speak severely of the confused manner in which the papers were kept in a prothonotary's office. Whereupon that officer, in a rage at being thus handled by a young advocate, rose and desired the Court to employ Mr. BURROUGHS to arrange the papers in his office! Mr. BURROUGHS, nothing daunted, replied he would be glad to do so. This resulted in an arrangement between him and the prothonotary, then somewhat advanced in years, by which BURROUGHS, for compensation, undertook to reärrange all the papers in the office, which had then become massive, almost beyond conjecture to the clerk of a court where trials are had according to the course of common law.

'The next term of the court, the judges noticed a wonderful change in regard to papers called for being immediately forthcoming, and inquired of the prothonotary how this change came about. This gentleman rose in open court, and declared that he deemed it his duty to declare that it was owing altogether to the wonderfully perfect arrangement of his papers by Mr. BURROUGHS. The curiosity of the judges was so excited, that they immediately adjourned to the prothonotary's office, in another portion of the building, and examined for themselves. Their admiration of young BURROUGHS' work was such that, in the course of the term, they told the old prothonotary that they deemed it proper to make some marked notice of such a distinguished service to the Province, and had concluded, with his assent, to appoint BURROUGHS an assistant prothonotary, with the right to half the emoluments of the office, which were enormous, amounting to about twenty-five thousand pounds currency, or one hundred thousand dollars annually. To this the incumbent readily acceded, and in consequence, BURROUGHS, in twenty or thirty years, became the wealthiest man in Quebec, having been sole prothonotary after the decease of his colleague, not long after his own appointment.

'The result of this change in the son's circumstances, and his liberal use of his wealth, brought about a strange metamorphosis in the fortune of his father's family. The time of which I speak, his father was living in comfort, and quiet, and Christian purity, at Three-Rivers, maintained exclusively by himself.

'He had one brother, a highly respectable merchant in Montreal, and one sister, a useful teacher of girls in that city, and one sister, the Lady Superior of the Ursuline Convent at Three-Rivers, and all seemingly induced by his own change of purpose, at a period in life when most persons scarcely begin to reflect.

'If this narrative is worth any thing, it is chiefly, perhaps, from the consideration that it is altogether authentic.

'The strangest fictions in regard to the course of STEPHEN BURROUGHS' life, after he conformed to the Romish Church, have been manufactured and circulated chiefly, it is possible to conjecture, to prejudice the public mind against the belief in the merits of conversion to that Church from Protestant communions, or Protestant families and education. It was long believed in all simplicity that STEPHEN BURROUGHS immediately became a high dignitary in that Church, and accumulated wealth both out of the fees and perquisites of his office, but chiefly in pardoning sins and granting absolution and acts of indulgence; than which nothing is farther

from the truth, or more absurd to one who learned the facts upon the ground by personal observation. Instead of holding high position in the Church, he only entered the portals of her sacred precincts as a penitent, himself seeking, in great humility, pardon for the multiplied offences of a long life of sin and wickedness. Instead of rolling in wealth and luxury, he subsisted upon the bounty of a son whom, he was pained to reflect, he had labored to seduce from virtue and truth, and who had been snatched from the burning cinders as by a miracle. Instead of being attended by a retinue of strangers, he was himself the servant of all his personal wants, and patiently waiting his departure from a life of pain, and sorrow, and penitence, to one which, in the eye of Faith, he saw, as more consoling, more quiet, more abiding; but which was sadly dimmed and darkened to his earthly vision by the recollection of grievous sins and atrocious crimes.'

The following appeared in a New-York journal twenty-two years ago. It contains many interesting facts:

'TAKE him for all in all, STEPHEN BURROUGHS was probably one of the most singular men, whose virtues and whose errors were ever a blessing and a cursing, to himself in particular, and society in general. Though guilty, during the spring, summer, and a portion of the autumn of his life, of errors and follies, equalled in number and variety only by their number, he yet really possessed a soul overflowing with benevolence, and a heart easily melted by the voice of suffering. In him the principles of good and evil were so strangely mixed up, that it was difficult to decide whether the doing of a criminal or a charitable deed gave him the most satisfaction. One who knew him well, in the palmy days of his iniquity, and could not, at that time, but admire him for his great intelligence and good humor, has often remarked to the writer of this notice, that he could never tell whether STEVE — as he used familiarly to call him — most delighted in recounting his errors or his benevolent acts.

'But, after a long course of crime and of goodness, a change, somehow or other, came over the spirit of STEPHEN's dream; he 'took up the business of being a respectable man!' and well and honorably did he follow that business, as his many friends — enemies he had none — who were long his neighbors, will all cheerfully testify. He resided, for many years, in Shipton, Lower Canada, on the banks of the noble river St. Francis, where he married, at the age of about sixty, a charming, black-eyed girl of nineteen, who, in about a twelve-month after the knot was tied, presented her aged but loved and loving lord, with as fine and healthy a female baby as ever filled a father's heart with joy. He supported himself and little family, for several years, by receiving and educating, at his residence, young lads, the sons of wealthy gentlemen of Montreal, Three-Rivers, Quebec, and other places. These young lads looked up to their aged tutor — who had an exceedingly happy tact of imparting knowledge to his pupils — as to a kind father; and, at the expiration of their studies, quitted his pleasant dwelling with the utmost regret. Although the morning and noon of his life was cloudy and forbidding, the evening was blameless and peaceful. Reformation never got hold of a harder customer than when she took STEPHEN BURROUGHS in hand, and never did she perform her work more completely or effectually. His many virtues will ever be remembered with feelings of pleasure by those who knew him well during the best, though too small portion, of his long life.'

We close our prolonged account of the doings of an 'American Expert,' with the admirable letter of Chief-Justice REDFIELD, and the foregoing paragraph: well assured, that a long career of error, closed by an exemplary life of good deeds, and good-will toward men, can have none but a salutary effect upon all who may read it. Let but the victim of error know that he may close a long life of vice with the rewards of sincere reformation, something surely is gained, not to him only, but to society.

EARLY MANHOOD.

There 's not in all this wondrous world
  An object more to be admired
Than manhood, in its fresh young life,
  With eager Hope inspired.

The brightness of the flame within
  Beams clearly from the sparkling eye,
And proudly, on the polished brow,
  Sits resolution high.

Think not I claim superior worth,
  Or would, brave youth, thy tasks assign:
Yet pause awhile, and let my soul
  Speak earnestly to thine.

Oh! let it be a sacred fire
  Which glows within thine ardent heart:
And let thy resolution be
  Nobly to act thy part.

So listen to the voice within,
  That its least whisper may be heard:
For, though it be a still, small voice,
  It speaks full many a word.

Let thought be free, and bravely speak
  The dictates of thy noble soul,
Guarding thine independent mind
  With resolute control.

Nor ever be thy gifted tongue
  A traitor to thine honest thought,
But be each word thy lips may speak
  With earnest meaning fraught.

And warfare wage with him who dares
  To force thee to approve his deed;
Let neither threats, nor bribes, nor sneers,
  Thine own free thoughts impede.

Never engage in deeds which must
  An insult to all justice prove:
Each fetter, forced upon thy mind,
  Let thy strong hand remove.

And ne'er may thine immortal soul
  Be wedded to earth's pomp and glare:
Thy spiritual nature make
  Thy first, thy highest care.

When Jesus came to bless mankind,
  Pure goodness was on earth revived:
Come, learn of Him, and strive to live
  As our Redeemer lived.

He taught the scorning, selfish world
  The wonder-working power of Love,
Which renovates and purifies,
  And draws the soul above.

Nor did his great, heroic heart,
  E'er quail before Oppression's frown;
With meek yet God-like dignity
  He wore his thorny crown.

Such was our Master; so may we
  True to our God-like natures prove;
We, once in God's fair image made,
  May be restored by Love.

May you and I, whate'er our lot,
  Be found among earth's chosen few,
Who, fearing God, and loving Man,
  Ever the right pursue.

And may it be our noble aim,
  To elevate our brother — man;
Onward to speed the glorious work,
  Which Christ our Lord began.

Our God to serve, mankind to bless:
  Be this our honest, anxious care;
'T will be life's dearest privilege,
  Thus life's dark road to cheer.

STANLEY.

LAST NIGHT.

AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

Last night again I saw my Love, and by
  Her side I sat, and gazed into her eyes,
And felt their beams, that now glanced fitfully
  Aside, adown, like light of April skies,
And now in full tide poured into my soul,
  Enkindle deep responsive fire in me.
I felt my being glow, and rise, and roll,
  Then charméd lie, as lies a charméd sea.
Long time into her eyes' depths dreamily
  I gazed, and gazed, until I seemed to soar
Within an ever-deepening, ceaseless eve,
  Where she, with roses twined, dwelt evermore,
And rosy chaplets for the loved did weave.
  Anon, the love-tones she did lisp the while,
Stole over me, and mingled with that sky:
  And then I woke, and saw the blush, the smile,
That hovered on her face retiringly;
  And to that blissful heaven again I flee.

A BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOL

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

CHOICE specimens of the youth of Boston were, at appointed seasons, twenty years ago, offered a sacrifice by superstitious parents, to the cause of free school education. I think the custom still exists. Immense sums in taxes, drawn from a confiding and docile public, were devoted to the erection of temples of horrid proportions, dedicated to this idol of the Bostonians; buildings, where an incongruous assemblage of young people acquired so great a disgust for the rudiments of their native language, that those who out-lived the trial, and from natural energy of temperament did not fall into helpless fatuity, seldom, in after-years, cared to renew an acquaintance with the studies of their youth.

Born under the shadow of one of these seats of learning, it was decreed that when Nature should endow me with the quantity of physical strength necessary for the torture, I should be incarcerated and crammed. In a rambling way, I will give what my memory holds of that time.

I write in tremor: I know that every Boston pupil, after his allowance of indigestible knowledge has been forced into him, steps from the threshold with the implied understanding, that he is to inform the world that the shrine of Minerva can only be found within the dusty precincts of a Boston Public School. No stranger, incompetent to perform the part of one of the early Christian martyrs, should, within the city limits, lisp a word against this fallacy. As well might he allude sneeringly to the memory of Washington; and, were I an actual resident of the city, these scattered but truthful recollections, would not exist in writing.

The age fixed for my immolation was nine. Other youths, varying from seven to ten years of age, composed, with me, the oblation. We were examined, found generally to know nothing, and admitted. We were arranged on a long bench, and for a few days let alone, the master having probably forgotten us; this period we improved by thinking of the evils to come, nerving ourselves to meet them like youth of spirit, and trying in vain to get used to the odor of decayed pedagogism pervading the building. After a probation of five days on this bench, we were suddenly incorporated into the lowest, or eighth class, which contained about twenty-five boys. The school, consisting of these eight classes, seemed, the first day of our appearance, to be full; and whither the fifteen youths were translated, whose seats were made vacant for our convenience, I have never been able to divine. I only know there always was room, once a month, for ten or fifteen green hands, while the adult community outside understood that two hundred covered the extreme capacity of the room.

This eighth class, of which we now formed a part, familiarly

known as the 'dirty eighth,' was mostly composed of lads of Irish birth or descent, swarming to school from lodging-houses, where, no doubt, a philanthropist might have been ascertained, by personal observation, what number of human beings could place their main liquid reliance on one rotten well of brackish water. These boys emitted a pungent odor, fearfully suggestive of cholera, and, at times, young as all of them were, an odor more pungent still, of a flavor strange to me then, which experience has since taught me was the fumes of New-England rum and molasses. With a few feeble exceptions, the 'dirty eighth' mitigated the irksomeness of study by the mild stimulant of tobacco, chewed in its coarser forms; this, as some of them with delightful frankness informed me, they 'hooked' on the wharves, in the little predatory excursions which consumed the greater portion of their time out of school hours. An examination of my head by my mother, soon after my admission, induced her to believe — indeed, she stated the same, in her firm manner, to my father — that this favored band enjoyed the companionship of those vermin, the sight of one of which inspired Robert Burns to the production of a most characteristic illustration of his genius.

An observing eye, in passing from the eighth through the intermediate classes to the first, might have noticed a gradual improvement in appearance and habits, but not sufficiently marked to strike a casual visitor. The older boys of the first two classes, impregnated with the cunning of this world, were remarkably proficient in the art of lying; where twenty or thirty were severely punished each day, for no greater crime than a glance at a neighbor, or a cough louder than seemed proper to the presiding tyrant, it was not surprising, when a simple falsehood would avert the ferule, the blunted moral sense of the boys should resort to it.

For some months I remained in the seventh and eighth divisions, in a state of light stupefaction, uncertainty brooding over my mind — the general monotony varied by an occasional dash at the spelling-book, and a weak effort, now and then, to insert specimens of my cramped chirography in a copy-book. About three times a week a feruling was administered me for 'doing nothing;' this kept up an unhealthy excitement, while a foreign boy, happily gifted with cross-eyes, which enabled him to keep one on the master and the other on me, thus escaping detection, at intervals thrust a pin into various portions of my body. This pleasing sport, which, to speak candidly, annoyed me, was continued with fair success for some weeks. At last, in the exuberance of youth, and reckless of consequences, I rose to the occasion, and banged him on the head with the edge of my spelling-book; at the same time, wishing to do the handsome thing by him while I was in the humor, I carefully poured the contents of an ink-stand on his hair, and was proceeding to shampoo him with the same, when I was seized by the master, and thrashed.

From this time until I enjoyed the bliss of leaving this establishment, I was regarded as a heartless ruffian. At regular periods I

was exhibited to weak committee-men as one utterly lost; and was occasionally reminded by the master that the world, especially that portion of it known as the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common-Council, looked upon me with loathing and contempt.

The gentleman who acted as principal of the school, so well combined in his character the qualities of the brute and the pedagogue, that even now I think of him with horror. No description of mine will place him, in his native ugliness, before the reader. He was one of a class who ruled in the Boston Public Schools for many a year, and there are, doubtless, some like him still to be found. In the days I speak of, New-Hampshire, Vermont, and Connecticut exported, in a large way, an inferior article of school-master for the Boston market. Thus the youth of the city had before them as models for imitation, gaunt, ill-bred countrymen, whose daily habits were filthy, whose minds were mean and common-place, and who seemed to be determined to earn their salaries by as little true labor as possible. Such men as these brought the honorable profession of school-master into contempt among the little fellows about them. A teacher should certainly possess gentlemanly tastes and manners, and be sufficiently a man of the world to hold that influence over his pupils a knowledge of human life and human nature always carries with it.

Mention has been made of committee-men. They were sometimes physicians with limited practice, or preachers on small salaries waiting for a louder call — shallow adventurers in the fields of science and theology. The committee-man, who chiefly had charge of our school, was an amiable doctor: he made a mild style of visit two or three times a year, sat in melancholy state on a raised platform, while the master obsequiously whispered in his ear false reports of our progress in knowledge. To whom the doctor, in his turn, reported, whether to the Mayor, Aldermen, or some other committee-men, or to nobody at all — which is most likely — I could not then say. The younger boys firmly believed that their names, accompanied by hieroglyphics representing divers degrees of obloquy, were hanging in state, somewhere within the city-buildings, and that wherever this place might be, there, guarded by constables, was the lair of school committee-men. The grotesque politeness lavished upon our one committee-man by the master, although ludicrous in its exhibition, was unpleasant in its consequences, for at the close of each visit, a score or more of fellows were summoned to receive the reward due them, for indulging in that propensity to grin, which, through all time, has been an attribute of youth.

It may be unnecessary to state, that under this description of government, knowledge of such branches of learning as grammar, history, and geography, was darkly communicated. At a rough guess, I should say that grammar particularly suffered. Of this important study, the master held no clear idea, and, in his daily converse, used a mongrel and false English, whose disreputable flavor yet lingers on my tongue, or oozes from the end of my pen.

We were, indeed, required to learn by rote certain rules — to parse certain sentences; but the honest explanation which should attend each step was wanting.

At last, feeling the whole thing to be a failure and a hoax, yet not able to induce my parents to adopt my view of the matter, (they, like other good Boston people, were grovelling at the feet of the city-idol,) I, preferring freedom to thraldom, with the fruitfulness of boyish resources, conspired with kindred spirits, scoured the city, engaged with enthusiasm in many deviltries, and set the common decencies of solid Boston at defiance. This course of action, politely termed 'playing truant,' we styled, in imaginative language, 'hooking Jack.' In it I was a master. With modest pride I look back at this phase of my young life. One day at least in every week I was missing from the school-room — and I was never detected. A fine and highly-cultivated talent for prevarication, then often recklessly exercised, but now, tamed to conventionality, productive only of pleasure to a small but virtuous circle, enabled me to escape unmerited chastisement. To this I added another accomplishment. I became a forger. In every case of absence a note from one of my parents was necessary to prove to the master that the non-appearance was sanctioned by the home government. These notes I wrote, taking the precaution to subscribe them with my mother's name. Poets, philosophers, and divines have intimated in different phrase that age cools the passions. For a reason drawn from this adage, I did not, until after my marriage, inform my mother of the unauthorized use of her name; the fact seemed to please her, for she smiled. Had she known it in the freshness of the crime, when the proportions of a short-jacket left that part of the frame exposed, where maternal wrath is wont to vent itself, I should have been caged and whipped.

Time rolled on; five years I had suffered at this establishment, and the last day of my imprisonment arrived. It was the day appointed for the yearly examination. Three unfortunate boys, tale-bearers and prime favorites of the master, received the Franklin medals, and at the dismissal of the school were hooted at by their unsuccessful comrades. It has always been my belief that the late Doctor Franklin was a person endowed with more than an ordinary share of intelligence; but I am, notwithstanding, surprised that he should have cast the weight of his influence, and a portion of the savings of a somewhat economical life, in favor of the medal system. With respect for his memory, I may be permitted to differ from him. This system excites the worst and meanest passions in the breasts both of the recipients and the disappointed. At the period I write of, it was a notorious fact, that the worthiest did not receive the medals; they fell to the lot of toadies and tale-bearers. This opinion against medal-giving is not a prejudice; if it be considered so, it is one entertained by many wiser than I. No; not because I was unworthy of that magnificent reward of merit, a Franklin medal, do I assert that the sooner the metal

destined for these remembrances of the deceased philosopher shall be melted for a more useful and domestic purpose, the better will it be for the Boston Public Schools.

The exhibition and presentation over, I was dismissed forever. It may be proper to record here that, with another wicked boy, I lay in wait at the corner of the street until the appearance of our late master, when, joining his hated name to epithets there would be an impropriety in introducing in print, we raised our voices against him and fled.

Depressed in spirits, and unfitted for active life, I left this school, and it was not until a year or two afterward, while studying under one, at once the Christian, the teacher, and the gentleman, that I found that school-days could be made the happiest portion of life, a sentiment seldom entertained by the students of the Boston Public Schools twenty years ago. Since my emancipation, I have, at different periods, passed many months in Boston, but I confess I have never felt disposed to look for myself into the improvements said to have been introduced into the great Institution. It may be true that such improvements are introduced; and it may be, although the body may now be exempt from cruel stripes, the callow mind may be oppressed with a weight of learning it cannot bear; the faded, dreamy look of the poor, narrow-chested boys and girls, who are annually presented with bouquets, ice-creams, and general confectionery at Faneuil Hall by the Mayor, warrants the belief, that less of the public school, and more play, would make Jack a brighter, better boy, and a more intelligent man, and little Fanny more likely to become the mother, one of these days, of some half-a-dozen healthy, dirty, jolly babies.

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That old school-house, now enlarged, still drearily frowns upon the smaller buildings about it, as it did twenty years ago. The masters who then reigned are gone, and others have, in turn, assumed the sovereign power. But not as is told in pretty story-books and unnatural novels do the pupils of those days, with longing hearts, now dream of their vanished school-days; to them, those days were a time of trouble and probation; no visions of shady lanes leading to rustic little school-houses, possess their minds, for the frowning red-brick building of their youth allies itself to no memory unconnected with a shudder.

Peace be with you, O friends of those unhappy days!

Good luck go with you, Sam H——, whose corpulent young form was so often banged to a painful jelly by our esteemed master. I here acknowledge to have received, ten years since, a letter from you, written from some barbaric clime, the unfortunate composition of which evinced but too plainly thou hadst got thy learning at a Boston Public School.

Peace be with you, kind-hearted Jack S——! branded as a villain by our tyrant, who, as he daily whacked thee, predicted thou wouldst one day be a pirate on the high seas, but who art

now preaching the Gospel to the heathen. Thou wert good, but dull, Jack, and thy discourses are better fitted for the heathen than for us.

Glory to you, Bill W——, now master mariner, who smote the ruffian on the head with his own ferula, one pleasant summer day, and fled the school-room, never to return. Fair winds attend thee!

And now I banish, forever, all remembrance of thee, O dingy School-House! Perchance in days to come, the tale of thy destruction by flood or fire, may meet my eye in the columns of some Boston newspaper: then will I cast my hat high in air, and with all the vigor of my lusty days, vociferate three cheers, rejoicing in thy fall.

LINES: TO PART NO MORE.

BY S. CAMERON.

When in the halls the twinkling feet
Pursue the dance,
And beaming eyes, and music sweet,
Make gay romance:

Or when amid the silent bowers,
Beside the sea,
Awake not 'mid the happy hours,
One thought of me.

But if a sad, disturbing care,
Should wound thy heart,
Or sorrow 'gainst thy bosom dare
To wing his dart:

Oh! then, one tearful thought bestow
On him whose sleep
Is where the dewy wild-flowers grow,
And willows weep.

Though on fond memory I would live
When I 'm laid low,
Yet to thy bosom would not give
One throb of wo.

O life of painted bliss and pain!
Would thou wert o'er:
In better worlds we 'll meet again,
To part no more.

LILLIAN LEE.

BY CHARLES QUAINT.

I AM growing old, and my head is gray,
My frame is bowed with weight of years:
Of earthly hope no single ray
To light me on my weary way
Appears:
But my heart is full when I think of the past,
And my glance through the mist of memory cast
(Forgive these tears)
Brings back sweet thoughts of my youth to me—
Of my youth, and of LILLIAN LEE.

The story 's old—of youthful love,
And vows and hope and bliss above
Thought or degree,
Most like a dream, or a tale that 's told,
But that dream was more than true to me
And I revelled in its reality,
For a love that never could grow cold,
Was the love of LILLIAN LEE.

Beautiful? yes, as the gentle star
That beams on the brow of eve afar:
But naught of earth, be it never so fair,
Can the voice of my heart dare to compare
With her,
My own, my bright, my beauteous bride:
Could I sit for one hour her side beside,
And gaze in the soul of her hazel eye,
I would live for years, though I wish to die!
Yet I know not if beautiful she were
Save unto me:
I only know I loved her—LILLIAN LEE.

And she loved me: and we were blest;
Nor came a care to ruffle our breast,
Nor a thought of ill to ripple the flow
Of our blended lives, or turn to woe
The joy of love:
Ah! only ye its bliss who know
Its bitterness may prove!

Alas! for the stream of our wedded lives,
That flowed in peerless purity;
'Twas partly quenched at the fountain-head,
And partly staid in its narrowed bed,
And the channel is seared and dry!
But though little joy my soul derives
From the thought of joy that 's past to me,
Yet I cherish the wound, and foster the pain,
And I love the thought, though it racks my brain,
When memory brings back my youth again,
And my loving LILLIAN LEE.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EUROPEAN ACQUAINTANCE: BEING SKETCHES OF PEOPLE IN EUROPE. By J. W. DE FOREST, Author of 'Oriental Acquaintance,' etc. In one Volume: pp .276. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS volume forms an exception to most modern books of travel in Europe, of which we began, in common, we may presume, with most other American readers, most heartily to tire. Florid descriptions of scenery, half-made up from MURRAY's guide-books, and the other half, of affected enthusiasm, or still more affected knowledge, one could hardly 'possess his soul in patience' while trying to accomplish their perusal. And their stupidity was astonishing, their number was almost equally so. Young bloods, who carried their brains in their pockets, and old dyspeptic bores, who had n't any, felt it incumbent upon themselves to enlighten their benighted countrymen concerning the wonderful 'sights to be seen' on the other side of the Atlantic. At length, however, publishers began to be shy of such 'manuscripts,' and the nuisance was in a good degree abated. But, as we have said, the volume before us is of an entirely different stamp. It is pleasantly and vivaciously written, even where it describes — which, by the way, it does not often do — scenes and places with the main features of which preceding writers have made us familiar: but it is a perfect daguereotype when it reflects new scenes, and records personal occurrences or experiences. We propose a few extracts. Our author, it will be premised, is an invalid, in search of health at the world-known water-cure Mecca of PRIESSNITZ, at Graefenberg. Here is a ridiculous picture of the fearful surveillance of the Austrian police:

'STORIES innumerable might be collected of ludicrous encounters between travellers and the Continental police, especially that of Austria. The broad brims of wide-awakes have repeatedly afforded a spacious battle-field for these two antagonistic classes of society. A friend of mine journeyed in one of those revolutionary head-dresses from Florence to Vienna without molestation; but it was not permitted that he should brave the Austrian eagle in its nest with impunity, and that watchful fowl made a triumphant peck at him when he least expected it. Taken into custody in the street by a spy in citizen costume, aided by a couple of soldiers, he was marched to a police-office, with the proof of his political turpitude on his devoted head. The chief of the office got into a fearful rage at sight of him — not so much because of the hat, as because it was late, and dinner was waiting. They were about to secure the government for one night against the seditious broad-brim by locking it up, and locking its owner up with it, when a friend, who had witnessed the capture, arrived with a *valet de place* from the hotel just in time to make explanations, and save our countryman from repenting of wide-awakes in the night-watches of an Austrian prison.

''It was all a mistake, then?' asked the officer.

''Oh! quite a mistake.'

''You had no evil intentions in wearing a broad-brimmed hat?'

''None at all; not an intention in the world.'

''Well, go then. But buy another hat. Do not be seen again in the streets with such a hat as this, or the consequences may be very serious.'

'My friend bought a steeple-crown before breakfast the next morning, and thus, for a second time, was the Austrian empire saved from destruction.

'A farce on the same subject as the above was played at Milan, partly in my own presence. Presenting my passport at the police-office of that city, I met an English acquaintance, a capital fellow, named BUDD, who, with a look of brazen impenitence, was receiving an admonition concerning the radical character of his hat.

''Good-morning, Signor BUDD,' said the officer from behind his desk, leaning forward, and looking searchingly, though civilly, into the broad, handsome, good-humored, but determined face which confronted him. 'We sent for you, Signor, to speak to you about your hat — the one you have in your hand at this moment.'

''It is worthy of the honor,' said BUDD; 'it is a good hat.' And he held up the battered, dusky-white broad-brim with an air of affectionate admiration.

''Precisely, Signor; very useful, I have no doubt. But it may bring you into trouble. You are aware, doubtless, that its form and color are both unusual; you are aware that hats of that species have been the badge of a certain disorderly and treasonable party. You have also a full, long beard, which is equally a badge of the said party. The whole marks you as singular, and attracts an unpleasant degree of popular notice.'

''But,' responded BUDD, 'I am not an Italian. I have nothing to do with Italian politics. I wear such a hat and beard as suit my style of beauty and my notions of convenience.'

''Exactly, Signor. You have nothing to do with politics; we know it well. We know all your tastes and all your haunts. You went into the country yesterday. You were at the *Caf. delle Colonne* the evening before. You were at the house of Signora BELLINA the evening before that. You have been watched ever since you reached Milan, and we could tell you where you have been, and what you have done on every single day. We now know that you are not a dangerous individual, and we wish to persuade you to avoid the appearance of being such. We have no intentions against your beard, Signor; you are welcome to keep it. But we would counsel you to discontinue wearing that hat; it would be so easy to lay it aside, and might save you so much trouble.'

''Very well,' said BUDD; 'but, if I am to change my dress at the suggestion of the government, I want some particular directions as to the new style which I am to adopt. Just give me a written order specifying the kind of hat which I am to wear, and I am ready to obey it. But I must have the order. I want to send it to England; it shall be published in *Punch* or the *Times*. I could get five pounds for such a paper in England.'

'The officer was nettled, and looked angrily at the row of white teeth which glittered maliciously through BUDD's black mustaches. Controlling his temper, however, he went on with his admonition, although not in quite so composedly gracious a tone as before. 'Signor, we cannot give you such an order; it would be absurd. We leave the matter to your own sense of propriety and your prudence. But what we specially complain of is not so much the hat itself, as your manner of wearing it. You wear it turned up, and turned down, and twisted, and cocked, in a style which attracts a great deal of attention, and is particularly obnoxious.'

''Oh! I wear it according to circumstances,' said BUDD. 'I will explain all that to you, (sticking it on his head.) Now, when the sun is on my right, I turn it down so, (hauling the right brim down;) and when the sun is on my left, I turn it down so, (a haul at the left brim;) and when I want to take a general view of the country, I turn it up all around, (brim cocked up throughout its entire circumference;) and when the wind blows, I slap it down on the top for safety, (a smart pat on the yielding crown.)

''But just give me an order *how* I shall wear my hat. It would be better than the other. The *Times* would give me twenty pounds for such a document as that.'

''Signor,' said the officer, losing all patience, and beginning to stammer, 'you will find, perhaps, that this is no jesting matter. You had better consider it seriously, and answer us seriously. We are advising you what is for your own good, and what may save you a great deal of annoyance. Think of it again, and see if you do not come to our opinion.'

'In short, they had a long, and, in part, a rather stormy discussion, some of which I heard, while the rest BUDD related to me afterward. In the end, he had the moderation to take the officer's advice, and lay aside his wide-awake while he remained on Austrian territory.'

But our invalid is now at the great 'WATER-CURE,' the father, we believe, of all similar establishments, both in Europe and in this country. A portion of the account of his 'First Dips in Graefenberg' will be found amusing:

'EARLY in the morning PRIESSNITZ came into our room, followed by FRANZ, the bathman, and by IRWINE, who lent himself as interpreter. I saw before me a medium-sized person, with weather-beaten features; a complexion which would have been fair but for deep sun-burn; eyes of blue, inclining to gray; thin, light-brown hair, touched in with silver, and an expression reserved, composed, grave and earnest. He sometimes smiled very pleasantly, but he spoke little, and wore, in general, an air of quiet, simple dignity. Altogether, I felt as if I were in the presence of a kindly-tempered man, of superior mind, accustomed to command, and habitually confident in his own powers. I afterward observed that he kept the same impassive self-possession in the presence of every one, were it even the highest noble of the Austrian empire.

'He listened to a brief history of my malady, seeming very indifferent to its past symptoms, but examining attentively the color of my skin and the development of my muscles. He then ordered the wet sheet to be spread, and signed me to stretch myself in it. As soon as I had measured my length on the dripping linen, FRANZ folded me up rapidly, and then packed me thickly in blankets and coverlets, as if I were a batch of dough set away to rise. NEUVILLE followed my damp example, and our teeth were soon chattering in chilly sympathy. Having noted the intensity of our ague, as if it were a means of judging what degree of vigor in the treatment we could bear, PRIESSNITZ marched off to survey the agonies of IRWINE and BURROUGHS. NEUVILLE and I remained as fixed, and nearly as moist, as King Log in the pond, but in a state of anguish far beyond the capacities of that solid potentate. We were so cold that we could not speak plainly, and shivered until our bedsteads caught the infection. Then a change came — a graduated, almost unconscious change to warmth; and, at the end of ten minutes, it was hard to say whether we were uncomfortable or not. A few minutes more brought a sensation of absolute physical pleasure, and I began to think that, after all, water was my element, and that it was quite a mistake that I was not furnished with tasty red fins like a perch, or a convenient long tail, for sculling, like a polliwog.

'Just at this pleasant stage of the experiment, when I would have been glad to continue it longer, PRIESSNITZ came back, and declared us ready for the plunge-bath. FRANZ turned up the blanket so as to leave my feet and ankles free, shod me with a pair of straw slippers, set me unsteadily upright, like a staggering nine-pin, took firm hold of my envelopments behind, and started me on my pilgrimage. I set off at the rate of a furlong an hour, which was the top of my possible speed under the circumstances. Forming a little procession, with PRIESSNITZ ahead as the officiating priest, then myself as the walking corpse, and then FRANZ as sexton, we moved solemnly on until we reached a stairway leading into a most gloomy and low-spirited cellar. Dank, rude, dirty flag-stones were visible at the bottom, while from an unseen corner bubbled the threatening voice of a runlet of water. The stair was so steep and the steps so narrow, that it seemed impossible to descend without pitching forward; but, confiding myself desperately to the attraction of gravitation, I cautiously raised my left foot, made a pivot of the right one, wheeled half a diameter, settled carefully down six inches, wheeled back again to a front face, brought my dextral foot down, and found myself on the first step. Ten repetitions of this delicate and complicated manœuvre carried me to the flooring of the cellar.

'FRANZ now engineered me into a side-room, and halted me alongside of an oblong cistern, brimming with black water, supplied by a brooklet, which fell into it with a perpetual chilly gurgle. In a moment his practised fingers had peeled me like an orange, only far quicker than any orange was ever yet stripped of its envelope. As I shuffled off the last tag of that humid coil, the steam curled up from my body as from an acceptable sacrifice, or an ear of hot-boiled corn. PRIESSNITZ pointed to the cistern, like an angel of destiny signing to my tomb, and I bolted into it in a hurry, as wise people always bolt out of the frying-pan into the fire, when there is no help for it. In a minute my whole surface was so perfectly iced that it felt hard, smooth, and glossy, like a skin of marble. I got out on the first symptom of permission, when FRANZ set about rubbing me down with a new linen sheet, still possessed of all its native asperity. If I had been a mammoth, or an ichthyosaurus, with a cuticle a foot thick, he could not have put more emphasis into his efforts to bring my blood back to a vigorous circulation. PRIESSNITZ joined in as if he enjoyed the exercise, and honored me with a searching attrition from his knowing fingers. Then, after examining me, to see if I grew healthfully rosy under the excitement, he signed me to throw a dry sheet over my shoulders, and give myself an air-bath before a window into which a fresh morning breeze was pouring. Holding tight with both hands to

the corners of the sheet, I flapped my linen wings as if I were some gigantic bat or butterfly about to take flight through the orifice, and soar away over the meadows. 'Goot!' said PRIESSNITZ, nodding his solemn head in token of ample satisfaction; and, folding my drapery around me, I marched up stairs, like a statue looking for a pedestal, or a belated ghost returning to its church-yard.'

A friend of ours, who once made a two-days' trial of the water-cure, says, that when he first came down in the morning, and saw the chattering, sheeted spectres wandering crazily about, he thought he was in a lunatic asylum; but when he beheld the meagre breakfast-table, he could n't avoid the conclusion that he was in the penitentiary. Our author's description of his invalid companions, of both sexes, are scarcely less ludicrous and forcible: but we pass them, *en masse*, to present two or three 'specimens:'

'NEUVILLE and I had a pearl of a bath-man. He was a strong, slow, blue-eyed, light-colored Silesian peasant, who had once possessed a scalp full of sandy hair, but had lost at least half of it in his journey to middle life. His whole appearance, and especially his smooth, shining pate, reeked with an indescribably cool, dewy expression, which made one think of cucumbers, wet pebbles, drenched roses, or heads of lettuce after a shower. NEUVILLE insisted that he gained this fresh appearance by living on such things as celery and water-cresses, and by sleeping in one of the cisterns, or perhaps down a well, like a bull-frog. It may be, indeed, that the instinct of association deceived us, and that we imputed this aqueous nature to the man solely because he had so much to do with our baths; but, however that was, we certainly never looked at him without being impressed with the idea that he would slice up cold and juicy, like a melon or a tomato.

'Among so many homely people as we had about us, there were necessarily some whose ugliness ran into eccentricity, if not absurdity. NEUVILLE, who had an extraordinary faculty at discovering resemblances between men and beasts, or birds, soon fixed on one old gentleman as the Owl; and I was obliged to confess that, bating the claws, the said human certainly did bear a striking likeness to the solemn anchorite of ornithology. He was a man of about sixty, with light-gray hair, light-gray beard, and a light-gray suit of clothes, so that, from a distance, you might suppose him to be dressed in light-gray feathers. He was tolerably bare of chin, and his mouth had retired under a bower of light-gray mustaches. His long, curved nose looked wonderfully like a beak, and his eyes were always wide open with an expression of unqualified astonishment. However early we rose, however fast and far we went, we invariably met him already returning, as if he had started out for his morning walk some time the day previous. NEUVILLE affirmed that he staid in the woods all night, and amused himself with hooting and chasing field-mice until day-break, when he would leave off at the approach of the earliest patients, and hurry down to the Establishment to take a bath.

'Another interesting personage was a middle-aged, muscular Hungarian, with startling black eyes and wavy black beard, who had the fame of being crazy, or at least unreasonably original. He carried an enormous yellow cane, one end of which was fashioned into a passable flute. He always walked alone, like a man who had dealings with fairies and wood-nymphs; and, when he thought no human being was within hearing, he would put his cane to his lips, and treat his elfin friends to a melody. If a wandering fellow-patient came upon him in one of these dulcet moments, he dropped the end of his cane, whisked it about unconcernedly, and looked all around, or up into the clouds, as if he wondered who the deuce made those noises. I suspected him of being ORPHEUS, who, it will be remembered, was in the cold-water line, and had a fancy for playing airs to rocks, fishes, and other dumb creatures.

'They told us at Graefenberg of a Mexican who came there a year or two before us for the sake of trying the cure on his dyspepsia. He went through his first packing with great indignation, and was then taken down stairs into that horrible abyss of plunge-baths. PRIESSNITZ pointed to the cistern and bade him get into it. 'Never!' he thundered; and, marching up stairs, he dressed himself, and went straight back to Mexico. Another man, in the same situation, is said to have fallen on his knees before PRIESSNITZ, exclaiming: 'O Sir! remember that I have a wife and children!''

The effect of the water-cure upon our patient at Graefenberg was not such, in manner, as he had anticipated; but it was nevertheless more than he had presumed to hope. He says:

'THERE was a fascination in the labors of hydropathy, an epidemic in the immense

faith of every one around me, which made me look forward with vague expectation to quick and satisfactory results. I waited for a crisis of some strange sort — a fever, an eruption, or as many boils as JOB, and then a sudden falling of the burden from my weary shoulders. What I found was a gradual increase of strength, a hitherto unknown power of enduring fatigue, a new buoyancy of hope and cheerfulness. Day by day the spirit of my dream changed from sickness to health, until I discovered, to my surprise, that I was recovering without a miracle. I learned to walk ten miles over the hills in the early morning without other stomachic support than water, and felt after it, when I sat down to breakfast, as if I could eat not only the sour milk before me, but the cow that gave it. There was no fatigue from which a bath would not raise me, and send me out again to track the mountain paths until my long-tasked muscles demanded another invigoration from the benevolent water-naiad. To the habitual invalid, to him who feels it for the first time in years, or perhaps in life, there is no sensation more glorious, more superhuman, than the consciousness of abounding and sufficient strength. All labors seem so easy, all trials so insignificant, all nature so friendly and sympathizing.'

Not relishing the climate of Graefenberg, which he describes as generally pluvious and detestable, our author betakes himself to another now-celebrated water-cure establishment, fifteen minutes' walk from the Swiss frontier, and one hour's walk from Lake Leman: and here we must counsel our readers to join him, in his volume: listening to his account of the pastimes, persons, politics, the seasons, story-telling, and the like, in that romantic place; with many more interesting things beside, which we have neither leisure nor space at present more particularly to specify. Excellently well printed.

NEW-YORK DURING THE LAST HALF CENTURY: a Discourse delivered before the Historical Society on their Fifty-third Anniversary, November 17, 1857. By JOHN W. FRANCIS, M.D., LL.D., pp. 232.

THE New-York public has heard of this address; a few of them were fortunate enough to hear portions of it delivered on occasion of the Anniversary of the Society; all, including many beyond the city limits, may be glad of the opportunity to possess the whole in print. A limited number have been issued by the Society, and may be purchased by order or application.

Dr. FRANCIS is no ordinary antiquarian. Fond of the past, and especially of all connected with the memorable rise and progress of New-York, he unites to such reminiscences and details the spirit of youth and life. Endowed with a hearty animality, the currents of three-score and upward never stagnate in his veins. His heart, with that of WORDSWORTH's boy, leapt up when he first beheld 'a rainbow in the sky,' and it leaps still at this and minor phenomena. He sees old things as he saw them sixty years since, and traces for us a picture with local hues of sky, and buildings, and the men and women 'in their habits as they lived.' His discourse is consequently a graphic reproduction of the past, such as few men could have given at all, and but one whom we can call to mind just now — we allude to the pleasant and learned GULIAN C. VERPLANCK — as well.

Dr. FRANCIS' discourse is a half-a-dozen orations rolled into one. He might have called it a Panoramic View of New-York, its houses of note and places of amusement, or the Old Divinity; the Historical Society Worthies; the Edu-

cational and Charitable Institutions; or Literature and the Press; the Drama, or the Opera: any of which, with slight additional trimmings, or none at all, would fill the limits of an ordinary lecture. Two evenings were, in fact, spent in merely slicing into this huge historical pie. It is cut and come again, and if you cut you will be sure to come again; and with this informal grace we shall plunge in our editorial knife and fork without ceremony. We help you, gentle reader, to a rich, streaky piece of well-fatted beef, for here is a man with blood and substance, albeit of some eccentricity — it is but a paragraph which comes after a graver induction of his learned labors — in

SAMUEL L. MITCHILL.

'THERE was a rare union in Dr. MITCHILL of a mind of vast and multifarious knowledge and of poetic imagery. Even in his 'Epistles to his Lady Love,' the excellent lady who became his endeared wife, he gave utterance of his emotions in tuneful numbers, and likened his condition unto that of the dove, with trepidation seeking safety in the ark. Ancient and modern languages were unlocked to him, and a wide range in physical science, the pabulum of his intellectual repast. An essay on composts, a tractate on the deaf and dumb, verses to SEPTON, or to the Indian tribes, might be eliminated from his mental alembic within the compass of a few hours. He was now engaged with the anatomy of the egg, and now deciphering a Babylonian brick; now involved in the nature of meteoric stones, now on the different species of brassica; now on the evaporization of fresh water, now on that of salt; now offering suggestions to GARNET, of New-Jersey, the correspondent of MARK AKENSIDE, on the angle of the wind-mill, and now concurring with MICHEAUX on the beauty of the black walnut as ornamental for parlor furniture. In the morning he might be found composing songs for the nursery, at noon dietetically experimenting and writing on fishes, or unfolding a new theory on terrene formations, and at evening addressing his fair readers on the healthy influences of the alkalis, and the depurative virtues of white-washing. At his country retreat at Plandome he might find full employment in translating, for his mental diversion, LANCISI on the fens and marshes of Rome, or in rendering into English poetry the piscatory eclogues of SANNAZARIUS. Yesterday, in workman-like dress, he might have been engaged, with his friend ELIHU H. SMITH, on the natural history of the American elk, or perplexed as to the alimentary nature of tadpoles, on which, according to NOAH WEBSTER, the people of Vermont almost fattened during a season of scarcity; to-day, attired in the costume of a native of the Feejee Islands, (for presents were sent him from all quarters of the globe,) he was better accoutred for illustration, and for the reception, at his house, of a meeting of his philosophical acquaintance; while to-morrow, in the scholastic robes of an LL.D., he would grace the exercises of a college commencement.'

There was another less important, but still imposing notable in New-York in those days, in the historian of North-Carolina, quaintly hit off in these few sentences:

HUGH WILLIAMSON.

'SOME of my most gratifying hours in early life were passed with this venerable man: it was instructive to enjoy the conversation of one who had enriched the pages of the Royal Society; who had experimented with JOHN HUNTER, and FRANKLIN, and INGENHOUZE in London, and had enjoyed the *soirées* of Sir JOHN PRINGLE; who narrated occurrences in which he bore a part when FRANKLIN was Post-master, and in those of subsequent critical times; one, who, if you asked him the size of the button on WASHINGTON's coat, might tell you who had been his tailor. A more strictly correct man, in all fiscal matters, could not be pointed out, whether in bonds and mortgages, or in the payment of the postage of a letter. I will give an illustration. He had been appointed in Colonial times to obtain funds for the Seminary at Baskenridge, N. J.: he set out on his eastern tour, provided with an extra pair of gloves, for which he paid seven shillings and six-pence: on his return he revisited the store in Newark, where he had made the purchase, had the soiled gloves vamped anew, and parted with them for six shillings. In his items of expenditure, he reports one shilling and six-pence for the use of gloves, investing the six shillings with the collection fund. Such was HUGH WILLIAMSON, whose breast-plate was honesty, the brightest in the Christian armory. If I mistake not, I think I once saw him smile at the trick of

a jockey. Dr. THACHER, the author of the *Military Journal*, told me he had listened to him when he was in the ministry, in a sermon preached at Plymouth; but his oratory was grotesque, and RUFUS KING, the Senator, who noticed him in our first Congress, said his elocution provoked laughter.'

An anecdote or two of the famous itinerant, 'a coarse edition on brown paper, with battered type, of Rowland Hill,' the once famous, not yet forgotten

LORENZO DOW.

'I HAVE implied that he was always ready at a rejoinder; an instance or two may be given: A dissenter from Dow's Arminian doctrines, after listening to his harangue, asked him if he knew what Calvinism was? 'Yes,' he promptly replied:

> ''You can and you can't,
> You will and you won't;
> You 'll be damned if you do,
> And you 'll be damned if you don't.'

That, Sir, is Calvinism, something more than rhyme.' I, who have rarely left New-York for a day during the past fifty years, was in the summer of 1824 at Utica, with an invalid patient. It so happened that Dow, at that very time, held forth in an adjacent wood, having for his audience some of the Oneida and Reservation Indians, together with a vast assemblage of the people of Utica and the neighboring villages. Mounted on an advantageous scaffolding, he discoursed on the rewards of a good life and pictured the blessings of heaven. Upon his return to the hotel there was found among the occupants a Mr. BRANCH and old General ROOT, so familiarly known for the opprobrious name of 'the Big Ditch,' which he gave to Clinton's Canal. These two gentlemen addressed Dow, told him they had heard him say much of heaven, and now begged to ask him if he would describe the place. 'Yes,' says Dow, with entire ease. 'Heaven is a wide and expansive region, a beautiful plain, something like our prairie country—without any thing to obstruct the vision—there is neither ROOT nor BRANCH there.''

Of the more ancient matter derived from tradition, there is capital pleasantry in these curious traits of the early personal feeling with which the Drama was received in New-York in the Revolutionary era.

ODDS AND ENDS OF CHARACTER.

'THE chronicler who would be faithful to the history of the stage in New-York would be compelled to say something concerning that period which elapsed between the commencement of the great American war of 1776 and its end in 1783. During that interval the English plays of GARRICK, FOOTE, CUMBERLAND, COLMAN, O'KEEFE, SHERIDAN, and others, reached from time to time this country, and were enacted by the officers of the army and navy, and by select aids in private or social circles; and a remarkable peculiarity of the times seems to have been, that it was quite a common circumstance to appropriate or designate some leading or prominent individual among the inhabitants of the city as the character drawn by the dramatist abroad. *Qui capit, ille facit.* Thus, when the 'Busy Body' appeared, it was thought that Dr. ATWOOD would be the best exemplar of it. ATWOOD, as all who hear me probably know, was the first practitioner of medicine in this city who regularly assumed, by advertisement, the functions of a male accoucheur. He obtained confidence, notwithstanding the novelty of the attempt. ATWOOD knew every thing of every family; he abounded in anecdote, but his company was more courted than admired. He at one time possessed, by inheritance, great wealth, but died poor, through the conduct of his son CHARLES.

'When 'Laugh and Grow Fat' appeared, the public said it well fitted the case of MORTIER. He was a cheerful old gentleman, and pay-master to the British army; but the leanest of all human beings, according to the MS. I lately inspected of Mr. JOHN MOORE. He was almost diaphanous. MORTIER built the great mansion on the Trinity Church grounds, to which I have already alluded in my account of Colonel BURR's residence.

'It would seem that during these times, an 'Ode to Love' was recited; the sympathetic public ascribed it to old Judge HORSMANDEN, so famous in the Negro Plot, who

had married at seventy years of age. The 'Wheel of Fortune' was made applicable to Governor GAGE, who had arrived in this country as a captain in 1756, in the old French war, and in 1775 was commander-in-chief of the British army. The 'Male Coquette' was by a sort of unanimous concurrence applied to JAMES SMITH, the brother of the historian of New-York, the man whom I described in my sketch of CHRISTOPHER COLLES as writing madrigals for the young ladies. He must have pursued the game nearly half a century. When ANACREON MOORE visited this city in 1802–3, SMITH had the temerity to offer with renewed vigor his oblations on the altar of love. I knew him well. He was an M.D. of Leyden. When professor of chemistry in Columbia College, then called King's, his flowery diction with the students greatly disturbed both analysis and synthesis. Hempstead Plains was brought forward in those times, most probably an indigenous work. It is affirmed that it alluded to one of the prominent members of the BEEKMAN family, GERARDUS, a great sportsman, who secured the reputation of having killed more birds than any other man that ever lived. He shot deer in the city Common, (now Park,) and antlers, the trophies of his skill, are yet preserved among his descendants as curiosities to mark the city's progress. He kept a diary of his gunnery.'

We could draw largely on the highly interesting operatic and theatrical matter, but must be contented with a few paragraphs on

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

'COOKE justly demands a greater space than this occasion warrants; but the able critical pens of the time have commemorated his achievements, and the veteran WOOD, in his personal reminiscences of the stage, has dealt with him impartially and delineated his character with great fidelity. He was of a kindly disposition, of great benevolence, and filled with charitable impulses. His strong mental powers were improved by reading, yet more by observation and a study of mankind. Self-reliance was his distinguishing quality; few ever were at any time able to overcome his determination. His resolves scarcely ever yielded. When not influenced by the goblet, his conversation was instructive, and his manners urbane; he had a tear for distress, and a hand of liberality for want. He was a great original, and had the logic within himself to justify innovation. His master was nature, and he would submit to no artificial rhetoric. He thought much of KEMBLE, and every thing of GARRICK, both of whom he had seen perform. He cherished an exalted idea of his art, and demanded deference from the menial and the noble. He was thoroughly imbued with the value of FRANKLIN'S aphorism: 'If you make a sheep of yourself, the wolves will devour you.' He tolerated no invasion of his rights. And yet that one stain on his character, his mania for drink, (a periodical disease, often of some duration,) dethroned his high purpose, and at times degraded him below the dignity of man. In that condition no violence was like his; abuse of kindest friends, extravagance beyond limits, obstinacy invincible. On the return of right reason, he would cast a withering glance at those around him, and ask: 'What part is GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE placarded for to-night?'

'After one of those catastrophes to which I have alluded, I paid him a visit at early afternoon, the better to secure his attendance at the theatre. He was seated at his table, with many decanters, all exhausted, save two or three appropriated for candlesticks, the lights in full blaze. He had not rested for some thirty hours or more. With much ado, aided by PRICE, the manager, he was persuaded to enter the carriage waiting at the door to take him to the play-house. It was a stormy night. He repaired to the green-room, and was soon ready. PRICE saw he was the worse from excess, but the public were not to be disappointed. 'Let him,' says the manager, 'only get before the lights and the receipts are secure.' Within the wonted time COOKE entered on his part, the Duke of Gloster. The public were unanimous in their decision, that he never performed with greater satisfaction. As he left the house, he whispered: 'Have I not pleased the Yankee Doodles?' Hardly twenty-four hours after this memorable night, he scattered some four hundred dollars among the needy and the solicitous, and took refreshment in a sound sleep.'

There is abundance of other matter in this discourse, grave, weighty, elaborate in statement on serious topics, but it may be better read in connection with the context, where the reader, curious in American history, will be sure to find it.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING: OR JERUSALEM, AS IT WAS, AND AS IT IS, AND IS TO BE. By J. T. BARCLAY, M.D., Missionary to Jerusalem. In one Volume: pp. 627. Philadelphia: JAMES CHALLEN AND SONS, '*Bulletin* Buildings.' New-York: STANFORD AND DELISSER, Number 637 Broadway.

'O JERUSALEM, Jerusalem! — thou that killest the PROPHETS, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thee together, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not!' Jerusalem! 'name ever dear!' what hallowed memories and entrancing recollections spring at the mere mention of that name! There is music and magic in the very thought! Jerusalem, the joy of the whole earth! The city of the GREAT KING! Zion, the city of solemnities — an eternal excellency! 'The hill which GOD desireth to dwell in: yea, will dwell in it forever!' The theatre of the most memorable and stupendous events that have ever occurred in the annals of the world. Jerusalem, the world-attracting magnet of the devout pilgrim of every age, and the stern warrior of every clime, not the least of whom were the chivalrous Crusaders of our noble ancestry! A spot at once the focus and the radiating point of the strongest emotions of three powerful religions! The land of hallowed associations, endearing reminiscences, and glorious anticipations! The renowned metropolis of the childen of miracle, of promise, and of Providence: a people near and dear unto the LORD, and still beloved for their FATHER's sake. The city where the 'KING of Peace and Righteousness' communed with the 'Friend of GOD;' where the son of JESSE tuned his soul-stirring harp, and penned his Psalms for the saints of all ages; where SOLOMON reared a house for the LORD of Hosts to dwell between the Cherubim; where the SON of GOD suffered and died, and rose again; whence HE ascended on high, and whither HE will come again on the clouds of heaven in like manner as HE went up; 'and HIS feet shall stand in that day upon the Mount of Olives,' and 'JEHOVAH of Hosts shall reign in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem, and before HIS ancients gloriously,' sitting upon HIS throne in the sublime metropolis, (then brought near,) the new Jerusalem above: then shall the Holy City truly become 'the joy of the whole earth:'

> 'GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
> Zion, city of our GOD.'

We might vary, but we could not amend these beautiful passages from the 'Introduction' to the beautiful volume before us. The publishers say modestly, in their announcement: 'Thi_ work is presented to the public, believing that much will be found in it of great interest and value to all classes of the religious world, and to those who would see the hand of PROVIDENCE in the history and fortunes of ISRAEL, and the nations with whom they have been associated, for more than three thousand years. The name of Dr. BARCLAY — a resident missionary in Jerusalem for three years and a half — is now favorably known, both in Europe and in this country, for the valuable discoveries he has made in the Temple Inclosure and other sacred localities, to which he was admitted by special firman, and for the aids he has furnished to many distinguished tourists, in the Holy Land, which have been in all their recent works repeatedly

acknowledged. 'The City of the GREAT KING,' on every page of it, shows the extent and accuracy of his labors; and his Map of Jerusalem, now before the public, is justly esteemed the only reliable one known. His close observation of facts and conscientious adherence to truth, together with his long and patient labors in the prosecution of his task, cannot fail to commend this book to the confidence of the public.' A fine portrait of the author, several large steel engravings, chromographs, lithographs, wood-engravings, and excellent paper and printing, add greatly to the attractiveness of the work.

AMERICAN ELOQUENCE: A COLLECTION OF SPEECHES AND ADDRESSES, by the most Eminent Authors of America. With Biographical Sketches, and Illustrative Notes. By FRANK MOORE. In two Volumes: pp. 486. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

Now *this* is one of those works embraced in the class to which we have heretofore referred; a work which demanded earlier notice at our hands: but the delay has been unpreventable, and therefore we say not one apologetic word concerning our delinquency. The volume is from the pen of an amateur of American history; and he has here made excellent use of his researches, especially among the documents pertaining to the period of the Revolution. His collection of speeches by the patriots and orators of that eventful period is rich in important and curious memorials of the celebrated worthies, who have left a brilliant traditional reputation for rare gifts of eloquence and argument, but whose performances for the most part are absolutely unknown to the great majority of modern readers. Thus we have Chief-Justice DRAYTON's Charge to the Grand Jury, April 23, 1776, in which he anticipates the principles and almost the expressions of the Declaration of Independence; General WARREN's famous oration on the Boston Massacre, delivered three months before his death on Bunker's Hill; JOHN ADAMS's speech in defence of the British soldiers indicted for their share in the Massacre of March the fifth; several selections from WITHERSPOON's speeches in the Continental Congress; and of by no means the least interest, extracts from the speeches of SAMUEL ADAMS, who, perhaps, more than any one man contributed to inflame the spirit of liberty in Massachusetts. In one of his speeches given by Mr. MOORE, occurs the celebrated expression of 'a nation of shopkeepers,' as applied to Great Britain, which might have suggested the phrase to NAPOLEON, as a favorite designation of his most formidable foe. The speech was delivered at a popular meeting in Philadelphia in August, 1775, and was afterward translated into French and published in Paris, and in all probability fell under the eye of NAPOLEON in the course of his desultory historical reading. Among the productions of a more recent period which Mr. MOORE has included in his selections are speeches by JOHN RANDOLPH, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, DANIEL WEBSTER, WILLIAM GASTON, and HENRY CLAY, embracing Mr. CLAY's speech on Internal Improvement in 1824, which, if we recollect right, is not given in Dr. COLTON's collection. The value of this work is to be found in its illustrations of the development of American statesmanship and politics, and the comparative view which it incidentally

presents of the labors of patriotism and genius in singularly various forms of manifestation.' Well-executed portraits of the most distinguished, and discriminating biographical sketches of all, are interspersed with selections from their works. An excellent analytical index, attached to the second volume, greatly enhances the value of the work. Good printing: ditto paper.

THE TWIN-ROSES: A NARRATIVE. By ANNA CORA RITCHIE: Author of 'An Autobiography of an Actress,' etc. In one volume: pp. 273. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE has had a benignant and happy fortune, whatever may be said of the 'surprises' which she may have experienced, from the time when, the daughter of a rich and honored merchant; the elegant, refined, and graceful wife of a devoted husband, whose liberal hospitality was only equalled by his means to gratify it; a widow upon a stage which her dramatic personations adorned, and to which her pen has imparted dignity, and for the THEATRE, properly conducted, compelled respect; a most successful authoress; and now the wife of a scion of a 'house,' than which none in the 'Old Dominion,' since the days of WASHINGTON, has had a wider influence — surely we may say, that MRS. ANNA CORA RITCHIE'S *has* been a most benignant and happy fortune. 'At the same time, nevertheless, and also notwithstanding,' it is not our intention to permit this happifying circumstance to prevent our saying a few words, as touching the volume whose title-page heads this notice, late though they be. 'The Twin-Roses,' then, is a story of domestic life, very pleasantly told. The hero, HERMA LANDER, we judge to have been one of that class of actors which we at the same time detest and praise. The roses are twin-daughters of an English actress. 'There are love, marriage, sea-voyage, and ship-wreck in the story, together with a visit to Virginia and to WASHINGTON. 'Twin-Roses' is neither a novel nor a romance — a play, a poem, or a history. There is enough of reality apparent, to take it off the fairy ground of fiction, enough of dream-life to bring it forth from the hard dry realm of history. It is a narrative: a narrative which leads us through scenes and circumstances, new probably to most of us, but which yet bear about them the garmenture of truth; a narrative dramatically and poetically told, which carries along with it the heart of the reader as well as the mind, and from the perusal of which, both come refreshed and purified: a narrative, in short, with a moral.' Thus speaks, and with discriminative justice, a reviewer in the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' magazine: and he farther adds: 'The work undoubtedly has its defects: but nobody can call it dull. A light, dancing, brilliant style, poetical allusions playing through the pages, like little rippling waves in the sun-shine, with, every now and then, a keen and witty, but good-humored stroke at some passing folly; and some beautiful paintings of scenery, amuse and interest us as we go on, without withdrawing the mind from the tale or the characters.' To which we only add: excellently printed upon good paper. But that 'of course.' In this regard, the publications of no house in the United States exceed those of Messrs. TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LEIGH HUNT. Edited by S. ADAMS LEE. In two Volumes. pp. 498. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

WE could find it in our heart sincerely to desire, that Mr. S. ADAMS LEE had pretermitted the 'Introduction' to these pretty and (let us add) well-known productions of LEIGH HUNT. *The* special truth is, that it was not wanted: another truth is, that it is of 'BOSH,' boshy. Take the following: 'Criticism mistakes its vocation, when it attempts to dictate a formula by which works of art shall be manufactured. It is destructive, not constructive; analytical, not synthetical. Invention belongs altogether to a higher order of intellect, and will not submit to be trammelled by rules invented by the lower. The critic who attempts to dictate laws to the poet is guilty of a gross anachronism. The poet antedates him. Poetry had a vigorous life long before criticism was born. Far back in the dawn of a remote civilization, the poet struck his lyre. HOMER and DANTE, without aid of criticism of any sort, produced their wonderful poems. Contemporaries admired these great works of art, and handed them to their children. So they have reached us, moving in the continuous pomp of one long ovation down the lines of the reverent generations.' Now why did LEIGH HUNT require an introduction, any more than any other poet, whose best things are of course known on both sides of the Atlantic? Do you find BRYANT, or HALLECK, or LONGFELLOW, or any of our best poets, writing prefaces? No: they do n't need it: they are 'endenizened in the national heart:' 'by their *works* we all know them;' and *not* by the 'highfaluting' 'critical' comments, by which an ambitious aspiran for literary acumen, may contrive to associate his unknown name with those names of mark, which were not born to die. In this instance, 'SAL.' is signed at the end. If it is a woman, we 'retract and apologize.' There has been too much of this foolery: and for one, we should like to see it 'die out.' We do n't, of course, pretend to compare LEIGH HUNT with either of our own great poets whom we have named: but he *has* his merits, and ought not to be compromised by a misjudging, although evidently a kindly-disposed friend. HUNT can 'stand alone, and walk alone.' An American reader will be disposed to think so, at least, after reading his elaborate introductory letter, announcing the fact that he is the son of American parents, although 'England is his home,' after all; always has been, and always must be. But hear HUNT in one most exquisitely tender and deeply-touching extract from a blank-verse poem, entitled '*Reflections of a Dead Body:*'

'SCENE.—*A female sitting by a bed-side, anxiously looking at the face of her husband, just dead. The soul within the dead body soliloquises.*

'WHAT change is this! What joy! What depth of rest!
What suddenness of withdrawal from all pain
Into all bliss? into a balm so perfect
I do not even smile! I tried but now,
With that breath's end, to speak to the dear face
That watches me—and lo! all in an instant,
Instead of toil, and a weak, weltering tear,
I am all peace, all happiness, all power,
Laid on some throne in space. Great GOD! I am dead.
'(*A pause.*) Dear GOD! THY love is perfect; THY truth known.

'(*Another.*) And He—and they!—How simple and strange! How beautiful!
But I may whisper it not—even to thought;
Lest strong imagination, hearing it,
Speak, and the world be shattered.

'(*Soul again pauses.*) O balm! O bliss! O saturating smile
Unsmiling! O doubt ended! certainty
Begun! O will, faultless, yet all indulged,
Encouraged to be wilful—to delay
Even its wings for heaven; and thus to rest
Here, here, even here—'twixt heaven and earth awhile,
A bed in the morn of endless happiness.

'I feel warm drops falling upon my face:
They reach me through the rapture of this cold.
—My wife! my love!—'t is for the best thou canst not
Know how I know thee weeping, and how fond
A kiss meets thine in these unowning lips.
Ah! truly was my love what thou didst hope it,
And more; and so was thine—I read it all—
And our small feuds were but impatiences
At seeing the dear truth ill understood.
Poor sweet! thou blamest now thyself, and heapest
Memory on memory of imagined wrong,
As I should have done too—as all who love;
And yet I cannot pity thee: so well
I know the end, and how thou 'lt smile hereafter.

'She speaks my name at last, as though she feared
The terrible, familiar sound; and sinks
In sobs upon my bosom. Hold me fast,
Hold me fast, sweet, and from the extreme grow calm—
Me, cruelly unmoved, and yet how loving!

'How wrong I was to quarrel with poor JAMES!
And how dear FRANCIS mistook *me!* That pride,
How without ground it was! Those arguments,
Which I supposed so final, oh how foolish!
Yet gentlest Death will not permit rebuke,
Even of one's self. They'll know all, as I know,
When they lie thus.

'Colder I grow, and happier.
Warmness and sense are drawing to a point,
Ere they depart; myself quitting myself.
The soul gathers its wings upon the edge
Of the new world, yet how assuredly!
Oh! how in balm I change! actively willed,
Yet passive, quite; and feeling opposites mingle
In exquisitest peace!—Those fleshy clothes,
Which late I thought myself, lie more and more
Apart from this warm, sweet, retreating me,
Who am as a hand, withdrawing from a glove.

'So lay my mother: so my father; so
My children; yet I pitied them. I wept,
And fancied them in graves, and called them 'poor!

'O graves! O tears! O knowledge, will, and time,
And fear, and hope! what petty terms of earth
Were ye! yet how I love ye as of earth,
The planet's household words; and how postpone,
Till out of these dear arms, th' immeasurable
Tongue of the all-possessing smile eternal!
Ah! not excluding these, nor aught that 's past,
Nor aught that 's present, nor that 's yet to come,
Well waited for. I would not stir a finger
Out of this rest, to reassure all anguish;
Such warrant hath it; such divine conjuncture;
Such a charm binds it with the needs of bliss.

'That was my eldest boy's — that kiss. And that
The baby with its little unweening mouth;
And those — and those — Dear hearts! they have all come,
And think me dead — me, who so know I'm living,
The vitalest creature in this fleshy room.
I part; and with my spirit's eyes full opened,
Will look upon them.

[*Spirit parts from the body, and breathes upon their eyes.*

'Patient be those tears,
Fresh heart-dews, standing on these dear clay-moulds
Of souls made of myself — made of us both
In the half-heavenly time. I quit ye but
To meet again, and will revisit soon
In many a dream, and many a gentle sigh.'

If any one can read that for the first time without tears, they have few feelings in common with us. These volumes (they are from the Boston house of TICKNOR AND FIELDS, be it remembered) are of course beautifully printed. A well-engraved portrait of the author fronts the title-page of the first volume. He 'is n't any great things to look at:' 'pears as if he was 'spooney.'

HISTORY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, as Traced in the Writings of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, and of his Contemporaries. Volume the First: pp. 578. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

IT is impossible not to honor the filial affection and reverence which unquestionably prompted this work. It is the result of the unwearied research, the earnest labor of a son, at a late period of our country's history, to render homage to one who did so much to promote its early honor and glory. And thus far, all would have been right: but we cannot avoid saying, after a more than usually careful perusal of the book, that it must be considered as claiming for a subordinate, in many instances, the honor due to his superior, in executive station, and in the administration of great public affairs. There is nothing in the work, be it understood, to imply that ALEXANDER HAMILTON ever claimed credit for any thing which he did not do. In the 'times that tried men's souls;' in a season of prostrate commerce and ruined credit, he was WASHINGTON's right bower, and so continued to the end of his suddenly-limited and brilliant career. But HAMILTON, in writing many, nay, most of the papers of General WASHINGTON, must not be held, nor 'held up' to be, by express statement, or adroit implication, as the *author* of those papers. When the PATRIA PATRIÆ's brow was throbbing with the cares of an infant empire; when here was sectional mutiny, there sore private want; here national disaffection, there scant supplies for the public service; and almost every where envious general officers, jealous of each other, while they were mutually watchful of WASHINGTON; under *these* circumstances it was, that WASHINGTON dictated his letters and dispatches. That the merit of rendering them, as no other man could render them, at that day, was due to that embodiment of pure intellect, ALEXANDER HAMILTON, there is probably not at this moment, a particle of doubt, in any intelligent mind. HAMILTON was a noble 'accessory after the fact:' often, perhaps, in the eye of the enemy, at least, an 'accom-

plice,' and a dangerous one too; and so, no doubt, he often was. We worked unitedly together in those days for the 'greatest good of the greatest number.' The 'greatest good' was our LIBERTY; yet our 'greatest number' was but small at that period. From an able and evidently candid review of the volume under notice, in the columns of the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, we take the subjoined paragraphs:

'THE political distinctions which originated during WASHINGTON's administration, and which for years made our early statesmen the objects of partisan idolatry or aversion, have become confounded, and out of the confusion new ones are arising. For the first time, a degree of impartiality in looking upon the American Revolution and its heroes, and a fair distribution of the laurels, is beginning to be possible. The painful circumstances of HAMILTON's death have done much to win for him the considerate judgment of his contemporaries and posterity. The natural law which makes men tend to extremes of opinion, may have led the public to exaggerate his virtues in the same degree that it exaggerates the vices of BURR. Mr. JOHN C. HAMILTON is preparing a History of the Republic of the United States, founded upon the writings of ALEXANDER HAMILTON and his contemporaries. The first volume of the five which are to compose it has recently been issued from the press. The author, a son of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, has adopted the opinion that WASHINGTON was not really the father of the American Republic, but that the glory of that name belongs to HAMILTON. In composing this work, he will make use not only of the abundant materials furnished by the works of HAMILTON already published, but of numerous autograph letters and other documents which have lately come into his possession. In the archives of the government, recently opened to him by authority of the Library Committee of Congress, was found much valuable matter hitherto unused. Beside a thousand letters written by HAMILTON in behalf of WASHINGTON when a member of his staff, many have been traced in private collections, all of which relate to the events of our Revolutionary period.

'When seventeen years old, and a student in Columbia College, HAMILTON's connection with public affairs began; it was on the occasion of the great meeting in the fields near New-York, held on the sixth of July, 1774. Induced to address the assembly by the urgent solicitations of friends who appreciated the justness of his views on the subject of British oppression, he acquitted himself in a manner to win its admiration and applause. HAMILTON was among the first to conceive the idea of American independence. In a letter written at the age of eighteen, two months before the battle of Lexington, his style warms with the contemplation of the destiny which independence would open to the colonies. Foreseeing the results to which events were tending, HAMILTON applied himself with assiduity to the science of war, and made so much proficiency in it, that in his twentieth year he was commissioned as captain of a provincial company of artillery. After the battles of Trenton and Princeton he received an appointment as aid to WASHINGTON, with the duties of private secretary attached. In this capacity he became acquainted with all the secrets of the Revolution, and performed a conspicuous part in its most important events. Most of WASHINGTON's letters during the period of HAMILTON's service are in the hand-writing of the latter. His responsibility for their contents, however, does not appear to have been greater than that of an ordinary private secretary. Therefore the prominence given to his name in a narrative of events wherein his part does not appear to have been conspicuous, savors, we think, too much of special pleading to be in perfect taste. Whatever judgment may finally be passed upon the question raised by Mr. JOHN C. HAMILTON, as to the extent of his father's claim to the gratitude of posterity, the result of the present publication will be to bring before the people many documents of great and permanent historical value.'

It has been urged, we have remarked, against this book, that it is not so much a 'History,' as it is a species of 'Memoirs' of the period of which it treats. So much the better for the reader: the materials are copious and authentic, and familiarize the reader with the men and events of the time, as much, perhaps more, than if they moved on in didactic historical harness. A good portrait of HAMILTON, from a bust; clear maps; an excellent autographic fac-simile of a long and interesting letter from the illustrious subject of the work; and its good typography and paper, are the only remaining features to be noted.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT FANCY FAIRS. — JOHN PHŒNIX indorses the following: and we should n't be at all surprised if he had some little hand in it:

'THE measures adopted for perpetrating the benevolent intentions of the founders of fancy fairs, I regard as serious evils, confessedly not readily to be remedied, though the charities themselves be above all praise.

'For many months the ladies of our country have been exercising their ingenuity, and the patience of fathers and husbands, in planning and constructing a quantity of the most elaborate gimcracks for disposal at the annual fairs, to their deluded countrymen, in behalf of suffering humanity. The orphans are to be clothed and nourished; unregenerated Hottentots reclaimed; unconscious New-Zealanders are to be endowed with breeches to supersede the primitive fig-leaf, or whatever (if any thing) serves therefor; the Borioboolans remembered in mercy; and even the Sepoy-smitten missionary at Boggley-Wollah, kept in eleemosynary remembrance, while the feet of the broad-soled aborigines are to be taken from the horrible pit and miry clay, and 'set upon a rock' edge-ways — all to the credit and renown of our world-noted and charitably-minded women. The mighty engine — of more than leviathan power — that is to accomplish all this, is the 'Fancy Fair,' rather 'low down,' we must confess, but still ranking as one of the most prominent among our American institutions.

'Many a fearful exploit of fancy work, whose use and application the most imaginative man in the universe might fail to divine: miraculous feminine habiliments, exuberant in embroidery, that makes the eye to ache in tracing its pattern, in close communion with male garments of the most confidential description; cerulean slippers, silvered too gayly to be trodden under foot of men, or to mate with the attenuated pantaloon of senility; such achievements in artificial babies as are irresistible to childhood and enticing even to ancient maidens, to whose virgin bosoms they are longed to be clasped in default of the genuine article; barbaric and bridal adornments, precious to the souls of blooming, nubile damsels; and the myriad paraphernalia of toilet and boudoir are all paraded to public view, with the beseeching motto of 'Come, buy me,' enforced by every allurement of entreaty of which their fair custodians are master.

'Wondrous objects of personal wear have these eyes beheld at such festivities. A decorative sample of nocturnal head-gear has been presented to my astonished

vision, averred to contain ninety miles of thread to a mere ell of cloth! I firmly declined a proposition to 'try on' this mid-night coronet, lest the opposite sex might resent the incursion upon their domain by the fearful retaliation of adopting an essential part of the male attire, sacred to domestic discipline, and without which no authority can be maintained. By laborious computation, I have ascertained that the time employed on this useless embroidery, would have sufficed to fabricate the following articles of philanthropic utility, viz., namely, to wit: Seven hundred and sixty-three Borioboolan cravats; thirty-eight dozen pinafores for destitute infants in South-Africa; sixty-eight dozen table-cloths for the starving savages of Raritongo; one hundred and twenty long-boots for the pearl-fishers of Wankifungo; two hundred buck-skin breeches for the Subversion of Fleas in California; seven hundred dozen towels for the Melioration of the Cuticle of the subjects of the King of Dahomey; and four hundred and eighty dozen hem-stitched handkerchiefs for the Suppression of Perspiration at Boggley-Wollah.

'Comment on such misapplication of labor is unnecessary.

'With the fervent hope of correcting an evil so monstrous, I presented to the fair worker of this piece of filaceous folly a copy of an able work on 'The Proper Employment of Time,' with injunctions to make a good use thereof. From subsequently beholding the head of the young woman in question decorated with leaves of that valuable book, twisted into curl-papers, I was led to conclude that my efforts in her behalf had not been attended with the most complete success.

'Piles of imposing kickshaws are arranged on all such occasions, to tempt the callow youngsters, and through them the unwary parent, who straightway finds himself endowed with a stock of preposterous inventions in behoof of his progeny, for the ruin of his repose, and the eternal destruction of his household comfort. Think of it, O ye fair ladies! would you be instrumental in enticing a roaring lion, a barking mad-dog, or a needless crying-baby (these may be had, all in tiers) into the domicile of even your worst enemy? Would you arm the offspring of your dearest AMANDA with engines eminently adapted to the batteration of every mirror and window of her house into effectual smash? Or visit upon the unoffending head of your maternal uncle the ear-splitting tortures of juvenile toys, such as accordeons, compounded of a squeak and a groan; drums, noisy out of all proportion to their size; doleful trumpets, with a hoot like an owl; and the great variety of machines, invested with an atrocious jingle, safe to ruin the peace of mind of any adjacent ear attuned to harmony? No, my dear Madam, I think if you could foresee half the amazing annoyance that, through your efforts at fancy fairs, the reckless spread of war-like toys is calculated to occasion, you would not thus rashly place temptation in the way of your fellow-creatures.

'What resistance can be opposed to the blandishments of a benevolent beauty, who aggravates her natural charms by the enhancements of soft entreaty?

'I have seen the most dogged obstinacy overcome in a moment by a bewitching smile from one of those graceful extortionists, and a cumbrous domestic article of doubtful utility foisted upon the rueful victim, who, amid the inward chuckles of the by-standers, is fain to retreat, with the air of a man who has drawn the prize elephant in a beastly raffle.

'It must be admitted, that of late, considerable improvements in the management of the 'raffle,' once so great an engine of chicanery, have been effected, so that, as I am credibly informed, it is not unusual for some body to win, and be allowed to go quietly away with the article in which he buys an interest; at one time a feat so rarely performed, as to be held to be difficult, if not utterly impossible. A further improvement is suggested, but which meets with little favor,

that the object to be raffled should not be placed at more than ten times its actual value, at present a net profit of one thousand per cent being considered, in the ethics of fair-managers to be the least that can be entertained, in justice to the cause in which they are engaged. A fashion has hitherto prevailed, but is happily now becoming obsolete, of refusing any 'change back' for the purchase of an article, no matter how large the denomination of the sum tendered, thus compelling the victim to disgorge his substance with the dismal satisfaction of having clothed the hungry and fed the naked with the funds wherewith he fondly hoped to pay his debts.

'But when our fair countrywomen lend their talents to the illustration of ideal and historical subjects, by means of wax-work, and the aids of costume, we cannot deny the potent temptation to purchase at any price—even at a fair—the fruits of their labor. Behold that commanding figure, the Goddess of Liberty, in a flaxen wig and expansive skirts, resolutely clutching the cap-crowned staff, as if, emulous of the magnet, she had determined to be true to the pole, at the fearful price of being mistaken for a disguised barber!

'View with hushed emotion that biblical group of the Good Samaritan; who, if faces go for any thing, is an irreclaimable villain, as LAVATER is my judge; and see how, with the grace of a milk-man, he pours nothing out of an impossible jug into an incredible chasm in the head of a serene though maudlin wretch, evidently in the last stage of whiskey!

'Admirable also is that other scene from inspired history—the fraternal consignment of the beleaguered JOSEPH to a deep hole by his unnatural brethren, pending the advent of the approaching caravan—a pitiful tableau—hanging by a suspensory ligament round the pit of his stomach—over a pit for which he has evidently *no* stomach—in which transaction the paternal gift of the polychromatic jerkin plays an important part. The inherent love for the traffic in second-hand clothes among the Jews, of which this is the first example in history, is displayed by the fondness with which they are visibly regarding this variegated vestment.

'I have been better pleased, however, with the reconciliation of the repentant Mrs. PARTINGTON with her reputed offspring, just arrived from his foreign tour, during which he has sown his wild oats—we refer to the parable of the 'probable' son of that venerated lady, for whom is slain an infatuated calf—where the household is made merry over the young sinner, who closely resembles a destitute returned Californian, and looks far more hungry than honest. This genial group enforces her own proverb, that a veal dinner, even in the sub-urbs where love is, is preferable to a 'stolid' ox and hatred therewith.

'There are other subjects which I have not seen thus delineated, but which appear to me to be equally capable of being successfully rendered, such as scenes in the life of MOSES, (an early one, for example, where he narrowly escapes being gored by a bull-rush;) the thrilling act of SAMSON vanquishing hosts with his maxillary weapon, or his inimitable performance of 'slaying the gates of GAZA;' the convivial meeting of DAVID and GOLIAH, showing the effects of the immoderate use of a sling on the human constitution; the disposal by ESAU of his patrimony for a mess of '*potage Julienne*'—all capable of being made the vehicle of much instruction and entertainment to the youth of our land.

'The stories of Scripture may even be made to become a key to the revelations of science; the phenomenon of the rain-bow, for instance, (whose colors, like those of a toper's nose, exhibit a natural result of being constantly on a bender,) being explained to the meanest capacity, and established as a knower's Arc, (thus

by a neat and serviceable pun indicating its origin,) and truth be in divers ways evolved in every department of knowledge.

'What caitiff so rash as to dare deny the presence of ART among us? Take him to a Fair, and let that gorgeous picture, affluent in all the colors of the rainbow, the BATTLE OF WATERLOO, with its crewel and sanguinary scenes, (wherein both NAPOLEON and his enemies are worsted,) done with a darning-needle, reply, and extinguish the traitor forever!

'We may point, also, in triumph to another work of equal merit, which displays that touching episode in the life of CHARLES I., where that monarch is depicted, dressed in robes of violet, taking leave of his green and yellow children, while his royal nose obtrudes upon us in a carbuncled state, garnished with a rectangular pimple, of purple hue, all of wool, woolly. The majestic features of that decapitated potentate are seen blocked out in eligible squares of various colors, like a map of a western city, all the outlines of his face exhibiting edges like a coarse hand-saw, or a flight of door-steps.

'To whom are we indebted for this graceless invention for perpetuating in fleecy, lanatous, and flocculent stitches, the memorable events of history? May his visions be haunted by the leatheriest of medals!

'The appalling extent of this mode of delineation is calculated to excite the liveliest apprehensions in the breast of all true lovers of art and loyal patriots; for what, may I ask, would become of our veneration for the adored Father of his country, should the needle-workers assail HIS sacred image with premeditated punctures, and hold him up in variegated lamb's-wool through all coming time, to the horror-stricken gaze of new-begotten generations?

'I need not remark that the system I condemn furnishes more nutriment to the dismal epidemic of wool-pictures than any other moving cause; and verily, I say unto you, such are the inflammatory hues of these productions, that even the ancient Jews, who looked so solemn on all the glories of SOLOMON, never beheld him arrayed like one of these.

'What, let me propound, becomes of such atrocities, when they leave the warm precincts of the cheerful Fair? Did any body ever see one in any body's house? Conscientious peruser of these lines, would you tolerate the guilt of one in your own? It is my fervent hope and belief that the dismayed winner of such a prize, after vainly essaying to give it away, consigns it to merited oblivion in the cock-loft, or furtively bestows it upon TOWSER in his kennel.

'Quite as worthy of consignment to TOWSER are some of the culinary preparations usually found at fairs. Great pyramids of cake, than which nothing is more fit to confer perennial head-ache; baker's pies, whereof no man knoweth the composition, so grievous to the bodily health that the buyer ought forthwith to bespeak the coffin, as after consuming the former, he will have imminent need of the latter; and being thus near to 'kingdom-come,' let also his WILL be done, if he entertains any designs of a testamentary nature. The reflections of ice-cream and charlotte-russe are less to be condemned, though it may be said in general, that too large a share of the entertainment consists of the crockery and spoons.

'The KNICKERBOCKER is not a folio volume a foot thick, printed in diamond type, and I therefore cannot absorb its limited space in an enumeration of *all* the follies, faults, offences, and infirmities justly chargeable upon the fancy-fair system. Its limits are counsellors to the fear that this article hath over-stepped the brief boundary already. The subject being barely broached, it is to be hoped that some able advocate at the bar of common-sense, will prosecute to a conviction the investigations thus imperfectly begun.'

THE LATE HENRY CARY: 'JOHN WATERS' OF THE KNICKERBOCKER. — Seldom have we been more startled, than when walking up Broadway with a friend, one morning recently, to learn from him of the death of Mr. HENRY CARY, of New-York, the 'JOHN WATERS' of the KNICKERBOCKER, in days gone by. He died at Florence, some months since; and although we have read every day two city journals, we have never seen the lamented fact recorded. It will be our province, in an ensuing number, to speak, in detail, of the extraordinary qualities, personal and literary, of this refined gentleman, and most gifted and graceful of essayists. A writer of the time said of him: 'How skilfully he moves a horror, and produces affrightments, let the reader judge, who shall peruse the authentic story of '*The Iron Foot-step*,' in a late KNICKERBOCKER. Yet is not this a fair example of the writer's power. Does he place before you, with a few touches of his pencil, a portrait of a departed friend? How faithful and striking the delineation! Does he transcribe heart-records, or depict the affections? What an amount of kindred thought and feeling he conveys to the reader! Does he dally with the NINE? What a tender regard they manifest for him, while he traces his graceful fancies! No cumbrous and misplaced description; no disproportioned and injudicious ornament, mar the beauty of his poetry, or the clearness of his prose.' Let us go back nearly nineteen years, and show to the thousands of our *new* readers how beautiful, clear and fervent was his style. Take, for example, '*The Iron Footstep*,' the scene of which is laid in one of the barracks of a Western Scottish regiment, which was stationed upon a high bluff that formed one point of a low crescentular bay, over-looking the town and harbor:

'IN one of these barracks were quartered three officers of the regiment, Major HAMILTON, Captain GORDON, and a third whose name I cannot at this moment recal. Major HAMILTON's apartment was in the centre. He had lost a leg in the service, and usually wore a wooden pin, or stick, shod with iron; and being an alert man, fond of exercise, used to walk up and down this piazza for hours together, stopping occasionally at GORDON's door or window, and sometimes looking in at that of the other officer, exchanging a cheerful word with them as they sat each in his apartment, endeavoring to beguile the time with dressing, reading, writing, thoughts of promotion, of home, and of a speedy and happy return to Britain.

'The sound of the Major's step was peculiar. It was only the blow given by the iron ferule at the end of his wooden leg that was heard; for although a stout man, he trod lightly with the remaining foot, and heavily only with the wooden substitute, which gave forth its note at short intervals, as he paced to-and-fro, so regularly, that there was a certain pleasure in listening to it.

'Sounds that strike the ear in this measured way, affect us more than others. The attention becomes engaged, and they grow emphatic as we listen. The calker's hammer-stroke, as it flies from the dock-yard of the busy port, across some placid bay, into the green and peaceful country, is an instance of this truth. Associated with this measured movement of the Major, was his deep, cheery voice, that made light of danger and difficulty; whether on the field of battle, or as now, amid the sickness, which, in mockery of the beauty of tropical skies and scenery, was devastating the colony at this melancholy period.

'This sickness proved fatal to several officers of the regiment, and after some time, Major HAMILTON was taken down with it. It was a fever, attended with delirium. The Major was confident of recovery; and, indeed, from the great equanimity and happy temperament of his patient, his physician had hopes almost to the last. These, however, were not destined to be realized. He expired the seventh day after he was seized, while endeavoring to speak to his friend Captain GORDON, and was buried under arms at sun-set of the same day.

'Now it was on the second night after this mournful event, that GORDON, having

retired to bed rather later than usual, found himself unexpectedly awake. He was not conscious of any distressing thought or dream, which should have occasioned this shortened slumber, and as he commonly made but one nap of the night, and his rest had been latterly broken by the kind offices he had rendered his comrade, he was half-surprised at finding himself awake. He touched his repeater, and found it only past one o'clock. He turned on the other side, and composed himself afresh. Thoughts of his friend came over his heart, as his cheek reached the pillow, and he said: 'Poor HAMILTON! Well, GOD have mercy upon us!'

'He felt at the moment that some one near him said, 'Amen!' with much solemnity. He was effectually roused, and asked: 'Who is there?'

'There was no reply. His voice seemed to echo into HAMILTON's late apartment, and he then remembered that the door was open that communicated between the two rooms. He listened intently, but heard nothing save the beating of his own heart. He said to himself, 'It is all mere imagination,' and again endeavored to compose himself, and think of something else. He laid his head once more upon the pillow, and then he distinctly heard, for the first time, the Major's well-known step. It was not a matter to be mistaken about. The ferule sound, the pause for the foot, the sound again, measured in its return, as if all were again in life. He heard it first upon the piazza, heard it approach, pass through the door from the piazza into the centre apartment, and there it seemed to pause; as if the figure of the departed were standing on the other side of that open door, in the room it had so lately occupied.

'GORDON rose. He went to the window that opened upon the piazza, and looked out. The night was very beautiful; the moon had gone down; the sky was of the deepest azure, and the low dash of the waves upon the rocks, at the foot of the bluff, was the only thing that engaged his notice, except the extreme brightness and lucidity of a solitary star, that traced its glittering pathway of light toward him, across the distant waters of the ocen. All else was still and reposeful. 'It is very remarkable!' said he; 'I could have sworn I heard it!'

'He turned toward the door that stood open between the two rooms. The Major's apartment was darkened by the shutters being closed, and he could distinguish nothing inside it. He wished the door were shut, but felt a repugnance at the idea of closing it; and while he stood gazing into the dark room, the thought of being in the presence of a disembodied spirit rose in his mind; and though a brave man, he could not immediately control the bristling sensation of terror that began to possess him. He longed for the voice of any living being; and though for a moment the idea of ridicule deterred him, he determined on calling up the officer who occupied the other apartment.

'He passed out on to the piazza, and as he approached the other extremity of the building, the sentinel on duty perceiving him, presented arms.

''Have you been long stationed here?' said Captain GORDON.

''Half an hour,' was the reply.

''Did you — did you happen to see any one on the piazza, during that time?'

''I did not.'

'GORDON returned at once to his room, vexed with himself for having been the sport of an illusion of his own brain. He closed his door and window, and went to bed. He was now thoroughly awake, and had regained, as he thought, entire possession of his faculties. 'My old comrade,' said he, 'what could he possibly want of me? We were always friends — kind-hearted, gallant fellow that he was! No man ever was his enemy, except upon the field itself. Why should I have dreaded to meet him, even if such an event could possibly be?'

'And yet, so constituted are we, that a moment or two after this course of thought had occupied his mind, he was almost paralyzed with dread, by the recurrence of the same well-known step that now seemed pacing the dark and tenantless apartment. He even fancied an irregularity in it, that betokened, as he thought, some distress of mind; and all that he had ever heard of spirits revisiting the scenes of their mortal existence, to expiate some hidden crime, entered his imagination, and combined to make his situation awful and appalling. It was therefore with great earnestness that he exclaimed:

''In the name of GOD, HAMILTON, is that you?'

'A voice, from the threshold of the communicating door, addressed him in tones that sank deeply into his soul:

''GORDON, listen, but do not speak to me. In ten days you will apply for a furlough; it will not be granted to you. You will renew the application in three weeks, and then it will be successful. Stay no longer in Scotland than may be necessary for the adjustment of your affairs. Go to London. Take lodgings at No. — Jermyn-street. You will be shown into an apartment looking into a garden. Remove the panel from above the chimney-piece, and you will there find papers which establish the fact of my marriage, and will give you the address of my wife and son. Hasten, for they are in deep distress, and these papers will establish their rights. Do not forget me!'

'Captain GORDON did not recollect how long he remained in the posture in which he had listened to the spirit of his departed friend; but when he arose, it was broad day. He dressed himself, and went to town; drew up a statement of the affair, and authenticated it by his oath. He had had no intention of quitting the colony during that year; but an arrival brought intelligence of the death of his father, and of his accession to a large estate. Within the ten days, he applied for a furlough; but such had been the mortality among the officers, that the commanding officer thought proper to refuse his request. Another arrival having however brought to the island a reinforcement for the garrison, he found the difficulty removed, upon a second application, in three weeks. He sailed for Scotland, arranged his affairs, and intended immediately afterward to have proceeded to London. He suffered, however, one agreeable engagement after another to retard his departure, and his friend's concerns, and the preternatural visit that he had received from him, were no longer impressed so vividly as at first upon his mind.

'One night, however, after a social party of pleasure, he awoke without apparent cause, as he had done on the eventful night in Dominica, and to his utter consternation, the sound of the Major's iron step filled his ears.

'He started from his bed immediately, rang up his servant, ordered post-horses, and lost not a moment upon the way, until he reached the house in Jermyn-street. He found the papers as he had expected. He relieved the widow and orphan of his unhappy friend, and established them as such in the inheritance to which they were entitled by his sudden death; and the story reaching the ears of royalty, the young HAMILTON was patronized by the Queen of England, and early obtained a commission in the army, to which he was attached, at the time this tale was told to me.

'It is also known that Captain GORDON rose very high in his military career, and was throughout his life distinguished as a brave and honorable officer, and a fortunate general.'

His fervent reverence and faith are well presented in the annexed most heart-felt lines:

'ALONG the mountain-track of life,
Along the weary lea,
O'er rocks, mid storms, in joy, in strife,
Let this my heart-cry be,
'Nearer to THEE!' 'Nearer to THEE!'

'This pilgrim-path by THEE was trod,
JESUS! my KING! by THEE!
Traced by THY feet, THY tears, THY blood,
In love, in death, for me:
Oh! bring my soul 'nearer to THEE!'

'Let every step, let every thought,
Sweet memories bear of THEE!
And hear the soul THY love hath bought,
Whose way-cry oft shall be,
'Nearer to THEE! 'Nearer to THEE!'

'THOU wilt! THOU dost! A small still voice
Teacheth of Faith in THEE!
Of Hope, that might in grief rejoice
If still the way-cry be,
'Nearer to THEE!' 'Nearer to THEE!'

'Yet a few days to me, perhaps,
And Time no more shall be;
But boundless love can know no lapse,
Thou art eternity!
Draw THOU my soul 'nearer to THEE!'

'Be it the Heaven I hope above,
To live and move in THEE!
Oh! by THY past, THY promised love,
Grant these blest words to me,
'Ascend, forgiven!—'Nearer to THEE!'

His contrasts in narrative-manner may be gathered from a scene given in a sketch, entitled '*On Rivers and Other Things*,' involving a most whimsical account of trying to make a deaf man hear. 'Health' and 'weather' comments had been made, when came the unlucky question: 'Are you fond of FISH?' The subjoined extract will explain itself:

''I THANK you,' said the latter, 'the mare is decidedly better; that bleeding in the hoof did her business completely, and I do n't doubt that by autumn she will be as well as ever.'

''I asked you,' said the visitor in a determined tone, and like a person who has something to say, 'I asked you, whether you were fond of Fish?——Alas! my masters! how many unnecessary, how many futile, how many absurd questions, among the idle words that are dignified with the title of conversation, are daily propounded in this grave world of ours! *Fond* of fish! Fond of *Fish!* and that fish, a Shad! and that shad, a Connecticut-River Shad! and that Connecticut-River Shad, a prime brace of shad! in the highest season, and the highest order, and the finest brace of shad in the entire haul of ENOCH SMITH, now yet quivering, without the loss of one radiant scale, upon the snow-white dresser of this man's imagination! Ought I to call it an imagination? Ought I to go on with the story, or abandon it as an impracticable thing? Fond of Fish!

'Oh! commend me to a life of leisure in a small town upon the right bank of the River Connecticut, and let my lease begin at the beginning of the shad season! Give me ENOCH SMITH to draw the seine, a green lane to conduct me to the river-shore, and a CLAUDE LORRAINE morning for my day of purchase! Fond of Fish! Why, what an idea, to be conveyed upon the subject of this brace of shad, from one Christian Being to another Christian Being, who had both — as it is to be supposed — read and studied the lives of the apostles! Fond of Fish!!!

'But the stout man, finding that he was not apprehended, reiterated the remarkable question; and, in a still louder tone, exclaimed: 'I — asked — you — whether — you — are — fond — of — FISH?' making a pause between each of these peculiar words, and shooting the last word of the singular interrogatory out of his mouth, by means of his fore-teeth and a most emphatic under-lip, as a boy does a marble with the bent fore-finger and thumb of the right hand.

''I perceive,' was the reply, 'that you are asking me a question; but really the *rhumatis* has, I think, quite the better of my right ear. Would you do me the favor,' continued he, turning the left side of his head toward his interlocutor with the suavity of a person already obliged; 'would you do me the great favor to repeat your inquiry?'

''I asked you,' said the other, growing scarlet in the gills like the shad of his imagination, 'I — merely — asked — you' — for he began (I thought at the time) to grow vexed with the absurdity of his position in having given utterance to a conception at once so feeble and yet so eccentric; and being a coarse man, could only get out by passionately going through what he had to say: 'if — you — were — fond — of — Fish?' And on this occasion each word seemed to me to have the force of a pistol-shot, and the last word that of a cannon-ball; and he rose as he spoke like a man of might and purpose as he was, and clenched his hand, and quivered upon the stout bow legs that sustained him as he stood: '*Fish*,' roared he! 'FISH,' shouted he! 'I asked you if you were fond of FISH,' thundered he!'

''I quite regret being so very deaf to-day, and yet I should be sorry,' replied his imperturbable friend, fumbling in his pockets and looking about the couch, 'to lose any observation of yours, and particularly one in which you seem so earnest; here is a piece of paper, and here is a pencil; be kind enough to write it down while I get on my glasses.' By the time his eyes were reinforced the paper was ready, and glancing it over he answered at once, raising himself suddenly upward, as he exclaimed at the utmost reach of his voice, and with deep and increasing energy: 'Oh! Very!' '*Very!*' 'VERY!'

''Good morning, Mr. JOHNSON,' said his now blown and indignant visitor. 'Are you off? Well, good morning, Captain!' replied the other; and as soon as the door was closed, 'My neighbor Captain TOMPKINS, I am sorry to perceive, has grown quite as deaf as myself,' said he in a musing manner. 'If I had his legs — 't is there he has the advantage of me — if I had his legs, I could have collected all the news of the parish in the time that he has been prosing here about my mare! And I wanted too to know something this morning about shad. Here, SALLY! tell BOB to run down the lane and find out whether ENOCH SMITH is going to draw soon; and if BOB meet any persons on the way with shad, let him ask the price of the day before he says a word to SMITH.'

The same deep religious feeling, the same spirit of self-abasement and spiritual devotion, which characterize 'Nearer to THEE,' distinguish also '*Lines written in Affliction*,' from which we select a brief but characteristic passage:

'OH! raise thy thoughts toward thy Heavenly KING!
Let not HIS quickening grace be wholly lost;
Perchance even yet thy wilderness may bloom
Beneath HIS smile, and blossom as the rose!
My soul! whom hast thou in the Heavens like HIM?
Or on the earth to be compared to HIM?
Are not thine idols fallen? — one by one,
Thy bloom, thy youth, thy strength, thy friends, thy pride,
Thy ready confidence, thy force of mind —
Have they not all departed? What is left?
What idle meteor lures thee back to dust
From HIM, to whom thy happier thoughts aspire?
Raise thee, oh! raise thee! quit this vacant star,
Mount with the morning to the gates of heaven:
There plead, and hope; confide, and be forgiven!
So shall thy present sorrow turn to joy
Ineffable; and the dark cloud of grief
Shall pass from off the face of thy sad breast,

Before the smile of His effulgent love;
His, thine ascended SAVIOUR's, beam of Grace!
Thy life shall wear a charm unknown before,
And with the royal Psalmist shalt thou sing
In holy rapture, to affliction's praise!'

We shall hope, as we have intimated, to do better justice to the personal and literary character of the lamented subject of these hurried remarks hereafter.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — We have lost or mislaid '*Turkle's Dinner*, which was the next in order of the

'Sparks and Cinders from the Grate-Blaster.

SNAP FIFTH.

'OF course you 've been to Quaker Meetin':

'Of course you 've read about Quaker Meetin':

'Of course you think there 's nothing 'smart' left to be written about Quaker Meetin'.

'Notwithstanding all which '*courses*' of objections and obstacles, I am going to write about *Quaker Meetin'*.

'The reason is, that *I went* to Quaker Meetin' last Sunday — with TURKLE.

'TURKLE came down to 'our house,' clad in complete gray — in fact, looking perfectly AMINADAB-SLEEKISH. He even had a gray silk pocket-handkerchief.

''MARK,' said he, 'does thee intend to go to *our* meetin' this morning?'

''Well, brother TURKLE, if you 'll take me under your '*gray-goose-wing*,' (I beg your pardon,) I will gladly join the Society's 'Sabbath-council.''

''Thee must mind thy Ps and Qs, then, and not look carnally at the sisters, nor wriggle thy features into ungodly smiles; nor blow thy nose over-loud; nor take off thy hat, except when the Spirit moveth a brother or a sister unto prayer.'

'And in meek obedience to Brother T.'s instructions, I took my seat at his side upon a 'back bench' at the *Meetin'*.

'The Meetin'-House was full. The men sat upon the hardest of benches, with the stiffest of backs, and a general air of wry-neck-edness pervaded them. On the women's seats I remarked drab cushions, at intervals peeping from mouse-colored skirts. The rows of bonnets, (if the head-gear of the female Q's can be so called,) all of a serious tint, between white and old-shingle-color, reminded me, looking at them from behind, of a battalion of sheep's-heads close-sheared, some washed, and some weather-stained.

'Upon the raised benches at the farther end, sat on one side, six unmitigated *broad-brims;* on the other, seven uncompromising *sheep's-heads:* (I speak respectfully, and in a PICKWICKIAN sense.) The silence was audible.

'It was half-past ten A. M.

'TURKLE gradually subsided into a serene slumber, real or feigned.

'An hour past on; TURKLE awoke,' to the consciousness of 'something going on!' The fact was, that at the end of this hour's silence, one of the six unmitigated ones rose suddenly, as if some body had inserted a pin into his person, took off his broad-eaved roof, and began to sing; (as I supposed, but TURKLE said, in the faintest whisper, '*exhort.*') The unmitigated then rose with

a jerk, and *exhorted* for half-an-hour, while I took a mental portrait of him; but the only trace of it that has remained upon my bump of what-d'ye-callem, is a wig-block, painted yellowish-white, with two brown ridges across the forehead; (the eyes were kept closed, or at least, seemed so, from where I sat;) a shadow, as of a miniature pump-handle, down the middle-face, and a three-cornered hole near the base. The pith of his exhortation escaped me, but the subject was '*Gifts*.' I remember this, because, about the centre of his song — exhortation, I mean — a small white object suddenly appeared near the tip of my nose, with a gray glove backing it, and perceiving it to be a slip of paper with writing thereon, I took it and read as followeth:

'OH! wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us.'

'The half-hour being *up*, the unmitigated went *down* with another jerk, as if a mattress had fallen on his head, and roofed himself again.

'After which there was a second eloquent silence of twenty minutes:

'Followed by a rise on the part of one of the uncompromising *sheep's-heads*, who delivered herself — of a prayer for quaker children who were forsaking drab ways, and hankering after crinoline, or strip-ed pantaloons.

'After which, silence, for a third time,

'LIKE a poultice, came
To heal the blows of sound.'

'Ten minutes having elapsed, the unmitigated, who had *exhorted*, was suddenly seized with a *silent out-burst* of sentiment and fraternal feeling toward the unmitigated next him, which he exhibited by rising and cordially shaking hands with said unmitigated No. Two. At this demonstration, there was an *universal rise in* '*shad*,' and the meetin' dissolved.

'We stood on the bank as the stream flowed by, and having passed the whole shoal in review, passed ourselves out.

''MARCUS PHYPPS,' commenced TURKLE, as we wended, 'I'll tell thee what. There was a deal of good sense and sound logic in Brother WHIFFLIN'S exhortation, and ——'

''So there was! Was he the ZERUBABEL WHIFFLIN who ——?'

''Y-e-a! (don't interrupt me!) and Sister DEBORAH'S prayer was a sincere out-pouring of the spirit. Crinoline, brother MARCUS, is a national curse: a world-wide curse: its untimely and exaggerated *expansion* has been the prime cause of the *pressure* in every thing else.

''PHYPPS; Nota-bene: There was n't a pretty Quakeress in meetin'.

''So there was n't. Are you going to dine with me?'

''No! —— What was that you said just now about a little whiskey-and-water before dinner?'

'(I had not intimated '*the remotest*.')

''Well, MARC, I do n't know but it *would* be '*medicinally* useful.''

'We went into 'our house.' The old Bourbon was handed forth. Mr. TURKLE helped himself, and holding the glass admiringly between his eye and the window: '*You* do n't drink whiskey, I think,' said he gravely. 'Young, vigorous men like you should never indulge in strong drink. You do n't need it: you do n't want any artificial stimulus; but (here he took a sip) when a man is past middle age, (here he took another,) even if it *is n't* very *pleasant*, (here he took a third,) something of the kind is necessary to accelerate the circulation, and assist digestion; and though I do n't like liquor — especially whiskey, (here he finished the glass

and sighed,) I occasionally take a small quantity medicinally, and having found whiskey agree with me the best, I am, in a measure, (here he poured out a tablespoonful or so more, and drank it at a long swallow,) forced to stick to it. WILLIAM, (to the sable republican just setting the table,) you 've got onions in the stuffing of the turkey to-day, and you 've left the kitchen-door open: I smell it. Go shut it, WILLIAM, or I shall have to stay to dinner.'

'WILLIAM shut the *kitchen*-door, and Mr. TURKLE opened the *street*-door — *after dinner!*'

A 'distinct difference!' - - - 'SIGMA,' a new Vermont correspondent, sends us a few amusing legal anecdotes, connected with eminent juristical and prominent advocatorial personages, years agone, in the Green-Mountain State. Among these anecdotes, he narrates one of the late Judge P——, one of the 'giants of those days.' His sheriff was a long-legged, lank, lean, awkward Yankee; bashful withal; a stutterer and stammerer; and with a voice 'like the tearing of a stay-sail out of a bolt-rope.' He 'opened court' one day with the usual formula: 'Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye!' etc., which he did, doubtless, in the style of the Nassau-street 'self-sealing en-*vel*-op' vender: 'Any thing on the bo-a-a-rd, fo-u-r cents: Twenty-five sheets of wri-ting paper, fo-w-er c-a-e-nts!' etc. He, of course, became embarrassed, and stuttered and stammered: commenced — broke down — commenced again; and had proceeded as far as to designate the Court by its jurisdictional name, which, to save his life, he could not do at first; then he commenced again, and *again* had to give it up, leaving the irresistible impression on the minds of persons ignorant of what he would be at, that he was calling their Honors by very bad names. Judge P—— enjoyed the fellow's confusion and embarrassment very keenly; and when he could contain himself no longer, he turned to one of his associates, and slapping him familiarly on the knee, remarked in a whisper, loud enough to be heard throughout the bar: 'I say Brother R——, I have seen courts opened before now, in all manner of ways, but I must confess I never before saw one *torn open!*' Here is another: The late BATES TURNER, of Vermont, (of whom every fun-lover within five hundred miles has heard, and of whom more humorous sayings are recorded than of any other man in Vermont,) was as witty a man, as he was learned jurist. He had a quick, subtle, and acute mind, with a nervous and very hurried manner; speaking so fast, when talking, that it was difficult for the listener to keep up with his words. He was many years on the bench. On one occasion, a young and zealous lawyer, not over punctilious in his allusions to the Court, nor very formal in his manner, was arguing a law-question before the JUDGE; and in the course of his argument, by way of illustration, wished to 'suppose a case.' 'We will suppose, your Honor,' said he, 'that your Honor were to steal a horse——' 'No! no! no!' interrupted the Judge; 'not at all! not at all; 't an't a supposable case, Mr. S——, 't an't a supposable case.' 'Very well, begging your Honor's pardon,' proceeded the eager lawyer, with more zeal than prudence, 'very well; then supposing that *I* should steal a horse——' 'Ah! yes, yes, yes,' said the Judge, 'that is a different thing: very likely, Mr. S——, very likely. Proceed, Mr. S——.' Mr. S—— proceeded to take a seat, amid the shouts of his brethren, and had the good sense to take the joke in good part, and to repeat it often to his friends. While Judge TURNER was in the practice

of his profession, he once conducted a petty litigation between two very mean men, about a very small matter, and finally succeeded in *promoting* his case to the County Court, to be heard by a judge presiding therein, who shall be nameless. This Judge, although he had the respect of the bar for his learning and ability, had lost their confidence in his integrity, and was generally deemed corrupt. He was a man of stately, dignified presence, although at times a little 'pompious.' Mr. TURNER's case was laid before his honor, and had been proceeded in far enough for the Judge to catch a glimpse of the nature of it and its litigants, when he stopped Mr. TURNER in a very grave, dignified manner: 'Mr. TURNER, this seems to be rather a trifling case: why not advise your client to submit it to the candid, impartial arbitrament of two or three good, honest men, and so not trouble the Court?' 'Ah! yes, yes, yes! your Honor,' broke in Mr. TURNER, in his usual hurried manner, and a sparkling snap of his sharp, 'practised eye,' as he addressed the Judge, (for whom, by the way, he had not a high regard,) 'yes, yes! your Honor, but *this is just precisely one of those cases we do not wish to trouble an honest man with!*' Mr. TURNER lost his case. One or two more, and I am done: An empty-headed, conceited brother-lawyer once bewailed to Judge TURNER that he (the lawyer) could not be translated back to youth and carry with him all the learning and experience he had acquired during a long practice: 'Yes, yes!' said the Judge; 'but console yourself that you would carry back a very light pack indeed; hardly worth the journey!' He had a very intimate friend and neighbor, who was very methodical (and withal rather eccentric) in the commonest affairs of life. Among other things, this neighbor had a dog: a fine noble fellow, that was a general favorite, and with whom his master kept a regular and precise book-account, charging the dog with his board, etc., etc., and crediting him with services whenever he rendered any. It so happened that the dog killed a cow, by breaking her neck, for which his master had to pay dearly, and so he killed the dog. Upon examining, and adjusting the account with his dog, after his demise, the animal was found to be greatly in debt to his master. Of this he was complaining one day to the Judge in mock-mourning style, when Judge TURNER briefly remarked, nudging his friend, 'Yes, yes, M——; no knowing how the dog's accounts would have stood if he had only had an *honest* executor!' The dog's estate was speedily settled, and accounts balanced by 'profit and loss' account. - - - THE following is a 'rich' epistle to the Publisher. We omit names, but it comes all the way from Arkansas, and is authentic:

'JOHN A, GRAY, Esq, publisher of the KNICKERBOCKER in new york I always though that the KNICKERBOCKER Jurnal was published At boston new-Engling, and that the Editor was one of the obliging Men in the world. buthowever Let it be as it may, you will pleas inform me of the fack, by return mail, and too, the Termes That you will furnish the KNICKERBOCKER magazine, for six months Or one year. If I like the magazine, well Enough at the End of One Volum, to have them bound I may continue for several years I am now and have been a subscriber to EMERSON magazine I want you to understand me — that is I have two, political Letters, that I crave verry much to have a lasting copy in my house And If I am subscriber to your magazine, you have to place them In one copy of the magazine, so it may be for safe keeping for Myself and my friends and children,

so my political Views may Be always be known,, I mailed these Letters to EMERSON, he returned Them to me, and give no reason, I am deturmined to stop as soon as This Volum is out.'

Sorry to say that we must be as obstinate as '*Emerson* magazine.' 'Political letters' are 'not at all in our way.' - - - THE Rev. Mr. SIMEON, a zealous divine of the Church of England, though of Jewish descent, was a man whose wit and humor almost equalled his piety. He must have been a regular SYDNEY SMITH, in his way. A worthy though credulous and simple-minded lady of his acquaintance, Mrs. L——, once related to him a wonderful story, of a clergyman who had recently received a message from a lady in trouble, requesting to see him, but stating that he must come blind-folded. He complied. He found the lady in bed, in great affliction, and recollected to have often seen her in church, one of the most attentive and devout of his congregation. She informed him that she was a Jewess by birth, but a Christian by conviction; that she wished to be confirmed in the church; that her relatives opposed it, and finding her resolute in her purpose, had determined to make way with her. 'And there,' said she, pointing to a heap of stones, in a corner of the room, 'there are the stones with which they intend to stone me to death tomorrow!' Did you ever hear so shocking a story?' continued Mrs. L——: 'and what makes it worse, the clergyman was brought away again blind-folded, so that there is no knowing who the lady was, or how to help her, or what has become of her!' 'Madam,' said Mr. SIMEON, gravely, 'all farther meddling in the matter would be useless. The poor lady is dead. She was stoned to death, as she predicted. I can assure you of the fact, for I swallowed the stones after the ceremony!' 'Ah,' said the good lady, 'you are jesting; but I assure you the story is true. I heard it from Mr. GRIMES, who told it with tears in his eyes.' 'Mr. GRIMES—Mr. GRIMES?' replied Mr. SIMEON; 'oh! is not that the gentleman who was tired of the version of the whale's swallowing JONAH, and insisted that it was JONAH who swallowed the whale?' 'Indeed!' exclaimed the good Mrs. L——; 'well, I did not know that any one held *that* belief!' - - - 'OUR friends, the French *boutiquiers*,' writes a friend, 'have a singular *penchant* for English signs: '*La spécialité de Pumpkin Pie*' is familiar to most of us; but the following, from the most frequented passage in Paris, far excels its prototype of the *rue de la Michaudière*: '*The Confectioner and Paste-board Maker*, who every year establishes himself in this passage, where he was last year hereby, has taken the place of the Gingerbread maker of Dijon: our predecessor's ginger-bread is kept also, and is joined to the Apple-Sugar of Rouen.' The same friendly correspondent sends us the following: 'A distinguished geologist, and a wit withal, who was quite as noted for his corpulency as for his science, was one day thus accosted by a brother savant, to whom our language was less familiar than that of the rocks: '*Mon Dieu, professeur*, what a curious *formation* you are!' 'Yes,' replied the professor: 'I belong to the tertiary: you, I suppose, belong to the zoophytes.' Joke 'not taken.' - - - WE present the accompanying note to the EDITOR, from Mr. N. B. VINEYARD, of Marengo, Iowa, unaccompanied by any comment whatever. It certainly requires none:

'*Marengo, Iowa, January* 30, 1858.

'FRIEND CLARK: You will perhaps forgive my thieving propensities, when you

learn the object I had in view in sending to you one of Mr. WILLIS's pieces as my own. I was *ancious* to know whether a *name* connected with a literary production was not *all*, in your estimation, no difference how much *true* merit the production possessed. This is conclusively proven in the January number of your Magazine, in your editorial upon the poem of Mr. WILLIS.

'I have some pieces you may have got well paid for looking at, had I not thought a *name* instead of the production was *all* in the eyes of some who *pretend* unto wisdom. EXCUSE the course I have taken, for I shall still remain a constant reader of the KNICKERBOCKER. Respectfully, N. B. VINEYARD.'

That 'll 'do!' - - - THE following, by a 'Wolverine' Judge, is intended to define the crime of murder to a Wolverine jury: 'Murder, gentlemen,' said the Western SOLON, 'is where a man is murderously killed. The killer, in such a case, is a murderer. Now murder by poison, is as much murder as murder with a gun. It is the *murdering* that constitutes murder, in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing, and manslaughter another: therefore, if it is not manslaughter, it must be murder; and if it be not murder, it must be manslaughter. Self-murder has nothing to do in this case: one man cannot commit *felo de se* on another: that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty. Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell what it is not. I repeat, murder is murder. You can retire upon it, if you like!' - - - A YOUNG fellow, whose father had emigrated from Kentucky to the State of Illinois, writes '*The Kanetuckian's Lament.*' One verse will answer:

> 'ILLINOYS it is a inviting State,
> Its broad peraries roal out so grate;
> But it aint nothing like Kanetucky,
> So if you kin, you had better stay there.'

Is n't this one verse *enough*? - - - '*The West-Shore Rail-road*,' from Hoboken to Piermont, on the Hudson, we are glad to announce, is begun. It will surely interest our city readers in general, and especially the lovers of fine scenery, good air, and pure water, on a route exempt from draw-bridges and draw-backs of every description, that such a rail-way is at length under contract for construction, equipment, and practical operation by lessees for a term of years. Engineers are perfecting the location, and the contractors have already commenced the grading. The line from the west side of Bergen Ridge, skirts the foot of the Palisade-Ridge, and is nearly straight and nearly level, about twenty miles to Piermont. The contract is in the hands of a most respectable company, who are also the lessees, and who intend to make and operate the road in a manner worthy of the unique region which it traverses. The stock is subscribed, and will be held by the unsophisticated Huguenot population on the route, who intend the road for their own local accommodation, and that of all respectable new-comers into their bland and quiet neighborhood, It is an event for the citizens of this groaning metropolis, as well as for the heretofore terra-incognita of Bergen county, New-Jersey. - - - THE subjoined sketch is as authentic as it is interesting:

'CHARLEY BRENT and myself were school-mates. He was one of those singular

anomalies yclept artists. One who could thoroughly criticise a *chef d'œuvre* of CANOVA or TITIAN, while of the actualities of life he knew nothing. One who could detect almost at a glance the difference between a copy and an original, but whom a child could have cheated in any thing outside of his profession. At the time when we first became acquainted he was different from what he afterward became. His eccentricities had not then declared themselves in any direct line except a love for drawing horse-heads, and a dislike for method and regularity. His desk was a study, not of painting, but of the sad havoc one idea engrossing the mind can make of a naturally fine disposition. If he wished to find a particular book with which to attend a class, his search was a series of burrows under slates, books, and drawing-materials, that would shock a rat. His memory for any thing but paintings or subjects connected with them, was atrocious. He even seemed to forget the necessity of eating. The thought has often presented itself, how easily he could have lived in Rome; for instance, he could breakfast on a 'Madonna,' dine sumptuously on a 'VENUS,' sup, like an ogre, on a 'Patriarch,' and if at all like MICKEY FREE, 'clothe himself in the Twelve Apostles and Holy Family.'

'He had no idea of the value of money. If he became possessed of any, his first thought was so much oil and canvas can be bought with this. Careless, bold and happy in the pursuit of his art, his life was to be envied. He was looked upon by his friends when a boy, as dull and visionary; but his mind would at times flash forth through this apathy with a brilliancy showing that, although the surface was clouded, there blazed beneath a pure strong flame. He could have swept the institution of its prizes, but preferred being left alone and unheeded to the boyish pursuits of his art. Year after year swept by, and he saw without feeling his inferiors rising by dint of industry above him. Toward the time of his graduating he conquered with a noble effort the spirit that had bound him, and stood before us as himself. Almost without an effort he shot past us and left us too full of admiration to feel envy. He graduated with honor, and left shortly after, to go to Rome to pursue the study of his art. Wishing to see some gems which were then in Paris, he determined to go through France. Well had it been for him had he not. Becoming enraptured with a private painting in Paris, he received permission to make a copy of it. One day, while in the gallery, a party of gay young Parisians came to see the paintings. Among them was the famous duellist R——. He had already, it was said, killed six men: one for each year after attaining his majority. The lady accompanying this man incommoded CHARLEY to such an extent, that he asked her politely but firmly to stand from his painting. R—— sprang forward, and with an oath, struck him to the ground. CHARLEY, recovering himself, kicked the fellow into the street. Of course a duel was the consequence.

'They fought the day but one after in the Bois de Boulogne. At the first fire CHARLEY, by some strange chance, wounded his adversary in the shoulder, and of course deemed himself satisfied. Not so with R——: he insisted on having, and finally CHARLEY was obliged to allow him a second fire. By some accident BRENT missed his aim, and his adversary stood with loaded pistol before him about to take his life. The demon slowly raised his weapon to a level, and presented. All eyes were now turned on BRENT. He stood bravely. No braggadocio, no curling of his lip to hide other emotions, but calmly awaiting his death-blow. With a cold, satanic smile, his adversary fired. The smoke cleared, and he beheld CHARLEY lying dead before him. '*Voila sept*,' he coolly remarked. That was CHARLEY's epitaph.'

WELL, come, CHILDREN! — let us have a little talk with a few of you now: more of you may come to the small side-table by-and-by: you have certainly waited very patiently for a good while:

'A LITTLE boy in one of our public schools was interpreting the Sermon on the Mount, in a manner somewhat differing from the best commentator. He read: 'Ye-can-not-serve-GOD-and-WOMAN!'

'GUSSY S——, aged six, writing to her aunt and namesake, who has been very ill, was desirous of sending a very amusing epistle to the invalid. She told her all the home news she could think of, about the cats, the dog, and the birds. Now it so happened, that one unfortunate puss had by some accident lost her tail. GUSSY was going to write down this afflicting incident; but paused, saying very gravely: 'Aunt MARIA, I think I won't write that: *it might agitate aunt Augusta!*'

'A CLASS-MATE of mine, whom for convenience I will call ADAMS, was some years since chosen Governor of his native State. His eldest daughter, a very observing and thoughtful child, was then just two years and eight months old, but could talk distinctly, and, as my story proves, could reason remarkably well. She had heard the people who constantly called on her father, inquiring at the door if 'Governor ADAMS was in?' A few days after this, as she was sitting alone on the nursery-floor, her mother, in an adjoining room, over-heard her in the following soliloquy, which we think can be put against any modern 'juvenility,' as evincing close observation, correct reasoning, and withal a due sense of personal dignity, in so young a child: 'My papa is Governor ADAMS; my mamma is *Mrs.* Governor ADAMS; and *I* am *Miss* GOVERNOR ADAMS!'

'A LITTLE three-year-old daughter of a friend of mine, who has been religiously reared, wished to spend the day with a baby-friend, and expressed the wish to her mother, urging her with great pertinacity to grant permission; but observing that she was not likely to be successful, decided on a grand final appeal, saying: 'Do, dear mother, let me go: I will be ever so good a girl.' And then pausing, folding her tiny hands and placing herself in an attitude of prayer, she added: 'And this I ask, for JESUS' sake.'

'It is needless to add that she made the visit; and, I have no doubt, has increased faith in prayer.'

'OUR little FANNIE is a wilful child, something less than four years old, inheriting an ample share of what is commonly called '*pluck*.' When she grows older she will know better. She has a nurse named ELLEN, to whom she is much attached. Last evening something offended her, causing an unusual display of temper. Her excellent mother attempted to soothe her, and pointing out the wickedness of such conduct, told her she must ask GOD to forgive her. But it was of no use. The 'old ADAM' would come out, and looking up with an expression of countenance, as of language, in which passion and triumph were about equally blended, she exclaimed: 'I *won't* say my prayers to GOD to-night — *I'll say 'em to* ELLEN!'

Uncommendable, certainly. - - - WE like to read the criminal proceedings of the Special Sessions, now that our old friend SHERMAN BROWNELL is associated with Judge OSBORN upon the bench. Mr. BROWNELL is A MAN. He once received our vote for MAYOR (the only time we ever departed from our allegiance to the 'ger-reat Per-rin-ci-ples of 'Ninety-Eight') simply because we

saw him, fresh and rosy, in the early dewy summer morning, taking a basket of nice meat and vegetables to a poor widow woman, just out of Hudson-street. His eyes and glossy curls seemed to reflect the satisfaction that a good deed had engendered. The other day, a little boy was before the court, for stealing a ball of thread: 'Discharge him,' said Judge BROWNELL: 'took it to fly a kite with, I suppose.' A man was brought up for stealing fat from a bullock. He alleged that he stole it to grease his boots with. 'Well, then,' said the JUDGE indignantly, 'why could n't you cut it out of the kidney, instead of spoiling a whole quarter? There was plenty of loose fat lying around to grease your boots with, without spoiling a quarter. Guilty: penitentiary two months.' Another man was arraigned for stealing a halibut, weighing seventy pounds. 'Thus then' Judge BROWNELL: 'Now the idea of a man picking up a fish weighing seventy pounds from the side-walk, and walking off with it! Why, he'd 'ave had to back up a cart and take it — seventy pounds!' Let him off light.' And he *was* 'let off light.' - - - THANKS to our friend Professor ADAM SYGHTE for the '*North-Woods Walton-Club*' pamphlet: and 'thanks, double-thanks,' for our unanimous election thereto, and for the manner in which our humble name was made to perform honorable service as the twelfth regular toast at the 'Supper.' What a list of officers and members! Governor KING, (our old St. NICHOLAS PRESIDENT,) 'good man' though he be, and a capital fisherman, heads the list; but he 'is n't a priming' to some 'good fellows' whom we could point out among our associates. We shall refer farther to the '*North-Woods. Walton-Club*,' when we conclude, next month, our 'Trip to IOHN BROWNE'S Tracte.' - - - WE regret to learn that '*De Bow's Review*,' and his '*Weekly Press*,' both neatly executed, and issued monthly and weekly from Washington City, and both capable and industriously-edited exponents of the trade, commerce, agricultural advantages, and the kindred and collateral interests of the South, are not as well supported as they should be. Mr. DE BOW, however, who for fifteen years has labored assiduously in this behalf, makes a simple but eloquent appeal in a recent number, for simple justice at the hands of his subscribers; an appeal which we should hardly suppose could possibly be disregarded. The quantity and quality of the matter contained in the *Review*, are at least equal to the merits of works of similar character, for the same price, in any other section of the country: while '*The Weekly Press*' adds to its own sectional enforcements, *literary* recommendations, which should favorably affect each publication; as the two together cost only five dollars a year. We wish for both journals increased encouragement and ample success. - - - IT is our belief that the brace of '*Quakeristics*' which ensue, proceed from the 'Drab City:'

'SOME years ago, ere our metropolis had yet attained to its present magnificence of manhood, and was only a half-grown village in round jacket and cap, there dwelt in one of its suburbs a Quaker apothecary. Now it is probable, that since the days of Babylon and Nineveh, no city has ever been honored by such a Quaker apothecary as this. His features were such as might have been formed by tightly drawing a piece of parchment over a skull; nor was the spectral appearance of his figure-head at all diminished by the huge pair of goggles which he wore astride his nose. His coat of gray, cut straight, after the Quaker fashion, reached almost to his heels; and as he

shuffled along the streets, his hands crossed devoutly over the region of the stomach, his head slightly bent forward, and turning to look neither to the right nor to the left, the boys and idle men called him the 'village ghost.'

'He was not a ghost, however, but a flesh and blood Quaker, with the mildness of disposition which is a second nature to those who wear the gray coat, as will be seen by the following example:

'The old gentleman practised dentistry in his shop, extracting the molars and bicuspids of those who were so unfortunate as to come to him. One day, a stout son of the sea came in, his face distorted by a doleful tooth-ache, to have the offending member separated from his substance. The 'Doctor' placed him in the chair, and proceeded to apply the turn-key. He had not exerted his feeble strength many minutes before the antiquated instrument of torture slipped from the tooth with a crash, causing the patient to see more stars than are catalogued in any well-regulated astronomy. It was too much for JACK's philosophy: he drew off and let the doctor have 'one' with such a will, that the unfortunate recipient of the 'one' rolled over in the dust. But here shines out Quaker character in all its radiance: he arose, and after having brushed the dirt from his clothes, and vented his malice in the expression, 'Friend, thee is a very bad man!' proceeded to finish the operation. Poor JACK was so bewildered by such unexpected meekness, that he submitted to the turn-key very quietly, and utterly forgot to utter the accustomed howl upon the exit of the tooth.

'There were two or three graceless apprentices in the shop, who used to worry the poor man almost to death. On one occasion, he had made an appointment with an uneducated person to meet him in his office on a certain day, at a certain hour. It slipped the Doctor's mind, but not the apprentices', who resolved to play a practical joke on the man who was to call. The office was up-stairs, over the shop; and in an adjoining closet were several fine skeletons, surrounded by other medical horrors. The boys took one of these skeletons, placed it in the Doctor's chair by the table, with one of its fleshless hands upon the page of an open book, and tied a pair of goggles over its sightless eyes. Presently the man came in haste, fearing to be late, and was about to rush up-stairs, when one of the conspirators stopped him: 'You had better not go up now,' said he as gravely as a chief-mourner at a funeral: 'the Doctor is engaged.'

''I must see him, though: I came on business, by express appointment.'

''Do you think the Doctor would like to be interrupted now, JIM?' said apprentice Number One.

''I do n't know,' said JIM.

'But the man cut the matter short by rushing up the stairs. In a moment he came tumbling down, and bolted out of the door. The boys laughed at the joke, and took the skeleton away.

'The next day the Doctor was standing in front of his shop, in a speculative mood, when he saw the same person approaching with whom he had made the engagement the day previous. Anxious to finish his business, the apothecary beckoned with his finger for the man to approach. Marks of consternation were depicted on the man's face: he surveyed the vender of drugs from head to foot, as if he had been a demon hot from the world below. Suddenly he broke forth with, 'No, no; I know you, if you have got your clothes on: you do n't get me into your old shop gain!' And he fairly turned and ran away.

'He thought that the skeleton he had seen the day before, was the Doctor, sitting in his study, denuded of his clothing.

Who *would n't* have thought so! - - - THE *opening* 'ODE' and ORATION at the inauguration of CRAWFORD's Grand Equestrian Statue of WASHINGTON, delivered at Richmond, Virginia, on the twenty-second of February, appear in the '*Southern Literary Messenger*' for March. The first is from the pen

of the editor, JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq., and is admirable, alike in conception and in execution. The four divisions, and the different styles of verse, preventing all monotony of mere sound, was a happy thought of the author. The whole reflects great credit upon Mr. THOMPSON, as a true poet and patriot. We could wish to do it ampler justice by liberal quotation: but the subjoined, from the second division, is all for which we can at present find space:

'THEN came ELOQUENCE, attended by the stately rhythmic choir,
And from her unfailing altar touched an EVERETT's lips with fire,

'While the voiceless Muse of Sculpture, white and shining, raised her wand,
And a yet more wondrous cunning straightway thrilled through CRAWFORD's hand,

'And he left his nymphs and HEBES in their sleep of snowy stone,
With the grand old dreamy beauty of the Greek around them thrown,

'Catching from his theme majestic, in his thought's enkindled glow,
Something of the forceful purpose, marble-wrought of ANGELO.

'In his quiet Roman work-shop months the sculptor toiled: at length
All completed rose the model in its glory and its strength.

'Then beyond the Alps they bore it, statue of the deathless name,
To the distant German city there to be baptized in flame.

''T was a glorious thing to witness, as the swarthy artisan
Set the fiery torrent free, and seething in the mould it ran:

'But great joy there was in Munich, when the metal, furnace-tried,
Came to sight a radiant image, perfect then and purified.

'*Thus through trials yet intenser and a more refining blaze,*
Passed our hero, pure and scatheless, in the Revolution's days.

'Horse and rider, decked with garlands, now in lengthened jubilee
Journey through the pleasant Rhineland toward the rolling Zuyder Zee.

'Under quaint and leaning gables stops at last the ponderous wain,
Where the dykes of Holland's sea-port backward hurl the angry main.

'Every where the youths and maidens thronged to see it moving by,
Gray-haired sires and matrons cheered it, on its joyous way—and why?

''T was that men of every nation, in our WASHINGTON's career,
See their own commanding hero yet more gloriously appear.'

The editor of the '*Messenger*' does not award too high praise to Hon. R. M. T. HUNTER's able, dignified, and in portions, extremely eloquent oration, when he pronounces it 'in itself monumental.' It is sufficient to say, that it was worthy of the orator's great theme. Would that poor clay-cold CRAWFORD could have been there to hear — that he could have been there to *see!* But he has 'passed away forever.' - - - THE following shows that 'a good deal may be said on both sides:'

'ABOUT two years ago, in the quiet village of B——, existed a club — no way related to the one wielded by HERCULES, but a peaceful debating club — at whose weekly meetings the lawyers, doctors, ministers, esquires, and many smaller CICEROS of the village, were accustomed to astonish their auditory with eloquent speeches,

impromptu of course, although the question was always selected a fortnight in advance.

'Squire K——, who, like others of his fraternity, was as well known for his rotundity as for windy speeches, gave particular attention to the ministers, being always on the look-out for a chance to 'score' 'those priests,' as he called them. Elder G——, a Baptist minister, had lately moved into the village, and in due time made his first speech in the club, upon the question in hand. Before he had fairly taken his seat, 'Squire K——, purposing to take the 'starch' out of the unsuspecting 'priest,' rose up, eager to reply. He managed, somehow, to lug in his old tirade against 'priestcraft,' and also against 'election,' a doctrine particularly odious to his notions of popular sovereignty. Having, as he thought, pretty nearly annihilated it, to clinch his argument, he added: 'I remember, Mr. Chairman, when a boy, that my father, a good old Scotch deacon, used to flog me thoroughly *twice* a day—once for not learning the Scotch catechism, and once for not believing in election. Sometimes I used to escape on the catechism, but on the election I never missed the regular daily flogging, until I grew up, and then the 'priest' tried every conceivable method to force and scare me into it; but I never believed it, and do not believe it yet. Now I would like to have my new friend, the 'priest,' explain, if he can, why these delectable appliances never drove my tearful and foolish unbelief out of me.'

'There was a murmur of applause as he sat down, and all eyes were turned, with no little curiosity, upon Elder G——, who rose, and very deliberately replied:

''Mr. Chairman: while I sincerely regret the galling misfortunes of my friend the Justice, I can offer no explanation but that recorded in the Scriptures:

''THOUGH thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his *foolishness* depart from him.'

'The house rang with laughter: and 'Squire K—— has ever since avoided all allusion either to the 'priest' or to 'election.' E. K.'

'A hit—a palpable hit!' - - - WE confess to small interest, as we have recently intimated, in any description of the social, domestic, or financial condition, of Grecian Athens, three thousand years ago. And yet we honor the reverence of the scholar for what CARLYLE calls the 'MIND SPRING, resistlessly-streaming, or mildly-welling, in larger or smaller out-goings,' since that era. But, admitting that, in our own case, 'where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise,' it is still some additional consolation to know, that 'not to be the *worst*, stands in some rank of praise.' It is the erudite and classic DOGBERRY who remarks, if we remember rightly, that 'where two men ride a horse, one must take the back seat.' *We* shall take that, and give place to the distinguished gentleman in one of our 'first circles,' who said to his wife the other evening: 'My dear, I hear much about the 'Age of Pericles:' what *are* 'Pericles?'' (Probably he thought them a species of periwinkle.) Ask Prof. AGASSIZ, of Harvard University: a modest, genial gentleman; and doubtless at this moment the first naturalist in the world. Show him but a simple section of the spinal-column of a '*Pericle*,' and he will pick you clean every bone in his 'multiform body.' - - - THERE is one species of '*Literature*,' so called, that we are glad to see falling into gradual desuetude: we mean *Commentary Literature*, like the writings of that 'turgid goose' GILFILLAN, for instance, whom we 'showed up' at the very first, and who has dwindled to a mere speck. To use an expressive, although perhaps not an over-elegant phrase, he has 'gone in.' Let other ambitious writers of his tribe take warn-

ing by his example. The publishers' 'No; such works *don't sell* at the present time — we should *rather* not undertake it' — has taught such 'small fry' that they cannot *reflect* the intellect which they would fain *exalt* as a 'first discoverer.' - - - We are willing to wager 'something handsome' that the scene at Tammany-Hall, of which this dialogue formed a part, will be quoted by a portion of the English press as a 'sample of American Political Amenity.' Now, 'mark our word:'

'Captain Rynders again took the floor, but it appeared that several were speaking when he rose:
'Rynders: Mr. Chairman ——
'The Chair: 'You are out of order.'
'Rynders: 'I am *not* out of order.'
'The Chair: 'Captain Rynders will take his seat.'
'Rynders: 'I shan't do it.
'The Chair: 'You will take your seat.'
'Rynders: 'I won't.''

Very short and very sweet: moreover, the gallant United States Marshal for New-York carried the day. - - - Among the promises which we made, on assuming, nearly twenty-five years ago, the control of this Magazine, was one, to the effect that its pages should be kept clear of political, polemical, and sectarian matters, of what kind soever; believing then, as we do now, that there might be one broad neutral ground upon which all could meet, and that Literature furnished that basis. This we have always endeavored to keep in mind, and to 'set it forth and show it accordingly.' We beg our Washington friend, therefore, whose kind note we have received, to believe us when we say, that the '*lapsus*' to which he makes allusion was simply accidental, the result of non-perusal in the proof. Forming a '*pièce de resistance*,' in a remarkably clear 'hand-of-write,' the article in question was seldom revised, save by our best of proof-readers, and then only for literal errors. - - - It saddened us the other day, to read in the '*Times*' daily journal, the account of a little boy, flying his kite in the street, who backed up under an omnibus, and was instantly killed. Poor little fellow! — *we* know how absorbed he was, and why he did not hear the warning voice of the driver. *Apropos* of Kites: materials, adornments, etc., are being collected 'hereaway,' for a Kite to be launched about the middle of April, if it do n't rain, which will be the '*Leviathan*' of its class. Contracts for a reel, linen-twine, etc., were signed and sealed yesterday. - - - 'They tell a good story' of Lorenzo Dow, or a perambulating preacher of his 'school,' to the effect, that riding once in a stage-coach on his way to an appointment, he fell in company with some wild young blades, who were led, from his eccentric appearance and manner, to imagine that he was a proper subject for their jokes and raillery. He at once humored their design, by affecting silliness, and making the most absurd and senseless remarks. Upon arriving at the place where he was to stop, they ascertained who their butt was, and began to apologize, observing, in extenuation of their rudeness, that his own conversation had misled them. 'Oh!' said he, 'that's *my way:* I always try to accommodate myself to the company I am in; and when I am among fools, I talk foolish!' - - - 'Amusing myself

with your December issue the other evening,' (writes the friend who told us the capital story of LAMB, now travelling the rounds of the press,) 'I chanced upon '*The Unsatisfied*,' page 577, the last stanza of which reminded me of a very clever impromptu parody that a cousin of mine tore from the blotter of one of the clerks who was under him in the 'Ticket Department' of the 'Navy Pay Office,' at Somerset House. The young fellow's table was contiguous to a window which over-looked the Strand, that great artery of the City leading from east to west. Observing a dashing *fille du pave* accost a youth, evidently as verdant as the holly-bushes which graced the lawns of the 'provinces' whence he came, he 'caught the idea,' and seating himself listlessly at his *escritoire*, he wrote:

'GENTLE Lady! on whose cheek
Modest blushes sweetly play,
Tell! O tell me where to seek
VIRTUE, and her blissful way!

'Thus I said, then mournful sighed,
Reflecting on this world of sin:
The gentle Lady softly cried,
O come and treat us with some GIN!'

'What a falling off' was *there!* - - - 'OLD JERRY GARD,' (as we gather at friendly 'second-hand,') of California, a 'Hard-Shell Baptist,' hailing from 'Arkansaw,' was reading an Eastern paper to a company of his neighbors, when he found the item of intelligence, that the grass on the Plains was very poor, or had been destroyed, and it was feared that the emigrants would have a hard time. 'Emigrants?—what's them?' inquired one of the listeners. 'Do n't you know?' asked JERRY. 'No.' 'Do n't you? Do n't you?' asking and receiving a negative answer from each one in turn. 'Well, I 'll tell you. Emigrants is a sort of cross between a ground-hog and a gopher, and is very hard on grass!' - - - AGAIN we cry you 'Patience!' Messieurs PUBLISHERS. Two editions of BEATRICE CENCI have appeared, yet we have not been enabled to read either the one or the other: so of many other works, of which our readers shall know more hereafter. - - - THAT WAS a 'smart' '*Exchange Paper*,' was n't it, which told, as original the just-now-current story of the Quaker, who said to a 'party' who was serenading his daughter: 'Thee has been singing of thy '*Home*,' thy '*sweet* Home:' now if thee *has* such a 'sweet home,' why does n't thee *go* to thy home?' See 'Gossip' from the lips of one who *heard* the 'Friend'-ly suggestion, first published in this Magazine, fourteen years ago. - - - IT may be 'late in the day,' but not too late for our gratitude, to say to our exiled city-brothers in Keokuk, Iowa, that our invitation to the 'New-York Supper' of the 'Excelsior Society' of Gothamites in that flourishing city, reached *us* too late for response, when or howsoever it may have been sent. We see, by a capital report in '*The Gate City*' daily journal, that our KNICKERBOCKER compatriots had 'a good time,' and 'good things' to celebrate it. Would we had been there! Let us live in the hope, however, of 'dropping in' upon our friends, among the Keokukites, some pleasant day next summer. - - - THE additional verse—and very beautiful it is—to 'JOHN ANDERSON MY JO,' mentioned in a late number of

the '*Home Journal*,' as appearing in print for the first time in that sheet, was first published, several years ago, in the KNICKERBOCKER. Our friends of the 'BURNS' CLUB,' who celebrated their anniversary dinner that year at the table of our excellent PRESIDENT, and hospitable host, CHARLES GOULD, Esq., of this city, will not soon forget the verse, nor the manner it was rendered for the first time from the lips of the writer: and *his* copy (it was almost *impromptu*) passed into the next issue of the KNICKERBOCKER. - - - THE following, by Rev. LEONARD BACON, of New-Haven, although written years ago, will be found to have a present application. Baron MACAULAY will rise to the wind; but no 'noble lord' or bishop will think of 'looking down' upon him:

'THE orator in the House of Commons, whose eloquence adorns and enriches his mother-tongue; the patriot statesman, whose skill guides his country through the storm; the jurist, whose genius and industry have thrown light along the Gothic labyrinths of the law; the warrior, whose exploits, on the deep or on the land, have made 'the meteor flag of England' burn more terrific than before; mounts at least to the peerage, and thus attains the goal of his ambition. And what an ambition! He is a peer indeed; but he comes a *novus homo* into the circle of the old nobility. He is a peer indeed, and is permitted to uphold the decayed aristocracy, by bringing to its aid the vigor of his talents, and the lustre of his performances; but after all, the stupid descendant of some iron-fisted, leaden-headed old baron, of the days of King JOHN; the coroneted gambler, 'whose blood has crept through' titled 'scoundrels ever since' it was ennobled by the TUDORS; yes, and the rowdy profligate who traces his pedigree back to some unmentionable female in the court of CHARLES the Second; takes precedence of him, and blesses himself as of a more illustrious birth than this new-created lord of yesterday. Meanwhile, the man of science and of letters has no hope of rising to so glorious an eminence. The astronomer who writes his name among the constellations; the chemist at whose analysing touch nature gives up her profoundest secrets; the inventor who gives new arms to labor, new wings to commerce, and new wealth and comforts to mankind; the historian who illuminates his country's annals, and turns into wisdom the experience of past ages; the poet who entrances nations with the spell of song and fable; seeks the *patronage* of the high-born, happy to share that patronage with actors and Italian fiddlers; thrice happy if the king, deeming him fit to stand in the outer court of aristocracy, shall dub him knight, or exalt him to the rank of baronet.'

'Not so' of MACAULAY. - - - *Wheeler and Wilson's 'Lock-Stitch Sewing-Machines,'* invented by Mr. A. B. WILSON, have formed an 'American *Institution*.' Thousands of our first citizens and the best journals in our land, testify, in a large pamphlet now before us, to their unrivalled excellence, their superiority over any and every other similar machine in the country. The Office is at Number 343 Broadway. - - - AN eminent New-England lawyer, named LOUGHEAD, must have been exceedingly gratified with this announcement one morning, in one of the journals of the day: 'We give below the able argument of Mr. DOUGHEAD, on behalf of the commonwealth, delivered in the court of Oyer and Terminer,' etc. DOUGHEAD'S 'argument!' - - - Mr. CHARLES B. NORTON, the capable and indefatigable, 'Agent for Libraries,' whose office is in APPLETONS' Building, Broadway, has issued an elaborate '*Literary Letter*,' comprising 'American Papers' of interest, and a Catalogue of the largest collection of *Rare and Valuable Autographs, Coins, Medals, Maps*, etc., relative to America, ever offered for sale. - - - WE have pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the advertisement of our old friend, PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., on the cover of our present number. He has had long literary experience, and possesses abundant ability to perform all which he promises in the announcement referred to.

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Inventors have, for years, endeavored to make a substitute for the thick and costly mattress, which should combine its softness, elasticity, and other good qualities, without the objections of expense, etc. "Howe's Elliptical Spring Bed-Bottom" has accomplished the objects desired. It is light, compact, portable, durable, cheap, cleanly, and delightful.

From the N. Y. Daily News, Feb. 26, 1858.

We have examined and proved "Howe's Patent Elliptic Bed-Spring," and will here unhesitatingly say it exceeds any thing in that line that has fallen under our observations, for cheapness, cleanliness, quietness, and durability—possessing all of these qualifications in a wonderful degree.

From the U. S. Journal, Feb.

A Luxurious Bed.—We speak from experience when we say that "Howe's Patent Elliptic Spring Bed" is truly a luxurious article. We think that no other bed combines to so great a degree the important elements of simplicity, economy, durability, and strength. We are glad to hear that it is being rapidly introduced.

From the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Mag., Feb.

But among them all, we have not seen any that pleases us as well as "Howe's Elliptic Spring Bed," and having used it for more than a year, we have no hesitancy in recommending it to all in want of an article of the kind.

From the N. Y. Mercury.

Hard Times made Easy.—We have been sleeping on one of "Howe's Patent Elliptic Spring Beds" for some time past, and we are sure if any thing can make the hard times easier, these beds will do it.

From the N. Y. Times and Messenger.

"The Elliptic Spring Bed-Bottom."—This is an entirely new invention, and a most invaluable one; and those who have not used them can form no idea of the comfort they promote. To an invalid they are of incalculable benefit.

From the Times.

That they should be in great demand is not at all strange, and we may confidently predict that ere long "Howe's Patent Elliptic Spring Bed-Bottoms" will be universally used.

From the Atlas.

In fact, it is all that could be wished in the way of an easy, economical, and luxurious bed—an article deservedly prized, but not always found when desired. We learn that this "Bed Spring" is meeting with an immense sale, and gives the fullest satisfaction; but the spring itself is its own best reference, as any one will see by an examination. We speak advisedly, having one of the articles in use, which we value very highly.

From the Ohio Farmer.

"Howe's Patent Elliptic Spring Bed-Bottom."—We have tried these springs, and so have scores of others in the city; and we know them to be just the thing—comfortable, cheap, simple, and durable.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

Howe's Spring Bed" is one of the most useful articles ever invented, for the comfort and convenience of mankind. It is universally admired and applauded by all who examine it; and those who have tested its merits say they would not do without it.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Howe's Patent Elliptic Spring Bed."—This invention is having a great popularity. A glance at the article will convince any one that the invention is one of the most meritorious ever introduced here.

From the Baltimore Weekly Dispatch.

This spring (Howe's) is very simple in construction, strong, and in point of durability will last as long as the bedstead to which it is attached. Those who have used it are unanimous in its praise.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Howe's Elliptic Springs."—We are much pleased with "Howe's Elliptic Spring Bed," having one in use at present. It is simple, durable, and cheap.

From the Hartford Evening Press.

"Howe's Elliptic Spring Bed" is a new invention, and we think it one of the best constructions ever invented for the objects designed—namely, economy, comfort, and health. For sickness it must be invaluable; and the invention, being so [illegible] useful and cheap, must come into general use.

From the Chicago Journal.

"Howe's Elliptic Spring Bed."—We have read of beds of down, and tried one with springs elliptic. We find the latter what we imagined the former to be. This invention is simple, cheap, and will not get out of repair. It can be applied to our ordinary bedstead in twenty minutes.

From the Intelligencer.

"Howe's Patent Elliptic Bed Spring" is attracting universal admiration from all sorts of people. Its perfect adaptation to our requirements, its unalterable elasticity, the pride and beauty of the Elliptic Spring, and its proper adjustment—all demand our admiration, and compel us to place it in the foremost rank among modern inventions.

From the Delaware Gazette.

"Howe's Patent Elliptic Bed Spring."—This article is, in our opinion, decidedly one of the best of its class now before the public. It is exceedingly simple in construction, so cheap as to be within the reach of those of the most limited means, and in all respects answers most admirably the end for which it is designed. We are using it, and speak from personal experience.

From the Valley Farmer.

A great many devices have recently been introduced as a substitute for the old-fashioned smothering feather-bed designed to afford ease to the body when at rest. Having used one of "Howe's Elliptic Spring Beds" for some time we find it to surpass any thing of the kind that we have ever yet seen. The springs and bottoms are so arranged that they yield to every projecting bone and part of the body, giving an easy, uniform bearing to the whole.

From the Louisville Courier.

Among the numerous devices that have been introduced to afford elasticity and ease to beds, "Howe's Patent Elliptic Spring Bed-Bottom" far excels them all. We have had one of them in use for some time, and can therefore speak advisedly. The springs are so adjusted as to yield with perfect ease to the form of the body.

On first examining it, some months since, we were struck with it as an important improvement, and ordered one from the manufacturers, and on trial we find it in fact exceed our expectations.

Manufactured by "THE ELLIPTIC BED-SPRING COMPANY,"

323 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

Also for sale by Dealers generally. Orders from the country promptly answered.

THE

Knickerbocker.

OR

NEW-YORK

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1858.

NEW-YORK:
JOHN A. GRAY, 16 & 18 JACOB STREET.
[illegible]
DUTTER & BROTHER AND BOSS & TOCKET,
[illegible]
LONDON: [illegible], 145 STRAND.
[illegible] [illegible]

can very easily account for such persuasions, and point them out as being the result of an imperfect, one-sided analysis; but the *subject* of them seldom looks beyond the fact itself, nor seeks to investigate the Why and Wherefore. The man of genius — to illustrate the point by an analogy — who is ever *one-sided*, from the excessive preponderance of a single great quality, is not often competent to judge of his own productions, and the maniac considers his wild fancies and absurd actings the sternest, soberest reality.

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ENTERED, ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1858, BY

JOHN A. GRAY,

IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK.

JOHN A. GRAY, *Printer and Stereotyper*,
16 and 18 Jacob Street, New-York.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

VOL. LI. MAY, 1858. No. 5.

The Palimpsest:

THE NARRATIVE OF A FATALIST.

BY EDWARD SPENCER, OF MARYLAND.

'HORATIO: Oh! day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
'HAMLET: And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, HORATIO,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

THE PALIMPSEST.

THIS narrative, which I give to the world, will be credited to an ingenious fancy, as perhaps is proper, since it is a proposition by no means untenable, that nothing is real beyond sensation. If so be, however, that tangible things *are* real, then must what I have here to relate be fact only, rather softened than heightened in respect to considerations of coïncidence and dramatic effect, and on all occasions toned far below the intense pitch of passion, which was consequent upon the circumstances detailed. This I say simply by the way, with no expectation that I shall be therefore believed, and, at the same time, not the slightest concern whether my narrative be termed true or false, artistic or clumsy. Ere the 'proof' of this article shall come to the editor's hands for correction, he who pens this shall have solved the mystery of the grave, and will have to deal, not with time and its petty concomitants, but with the grand oneness of eternity. This hand, now sufficiently lusty to grasp a pen properly, (though the veins do shine rather bluely through the emaciate flesh,) will have been clasped over the hollowed breast, and will have, perhaps, had skin-worms tortuous within the very fingers incapable of any effort to rid them of the noisome presence. Hence it is of little import to me, thus on the threshold of another home, how my recital will be read here, since it is not likely that one faint echo even of ridicule or unbelief will reach me whither I wend. Why, then, some one may ask, do you

worry yourself about the matter at all? The world will lose nothing that she is conscious of, and you yourself will be spared the trouble of that mental disturbance required to produce a narrative, at any time, and especially since there are other such urgent demands upon you. My reader, reasoning thus, will hear me reply: It is a notion, simply, this of mine, to make public this particular portion of the History of a Fatalist; a notion which has grown into a fixed idea, such a one as possessing itself of one's thoughts, sleeping and waking, becomes finally invincible, and forces us to its accomplishment, if for no other reason than merely to insure mental peace. Death will be to me a boon, in my present condition; but death stands off waiting till I shall have finished this history. To purchase the gift, then, I perform the task. Moreover, let the reader take the narrative as truth, or as fiction, how he will, yet there will be profit to him, if he heeds the eternal truths that are axiomatic therein; truths of precept, and truths of example. For the beginning and end of the lesson is: Take heed of your fatalisms.

In 1837 I was sojourning in Spain, with the view of attaining a more perfect knowledge of the language and literature of that country. At that time, the royal decree of the previous year against monastic institutions was being actively enforced. This decree provided for the sale of all property belonging to these institutions, under the supervision of government officers. It was somewhere about the middle of September of that year, as nearly as I can recollect, when I was in Cordova, that one day walking the streets, I heard a crier proclaim the sale at auction of the effects of the monastery of San José, which I had noticed on entering the city, it being just beyond the suburbs. Having seen the lions pretty generally, I was easily tempted to attend this sale, for lack of something better to do. The monastery was but a poor one, though of long establishment. The monks were mostly old and feeble, and during the sale stood about in shivering groups, looking pitifully helpless, and seeming to desire only death. The long seclusion of their interior life, and the utter default of any excitement upon which to exercise their rusty wits, had rendered them almost imbecile. One of them I particularly noticed: a man apparently four-score years old, with his bent and shrivelled form wrapped in a tattered gown, from which the cowl had been torn off. He was leaning in the dilapidated recess of a Moorish doorway, apart from his fellows, with his beard pressed against his breast by his bowed head, muttering something that might have been a prayer or a malediction. He himself did not strike so much, or rather would not have struck me so much, but for one circumstance. In his withered hand, and half-concealed under his ragged gown, he held a rich missal, bound in vellum, with silver clasps, and elaborately illuminated upon the side exposed toward me. A book of any way singular appearance has always a peculiar fascination for me, and in this case the singularity was enhanced greatly by the contrast between the book and its holder. *It* came

from the past, gorgeous in all the richness of antique magnificence. *He of* the past, had thrust his wretched self upon the present, like a beggar at a king's banquet. *It* seemed a regal ruby 'mid a Pariah's filth, or the great carbuncle in a peasant's hovel. I accosted him, and, after an interchange of civilities, in which he played his part with that suave courtesy and dignified grace, so inimitable in the Spaniard, and which gives to the poor muleteer even, the bearing of a prince, I requested to be permitted to examine his book. He courteously handed it to me; but I noticed that his eye never wandered from it so long as I held it. To my surprise, on opening the book, I found it to be a manuscript, very elaborately finished; a thin octavo in shape, a missal in subject, with the matter written in large letters and double columns, alternately Gothic and Latin in character, and executed in every respect in the highest style of art. It was copiously illuminated in several colors, the title-page particularly being a gorgeous specimen of the art; and its production must have cost many months of assiduous labor. I much desired to possess it; but, on offering to purchase it, the friar hastily took it into his hands, shook his head, and said: 'No, my son; no. I am very poor indeed, but I wish to keep this while I live. It is a relic of the olden time, beside being a holy book, and I value it beyond all price. It has been in our convent since Isabella the sainted reigned, and is mine by old custom, since I am the oldest, though the most unworthy of the brotherhood.'

And he put it carefully under his gown, as a treasure to be jealously hidden. The mention of its antecedents only enhanced its value in my eyes, and I made him several offers, the last one quite a considerable sum; until, seeing that he seemed hurt at my persistence in supposing that he would give his dear old missal up for gold, I desisted.

I had by this time conceived a great desire to possess it, and was greatly chagrined at my unsuccessful efforts; however, putting the best face possible upon the matter, I gave him my address in Cordova, and in Madrid, telling him that if at any time he should change his mind, I would make my last offer a standing one. He smiled, but took the card, and put it between the leaves of his book.

I returned to Cordova, staid there a day or two, and then consumed nearly a month in excursions about the vicinage. The manuscript was become an engrossing idea with me, and my mind was morbidly active in speculations concerning it, until I insensibly came to connect it with myself, and made of it an integral in the final determination of my destinies. I felt convinced somehow, that I was to possess it; that it was to be mine; and, in my hands, resolve some great event, or accomplish some mysterious purpose. I did not reflect upon the absurdity of this notion: men seldom do, I imagine, when they view things from one fixed point, and in the same peculiar light. Philosophers, and dispassionate reviewers,

can very easily account for such persuasions, and point them out as being the result of an imperfect, one-sided analysis; but the *subject* of them seldom looks beyond the fact itself, nor seeks to investigate the Why and Wherefore. The man of genius — to illustrate the point by an analogy — who is ever *one-sided*, from the excessive preponderance of a single great quality, is not often competent to judge of his own productions, and the maniac considers his wild fancies and absurd actings the sternest, soberest reality.

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brother John, formerly Abdallah the Saracen.'* Its contents were such offices as were formerly in use, (I suppose,) all written in the same elaborate style, with many things added in different hands, and apparently at different times. Upon the blank fly leaf (which in itself was unusual, since parchment was at all times precious) among other items uninteresting, was a Latin sentence, in a hand similar to that of the first additions, to this effect: 'This book (*libellum*) is now over one hundred years old.' And a date was affixed to this: '1513 A.D.' There were about one hundred pages in the book, (one hundred and seven, I believe, including the fly-leaf in front, and some dozen blank-leaves at the back,) and of these, the original writing occupied some forty-seven or forty-eight pages, double column. The parchment was of a fine quality, smooth, and free from defects. After sating my curiosity, and gazing in wonder upon its various beauties and unrivalled execution, I packed my treasure carefully in my trunk, whence, on my return home, it was transferred to a drawer in my desk, to lie a long time undisturbed.

But it was fated not to remain forever in its obscurity. It was a more than mortal wonder, fire-armed, which I, obstinately asking should behold but to perish, Semele-like, in the contemplation. Several years had gone by, I have said, during which my studies were steadily continued. Finally they took the direction of mediæval history and literature, which have always possessed wondrous charms for me, both in respect of valiant deeds of knights-errant, and metaphysical subtleties of schoolmen. One day I chanced upon an article in an old review, which reciting the labors of the cloistered monks, mentioned the recovery of many relics of the ancients from palimpsests. I had not known of these previously, and, as I conjecture many of my readers do not understand the bare term, I will quote, in explanation, a passage from the most eloquent rhetorician of the age.† 'It (the word) is Greek; and our sex enjoys the office and privilege of standing counsel to yours, fair reader, in all questions of Greek. We are, under favor, perpetual and hereditary dragomans to you. So that if, by accident, you know the meaning of a Greek word, yet by courtesy to us, your counsel learned in this matter, you will always seem *not* to know it. A palimpsest, then, is a membrane or roll cleansed of its manuscript by reiterated successions. What was the reason that the Greeks and Romans had not the advantage of printed books?' (The author's answer is long; it was, *not* the defect of the invention of printing, but the defect simply of 'a cheap material for receiving impresses.') 'Now out of that original scarcity affecting all materials proper for durable books, which continued up to times comparatively modern, grew the opening for palimpsests. Naturally, when once a roll of parchment, or of vellum, had done its office, by propagating through a

* *Fr. Johan, priusdam Abdallah Moriscus hunc fecit.*
† THOMAS DE QUINCEY, in '*Suspiria de Profundis.*'

series of generations what once had possessed an interest for *them*, but which, under changes of opinion or of taste, had faded to their feelings, or had become obsolete for their undertakings, the whole *membrana* or vellum skin, the two-fold product of human skill, costly material, and costly freight of thought which it carried, drooped in value concurrently—supposing that each were inalienably associated to the other. Once it had been the impress of a human mind which stamped its value upon the vellum; the vellum, though costly, had contributed but a secondary element of value to the total result. At length, however, this relation between the vehicle and its freight has gradually been undermined. The vellum, from having been the setting of the jewel, rises at length to be the jewel itself; and the burden of thought, from having given the chief value to the vellum, has now become the chief obstacle to its value; nay, has totally extinguished its value, unless it can be dissociated from the connection. Yet, if this unlinking *can* be effected, then, fast as the inscription upon the membrane is sinking into rubbish, the membrane itself is reviving in its separate importance; and, from bearing a ministerial value, the vellum has come at last to absorb the whole value. . . . . Hence it arose in the middle ages, as a considerable object for chemistry, to discharge the writing from the roll, and thus to make it available for a new succession of thoughts. . . . . In that object the monkish chemist succeeded; but after a fashion which seems almost incredible, incredible not as regards the extent of their success, but as regards the delicacy of restraints under which it moved; so equally adjusted was their success to the immediate interests of that period, and to the reversionary objects of our own. They did the thing, but not so radically as to prevent us, their posterity, from *un*doing it. They expelled the writing sufficiently to leave a field for the new manuscript, and yet not sufficiently to make the traces of the elder manuscript irrecoverable for us. . . . . The traces of each successive handwriting, regularly effaced, as had been imagined, have, in the *inverse order*, been regularly called back; the foot-steps of the game pursued, wolf or stag, in each several chase, have been unlinked, and hunted back through all their doubles, and, as the chorus of the Athenian stage, unwove through the antistrophe every step that had been mystically woven through the strophe; so, by our modern conjurations of science, secrets of ages remote from each other have been exorcised from the accumulated shadows of centuries.' These words, selected from what the author himself calls the 'coruscation of a restless understanding,' will suffice to explain to the reader the thing now first brought into contact with a fancy morbidly quick upon many subjects. Like lightning the thought of my parchment missal flashed through my mind. What if it be a palimpsest? What if upon its pages, hidden, yet throbbing with a passion of high thought, be inscribed some ancient lore, some noble lost monument of antique grandeur! True, it was not a *roll* of the membrane, but I was aware that long

ere the fourteenth century, the suppository date of my manuscript, the book form was known and used. I took it from the drawer where it had lain quietly in its unsuspected exuberance of merit, as I fancied, brushed off the dust, and read again the title-page. Abdallah, a Saracen convert to Christianity: fruitful name! A Spanish Moor, too. Why, the Moors in Spain were among the most elegant and accomplished people the world ever saw. Cordova: there sojourned the most learned Geber; there dwelt and died the great Averrhoes. Avenzoar, too, lived near by, in Seville; and Ebusina taught there. There was every art cultivated and made perfect. What if here some adept has concealed the wondrous problem of the 'red perfection,' the philosopher's stone! What if here one may learn the secret of that fluid in whose quest Ponce de Leon died! What if in this volume is locked up every potent exorcism of Solomon the wise, by which the genii and the devils may be made to do my bidding! Here, perchance, one may find a solution of that deftly-hidden enigma that Hermes contrived and wrote of in this mystic fashion: 'It ascends from earth to heaven, and descends again to earth.' And again: 'This thing is the fortitude of all fortitude, because it overcomes all subtle things, and penetrates every solid thing.'

And then I began to reflect, putting the question to myself in this form: Here is a whole train of ideas and suppositions, whose sole basis is the having come into possession of an (apparently) old manuscript, very handsomely illuminated, whose author calls himself Abdallah, and is very probably a swindler; and also, from the having read something about palimpsests. Does not the affair smack somewhat of absurdity?

To this I made answer with myself after this fashion: Look at this matter a little more closely, and behold how coherent a train of circumstances you have. Remember your original idea that this manuscript was to be instrumental in determining your destiny. And can you not already detect a thread of purpose running through all the attendant incidents? See what a chain of antecedents led you to this book. Spain — seldom visited by travellers; Cordova — who stays three months *there*, as you did? Was it by chance that you were there upon the plaza in time to hear the crier? that you were persuaded to attend the sale at San José? Did not all your friends in Cordova laugh at you for it, until Don Rafael promised you an introduction to his mistress out of pure charity, esteeming you so *ennuyé* that you had gone to the auction as the *dernier resort* of a desperate desire for some new excitement? Again: that book — why did you fancy it so much, that you were even half-minded, had you had the chance, to *steal it?* What, finally, directed your so opportune return to the city?

And thus did I reason myself into the belief that the hand of destiny was every where visible in the matter. The moist clay is easily moulded, and I was very open to such persuasion. I defy any one possessing a like temperament with mine, to have arrived

at any other conclusion, under the same array of circumstances. It is very well to take a philosophical view of matters, *when you are able*, but there are many states of mind when it is impossible so to do. Presentiments are unaccountable, yet of singular influence. Who is it has not heard something of

'Ancestral voices prophesying war?'

Cæsar heeded not the warning within him, and fell at 'the base of Pompey's statue.' Mozart let the weird strain melt into his soul; and his requiem is become his eternal monument. Yet Cæsar's was the safer course, in the majority of cases. All this was ordained to me, as the reader will see. And I repine not:

——'There does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night'

of every grief and woe. The profounder and more abysmal the depth into which we may be hurled, the brighter seem the stars over-head.

At any rate, climaxed Reason, it can do no harm to investigate. And so I resolved to subject my missal to such a chemical scrutiny as could not fail to be decisive of the truth or falsity of my persuasions.

I therefore, with industrious zeal, sought to master all the processes by which manuscripts could be restored. An enumeration of these I found in the above-mentioned review, and a full explanation in the voluminous pages of a German Encyclopedia. In a very short time I considered myself sufficiently master of the subject to proceed with my investigations. Not willing uselessly to injure the manuscript, by which I set great store, apart from the attributes with which my fancy had invested it, I had taken it in my hands with the purpose of cutting out one of the leaves in the latter portion of the book, where the execution was very inferior, when, by some mischance I dropped it out of the window near which I was sitting. It fell upon a stone-paving, but was uninjured, save that the one leaf containing the sentence relative to the age of the book before mentioned, was altogether detached. On examination, I found that this was a separate piece of the membrane, not any portion of a sheet, and had been merely stuck in by means of some gummy preparation. This circumstance induced me to make the detached leaf the subject of my experiment. The process succeeded. I immediately detected letters, and was able to evolve a coherent sentence. The letters were the same as those of the original manuscript, and the purport of the page as follows: '*Hic quidem summana manum meæ Historiæ impono. Meus hæres hæc studiose evolvet, semper habens in mentem, rei enodatis ipsa rê sit, atque illum defendet Deus fatorum.*

Abdallah, *med. mor.*

'*Anno Hejira, DXXXVI.*

'*Has omnes vanitates Iohannes, Dei gratiâ humillissimus*

monachus, in eternum deponit, iturus Hispaniam se referre in numerum fratrum conventi Sancti Josephi Asturiæ.

'*Anno Domini MCLVIII.*'

Translated literally as follows:

'Here indeed I put the last touch to my history. My *heir* will studiously consider these things, always keeping in mind that *the solution (or the unravelling) of the thing is in the thing itself*, and may the God of the fates protect him. In the year of the Hejira, 536.

'All these vanities, John, by the grace of God a most humble monk, forever puts away, being about to enrol himself among the brothers of the convent of Saint Joseph of Asturia.

'Abdallah, Moorish Physician.

'*Anno Domini*, 1158.'

D E S P A I R.

I.

Mournfully, silently, falls the snow
Through the still and wintry air,
And in my heart a voice of wo
Ever whispers, Despair, despair!

II.

I look abroad on the dreary earth;
Vice and crime are every where:
Then back o'er the long years since my birth,
And cry again, Despair, despair!

III.

Once I was beautiful, young, and true,
Without a sin, without a care;
Love tinted all with his rosy hue,
Then fled, and left me dark despair.

IV.

At last a fierce revenge I wrought
Upon my lover, false as fair;
But since that hour my haunting thought
Has been remorse, and long despair.

V.

Now I am feeble, poor, and old,
Without a friend my heart to share.
Before me the grave yawns dark and cold:
What lies beyond? despair, despair!

THE TWO HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

BY JAMES W. WALL.

The British Parliament is certainly one of the most stupendous political engines ever put in motion; and I do not wonder John Bull is so proud of his Parliament as '*an Institution.*' Go where you will in Europe, you can find nothing amounting even to its shadow. It contains men of such varied habits, such multifarious acquirements, and such different views. The subjects that come before it for discussion and resolution are so vast and so interwoven with each other, that the great miracle is, how it gets on at all.

No wonder, then, John Bull is so proud of his two houses of Parliament. And is there an American, who draws his pleasures from those 'pure wells of English undefiled,' that first burst forth in Chancer's glowing scenes, in Spenser's radiant verse, or Milton's loftiest strains, but feels his blood course quicker through his veins, as he stands within the shadows of that magnificent legislative temple England has dedicated to the use of her two Houses of Parliament? Close to him, not many paces removed, beneath the pavement of Westminster Abbey, is enshrined the sacred dust of Chaucer and of Spenser.

The old building in which the Parliament assembled for centuries was destroyed by fire some twenty years ago. A pile more commodious and elegant now stands upon the site; but with all its elegance and splendor, one feels naturally a regret that he cannot invoke the associations that must have haunted that time-honored pile, whose halls once reëchoed the voices of Walpole, Chatham, the younger Pitt, Fox, Wyndham, Sheridan, and Burke. Other patriots, statesmen, and orators will no doubt arise to make this spot as famous in the eyes of generations yet to be, as the old would have been in the eyes of the present. But to the tourist of to-day, familiar with the glories of the past, this chasm of historic association is, alas! wanting.

In front of the magnificent pile now erected for the assembled wisdom of the nation, and which most certainly is a fitting type of its greatness, while it is no mean tribute to the architectural magnificence of the present age, there stands an old stone building, with quaint, narrow windows, low doors, and curious turrets. It is the last remnant of the walls of old Westminster Palace, almost just as it was in the days of King Rufus, of traditional and fabulous Norman hospitality. This glorious old hall, with its stirring history written upon the walls, and its interior alive with memories of the deepest historic interest, forms a most appropriate entrance to the new Houses of Parliament.

But ere we enter, let us linger for a space in Palace-Yard, now forming the square opposite the entrance to this ancient hall. This spot has been rendered ever memorable as the scene of the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh; and I never crossed its well-worn flag-stones without recalling, in imagination, that memorable morning when the brave old knight came from the Tower to die, having proved by his serene piety and saintly patience during a long confinement, the truth of his own beautiful lines:

> 'That stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;
> Minds innocent and quiet, take
> *That* for an hermitage.'

There was an anxious but orderly crowd in Palace-Yard on that calm, bright morning of the twenth-seventh October, 1618. Every window and house-top seemed alive with the populace of London and its vicinity. Through the long and narrow streets by which the mournful procession passed from the Tower on to the place of execution, was one dense struggling mass, who had come to see an old man, broken by the storms of fate, borne onward to his doom. It was nine in the morning when Raleigh ascended the scaffold. He had suffered some days from fever-and-ague; and lest the weakness of his body should be considered a weakness of the soul, he stepped forward immediately to the front of the scaffold, and addressing those around it, said: 'I desire, my friends, that you will bear with me withal, and if I should manifest any weakness, I beseech you to attribute it to my malady, as this is the hour when it is wont to come on.' After some preliminaries, he remarked to his friends immediately around him: 'I have a long journey to go, and will bid you farewell.' And so turned himself to make ready for his fate. Asking the executioner to show him the axe, and perceiving that he hesitated, he said quickly: 'Prithee let me see it, man! do you think that I am afraid?' The officer then handed it to him, and he, running his finger along the glittering edge, said smilingly: 'This is a sharp medicine, but a most sovereign remedy for all diseases.' Being asked which way he would lay his head upon the block, he uttered that memorable and beautiful sentence: 'It matters not, so the heart be straight, which way the head lieth.' Then bending himself to his fate:

> 'No man dared to look aloft,
> For fear was on every soul;
> There was another heavy sound,
> A hush, and then a groan,
> And darkness swept across the sky:
> The work of death was done.'

The hoary head that then fell upon the scaffold, was carried away in a mourning-coach to his disconsolate widow, to whom he had addressed those beautiful and affecting letters from the Tower. She had it embalmed, kept it by her during life, and after death,

by her directions, it was placed by the side of her body in St. Margaret's Church.

A few years ago the vault was opened, and there, still enshrined in its casket, was found the embalmed head of the poet, philosopher, orator, and sage, possessing the countenance very little impaired and quite life-like.

But let us enter Westminster Hall, on our way to the chambers of the two Houses of Parliament, and in doing so, recall the leading incidents in its history. Looked at as a banqueting-hall, here have taken place nearly all the coronation feasts of England from the commencement of the fourteenth century, down to that sumptuous and magnificent feast on the coronation of George the Fourth, so graphically described by the historical painter, Haydon. Here, too, the ancient Parliaments of the realm were wont to sit, and here the first representation of the people assembled in Parliament as early as the reign of the Third Henry. Here Sir William Wallace was condemned for treason, here Sir Thomas More was arraigned, and Protector Somerset brought to trial, 'with bills, pole-axes, and halberds attending him, while the clamor of the people might be heard to the Long-Acre, beyond Charing-Cross.' Here, more illustrious than all, Charles the First faced his accusers, and heard unmoved the sentence of death; and last, and more brilliant than all, here Hastings underwent his seven years' trial. Under its pavement, where the vaults are now, were the celebrated taverns, Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory; frequented in the olden time by lawyers and lawyers' clerks. In Ben Johnson's 'Alchemist,' Dapper is forbidden 'to break his fast in Heaven and Hell.' And Hudibras alludes to them in his lines:

'Faire Heaven at the end of Hell.'

The present law-courts are held in chambers on the western side of this hall.

A large arch-way on the left of the farther extremity of the hall, a stone stair-case admits you to the new structure, or Palace of Westminster, as it is sometimes called, and discloses to your view St. Stephen's Hall. Tread reverently, for you stand, on entering here, upon the site of the old House of Commons. The space it occupies is as renowned in the world's history as old Rome's senate hall. A row of huge pedestals flanks the wall on the right and left, ornamented with statues of England's greatest and best. There you may discern the furrowed brow of Selden; the handsome, manly face of Hampden, with the rich curls clustering about his massive temples; the thoughtful countenance of Falkland; and the manly forms of Walpole, Chatham, Fox, Pitt, Sheridan, and Burke, all standing there in mute majesty upon the very spot which, living, was the theatre of their world-wide fame. And see how those great compartments that separate the statues are eloquently alive with historic frescoes, illustrative of England's past glory. Here you may behold the sitting of the Wittenage

mote, the earliest Saxon council, and there the feudal system finds an illustration in the homage of the barons to William the Conqueror. On the one side, you have the crowning of Henry the Seventh at Bosworth over the dead body of Richard, when Lord Stanley, the descendant of Cadwallader, ascended the hill, now known to tourists as 'Crown Hill,' and proclaimed him conqueror and king. On the other side, the signing of the Magna Charta. Here the Reformation is typified in the incident of Elizabeth receiving the Bible in Cheapside; while in close vicinity, you may notice the burly form of Sir Thomas More, asserting and defending the privileges of the Commons against Cardinal Wolsey. Above these frescoes are ranges of windows of most cathedral-like proportions, gorgeous with stained glass, glowing in amber, violet, and ruby hues, and

'Filling the air around with beauty.'

The fact that this stained glass is the work of modern skill, refutes the common assertion, that this beautiful art is comparatively lost. The skill whose cunning fingers wrought these marvellous colors, might compass designs of any magnitude, either in the illumination of tracery, or the complicated groupings of history, without receding from the point of excellence attained by the most renowned masters. Indeed it may well be questioned, whether the annealing of glass in the age of Albert Durer, was comparable to those processes of modern chemistry, of which the latest glass-stainers have been enabled to avail themselves.

Passing through the magnificent arch at the other end of this superb hall, you find yourself in the central rotunda of the pile, whose exquisite proportions and enrichment excite at once your warmest admiration. It is octagon in its shape, while the grained roof, with its huge bosses, rivals any specimens of the Gothic in England, and I believe has the largest space of any in Europe; that is, of any composed entirely of stone, as this is. The massive walls divide the inner into eight principal divisions. Rich clusters of columns rise between each of the alternating series, and form round the entire hall eight grand arches. Every thing around breathes an atmosphere of richness and repose. Taking the archway on your left, you pass through a short but noble-looking corridor, with a most elaborately groined roof of stone. This corridor conducts us to the lobby of the New House of Commons. This lobby boasts a magnificent roof of carved wood, while the entire surface of its walls is enriched with the various resources of architectural taste and skill. That little green-baize door by the side of one of the arches, leads up into what is known as the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons. Ascend a few steps, and you are looking down upon a spot which occupies a most conspicuous place in the mental vision of the civilized world. It is a much smaller apartment than that occupied by our present House of Representatives at Washington, but infinitely superior to it, as far as

appropriateness and good taste are concerned. The size is as small as possible for speaking and hearing without effort, during the average attendance of members, in number about three hundred. I believe it is some seventy-five feet long, forty feet wide, and about forty feet high: in much better proportion than our American Hall, which, owing to its immense size, dwarfs the ceiling, and gives a crushed look, if I may use the word, to the whole chamber. The ceiling of the House of Commons is divided by massive ribs into compartments, filled with ground-glass tinted with the rose. Behind this are placed the gas-lights, with Faraday's patent ventilation, cutting off all connection between the gas and air of the apartment, the vitiated air being conveyed away by tubes into a chamber above the ceiling. The floor of the House is of perforated cast-iron, covered with matting, through which hot and cold air are admitted, by means of machinery below. The walls are panelled with oak two-thirds up, most richly and elaborately carved, and giving a grave and sober aspect to the whole chamber, suitable to the character of the deliberative body that occupy it. The windows are filled with stained glass of rather a cloudy pattern, while rows of emblazoned shields extend all round the chamber under and above the gallery, and are the only gleams of gorgeous coloring vouchsafed to the House. Upon three sides are galleries for members and strangers, the reporters' gallery being at the north end, over the speaker's chair, which is a sort of canopied throne, while still higher than the reporters' gallery may be noticed a latticed one for ladies, who look, through the bars, for all the world like the inmates of some Eastern Harem, from their guarded and iron-grated windows. Right and left of the public entrance on the floor, the benches or sofas of the members ascend amphitheatre fashion, covered with red morocco; but there are no desks, and therefore none of that school-room look presented by our legislative chambers. The ministerial seats, as they are called, are the front benches to the right of the speaker; the leaders of the opposition occupying the front benches directly opposite. Below the speaker's chair is the clerk's table, whereon, during the sittings of the House, is placed the speaker's mace; not, however, as generally supposed, 'the fool's bauble,' which Cromwell ordered to be taken away, but the mace that was made at the Restoration. Along both sides of the House are what are known as 'division lobbies,' ayes west, and noes east; a most capital arrangement.

Returning to the octagon hall by which we gained entrance to the House, and passing through a corresponding corridor, like that we have mentioned as leading to the Commons, we reach the lobby of the House of Peers, with gilded arch above arch, painted with the armorial devices of Saxon, Norman, Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, and Hanoverian lines, each surmounted by a royal crown. The windows above are richly painted with the arms of the early families of the English aristocracy. You pause, startled by the

magnificence that every where surrounds you. Colors glow and gilding burns. The windows are ablaze with glass stained with the richest hues: silver, crimson, and azure tints fleck the glowing encaustic tile-pavement at your feet; gold, crimson, and blue stain the walls that intervene between them. Gates of massive brass, and richly floriated design, eleven feet high, and weighing a ton-and-a-half, open from this splendid lobby, to admit you into the House of Peers.

And here nothing has been left undone that taste could suggest, or art perfect, to make this chamber a visible type of the order to which it belongs. The windows are twelve in number, glowing with glass of the richest pattern. The massive ribs of the ceiling are like so many bars of gold. At the upper end of this magnificent chamber is the throne, elevated on steps, covered with a carpet of the richest scarlet, powdered with white roses, and a heavy rich fringe of gold. Beneath its light and elegant canopies, you notice the central chair for Her Majesty; that on the right for the Prince of Wales, and that on the left for Prince Albert. The Queen's chair of state rests upon four lions couchant; the back is bordered with large egg-shaped pieces of crystal, within which are the royal arms of England embroidered on velvet.

At each end of the chamber, over the throne, and over the corresponding lofty canopy facing it, three arches of most stately space enshrine frescoes emblematic of some prominent event in English history, while between the windows, and in each of the four corners, in appropriate niches, are colossal statues of bronze-gilt, of those brave Barons who wrung that great concession of Magna Charta from King John. The body of the chamber is occupied with sofas for the Peers, covered with rich crimson, and similarly arranged with those of the House. At the south end is the clerk's table, and beyond it the wool-sacks, covered with crimson cloth, upon which the chancellor reposes when he presides in the House of Peers. Lord Campbell tells us the origin of this remarkable piece of furniture. Having premised that there are wool-sacks for the judges and other dignitaries, as well as for the Lord Chancellor, he says: 'They are said to have been introduced as seats for honorable men, out of compliment to the staple manufacture of the realm.'

Such are the chambers where the Two Houses of Parliament legislate. It would take a volume to describe the reading-rooms, libraries, committee-rooms, the speaker's chambers, refreshment-rooms, and halls, composing this vast pile. They are all of corresponding splendor with those I have described, and the entire structure is in every way worthy the power, magnificence, and wealth of the great nation that created it.

Burlington, N. J.

LITTLE ELSIE.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

Whither going, little Elsie?
  Wherefore leave the garden lawn,
Now the shades of even darken,
  And the day is almost gone?
Since the morn-break you 've been romping
  In the pasture and the glen,
And now down the mountain path-way
  Comes your father with the men;
First of all, he 'll ask for Elsie —
  What shall mother tell him then

You may tell him that I only
  Have gone up the mountain side,
Just beyond the berry thicket,
  Where they say the fairies hide;
And then tell him I 've been playing
  With the flocks the live-long day,
Dancing with the little lambkins
  Right upon his new-mown hay:
But that now I 've gone in search of
  My pet lamb that 's run away.

Do n't go now to look for Daisy,
  Elsie, wait until the morn,
You 'll be wakened bright and early,
  By your father's bugle-horn.

No, no, mother! I will hasten
  While there 's yet a bit of day,
Just along the mountain path-way,
  Calling Daisy all the way:
For I could not sleep a minute,
  Knowing she was out astray.
I 'll be back before my father
  Misses me from near his chair:
I have something sweet to tell him,
  Something good for him to share;
But if he keeps asking for me,
  Just step to the garden door,
And look up the mountain path-way,
  Call my name and nothing more,
And in less than half a minute
  I 'll be coming in the door.

Daisy! Daisy! are you climbing
  O'er the rocks, adown the glen?
Daisy! Daisy! will you ever
  Frolic by my side again?

Here comes HENRIC from the pasture,
  Driving home his father's herd;
How his whistle rings out clearly,
  Like the carol of a bird;
If he calls me pretty ELSIE,
  Shall I dare to speak a word?

Heigh ho! ELSIE, whither going?
  Did you come to meet with me?
I was wishing just this minute
  That you on the road would be.

Fie! fie! HENRIC! you are fibbing,
  You 've not thought of me to-day,
Else you 'd been up to the pasture,
  Helping toss the new-mown hay.
I am going now to look for
  DAISY, that has run away:
I shall search the clover pasture,
  And along the river-brink,
And if I go home without her,
  Oh! I shall not sleep a wink.

I 'd go with you, but the cattle
  Must be driven home ere night,
And see now the lamps are lighted,
  And the stars are most in sight.
Hasten, ELSIE, on the morrow
  We shall meet again — good night!

DAISY! DAISY! hear me, DAISY!
  Come back to your home again.
Down this narrow path, I 'm thinking,
  She has gone into the glen;
I will follow, calling loudly,
  And perhaps she 'll hear me then.
I 'll not fear, for mother tells me
  GOD did make those flowers fair:
HE that made them fair has surely
  Put them in some angel's care,
And so every tiny blue-bell
  Has a watching angel there.

This deep gorge is black and lonely,
  And I almost feel afraid,
For I 've heard that elfins revel
  Every night-fall in its shade,
And perhaps I now shall see them,
  And can prove the story true,
That the fays have robes of sun-shine,
  And their eyes are bright and blue;
But I first must find my lambkin —
  DAISY! DAISY! where are you?

Oh! the elfs are calling DAISY!
  I did hear them down the steep,
Where they say 't is night at noon-day,
  Where the silence is so deep,

They are hunting for my pet lamb,
  DAISY! DAISY! they did call:
If I creep down very softly,
  I shall see the king and all!

Tell me, good wife, where is ELSIE,
  Much I miss the child to-night:
All this day the merry chirper
  Has not once been in my sight.

I will call her, she has only
  Gone a very little way,
Looking for her pet-lamb DAISY,
  That did wander off to-day.

ELSIE! ELSIE! hasten homeward!
  Come, your father asks for you!
ELSIE! ELSIE! night is coming,
  Very heavy falls the dew.

Here comes HENRIC with the cattle:
  Prithee tell me, did you see
ELSIE on the mountain-pathway;
  Can you tell me where she be?
Do not blush, but answer quickly,
  For my heart beats fearfully.

Yes: I met her where the torrent
  Sweeps beneath the ruined pile,
And she told me of lost DAISY,
  As we talked a little while.
She was sure that she would find her,
  Ere the dawn of morning light;
Then I stood and watched her going,
  After we had said, good night;
And behind the blasted lindens
  Disappeared her dress of white.

Down the valley? tell me, HENRIC:
  Did you see her venture there?
Oh! that my one cherished lambkin
  Should so need a mother's care!
Hasten, ALBERT! up the mountain,
  If you'd see our child again.
She has gone adown the valley,
  Where her feet have never been,
And the night is closing darkly,
  And the sky looks black and grim!
Hasten, ALBERT! for the thunder
  Mutters o'er the mountain's peak,
And the hemlocks swing their branches,
  And dark omens seem to speak.

I will follow after ALBERT:
  Why need I to fear the storm?
For my hearth is cold and dreary
  When my little one is gone.
If my sun-beam should be stolen,
  What could keep my bosom warm?

Gracious FATHER, stay my spirit:
  Let me not go sorrow-wild:
Help me trust that THOU, in mercy,
  Wilt watch o'er my darling child.
Yea: I know that THOU dost hear me;
  Yet I cannot help but weep,
For my heart is breaking, breaking,
  As the shadows o'er it creep:
Hearken! hearken! down the valley
  Did I hear a lambkin's bleat?

O my ALBERT! Heaven aid you!
  You are pale as pale can be!
Here is DAISY, close beside you;
  But my darling: where is she?
Hear the thunder curse the mountains
  That frown grimly back in scorn:
O kind Heaven! O my ALBERT!
  What will shield her from the storm?

Lift her gently; do not shudder
  O'er that plump and dimpled cheek:
Press the eye-lids down more closely,
  Just as if they fell in sleep.
Bind the little arms and bosom,
  That are crushed and bleeding so.
Part the pretty curls so matted,
  On her forehead pure as snow
And from out this elfish cavern
  Bear her mournfully and slow.

Ope the cottage-door as softly
  As would ELSIE, if she came,
Glad with smiles, to tell her mother
  DAISY was at home again.
Look ye sadly on poor HENRIC,
  Whose young heart is like to break;
Speak a soothing word of comfort,
  For the little ELSIE's sake.

Lay your burden on the pillow,
  Where she 's slumbered sweet ere this;
Treasure whispers from high heaven,
  When you give the parting kiss:
Leave the mother: she 'll not miss you
  From the chamber of her dead.
All the hope her bosom nourished
  Clustered round that flaxen head
That is resting now so meekly
  On the little snowy bed.

Break no whisper to the father,
  Who with wailing marks the track
That his dear pet lamb has taken,
  Never more to wander back.
When the morn with rosy fingers
  Leadeth forth the new-born day,
Bear ye from that lonely cottage
  ELSIE's little form of clay:
Lay it in the meadow's bosom,
  Where the lambkins are at play.

Rochester, (*N. Y.*)

Zelda.

A TALE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONY.

CHAPTER THIRD.

THE CONVENTICLE.

ONLY a year before the events related in preceding chapters, Sir Henry, just returned from a tour on the continent, wearied of old forms of worship and government, had adopted the Puritan faith.

Youth is ever prone to extremes of belief, and the new convert, despite his father's wrath and his king's displeasure, frequented assemblies of Covenanters, even when, driven by Cavaliers from all public haunts, they held their meetings in hollows of the rocks.

Still his religion was only of the head; his heart had never humbled itself to the child-like docility, expressly enjoined upon followers of his sect; neither did he place implicit confidence in the tenets it presented for his acceptance.

While his mind was yet inquiring after truth, the Quakers began to promulgate their sentiments, and, nothing daunted by the opprobrium heaped on them, the youthful heir of Ludlow Castle resolved to judge for himself of their wonderful illuminations.

They were even more despised than the Round-heads, considered out-casts from society, and hunted to the death by reckless troops of Royalists.

Sir Henry, obtaining audience of a chief man among these religionists, gained knowledge of their secret place of worship among remote ledges along the wild coast of Dorsetshire, to be approached by a somewhat painful journey on foot. But in those times, when fires of holy zeal burned high, the arduous access only heaped fuel upon flames already kindled in many hearts; so that within the self-hewn chapel old and young presented themselves — the more aged borne over rocks (thus they averred in their 'out-pourings') by an invisible power, which enabled them to scale perpendicular heights sans fatigue, and descend into abysses without sense of dizziness.

Thither Sir Henry directed his steps, just as streams and meadows were donning night-robes of mist, for these people dared congregate only under cover of darkness. He had but a dim idea of what he sought, nor would have been surprised to hear ravings meaningless as those within the precincts of a mad-house.

He paused on the height above their rendezvous, struck by the picturesque scene, albeit unused to meditate the handiwork of a divine ARCHITECT. Before him spread the British Channel, whose far-away waters kissed the border of the sky and cooled the tired

feet of the ever-journeying stars, the deep above and deep below mingling in one immeasurable gulf of darkness.

Breakers were dashing along the shore in eager strife with the edict, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther; and here shall thy proud waves be staid;' while the eternal din of their passion went up strong and clear as that which evermore swells from out the human soul. The towering rocks of the coast lay like an army of giants in the pale star-light, on whose heads the soft hands of Night were pressed in silent benediction.

A stream leaping from point to point, had apparently, at some prior period when its bed was broader and deeper than now, hollowed the ravine wherein the conventicle was holden. The eminence he occupied overlooked the assembly, and after his gaze had received all distant features of the view, it tarried upon the figures below, surrounded in their retreat by a complete wall of limestone. Several hardy trees found sustenance among clefts of the precipices and scattered fragments of rock, around whose bases the young stems shot upward in wayward troops, as they will do when beyond reach of the husbandman's restricting hand.

Upon stone benches, that Nature had arranged according to her own taste, sat the proscribed people under the flickering gleams of pine torches, fastened in interstices of the wall, and throwing over some of the brethren and sisters an illumination quite as powerful as that they professed to receive from the inward light; deepening the shadows in other spots, till the eye was unable to discover whether any of this spiritual family were there deposited. A grave decorum pervaded the congregation, seeming to the gazer no less motionless than inanimate things beside them; no gay costume awoke associations of other days or other circles; their gray garb accorded well with time and place, and Sir Henry could hardly persuade himself that it was not all the phantasm of a dream.

While he contemplated the novel scene, a youth climbed the ascent to convoy him down its path, and by a silent gesture assigned his place among the worshippers.

A woman of stately presence was holding forth on topics of vast grandeur and abstruse philosophy. Her sonorous voice was tuned with the waters, filling their chapel with music while discoursing of a divine principle within, of a ray from the fountain of light sufficient to guide man away from paths of evil, and lure him toward that goodness which alone can beautify his life on earth.

Her thoughts were all gilded by a fervid fancy; and when at length she spoke of immediate revelations vouchsafed to humankind from shining ranks of intelligences that link the poor creatures of a day with an Infinite Power, Sir Henry looked to see if on the wings of night there rode not spirits glittering with celestial lustre.

The imagination of her hearers was wrought to its highest pitch, and through the outward placidity they strove to maintain, their

inward emotion was betrayed by glistening eyes and deep-drawn breath.

The eloquence of the speaker was a galvanic battery, whose wires, grasped by the assembly, caused a magnetic thrill to pervade every heart, binding together as 'friends' those who had shared the exaltation of the hour.

In her dignified demeanor she seemed hardly to have stepped aside from the true province of woman; any attention she attracted was not to herself, but to the high subjects in which she was shrouded as with a veil. She recalled to Sir Henry, Sappho in a moment of inspiration, or Corinna at the Capitol, improvising before a spell-bound people.

Like others of her auditory, he yielded to her magic persuasion, till hardly knowing whether he were in the body or out of it, he demanded sympathy from his equals. The same need pervaded the place, for involuntarily those who occupied the little benches drew near together, scanning each other's glowing faces, as upon the Mount of Transfiguration the fishermen might have gazed at the new beauty given them that radiant day.

Seated next Sir Henry was a damsel, whom at a glance he recognized as the daughter of the orator, so exactly her brilliant face and flashing eyes were copied. The color came and went on the cheeks of this young girl like the swift changes of an Aurora in the evening sky; her frame was more tremulous than the leaves of an alder-bush just above her, and fear for her reason at once brought her companion down from the clouds, on whose rose-colored tips the whole company were flying.

He took her hand very quietly, searching meanwhile the medicine-chest of his cranium for some mental opiate. But before he found the required label, his fair neighbor warbled forth such a rich melody that the very torch-flames swayed hither and thither in delight. Sir Henry hearkened enraptured to the sweet sounds that moved his soul more deeply than had the mother's eloquence. Shielding his face in the small hand retained by his own, he permitted a delirium of bliss to penetrate his spirit with that flood of song.

So she dispensed the burden of her romantic enthusiasm; and after the echo of her tones had died away, silent as dews of heaven was that isolated band hour by hour, till an elder, blessing the fraternity, bade each return to his home.

The morning was just opening her eyes as Sir Henry entered his apartment, and sought repose amid longings for the ensuing conventicle of Quakers. He might be pardoned, for the most unspeculative mathematician could hardly have resisted the softening influences of beauty and song, beneath the summer stars of England.

Time passed on: again and again did the young heir re-seek those cliffs, giving ear to bewildering inspirations from rosy lips, and (always that small hand resting in his) hearkening to the

ocean's organ-notes, to the piping of running waters, to the silent but not unfelt music of the spheres.

Whenever an 'inward light' would have warned him from so dangerous excitement, he placed the extinguisher of a head-strong will upon the 'divine ray,' and followed the *ignis-fatuus* of self-indulgence.

At length came nights of moon-light; and then the chapel needed no longer red torch-fires to quiver against its rocks, for the queen of the silver bow had shot an arrow of brightness toward the spot; it lay on the gushing cascade in chrystal sheen, and strewed the hollow with diamonds, and filled the soft-eyed moss with gladness.

You may smile if you will, but few are wholly sane when the moon shines bright. We may each have our peculiar lunacy, as we have each a besetting sin. With some it may end in mere inability to sleep; with others — HEAVEN grant them a healing cup, for Earth offers only bitter dregs of sorrow — it may amount to a frantic rage, in whose midst the most idolized friend may be harmed. Think of sweet, true-hearted Mary Lamb, whom we all welcome so readily to our hearth-stones, how her days were enwrapped with blackness, and she so gentle!

The young, say the wiselings, are most subject to the lunacy of love. Whether they are right in their oft-repeated verdict, let us not presume to decide; but there can be no doubt of Sir Henry's frenzy on the last evening we shall enter the conventicle.

There had been great exaltation that night, and now a stillness had come, in whose profundity one might almost hear the beat of Luna's 'unseen feet which only the angels hear.'

Still retaining that small hand, Sir Henry whispered to the rustic out-law: 'Sweet Dorcas, of a surety, thy lips will never say me nay when I ask thee to be my own fair bride?'

She lifted her eyes to his face as she answered: 'I will not say thee nay.'

'Wilt thou speak forth before the congregation?'

'Yea, in presence of them all.'

He raised her from their stone bench, and advancing to the chapel's centre, they repeated the simple words that bound them in Quaker marriage. There was no token of surprise exhibited; no question of prudence raised; but quietly the pair returned to their places, and the mother of the bride, forgetting petty interests of time, soared into an upper stratum of glory.

Group by group the brethren departed, and when the morning star was bright in the east, only Sir Henry and Dorcas remained, her head resting wearily on his arm, and the flashing light in her eyes growing soft as she responded to his earnest look.

Bending toward her, he said: 'Dorcas, thou art my wife.'

He had for answer the deepening flush of her cheeks, so he stooped more low, till on her ruby lips rested his own, while before them both rose a fairy-land of hopes and visions, radiant and indefinite.

Higher climbed the dawn, and still in his bosom leaned her head, and still bending fondly toward her, they roved through that fairy-land, hopelessly entangled among its dewy shades and clustering blossoms.

Alas! that actual life must forever with iron shears clip into fragments the fabrics fancy has woven! Alas! that so swiftly through the glass of Hope descends its golden dust, while heavily fall the sharp pebbles of reality!

'Dorcas, thou must go with me across the seas! Here can I possess no home for thee and me.'

'And the sun looks upon fairer fields than those of England,' she replied.

'So thou wilt not refuse to journey with me far away? In the new world we may find us a home which thy voice shall fill with music.'

And forthwith to their mental vision uprose a bower, all woven of myrtle and roses, beneath skies unsullied by storms.

But for that day they must part. At night he would conduct her to the great city, whence they should embark for the country of their dreams: thus he said, gently leading her down the cliffs to her cottage-gate, and leaving her there, he passed on his way.

Never again had she beheld his face! He came not that night, nor the next, nor yet the next, till she tired of counting the days; and finally, news was brought of his departure for America!

Quakeress though she was, anger over-flowed her young spirit. He seemed to have made her a bride for the express purpose of deserting her; and she secretly rejoiced that she had kept back a part of her heart — a sort of reserved fund for other uses and pleasures of life: she only trusted he might not think she was pining for his 'dear sake!'

Nevertheless, there was no malice aforethought in Sir Henry's procedure. When he bade Dorcas a light good-by at the wicket-gate, he truly intended returning at night to claim her for his own.

But after the commission of a rash act, however often imagination may have dallied with its previous image, its consequences flash on the mind with new force; and thus came the results of his *mesalliance* to Sir Henry, surveying that morning the domain that should be his inheritance.

Slowly pacing the broad avenues of his park, a mist evolved from his brain; the delirium of fore-gone weeks dispelled itself; and — somewhat inopportunely to be sure — acres on acres of upland and low-land, books of heraldry, rolls of parchment, long galleries of ancestors in undeviating descent from the body-guard of William the Conqueror, up-rose between him and the dark-eyed Quakeress he had made *his wife!*

He actually began to cherish resentment toward her, as if she had won him by some enchantment. So very singular a chattel is the male heart!

Well, in forlorn condition, he gazed up to the castle: its turrets; its stained windows; its heavily-ornamented buttresses; its porches,

and all its nondescript appendages. He beheld its imposing front, then the splendors of its eastern aspect met his eyes; next he journeyed where its backward visage might charm him — for it was a cherub to him, having a face on every side; lastly he scanned its westward wing: no more could he do, except he mounted aloft, and surveyed its queerly-shaped roofs, some of whose points pierced through whole ages, and remembered themselves as verdant oaks in the time of the first Ludlow.

He stealthily entered the gallery of family portraits, where, a little child, he had been led to learn through whose veins had once run the red fluid dancing merrily along his own. He knew *par cœur*, the lives of all those stately ladies and stiff lords: he *used* to laugh at their unearthly dress; but *now* he could have kissed the pointed shoes turning upward to the knee, like canoes wherein his progenitors paddled over the estate; could have done reverence to the deep, deep frills that reached aloft to entomb alive his estimable grand-mothers. Under some circumstances taste thus rapidly develops itself.

From the gallery he entered a hall, that he might contemplate a *chef d'œuvre* of art, the armorial bearings of his house. From time to time had been quartered beside the original arms of the Ludlows sundry devices, which were the pride of those pale ladies, till a simple republican might not decipher the odd hieroglyph.

Here he stood in sober musing. Was it right, or even possible to leave all this descended shower of glory, for the bright smiles of an out-law, a Quaker, who would never wear such ruffs, or countenance such shoes, or care for this noble emblazonry?

There was not much poetry in Sir Henry's composition; that subtle and ethereal essence had never penetrated his nature: only eloquence, beauty, music, and night, combining their forces for the combat, would ever have prevailed against his reason.

Suddenly while he meditated, the illegality of his marriage flitted through his mind. He was bound but by ties of honor to the prophetess' daughter; and if he chose to sunder those unsubstantial chains, why, then he might again stand on the same lofty eminence where, in awful array, shone forth the saints of the gallery.

He did not quite like this brilliant idea; but it was his only point of escape, and on reconsideration it looked less deformed. The Quakers, already hated and persecuted, would hardly dare divulge his secret: he might go over to the colonies for a few years: it was really, after all, no marriage; and he could never bring a cottager into presence of the pictured gentry on his walls.

Thus he thought, and thus acted. He called it a common-sense view of the subject. Of the wounded sensibility of his young wife, of the possibility that her nature could ill-endure so rude a shock, of her belief in the sacredness of the relation established between them, and her long widowhood, he took no note. It was an acceptable oblation to his vanity, when stepping on board an out-

ward-bound vessel, that he left behind one who would sorrow for his absence.

Sometimes, also, leaning over the taffrail of the ship, he sighed to remember her sweetly-given promise to cross the ocean at his side. Ah! Sir Henry! you are not garnering up pleasant memories for your old age. When your 'May of life is fallen into the sere and yellow leaf,' you will need that some more manly and virtuous deed should adorn your youth!

Little necessity have I to tell how, in after-months, the Quaker priestess and her fair daughter also sought refuge from English cares, in that ideal realm, our 'New World;' for, standing on the wharf, you witnessed their arrival.

CHAPTER FOURTH.

BEING A CONNECTING LINK IN THE CHAIN.

In olden time, Nature abhorred a vacuum: now-a-days, she holds in equal contempt all lines which bound not that mystic figure ycleped a circle; at least, so teach poets, philosophers, and Cosmos himself.

Round and round through space, 'far as the universe spreads its flaming wall,' countless worlds describe their majestic curves; ages on ages of time 'circle away;' winds and storms fly swift along a rotary course; even the tiny dew-drop wheels its way from sky to earth, and earth to sky.

The lover places this magic shape about the maiden's finger, to seal the holiest vow lips can utter; it rests on the tyrant's head, to symbolize a nation's degradation.

Circles of acquaintances compose the whole frame-work of society, and as Time completes these human rings, she hangs them up in her musty halls for the use of novelists, historians, and posterity *in toto*.

You know, very well, who are united in the circle I have selected from her treasures for the present lunch, and if, like poor Oliver, you ask for 'more,' it is ready to your palate.

Immediately after leaving the wharf, Sir Henry, Mark, and Wendall parted company.

It was late when Mark returned to his home, for he had been promenading along the shore, and over the rough hills, eagerly desiring from Night the gift of sleep she bestowed freely on all that met his gaze: not *all*, however; for as in the course of his walk he had Sir Henry's house in sight, through the open casements he perceived its master rapidly pacing his apartment. Yet he gave the troubled tenant but a passing thought, because his mind was filled with another image, even that of the fair Icelander, till whispering how useless were all his speculations, he coaxed himself homeward, and silently entered the room from which he had gone forth.

The tall oaken clock ticked loudly in its corner; a cupboard

where plate was displayed, looked in the dim light like a huge ghost armed with skulls; stools and high-backed chairs were shadowy; nor could Mark be sure of the stability of a table, whose polished surface shone in beams that penetrated the little diamond panes; and the silver candle-sticks above the Dutch tiles, whose emblems he knew by heart, wore the same uncertain aspect.

Being of a brave temper, he was not startled to find, on farther inspection, that a figure of human form reclined in the deep window-seat, albeit it was quite past the family hour for retiring, and verging on the time spirits are said to select for their visitations to earth.

Drawing cautiously near, he saw the spectre wore his sister's dress of white, and curls of gold; so he knelt, intending to waken her with a kiss; but a smile parting her lips, she repeated the name of the English knight.

Very angry would Mark have been a few hours before, though now he had no heart to chide her, or to break the thread of her pleasant dream; for, thought he: 'She may never have another vision so bright; and what is *real* life, after all, but a dream, with hopes and fears unsubstantial as its tissue of gossamer?'

And if Nannie had bestowed her affections unwisely, surely the night had revealed to him that his own might not be invincible, or always under the empire of reason: thus reflecting, he rested his head on the cushion where hers was pillowed, while years not yet knit up by the rosy Hours, opened before him in sombre colors.

One of our most gifted painters has depicted with the fascination of art, that castle-in-the-air structure toward which youth eagerly stretches its hands.

But not so fair as he has shadowed forth, does it always hover in the distance; clouds black as the raven's wing oftentimes envelop its turrets; storms rage around, till, terrified at the prospect he has conjured up, the gazer fainteth, like Saul before the shade of Samuel.

God alone can know how oft fear for the future weighs down the long lashes of the bride, as she rests her head on her lover's arm: how the proud step and haughty bearing of the youth crossing his father's threshold to make for himself a name, are assumed to conceal the bitter doubts with which he meditates things to come.

The loud-voiced clock telling in impatient tones to the tenants of Time how rapidly their lease wore out, was unheard by Mark, while his imagination descried images of terror across the pathway of those he loved; and when its iron hammer drove the twelve nails that fastened the departed day in its coffin, starting with a shudder from the dismal picture before his fancy, he stole quietly away as the new day entered in its swaddling-bands of gray, decorated with the stars of its order.

Nannie was still wrapt in a deep sleep, known to innocence alone; and I doubt if Una teaching wisdom to fauns and satyrs of fairydom, bore an aspect of more angelic purity than floated

about the dreaming damsel, who believed kindness and generosity ruled all the world!

The knowledge that her lips had unconsciously spoken his name, might have cheered Sir Henry through those dreary hours in which he thought on things that were, and things that *should* have been; for very dear to him was Nannie's gentle, yielding spirit.

She had no more sympathy with deceit than a parallel line with a labyrinth: Sir Henry might as well hope to see the Northern Lights illuminate a storm-cloud, as Nannie's love repose on one she dared not trust.

Some such idea being impressed on his mind, he was seeking to prove that it would be needless to tell her the whole story of his life; but though he had a very logical turn, and could follow the by-ways and high-ways of philosophy, he was just now looking through her clear eyes, and even the '*reductio ad absurdum*' refused to aid him. So he strode from end to end of his apartment, warring with himself, with Dorcas, and finally with Nannie's goodness. Let us leave him to bind off (as a knitter might say) this chapter with the dark thread of his reflections, and we will betake ourselves to Zelda, begging her to embroider us a bouquet from the silks of her genius.

OUT IN THE RAIN.

BY W. H. WADDEL.

Out in the rain, in the dark, dark night,
Praying for morning, yet dreading the light,
The cold, cruel wind tosses wildly my hair,
My heart is all hard with the ice of despair,
Wearily, wearily weeping in vain,
The hours pass drearily, 'out in the rain.'

Out in the rain, while my shelterless head
Burns as though covered with hot molten lead,
My quivering frame now shivers with cold,
Now scorches with fever, in anguish untold:
Crazed with my sorrowing, maddened by pain,
Let me but perish here, 'out in the rain!'

Far, far away, where the green meadows lie,
Where the pure waters reflect the blue sky,
Beyond the dark river, beyond the bleak shore,
Where waves never break, and where winds never roar:
There from my wandering, rest shall I gain,
And my wild heart throb no more, 'out in the rain.'

Athens, (Ga.)

UNDER THE FIG-TREES.

BY J. SWETT.

I.

PEACE!

From labor comes a sweet release,
A relaxation which the toil-worn mind,
Throbbing with thought, so longs to find:
Here all its stormy surgings cease.
Birds flood with song the incense-laden air,
Which softly bathes the heated brow of care,
Till the sweet warblers in the olive-trees
Seem soft Æolians wakened by the breeze;
And thoughts glide off in quiet dreams,
As wild-flowers float on meadow-streams.

II.

REST!

The sun is slowly sinking in the west;
The balmy air floats lazily around;
The trees are rustling with a soothing sound:
Delicious peaches, blushing at the gaze
Of the warm sun-light's last departing rays,
Hide their red cheeks amid the foliage green,
Leaving their breasts of downy white half-seen,
While their rich lips in softest touches meet,
Each stealing from the other kisses sweet:
The pear-trees shower their fulness on the plain
In luscious drops of autumn's golden rain.
So let the memories which these scenes recall
Ripen in idleness, and thickly fall;
For twilight lulls each drowsy sense
In deep, delicious, dreamy indolence.

III.

DREAM!

Thoughts, gushing like some fountain-stream,
As stars float up the heaven's deep blue,
The *past* comes back in swift review,
Bright pictures of the dear home band,
Far, far away, in Eastern land,
(One now walks Heaven's sapphire strand:)
Then let the day, so still and calm,
Die in a dreamy vesper psalm,
While o'er me comes the gushing joy
Which filled my spirit when a boy.

Mission Garden, Mission San José, Oct. 1857.

Kino:

A MYSTIFICATION OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY CHARLES DESMARAIS GARDETTE.

I SPENT part of the winter of —— in the city of New-Orleans for my health's sake.

My life there was generally monotonous and devoid of incident, as the life of a valetudinarian would naturally be — with one extraordinary exception: an adventure so strange, and even fearful, that if the reader will bear with my perchance tedious style of narration, I shall faithfully relate it herein, convinced that the matter will prove of interest to the curious and reflective, in spite of the faults of manner in its historian.

The Franco-American population of New-Orleans retain many curious customs and habits of their father (or rather mother) land, scarcely influenced by the lapse of time, the differences of the government and institutions under which, or the essentially antagonistic race among whom, they dwell, and of which they are properly part and parcel.

The tenacity with which they have adhered to their mother-tongue, in the midst of the most intimate relations of every kind with a people of totally different speech, is one — perhaps the most curious instance of this.

Another is their peculiar mode of passing the Sabbath: with open bazaars, race-courses, theatres, and all the haunts of every-day life, buzzing in unison with the chimes of the 'church-going bells.'

They have also their special festal observances, religious and patriotic: their games, entertainments, social codes and habits, methods of educating their children, cooking, wines, hours of meals; ay, even their dress, the cut of their beards, and the fashion of their salutations — their 'yea and nay' — are all decidedly foreign, as well in the families whose living heads were born beneath the skies of France, as among those whose Frankish or Gallic ancestors sleep for three generations in the funereal vaults of the Crescent City.

I have said that their games are peculiar. There is one particularly, with which my story is intimately connected, that demands in consequence a special notice.

There is the game known, on a limited scale, by children every where in Christendom, as 'Loto;' but among the French Creoles of New-Orleans, played publicly for money (especially by the lower classes) under the name of 'Kino;' and the *modus operandi* of 'Kino' being patent to my narrative, I beg the reader's indulgence while I attempt a description of the only establishment

of the kind I ever saw (?) (The reason of the interrogation will be seen anon.)

First, a long room, dirty, dimly lighted, and redolent of beer, tobacco-smoke, *et id omne genus* of associate odors, is furnished (?) with rows of common deal tables, (say eight feet by three each,) polished and grimy by constant use, placed up and down the apartment, so as to leave passage-ways around them, and having a backless bench screwed to the floor, (as are the tables also,) on either side of each.

About the centre of one of the lateral walls is stationed the counter and apparatus of the banker, consisting of a square table, divided into compartments for holding the 'pool,' the numbered Kino-balls, (of ivory,) the register, cards, etc., together with a large box of horn buttons for markers; and last, most important of all, the pretty piece of mechanism by which the fiat of the fateful balls is governed.

This is a hollow globe of mahogany, revolving easily upon a horizontal axis, suspended upon two perpendicular poles, with a mouth-piece opening downward, (from motives of specific gravity,) contrived with a spring, which, pressed by the operator's finger, gives passage to a single ball at a time, dropping it into his dexterous hand. It has also another opening, on the trap-door principle, whereby the said balls are deposited within its cavity.

The thing is a most neat and graceful one, innocent of harm in general, I dare say; but to me, alas! it proved as full of 'unnumbered woes' as the Grecian horse did to the unsuspicious Trojans.

The *modus operandi* is as follows: (I assume the reader's acquaintance with the prototype game of 'Loto:') Each guest on entering takes his seat at a table, and a Kino-card, for which he pays five, ten, or twenty cents, according to the size thereof. He may, on the same terms, increase his chances by taking as many cards as he chooses.

The money thus collected is put into the 'pool;' and when the concourse of guests is sufficient to make said 'pool' respectably remunerative, the game commences thus: —— Stop! I omitted to mention a general, generous, preliminary, and gratuitous distribution of buttons, by a satellite:

The banker places the ivory balls in the magic globe, shuts the 'trap,' and gives the machine a rapid rotary motion. For a few seconds it whirls swiftly round, till the momentum becoming less and less, it gradually comes to a stand-still, mouth downward, of course, when — click! the operator touches the spring, catches the liberated ball, glances at its numeral, holds it aloft, and cries, first in French, then in English, 'Ten!' 'Fifty!' or whatever may be the figures upon its circumference.

Instantly all eyes are upon the cards of their respective owners, and those who see a 'ten,' 'fifty,' or whatever it is, on the pasteboard beneath them, clap a button triumphantly over it. The banker, after sufficient pause, repeats the process of whirling, catching, and calling; the players follow suit with eye and button; and

so it continueth reciprocally, until a number is cried which finishes a row — all whose previous figures are buttoned over — upon the card of some lucky individual, whereupon the lucky one raps the table loudly, and exclaims, 'Kino!' or, sometimes, to vary the monotony, '*Gagné!*' which means won, and amounts to the same thing. The satellite immediately takes the champion's card to the banker, who examines it, compares it with his register, finds it correct, (that is, does, *if he does*,) and returns it to the victor, accompanied by the contents of the 'pool,' minus a small (?) percentage for the support of the 'establishment.'

Let me add that there is also a mysterious and invisible cavern somewhere in the most sombre corner of the apartment, whence divers and sundry glasses of many-tinted fluids are semi-continuously brought to a plurality of guests, by other satellites during the progress of things.

This is the entire 'poetry and mystery' of 'Kino.' Now for the mournful prose of my experience therewith.

—

It was a raw, drizzly night, and I sat, at about nine o'clock, in the office of the Saint Louis Hotel, with a fit of cerulean fiends, and the effects of a dose of sulph. morph., (given me by an old fool of a doctor — I beg the Faculty's pardon! — for a palpitation of the heart,) for company.

So I had sat, half-dozing for over one hour, until now an unwonted feeling of restlessness came upon me and very unwisely, no doubt, in a sanitary point of view, I seized my overcoat and hat, and went out, objectless, save to dissipate my ennui by a stroll in the keen night air.

I wandered up one street and down another in the old French quarter, without knowing or caring where I was, until the sound of a loud voice calling out in French, then in English, 'Forty-four!' followed by another replying, '*Gagné!*' caused me to stop, and looking across the narrow street, I found myself opposite a 'Kino' establishment.

It was on the ground-floor of a low-eaved house, with a deep verandah in front, and though the night was chilly, the doors (they were large folding-doors) were flung back, leaving the entrance protected only by a huge blinded screen, which stood some six feet inside the room, (there was no hall,) giving free egress to the voices and exhalations from within.

A sudden whim prompted me to enter. I had never been in such a place, and felt at the moment, beside, a morbid desire for some excitement to rouse my torpid spirits; so I walked in, and looked round me.

The room and its furniture were such as I have described above, and at the moment of my entrance preparations were making for a new game.

Taking my seat at an unoccupied table in an extreme corner of the room, (which was scarce more than half-filled,) I called the

waiter, and asked for a card, at the same time taking out my porte-monnaie to give him the requisite dime.

This porte-monnaie was a large one, of red morocco, bound with steel, heavily gilt, and contained several compartments for bills, as well as a small sack for specie, (excuse the apparent tediousness of detail, patient or impatient reader: you will see its relevancy anon,) all of which were full; for I had that morning drawn five hundred dollars in bills of various denominations, and had fifty dollars in silver and small gold therein beside.

In handling this porte-monnaie somewhat clumsily, owing to my semi-opiatic state, a roll of the bills fell out, and dropped from the bench to the floor, displaying their value partially as they unrolled in falling.

The civil waiter picked them carefully up, and returned them to me immediately, and, taking my dime, handed the card, a handful of buttons, and retired.

I placed the porte-monnaie in my *right* breast-pocket, inside my coat, and awaited the banker's first call, button in hand.

He called, 'Eleven!' I marked it! (how well I remember each number! their sequence upon my card was so remarkable!) Then 'Thirty-one!' I marked it; and on the same line! Then, 'Eighty!' another button, and on the same line again! Then, 'Forty-nine!' another mark, same line! Then, 'Three!' fifth mark, same line! 'Sixty-seven!' still another mark, still the same line! 'Twenty-five!' a seventh button, upon the fated line again.

Here a momentary pause occurred, owing to a short conference between the banker and a newly-arrived guest.

I had been growing every moment aware of an increasing and strange fixity, if I may so term it, of physical sensation; (owing, no doubt, to that inf——doctor's sulph. morph., the first I had ever taken;) a feeling of perfect inability to make a physical exertion, should it suddenly become necessary, and a sense of mental inertia, not stupidity nor drowsiness, but a sort of animal contentment with my position, an indifference to what was passing around me, though with entire cognizance of every thing, and intelligent interest in my card, upon which every number of the second line was now buttoned, save one; and I recollect thinking how extraordinary it would be if the banker should cry that number the very next time, yet thinking of it without the least anxiety or even wishfulness.

At this juncture the new guest sat down. The banker twirled the globe, caught the ball as it came to a stop, and cried, 'Fifty-three!'

It *was* my number, and with a very quiet tone and gesture, I said, 'Gagné'

A murmur of momentary surprise died as suddenly away; my card was examined, proved correct, and the 'pool' (of about three dollars in small silver) was handed me. The usual recess of five or ten minutes succeeded, varied by libations and fresh pipe and cigar-lightings, and a new game commenced.

During this time, I kept the same card, and marked occasionally,

but did not win. As it progressed, I experienced a dim sort of desire to leave the place, but it seemed impossible to control my volition sufficiently to make the necessary effort to rise. The peculiar feelings I have endeavored to describe above, were becoming more and more decided, and I took a fresh card for my third game.

Ere the banker had cried more than five or six numbers of this 'kino,' I was conscious of some one standing behind me, as if watching my card.

(Here it is necessary that I should define my position in the room more explicitly. I was, as I have said, the only occupant of my table, which stood in a corner of the apartment, nearest the doors of exit, and farthest from the light, which consisted of four large lamps on brackets against the lateral walls, about ten feet apart and five feet each way from the centre. This table was also so placed, that, seated with my face toward the wall, away from the banker and the other tables, there was no one in front of me, and the nearest persons behind me were at the corresponding table to mine on the opposite side of the room, both — there were but two — with their backs toward me.)

Now, I say, I became conscious of some one standing immediately back of me; and looking quietly up, for in my then peculiar morbid state I was incapable of emotion, I saw a very tall, powerful, foreign-looking man, well-dressed, and smiling, who responded to my gaze by a familiar nod, and (in French) 'How are you to-night, my dear?' courteously and audibly uttered.

I was perfectly aware that the man was an entire stranger to me, yet my extraordinarily passive condition seemed to render the effort of denial or retort alike impossible, and I mechanically bowed, and resumed my former attitude.

In two minutes more the stranger sat softly down on the bench close at my *left* side; then, with a movement wonderfully rapid, yet so quiet and apparently gentle as to merit the term snake-like, he wound his right arm round my shoulders, compressing both my arms and chest with the force of a vice; brought his right hand to my throat, (affecting the while the demeanor and action of a friendly caress,) and bearing upward and inward by means of his thumb and fore-finger upon my thorax immediately under the chin with strange and fearful effect, he in a moment with his left hand abstracted my porte-monnaie from the right-breast pocket, where I had placed it.

The whole operation did not probably occupy three minutes, and was effected so dexterously yet so invincibly, that, while it doubtless appeared to those at a distance (if any observed it at all, which was scarce probable, intent as they were on their cards) as the careless embrace of a familiar crony, it rendered all resistance, all articulation, all motion on my part, totally impracticable, even had I been in the full vigor of all my physical and mental faculties. But I was, on the contrary, fully under the influence of the combined phenomena I have alluded to, and possessed not the slightest power, nor even the will, to struggle.

The peculiar pressure on my throat, though it did not strangle

me in the least, appeared to induce a sort of paralysis of my entire nervous system, as if the robber bore upon some nerve-centre of universal radiation, without at all destroying my consciousness of its cause, or of my exact situation; and the ruffian well knew this to be the result of his devilish art; for he presently let me go, and, laying me gently down upon the bench, cried out, with every demonstration of friendly anxiety:

'Quick! some cold water! my friend has a fit; hold him, some one, and sponge his face, while I go for his doctor; it is but a step. It will be nothing serious, he often has them; I'll return immediately.' And giving me in charge to those who now eagerly crowded round, he hastened away.

Of course, in the confusion of the moment, no one sought for any other explanation of the extraordinary circumstance than the one so adroitly given in apparently anxious interest by my supposed comrade, nor did they imagine that his hasty exit was for any other purpose than to insure the speediest medical assistance; and, strange as it may appear, it was utterly impossible for me to speak a single word, or make a single gesture, until the waiter, with good-intentioned awkwardness, flung a large glass of ice-water full in my face.

The sudden shock drove the blood to my heart with the force of a steam-jet, and loosed at once the spell that bound my faculties, so that springing up, I cried, half-choked with the water: 'Stop him! he has robbed me! he is no fr——' It was all I could utter, the reäction was too violent; and I sank exhausted and shivering upon the bench.

A dozen men rushed forth in all directions, but after a few minutes, all returned, from a fruitless search. He was, of course, not to be found, nor any trace of him: his stratagem was too masterly for defeat.

By this time I had in a great degree regained my self-possession and strength, and related the affair briefly to the open-mouthed assembly. Every body wondered and exclaimed, and every body had a counsel to give me of course. 'Go to the police-office,' said one.

'Hire a special detective,' said another.

'Send to all the steamboats and rail-road depots,' said Number Three.

'Offer a large reward,' cried Number Four; and so forth, and so forth: all sensible plans no doubt, and hopeful ones; but I began to feel very drowsy, very weak, and very tired; my heart throbbed like the flail of a thresher; my head burned, and requesting a mild-faced, stout-bodied burgher to walk with me, I returned to the hotel, ascended painfully to my room without a word to any one, and throwing off my damp clothes, literally fell into bed and into a deep slumber at the same moment.

—

When I awoke next morning, though much better, I still felt weak and head-achy: however, my adventure of the previous night

dwelt vividly in my memory, and the loss of my port-monnaie, or rather of its contents, was a serious one to me in a strange city, with limited means, so that I determined to dress at once, and, seeking the police-office, to take all possible steps for its recovery. I therefore rose and began my toilet.

In a short time I was dressed in all respects save my coat, which I had thrown the night before over a chair in a careless way, and I now caught hold of it as carelessly by the skirt, when, as I raised it from the chair, something fell from its folds and dropped with a dull clang on the floor. I moved the chair, stooped to pick up the object—'Ha! no! am I awake? Yes, by Heaven!' There lay my red morocco port-monnaie!

Half-stupefied by this miracle, I mechanically clutched it, tore it open, and therein, so help me truth, lay, snugly packed away, the identical roll of notes dropped on the 'kino' floor and restored to me by the civil waiter!

I opened the sack; there were the gold quarter-eagles, dollar-pieces, and silver: all untouched, all safe!

Piece by piece, note by note I counted them, feeling the while, much as I presume Rip Van Winkle did when he returned to his village after his long nap. They were all there!

For a moment I thought I was going, or had gone, mad. Then the idea occurred to me, 'It was all a dream: the result of a laudanum nightmare; may that doctor be anathema! But stop,' said I to myself, after further reflection, 'there 's a way of testing all this, without exposing myself to ridicule, or giving rise to doubts of my sanity by making inquiries at the 'kino.' No! I won't go to the 'kino!' Under no circumstances will I seek that cursed 'kino' again! Dream or no dream: mad or of sound mind, I shall never dare to return to that horrible 'kino!' I have one certain test here, and I will abide by it; if it prove me the victim of nightmare, so much the better: I can laugh at it, now that it is over; if, on the contrary, it prove me the victim of ——ugh! at least the secret shall be buried in my own breast; no mortal but myself shall ever know it; no! no! I'll stand by the test!'

And I have, until now, stood by that test, and revealed it to no living being; but as 'murder will out,' so will every other burden on the spirit, whether of crime, or grief, or love, or hate, or——. Reader, you shall know the test and its result!

I had, you may remember, won the first game of 'kino,' and received the 'pool.' It was in small silver, and I had dropped it in the little cash pocket of my over-coat.

There was, I recollected well, but one half-dime in that pocket previously.

With a fearful foreboding, half of hope, half of terror, I sought my over-coat where it hung against my chamber-door, and tremblingly approaching my hand to the fateful pocket, thrust my fingers desperately within it; gave a loud cry, and sank fainting to the floor! *That pocket was full of small silver!*

Philadelphia, Feb. 19, 1853.

THE FACTORY GIRL OF FAIRMOUNT.

BY MISS MARY E. THROPP.

ALONE in the dark, down the dreary street,
Through the wind and the driving rain,
All weary and cold, and her heart oppressed
With a numbing sense of pain,

With a feeble step and a troubled eye,
That seems gazing afar away,
A pale, slight girl, with a lofty face,
Is wending her fearsome way.

On by the lights that cheerily gleam
Athwart the darkened street,
From the bright, warm homes on either side,
Press the worn, unresting feet.

She will not pause, she hazards not
A glance at the groups within:
Oh! should she not envy the favored lot
In bitterness and sin?

She knows of a garret all dreary and bare,
A garret dark and lone,
No light, no fire, no loving eye,
In all to her of home.

'Not into temptation,' O FATHER! help!
The tremulous lips impart:
And the high, pure brow, and the holy eyes,
Tell they not of the pure in heart?

A timely prayer, for even now
The tempter is lurking near,
And gold, and ease, and love for shame,
Is hissed in the tried one's ear.

The delicate face, with its dark rich curls,
Caught the gaze of the man of sin—
A fair, fair face, but fairer yet
Is the beautiful soul within.

No moan, no wail, but on and on,
Through the wind and the driving rain:
O GOD! how the gentle heart is crushed
With its desolate sense of pain!

The bridge is gained whose sheltered arch
Spans the river's ceaseless flow;
She lingers a moment: oh! could she but rest
Its calm deep waves below!

A plunge, a pang, and 'the fever of life,'
With its wasting cares, is o'er:
No sin to conquer, no sorrow to bear,
And rest for evermore.

A rush of waters seems bearing her down,
And a whirl in her dizzy brain,
When a light breaks forth from the great white throne,
And she totters on again.

The court is gained, and the house at length,
With its narrow and darksome stair:
Alas! for the feeble and shivering limbs:
How hardly they enter there.

. . . . . .

Solemnly still, like the Jews of old,
In Moab's mournful clime,
We pause below, while a saint ascends
To offer a soul sublime.

In the dark, dark room, like a rift of light,
Lies the beautiful form of clay,
Holy and still in its wondrous calm,
For the spirit has passed away.

On the still white face upturned in death,
And framed with its curls of brown,
The mid-night moon (for the storm has passed)
Like a friendly face looks down:

It shines on the lily-curtained eyes
Like lakes in their summer blue,
Brilliant as stars with the moulted light
Of the spirit passing through:

For a radiant form in flowing white,
And girt with a golden zone,
With glittering harp and golden crown,
Has swept to the great white throne.

Valley Forge, (*Pa.*)

PASSION.

My fingers clasp a crystal vase,
And as I turn it to the light,
The amber fluid held within
Becomes that instant golden-bright.

My lips have touched the goblet's edge,
And I am filled with ecstasy
That thrills me through, till I am mad
To drink the subtle draught and die.

O Peyton! take your eyes from mine!
They hold me so I cannot think:
My lips are on the charméd brim:
Take off your eyes, or I shall drink!

TOM BOLT'S NEVVY.

BY KIT KELVIN.

It should be an apothegm, that every man has a skeleton, a grinning, ghastly skeleton, dangling in his door-way or business. If by his fire-side, it may be his companion, a wayward child, or constant sickness. If in his business, disappointment, ill-starred fortune, or complete failure. In some cases, this hideous array is blown away, bone by bone, until it disappears; but in others, sadly, it brings up the last of the funeral procession. Perhaps the latter preponderates. Illustrative of this axiom, the following brief story may be pertinent.

Tom Bolt was an old retired sea-captain. He had never married: had accumulated a fortune upon the waters, and was coupling *otium cum dignitate*, as far as his salt notions induced him. He had been a sailor, 'man and boy,' for over forty years, and was a perfect specimen of his class. With a large person, he had a voice deep, slightly *raspy;* trained, no doubt, by continuous combats with gales and salt water. He could be irascible on a short notice; but ordinarily provoked good cheer wherever his presence was found. He had a dog, a cat, a pet-parrot, and a house-keeper. Charitable institutions had made themselves vampires upon him, and extracted benevolent sums from him, from year to year. To this he did not object; but he yearned for some one of his own to bestow his property upon, when he had accomplished his pilgrimage. But here the old sailor was unfortunate. He knew of no one whom he could claim. His relatives had never been numerous, and those that had been, had passed away in the life-struggle. He had looked about for a *protégé*, but had never found one to fill the vacancy. Numerous applications had been made by sordid, selfish ones, for their weakly, indolent representatives; yet the eye of the mariner always discovered a lack of sense, manhood, or brightness, that caused disappointment on the one hand, and a feeling of justice on the other. Tom Bolt was constant at church, made hearty responses, and was a pillar of moneyed strength, if not of righteous example to the society. His cellar always held a choice selection of old wines, St. Croix, and Jamaica, which were by no means spared whenever a visitor dropped in upon him. Every body loved him, for he had a kind word for the poor — also money — a cheerful salutation for a friend, a warm welcome for children, and a song or a yarn, when occasion required. And this was Tom Bolt.

But he had a skeleton. I will tell you what it was.

Some fifteen years before he moored upon land, a nephew bearing his own name (he always called him *nevvy*) he had taken to initiate into the service. He was a wild, reckless boy, heedless of his in-

terests, and deaf to counsel. He was put into the fore-castle, and received no favors from the cabin. To a youngster, this discipline was mysterious and unnatural, and the young blade made severe trouble for his uncle. Yet, as the last of his race, he was indulged by pardon, and sometimes by a palpable over-looking of his glaring faults. This acted upon him as encouragement; and rather than diminishing his flagitious acts, they increased. His elder shipmates advised him to look well to his reckoning, or the old uncle would shipwreck him, without a tarpaulin or toggery. But it did not avail.

There was no settled malice on the part of the boy. It was young spite and indifference. To activity he added more than the ordinary amount of intelligence for one of his years; and were it not for a *seeming* treachery, he would have been rapidly promoted.

Finally, with patience exhausted, and ire predominant, the old sailor, as his vessel ran into Havre, sent for the relation. He came with a familiar rush into the cabin, and stood covered.

'Nevvy! doff your tarpaulin. You are wrecking every inch of your cargo of manners, if you ever shipped them.'

The nevvy saw at one glance there was a determination that augured poorly for him.

'Nevvy, you are the only son of as brave a sailor as ever went down among the sea-weeds; but there are barnacles all over *you;* and you are more of a piratical craft than a friend. I took you to make a captain; but you have run on a lee-shore, and here you are at Havre, alone, and without friends. Do ye understand?'

'Ay, Sir! you are going to heave me overboard.'

'What else can I do with a bad cargo in a gale? Nevvy, you are hereafter to shin aloft elsewhere than on the 'Peacock.' Go forward, and then ashore. If you ever think better of your course, come to me, and I will over-haul you once more.'

And so the Nevvy left.

Some three years after, the uncle heard that the Nevvy had met his end. He fell from aloft, and his absence was not noticed until it was too late to return for a search.

This item of intelligence affected the old sailor. He blamed himself, his rashness, and his want of greater patience. But it could not be otherwise; and he endeavored to console himself that pure justice had been righteously administered.

So Tom Bolt was alone; and this was his skeleton.

Occasionally the house-keeper would be the repository of his reflections. They generally found utterance at night, when his paper was read, and the dog barked in his sleep, and old Tabby purringly rubbed against his boots. Such a home-scene illustrative of comfort and confidence, awakened the dormant affections of the mariner, and his conscience bit him to exclamations.

'Betty! I was a cruel sea-dog, full of bark. No leave of absence in my hull. I see it now. And here I am, old and alone: no kin to care for the old hulk: laid up in ordinary: timbers shivered and

dead-lights knocked in. Well, Tom Bolt! you can't cruise your life over again, but must reef and lay-to. Avast! Betty! a little hot water, sugar, and nutmeg: I 'll take a night-cap, and turn in.'

Dominie Mace was the rector of Saint Stephen's Church, a time-honored edifice of good churchmen, where Tom Bolt bent his head, and uttered his 'Good LORD deliver us,' with unction. He was a good liver (the parson) and fell ill with the gout. For a time he clung to his surplice; but disease battled sorely with him, and finally vanquished the victim. It was a heavy affliction; for with him were associated many baptisms of infants, now his parishioners, and many excellent sermons of easy penance.

Tom Bolt said, the grave covered a cargo of goodness; but it was shipped to be discharged in a better port, without duty.

It was a long time the parish looked for a successor. Many were tried, but found wanting; and the service was beginning to be thinly attended.

One Saturday night, the stage-coach rattled to the door of the village inn a well-dressed gentleman, who possessed the outlines of sanctity. To a comely form he added a fine face, touched with *study* paleness, a bright dark eye, a gentle voice, and quiet manners.

I said he had the appearance of sanctity. If professions can be known by style of dress, I would further remark, he was a clergyman. And so it proved.

In a small, sermon-like hand, he wrote his name, Rev. T. Bolton. As it happened, the landlord was of Saint Stephen's creed, and no sooner saw the entry upon his book, than he addressed himself for an acquaintance.

'You will excuse me, Sir; but perceiving you a Reverend, will you inform me if you are of the Episcopal order?

'I am, Sir.'

'Then, Sir, if you could be induced to officiate for us to-morrow as we are without a rector, it would be thankfully received.'

'Is the vacancy temporary?'

'No, Sir: our good parson died some two months since, and we have no one in view.'

The intelligence was carried to the ears of the more ardent, and before nine o'clock Mr. Bolton was waited upon, and consented to discharge the duties of his profession on the morrow.

There was a full attendance, and the organ pealed a little louder and a little longer, in honor of the stranger. None read the service with more feeling and pathos than Mr. Bolton. With his soft and musical voice, a demeanor quiet, and a zeal sincere, he had made a deep and agreeable impression upon his audience before he pronounced his text, which was from the Sermon on the Mount:

'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

If his reading had been faultless, his style was in consonance with his manner. Ardent, meaning, sincere, and convincing, he poured out the feelings of a good heart to eager listeners. It was full of charity; teaching patience, endurance, and sympathy.

With mildness yet determination in his eye, his hand upraised, his head thrown forward, he gained *one* heart by this sentence:

'Cry ye charity without its possession? Show ye sympathy behind hypocrisy? Teach ye love without affection? Exemplify patience and meekness without ownership? Ah! my friends, ye cannot. Surrounded as ye may be by worldly cares and annoyances, it is well to remember *they* are transitory. A year, a month, a week, a day, nay, one short hour may extricate you from all these, and then, have you the gentle principle of mercy to actuate you? How pleasant, how soothing, how delightful! Your feelings will be peaceful, and your actions CHRIST-like.'

'Have you a wayward son? deal gently with him: a mother's tear has saved a soul from perdition. Is your counsel abandoned? endure and pardon. It is merciful. This *is* mercy. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

Tom Bolt's lip quivered, his eye filled, and his head bowed to weakness. There was a subdued feeling sympathetic with all as the solemn benediction was pronounced; and while yet the parson was bowed, and the multitude were dispersing silently and with whispers, the old sailor retained his seat. At length he went forward, and taking the hand of the preacher, earnestly invited him to accompany him home.

'I am alone, Sir, and your words have called up a memory. I would like a common chat with you, and I do not see why you cannot accommodate me.'

'With pleasure, Sir!'

And so it was settled. Mr. Bolton was Tom Bolt's guest.

The afternoon service compared well with that of the morning, and a vestry meeting was called to consider the propriety of action in endeavoring to secure the permanent services of Mr. Bolton.

It was Sabbath evening, and the old sailor was happy in administering comfort to his guest. Betty had retired, and they were alone.

Former life-scenes were called up, and the mariner had recounted many perils of the deep, which were listened to with interest.

'But, Sir,' continued Bolt, 'I have one scene in my life to place before you. It will do me good, and may be you can give me some cheer to uphold me in my decision.

'I had a nevvy, Sir; he was a good sailor, for a boy; but he was troublesome, ay, mutinous. He would n't stow away any advice, and showed a clean pair of heels at all times. I know I should have had more patience, but then an old sailor, you know, has very little of this. I cut him adrift; I thought it would do him good; but I told him if he ever thought better of his course, to come back to me, and I would overhaul him for inspection. But, Sir,' (a pause, in which the old Captain looked steadily into the fire,) 'he 's past a return-voyage. I heard he fell from aloft in the English Channel, and was left ——' (another pause, in which the relator went to the door to accommodate old Tabby from without.) 'Poor nevvy! Well, here I am alone. Now, how should you, divine as you are, feel in such water? Did I do right?' earnestly inquired the old sailor, turning to Mr. Bolton.

The answer was to be the turning-point. If in the affirmative, Tom Bolt had made up his mind to drop it if possible and consider the cruelty no more. On the other hand, if it should be a doubtful response, he had concluded to ask a separate petition in prayer from the parson, and endeavor to heal it in that way.

'Beyond a doubt, Sir. You did not flog, perhaps you should have done it; yet the 'cat' is crushing to humanity. You reproved him only by words. He was extremely unkind and ungrateful. To his disobedience he added disrespect, which tended to mutiny, and really had a bad influence over the forecastle. Your course was righteous. It did the youngster good, and although at the time it seemed to him cruel, yet it was just the discipline he needed. It was a salutary correction.'

Tom Bolt was staring with wonder.

'And he, the nephew, is here now to thank his kind uncle for just such a course; for it has been the means of his reformation; and all the good I can do in my profession is dated back to the time you cut me adrift at Havre.'

The old sailor had jumped, dropping his pipe and spectacles, and throwing the chair to the farther end of the room, had the Nevvy in his embrace. 'Nevvy! my Nevvy! Yes it is!' at the same time patting him gently upon his back.

The scene was short, but boisterous and effectual.

'I have returned, uncle, for inspection.'

'And I will insure you to the port of heaven in a double-reefed topsail-gale,' shouted Tom Bolt.

'Nevvy, you shall be Rector of St. Stephen's, and this is your home. Gad! I 'm in port once more, in luck.'

There was just one bar of the sailor's hornpipe shuffled upon the floor to the detriment of Tabby's tail.

And so blew away Tom Bolt's skeleton.

SONNET: AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM

Alas! that my whole soul I might outpour
In wealth of speech, that o'er my love's deep sea
Full-freighted words I might waft on to thee;
Words freighted with the heart's deep hidden lore!
I cannot speak the love that evermore
Murmurs within my breast; yet do not turn
In scorn away. Ah! canst not in these eyes
Behold a soul, that unto thee doth burn?
Will not this upturned, these laboring sighs
That heavy-laden would to thee arise,
Make my soul's plaint? Ah! that I might outpour
In words the love, that as a restless sea,
Murmurs and heaves within me longingly!
So with that love I 'd flood thee o'er and o'er.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY W. H. WADDEL.

The eye is dim and sightless now,
  Which once in beauty beamed,
And drear and pallid is the brow
  From which in glory streamed
The lustre of his rising sun,
Before night's thickening shades came on.

He died while on his flowery path,
  Morn's azure light was shed,
He died ere sorrow's lurid wrath
  Its pall about him spread:
And cloudless was his early sky,
And swiftly sped his moments by.

Ah! darkness drapes our saddened home,
  And morn ariseth not:
Our hearts in cloudy sorrow come
  Around the hallowed spot,
Where, sleeping 'neath the cumbrous clay,
He dreams death's solemn night away.

Athens, (Ga.)

ON THE SHORE.

Upon the tawny margin of the blue, exulting sea,
  Where hoarse and caverned forests mock the sorrow of the shore,
We watch the passion-freighted moon her silver anchors weigh,
  And moor her golden keel above the crags of Appledore.

Through gulfs of brimming shadow, through leagues of dark repose,
  How ghost-like flash and fade afar the sails of distant ships!
While moon and stars, black-barred with clouds, on lonely sands disclose
  The sudden smile of surges with foam-white teeth and lips!

Her poise was like the spray just when the wave begins to curve;
  Her eyes untroubled stars shone through the mid-night of her hair;
Her lips would tempt the coldest, sternest anchorite to swerve,
  So passionately parted in fond, unconscious prayer.

Long hours I gathered kisses like clusters from the vine;
  While somewhere, far or near, was one who thought he held the fee
Of this fair tenement: he did not know what joys were mine,
  Upon the tawny margin of the dark, mid-summer sea!

UNCLE PAUL'S WIFE.

It had rained all day; and at night, with the same dull, monotonous sound, the rain still fell on the gravel-walk beneath the window; while through the dark old pines at the back of the house, went the continual mournful soughing of the east wind.

I was weary of all in-door occupations, and could not resort to invectives against the weather, for I had no listeners.

My uncle, Dr. Paul Eastman, had gone three miles, through the wind and the rain, to visit a patient in the alms-house, a little boy whose life was nearly ended; and Mrs. Eastman was visiting her friends in a distant State.

In an idle, half-dreaming mood, I lay on the sofa in the pleasant library, to await my uncle's coming.

The cheerful fire-light sending its warm, bright glow over the geraniums and roses in the deep bay-window, over the few pictures on the walls and the well-filled book-shelves, banished all thought of the wintry desolation without. Above the shaded lamp, on the little study-table, was a portrait. It had hung there for many years, the old house-keeper said. I cannot describe that pictured face, so nobly, so serenely beautiful. Would you try to describe the look which the one you love wears for you? Neither will I try to paint with words that face, which was the full realization of my thought of those messengers who come from the unseen world, to strengthen and bless the weak and suffering among mortals.

Was she Uncle Paul's first love — the fair young girl, whose loss had darkened all the years of his early manhood? I had heard something of the great sorrow which had clouded those years, and of one whose life of beauty had kept her memory fresh in the hearts of many. I had heard too, of the tenderness with which Uncle Paul took to his home, which should have been hers, her invalid mother and little brothers, and cared for them, till the mother went to join the daughter, and the boys were fitted for commercial or professional life. But there was a mystery in his life. If he had loved and lost the one whose face was pictured there on the canvas, how could he ever have given the place that would have been hers, to the respectable, common-place person whom I have known for five years as Mrs. Eastman?

The longer I watched the sweet face looking down upon me, the greater seemed the mystery; and so thinking, I fell asleep.

A voice awakened me. 'Ah! Miriam, dreaming?'

'Yes, uncle; dreaming of that face above your study-table.'

He walked across the room, and stood silently before it a long time. Then he came to me. 'It is very like her, Miriam; and she was pure and good as the angels.'

'Can you tell me of her, uncle? What was her name?'

Then, after a short silence, he told me of his early sorrow, and revealed the secret of the mystery that perplexed me.

'Her name was Grace Hyde. She was eighteen, and I was twenty-one when she promised to be my wife. I was just finishing my professional studies, and had my own way to make in the world; but I was strong to do my work and to fight my battles, for Grace was awaiting the result. Her love would strengthen me, and her hand would reward my victory.

''I will not fetter you, Paul,' she said; 'I know how the promise of many young lives have been unfulfilled, because the daily needs of life and the necessity of a practical answer to the questions, 'What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?' have wearied the spirit not yet ready for its life-work, crippled its energies, and chained it to an ignoble service, while the nobler work it might have done, waits for another. Give all the time you need to the highest culture, the fullest development of your intellectual strength, find for yourself a fitting sphere of labor, and then, Paul, I will go with you, and together we will make life beautiful.'

'I could not combat her resolution. She was firm, and her father said: 'Grace is right; in the future you will acknowledge it.'

'So I finished my studies in the University, and went to Paris. Grace, pale and tearful, with her little hands in mine, said: 'Be worthy of your best self, and may God forever guide and bless you, dear Paul.' And then we parted.

'I had not been away three months, when a letter from Grace announced her father's death. 'An attack of apoplexy,' she wrote. 'Poor mother, it is a terrible blow to her; I know not how she will bear it. I pray that I may help her, and that God will give me power to comfort her.' After that, her letters were not sad, but there was a subdued cheerfulness, or it might have been an effort to be cheerful, and there was an impatient looking forward to my return. She had such trust in me, such a noble ambition for me, I was always stronger and better after reading her words. Her influence was around me continually, and the temptations of Paris life were all powerless. I could not disappoint her trust. I would try to be worthy of her.

'I had been in Paris nearly two years, and was preparing to return, when one day a letter, directed in an unknown hand, was given to me. I opened it hastily, with a presentiment of coming ill, for I had heard nothing from Grace for many weeks. There were three words from Dr. Merton, the family physician of the Hydes:

''Dear Paul: Grace does not wish to alarm her mother, and therefore wishes me to write. Her days are numbered. Come quickly, if you would see her.'

'You can imagine the slow passing of the days that were bearing me to Grace. She was dying; she might be gone before I could reach her; and, as if in mockery of my impatience, the dull, monotonous ticking of the clock sounded in my ears, and the minutes passed so slowly. At last we reached New-York. A few hours' ride in the cars, and I was in A——. I went immediately

to her house, but there was a strange name on the door-plate. I rang, and inquired where Mrs. Hyde had removed. The servant gave me the street and number. I soon found the house, a small cottage, in a retired street. 'What was the cause of this removal?' I asked myself. 'Why had they left their old home? and why had Grace never mentioned it in her letters? Was it possible that poverty had been added to the sorrow of that great bereavement, and Grace had concealed it to avoid giving me pain?' Absorbed in these thoughts, I stood at the door of the cottage, just as Dr. Merton was passing out. He grasped my hand. 'Welcome home, Paul,' he said. 'They are all expecting you. Grace is quiet; she does not suffer now. I tell you, Paul, there is no use in trying to keep her here. She belongs to a better world. Angels like her are not given to us for a long time. They do their work quickly and go home.'

'He had led me into the little parlor, and in a few words, told me all that Grace had concealed from me. Mr. Hyde had died insolvent. His creditors had seized upon every thing. Mrs. Hyde had rented a small house, and furnished it plainly with the little remnant of the estate which was left them. Few, even of their most intimate friends, knew how very small this remnant was. Grace obtained a large class of pupils in music, and at night, when she returned, weary from her lessons, she taught classes in French. With a brave heart she worked, sustained by the consciousness that her mother was saved from toil and her little brothers were unconscious of the loss they had sustained.

'The constant, wearying toil, was too much for one so wholly unused to it. While the spirit was very strong, and the heroic young girl found peace in living for others, the warning came. She must rest. A little longer she struggled, then sank, and there was no help for her. Her earthly work was done. . . . The old man wept like a child. I could not weep. In my heart a rebellious voice was saying: 'It must not be. Grace shall not die. Life is worthless without her.' . . . .

'That evening she was my wife. I begged that it might be so: that I might not lose sight of her while she remained. How beautiful she was — my Grace — in that hour, with the dark hair brushed back from the pale forehead, the unnatural brightness that shone in her eyes, and the burning crimson in her cheek.

''To love and cherish till death us do part.' Are those words uttered, with a full feeling of their significance, when hopes are bright and life seems only to have commenced? To us they were full of solemn import. Death might come to do his work in one week, one day, one hour; and I should have no Grace, no wife.

'But she was mine, mine! and together we waited the summons that should separate us. In the few days that remained, she told me of the bright hopes of the future, *our* future, that had sustained her in the days of trial, and of the faith that had made all things easy to bear.

''If I had known it would end so, Paul,' she said, 'I would have

told you; but I thought I was stronger, and would work bravely without telling you any thing that would pain you, and you would soon come. But it is all right. I shall be yours in the other home. Walk worthily here, Paul. Consecrate yourself to a noble life: remember all the dreams of your youth, and let them become living realities in your life, and perhaps in the home to which I am going, I shall know it all.'

'Thus the days passed till the messenger came, and Grace went with him.'

My uncle sat a long time, with his head resting on the table before him, before he spoke again. Then he continued: 'It is thirty years since Grace's mother and brothers came to my home. Mrs. Hyde lived but a few years, and one by one the brothers — there were three of them — made homes for themselves, and I was left alone.

'In this room I kept the books and plants she loved, and her portrait hung always above my study-table; and so I almost lived in her presence. But there were times, when my loneliness seemed insupportable, and life was a weary burden, I would gladly lay down, that I might go to her.

'Once I have seen her. Do not doubt it, Miriam. Five years ago, I was very ill for many weeks. Grace's portrait was taken from the library, and carried to my chamber, that during the long days when I had only servants for attendants, I might have her face continually before me. The disease gained ground, and my physician insisted that I must have some more suitable attendant. I had at that time no near friend or relative within many miles' distance, and so Dr. Ives brought Jane Hope to the house. I had met her frequently in the homes of my patients, and knew her as a faithful nurse.

'In my half-dreaming moods, I had fancied that Grace was with me, and it was not always pleasant to be awakened by the touch of a hand, larger and rougher than hers, and to hear a voice that had precision and hardness in its tones, when I had been dreaming of the voice so long silent. But I learned to know Jane better, and to value her practical knowledge.

'One night the narcotics I had taken, instead of producing their usual effect, had brought on a state of feverish wakefulness. Strange, shadowy forms floated around me, sometimes taking to themselves the faces of friends I had known in boyhood. I could not drive them away. I rubbed my eyes, and said, 'There is the table, and there the window. There is nothing between me and them;' but the next minute the space would be filled with my ghostly visitors. Stephen Grant, who in college bore the name of Euclid Grant, from his devotion to his favorite study, and something of a mathematical precision in every action, stood at the foot of my bed, in the dim light, wearing the same look of imperturbable gravity, his head covered with triangles, and his hands filled with circle and squares. In a low, monotonous voice, he was reciting the causes of my disease, and prescribing for its cure:

'Let A B be the disease, and C D the time. Then to the square of——' He was interrupted by the dancing entrance of the young girl, who thirty-five years before had taught him lessons with which Euclid had nothing to do. She came with the freshness of spring-time around her, bearing in her hands arbutus flowers, violets, and daisies, which she threw upon our Euclid. They fell upon him, and wreathed themselves around the angles, circles, and squares in which he had buried himself. Then a violin on the table commenced playing a lively strain; and tables, chairs, and ghostly forms in wild confusion mingled in the dance, and I saw no more.

'When I awoke, the light still burned dimly, and the portrait of my lost Grace looked tenderly, pityingly upon me, and I knew that through all the long years of loneliness, thus had she looked down upon my desolate home. When my sorrow had seemed greater than I could bear, one thought had strengthened me: the thought that in the home to which she had gone, I should never more be lonely: she would be mine forever.

'But that night, the earthly future seemed so long, and the way leading through it so weary and desolate, in my agony I cried: 'How long! oh! how long!' Then the face changed. It became a living face, as full of tenderness as before, but wearing a cheerful, hopeful look; and — you will think it a dream, Miriam, but I was not sleeping — I saw her as plainly as I see you now. She seemed to step down from the canvas, and noiselessly to approach me. I tried to rise. I stretched forth my arms to clasp her; but the waving of her hand repelled me, and her upward look seemed to say, 'Not here, but there.' She drew nearer, and then I saw Jane Hope, my kind, faithful nurse, by her side. Then she took Jane's hand in her own — that little, pale hand — and holding it a moment, she placed it in mine, and said, in those low, sweet tones, thrilling my whole being: 'Take her, Paul, my Paul: she will help you and comfort you, till you come to me. I am waiting for you, Paul: in His time you will come, and then, my own——' I knew nothing more of that strange night, nor of many following days and nights.

'During the days of convalescence, the portrait had such a happy look; and when Jane brought me the tempting delicacies, she could so well prepare, there was a smile of sweet contentment on the face. So I learned to watch for Jane's coming, and to be very happy when she sat by me, busy with her sewing, or when I could watch her moving around the room, giving those indescribable touches to its arrangements which do so much to please the eye.

'When I was well enough to go out, Jane came one morning to tell me she was going away. I told her all, and asked her to stay with me always. The next week we were married; and my kind, good nurse has proved the kindest and best of wives.'

A strange ending to all of Paul Eastman's early hopes: a strange awakening from his young dreams. From Grace, the beautiful and gifted Grace, purified by suffering, whose saintly life was a holy memory in the hearts of all who loved her, to cold, stern,

practical Jane Hope, the faithful house-keeper, and alas! nothing more, how great the change!

Did the young wife, looking down upon his earthly needs, send a messenger to give Paul Eastman a wife, who should mend his stockings, and keep his house clean; make his gruel and his bed; nurse his gout and prescribe for his rheumatism; or was it an overdose of morphine that did the work? Who shall say? He firmly believed that Jane was sent to him by Grace, and so he is content; while I — I only 'tell the tale as 't was told to me.' MIRIAM GRAY.

THE END OF AUTUMN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

GLOOMY clouds, autumnal air,
  Falling leaves by winds o'ertaken;
From the groves no song we hear:
  Ah! how mournful: how forsaken!

Winter cometh, deathly cold:
  Forest! where are all thy pleasures?
Bright fields, laughing golden grain,
  Where are now thy waving treasures?

Drear and chill the day has grown;
  O'er the meadows mists are flying;
Through the desert forests moan
  Doleful cries: the season dying.

Heart! oh! hearest thou the start
  Of the brooklet madly leaping?
And dost thou remember, Heart!
  When we wandered by it weeping?

Heart, thou hast often grieved thyself,
  Drinking pain and sorrow ever:
Thou hast loved, and thou hast hoped:
  Soon we part, to meet — oh! never!

'Till our parting I shall watch;
  With my love I will surround thee:
Let us hope that soon, O Heart!
  Storms less fierce may sweep around thee.

That our last, sad, dreary hour,
  We may meet serene, and sleeping,
O'er our rest the gray skies lower,
  And alone the rain-clouds weeping.

Brooklyn, January, 1858. AUGUSTUS B. KNOWLTON.

TO LAON.

I.

Is she singing to thee ever,
  The songs I once did sing?
Or perhaps those words may never
  In thy halls of memory ring;
Perhaps the much-loved beauty,
  Which thy fond heart now beguiles,
Cheers the path of love and duty
  With happier songs and smiles.

II.

Is her eye still shining on thee,
  With a bright and happy light,
Dost repay that happy lightness
  Whilst my sun-shine 's quenched in night?
Doth she twine with fond caressing
  Thy threads of golden hair?
Dost repay her with a blessing
  Unminding my despair?

III.

When thy heart is sad, desponding,
  Doth she charm the gloom away:
And when the sun-light glimmers,
  Doth she make it brighter day?
Doth she love thee, doth she love thee,
  More than all others do?
Then repay her with thy blessing,
  And I will bless her too.

IV.

I will bless her, though a bitter strife
  Is welling in my heart,
I will bless her, though the agony
  Of pain may not depart:
I will bless her, I will bless her,
  Though my sad heart still shall break,
I will bless her, I will bless her,
  But only for thy sake.

V.

But ere the wooing 's ended,
  But ere the rites begin,
Know that chord of sympathy
  Alone thy love did win;
And it must be no common chord,
  But one whose subtle touch
Responds to all the shadings
  Which thy spirit needs so much.

VI.

A silver-toned electric wire,
  That owns no straying hand,
To kindle a consuming fire,
  But rather a demand
For the lightest touching of a breath
  To kindle on its strings,
Like an Æolian harp, the air
  Which heavenly music brings.

VII.

And if these, if these should fail thee,
  Then will thy spirit know
How much of human happiness
  Hath charmed my life below:
And the scorn that now is beaming,
  As thy cold eyes on me shine,
Will be quenched with the gleaming
  Of despair, e'en like to mine.

CYTHERA.

A SAD STORY.

I.

THE thought has often occurred to me, when I have wondered where novelists procure their materials, (for it really seems that every theme should be exhausted by this time,) that perhaps every individual, as dull as real life appears, could relate some passage from his own experience not unworthy of being presented to the world; and that if these several passages could be collected and woven together by some skilful artist, we would always have on hand a supply of novels and romances far more amusing and profitable than the majority of those that are daily issuing from the press. Are not the most famous writers those who have the most faithfully 'held the mirror up to nature?' Are they not those who have the most accurately described the developments of human nature on certain occasions and in certain emergencies? Are not our most highly-prized novels those that contain the most truthful portraitures of ordinary men and ordinary women; and do we not say that their fidelity to nature is the best test of their excellence? The great masters, in fact, seize upon those ordinary events and transactions, which we ourselves attach no importance to, and pass by unnoticed, and by means of them exhibit us to ourselves in such a manner that we are in turn surprised and delighted, and cannot tell why. This thought has induced me to review my own life with a view to corroborate its truth, and although the nine-and-twenty years which I can remember to have passed, certainly appear monotonous, and barren of interest, yet I think I

could present one or more passages not altogether devoid of amusement and perhaps instruction. One which has left a vivid impression on my memory, on account of its tragi-comic character, I will now endeavor to relate.

My father was a school-master. The teacher, whose thankless task it is to correct obstinacy, encourage stupidity, and rarely to guide precocity, must gradually acquire a reputation, as is the case in other professions; and although every little village, in these days of educational advantages, can boast of its Institute, whose merits are fully set forth in the county newspaper, yet it is not every pedagogue that is considered worthy to take charge of such important interests. My father, therefore, had had some experience in 'teaching the young idea how to shoot,' and was favorably known as an instructor of youth, when he was elected President of the Flowerville Female Institute. He felt that a great honor had been conferred upon him, and thought himself partially, if not fully, rewarded for many years of patient endurance and thankless drudgery. In his elation, he even went so far as to write to his brother, who had represented an 'intelligent' constituency in the Legislature two or three times, and on that account esteemed himself 'the flower of the family,' that he considered it a greater honor to be the president of a respectable institution of learning than to have a seat in the Legislature *in perpetuo.* And he was right. Honors, however, be they small or be they great, do not always sit lightly upon the wearers of them, but usually call forth a corresponding degree of exertion, and give rise to increased anxiety. The man who is elevated to any station, soon finds that a great deal is expected of him that he had not anticipated, and that he must struggle even to maintain his respectability. So it proved in my father's case at least.

It is customary for all schools now, I believe, to have what they term 'annual examinations,' on which occasions parents, and the 'friends of education generally,' have an opportunity of witnessing the really or apparently severe ordeal through which the pupils have to pass, and of judging in regard to the progress they have made in their respective studies — a custom of doubtful utility, inasmuch as the pupils may, by dint of memorizing and sundry other methods, very glibly answer questions upon sciences of which they have as little real knowledge as 'the man in the moon.' My father, however, was a man who believed in a conscientious discharge of duty, and scorned to resort to such base subterfuges; it was owing, therefore, in a great measure, to the faithful manner in which he had labored, that the annual examination of the Flowerville Female Institute, which took place in June, 184–, came off with considerable *éclat.* It was owing partly to the fact that the great Dr. N ——, who enjoyed some celebrity as an orator, delivered on that occasion a literary address of considerable eloquence and power. It was owing, in a great measure, too, to the grace and dignity with which Miss V ——, the music-teacher, presided at the concerts, for I noticed that great satisfaction was

evinced, when it was announced that the services of that excellent teacher had been secured for the ensuing session. It was owing to all these things, and to something more, as I shall presently intimate, that when the bustle and excitement of the examination had died away, the trustees, and others 'deeply interested' in the welfare of the institution, besought my father to make an 'electioneering tour' during the vacation which ensued.

My father was something of an old fogy. In vain he regretted that 'the electioneering principle, engendered by political strife, had permeated all the ramifications of society, sapping and corrupting in its course the dearest and most sacred interests, even the educational and religious;' in vain he asserted that 'an institution owed it to its own dignity to stand or fall upon its own merits;' in vain he argued that if he should 'labor earnestly, faithfully, and *unobtrusively*,' that if he 'should do a good work,' the Flowerville Institute would certainly not languish through want of patronage; that it would grow less rapidly perhaps, but more surely; that 'people would soon find out where the honey was, and would swarm to it like bees.' Mr. Trigger, however, was of an entirely different opinion. That was 'all very pretty talk, no doubt,' but it brought about no practical results in this enlightened age. Said he: 'The examination has passed off splendidly; Dr. N——'s address was a grand affair; Miss V——'s concerts were magnificent, and the pupils seemed perfectly at home in all their studies; all these things have produced a tremendous impression, and it is only necessary now for you to follow it up by going round to see the people.'

Mr. Puffer said that the 'Rev. Mr. Cologne (my father's predecessor) built up the school in that manner. He scoured the whole country; preached wherever he could, in order to show the people how smart a man he was; never failed to leave a good impression wherever he staid all night; flattered the women and children, and was 'hail fellow, well met,' with the men; and the consequence was, that the school, in a very short time, ran up to a hundred and eighty scholars; that under my father's administration, it had never exceeded eighty, and never would, unless he pursued a similar course.'

Mr. Puffer's brother said that 'People in that section of the country were so accustomed to that sort of thing, that, even if they were dying to send their children, they never would do it until he asked 'em; that they expected it, and would be offended if he did n't.'

Mr. Holden, however, soon put an end to the matter by observing: 'I know several gentlemen that intend sending their children somewhere next year, and have recently made inquiries as to what schools they would probably send. Mr. Such-an-one — Mr. Trigger, you know very well — I understand, thinks of sending his daughters to Rosewater Seminary; Mr. Such-another, I have heard, has not yet made up his mind, but thinks he will send his to Magnolia Institute; in short, I have heard of several who have spoken of

sending their children to various other schools, and I think, with a little persuasion — by presenting to them the great inducements of cheapness, healthy locality, good society, etc.— they could all be easily prevailed upon to send here. In fact,' added Mr. H——, oracularly, 'you must court the 'dear public' if you wish to succeed; they are as fond of it as any young lady.'

How could my father resist such overwhelming arguments? Mr. Holden's especially was a 'clincher,' and he knew it, and intended that it should be so. It was thus decided that Dr. B—— (my father was a M.D., not an LL.D.) should make the 'tour.' The next question was, in what manner should he travel? He was at the time severely afflicted with boils, and could not ride horse-back. He had no buggy, and did not feel able to buy one. Mr. Holden knew this, and remarked very quickly: 'Oh! no, you must not ride horse-back, it would never do to travel in *that style.* Never mind, you need n't be in such a hurry; you 've concluded to go on the 'tour;' that will do for to-day; you have sufficient time to make all necessary arrangements. Come up in town tomorrow, and we 'll talk the matter over.'

My father called on Mr. H—— the next day. That gentleman, after duly impressing him with the fact, that it was necessary, in order to make an impression, to travel in *becoming style*, casually observed: 'Well, Doctor, a buggy is a very nice affair, but since you do not feel willing to incur that expense, you would perhaps not object to a *sulky.* In fact, as you travel alone, I think it preferable in many respects to a buggy; it is lighter, not so fatiguing to a horse, and is becoming quite the *style* with gentlemen now-a-days.'

The Doctor seemed struck with the idea, and inquired where he could get one, in case he should conclude to travel in that way.

Mr. H—— replied: 'Well, I scarcely know — let me see — I have one, but I frequently have occasion to use it, and cannot conveniently part with it; but if you cannot do any better, it is probable that we may make a trade.'

My father went out to make inquiries, as he did not desire to deprive Mr. Holden of his sulky. He soon ascertained, however, that he could not 'do any better,' and returned to Mr. H——. (The latter did *not* know that sulkies were scarce, mind you!)

'Well, Doctor, what about the sulky; did you find one to suit you?'

'Let me look at yours, Mr. Holden; I may buy it, if you are willing to dispose of it at a reasonable price.'

'Well, Doctor, I am very anxious for you to go on that 'tour,' and I will let you have it at a reasonable price.'

They went to look at the sulky. It was an old, dilapidated 'affair,' that had seen several years' service; but H—— had carefully dusted it on the preceding day, so that on this occasion, it presented a tolerable appearance. H—— expatiated freely on all its good 'qualities,' the strength and soundness of the material, etc.; admitted that it had seen some service, but suggested that 'a very

little expense would make it as good as new; in fact, it would be hard to find a better piece of workmanship.'

'Well,' said my father, by way of putting a stop to him, 'what do you ask for it?'

'Doctor, that sulky cost me, when new, one hundred and fifty dollars, and I could not *think* of taking less than one hundred dollars for it.'

'W-h-e-w!' was the reply. 'You ask too much, Mr. H——, too much.'

'Not a dime, Sir. You are not a judge of a sulky, Dr. B——. Well, if one hundred dollars is too much, what is enough?'

'I think fifty dollars is enough. I may not be a judge, but I really think you are asking a double price for it, Mr. Holden.'

'W-h-e-w! I would let it rot, before I would *think* of taking that, Doctor. Why, what can you be thinking about, Sir? Look here, Sir.'

He thereupon submitted the vehicle to a thorough reëxamination, pointed out once more all its good parts, explained its construction, in order to convince Dr. B—— that 'he knew nothing about a sulky;' in short, his soft manner and persuasive eloquence made such an impression upon my father, that he ventured to interrupt him, by inquiring if he 'would split the difference,' that is, if he would take seventy-five dollars for it, adding at the same time, that, 'If the vehicle were worth twice as much, it would be impossible for him to give more, because he could not afford the expense.'

'Well,' said Mr. Holden, 'I will see you to-morrow. In the mean time, I will consult Mrs. Holden, and see what she says.'

'I will consult Mrs. B——,' said Dr. B——. So they both went home, and consulted their wives. It is unnecessary for me to add, that my father paid Mr. Holden seventy-five dollars for the sulky.

(N. B.: Mr. Holden was probably very right when he said 'Dr. B—— knew nothing about a sulky,' for I very well remember that, though the vehicle had been but rarely used, a vain endeavor was made to make some one a present of it about a year afterward.)

When he had partially recovered from his boils, Dr. B——, well armed with neatly-printed catalogues of the Flowerville Female Institute, set out, in the memorably-stylish sulky, upon his grand 'electioneering tour.' It was his intention to proceed first into Marshall County, where he had formerly resided, and had many friends and acquaintances.

II.

About dusk one evening, a few days after the events narrated in the preceding chapter had transpired, I perceived a horseman riding very rapidly up the long avenue that led to the Institute, and much to my surprise and delight, I recognized in him, when he had dismounted, my dear young friend and former school-mate,

Jim Horry. Much to my surprise, I say, because Jim Horry was clerking in Clayton, a little village about thirty miles distant, and as he had visited us a few weeks before, during the examination, I hardly thought, though I knew he was very much attached to the family, that he would, after so short an interval, leave his business, and take a long and fatiguing ride, merely through a desire to pay us an ordinary visit. I suspected nothing unusual, however — least of all, the truth — and my voice was full of gladness as I bade him alight, running at the same time to meet him at the gate. 'Why, Jim, is that you; how are you? I am glad to see you, though I was not expecting you. Give us your hand. Come in.'

I noticed that he did not greet me with a merry smile, as was his wont, and that it was in a sad and languid tone he addressed me with — 'How are you, Frank? I am glad to see you.'

As soon as I heard his voice, I narrowly observed his countenance, and perceiving that it wore an expression of unusual solemnity, and a vague suspicion at the same time darting through my mind, I almost involuntarily exclaimed: 'Why, Horry, what 's the matter with you?'

'Frank,' said he, slowly and sadly, 'my dear friend, prepare yourself for the worst!'

'Good God!' said I. 'What 's — what 's the matter?'

'Your father is dead!'

It would be impossible to describe my sensations at that moment. I was so rejoiced at seeing my friend; my father's death was so unexpected an event, that the change from a high elevation to a sudden depression of feeling was too great to take place immediately; and though I experienced a sinking at the heart, I did not at once feel the full force of the blow. It was, therefore, with a voice of some calmness, that seemed to surprise my friend, that I exclaimed: 'Dead! Impossible! Come, tell me — how — by an accident?'

'He was drowned!' said he, in almost a whisper. 'There have been very heavy rains recently in Marshall, and the creeks are very much swollen. The Doctor was crossing the Salatchie. You know the bridge near Linnville is quite old and rotten. He was afraid, it seems, to cross over it, and attempted to ford the creek. In doing so, he was drowned.'

'The body!' said I shudderingly, 'the body has — been found; where is it?'

'No! The body has not been found. They were searching for it when I left. It was washed down by the current, which is very swift.'

A ray of hope darted into my soul! The body had not been found! I knew that my friend Horry possessed a very excitable temperament; that he was very easily operated upon, and thought it probable that he had given a false alarm. Yet I knew that he would not have taken such a long ride as the bearer of such sad intelligence, if he had entertained the shadow of a doubt respect-

ing my father's death. So I requested him to give me all the particulars.

'I received,' said he, 'all my information from lawyer Williams, who was just from Linnville, where he had been attending court. He said that the Doctor left Linnville yesterday morning, and that a few hours afterward a gentleman arrived in the town, who stated that he had just crossed the Salatchie, and that he discovered a sulky in the creek near the bank, with the water almost overflowing it. He saw some papers floating on the surface of the water, and upon inspecting them, found them to be catalogues of the Flowerville Institute. The shafts of the vehicle were broken; pieces of the harness were attached to them; and, to all appearances, the horse had made a violent effort to free himself. The Doctor, it seems, was not acquainted with the ford, and had no idea the descent was so steep; when the shafts broke he was evidently precipitated into the water under the struggling horse, and was thus prevented from rising to the surface. The Doctor, I know, was a good swimmer, and must have become entangled in some way.'

'Yes,' said I; 'he was quite lame with boils, and was unable to make any violent exertion.'

I was beginning to think there was but little hope; yet it was hard for me to realize that *my* father was dead. I reflected still farther upon the matter, however, and became more hopeful. I thought it did not necessarily follow that he was drowned, because the sulky was found in that situation.

'Horry,' said I, 'he may have taken his horse and gone to seek assistance.'

'No! no! Diligent search was made for him in the neighborhood, and he could not be found. I think it best, my dear friend, not to nourish hopes that are soon to be blasted. I trust it may not be so, but I believe there is no ground for hope. The evidence is very strong; I cannot see how it can be otherwise. Lawyer Williams, you know, is a man not likely to spread an idle tale.'

My poor mother! How could the ill tidings be communicated to her! Apart from the ties of affection, there were many reasons why my father's death was to be considered a sad calamity. Our family was large, and almost entirely dependent upon him for a support. I, a mere stripling of sixteen, was the oldest child. I had been going to school all my life, and had no knowledge of business. The blow would fall heavily for another reason. Death had never before darkened our door with the shadow of his wing. While we had seen him numbering his victims all around us; while there was a vacant place by the fire-side of almost every family in our acquaintance, our large circle remained complete. We often thought that God had been too good to us, and looked toward the future with dread and apprehension. And now the terrible blow had come. We had not expected this; we never thought that our main stay and support would be taken from us. We had hoped

that Death would have claimed some other victim, (though we would fain have spared none,) and now, as his form entered the door, the shadow it cast deepened into a fearful darkness.

When Horry entered the house, and presented himself to the family, he was received with a cordiality that made my heart-strings quiver, when I thought how soon the scene would be changed to one of mourning and lamentation; when I reflected how poorly prepared they all were to meet the blow. I left the room, for I was unable to summon sufficient resolution to witness the effect the sad news would have upon my mother. I had not been gone long, before I heard a shriek that I will remember to my dying day. It betrayed the agony of her despair. I quickly returned. My poor mother was sitting in a chair, with her face buried in her hands; and the little innocent children were clustering around her, as if they would seek protection from some unknown evil which threatened her, their little faces expressive of mute astonishment: ah! it was a sight to make the heart bleed. My dear friend Horry was kneeling beside her, the tears streaming from his eyes, offering vain consolation. Oh! how I appreciated his kind offices, though I felt how impotent was all human consolation at that moment!

'Mrs. B——,' said he, 'the ways of PROVIDENCE are mysterious; but they are always for the best. Put your trust in HIM. Remember that HE has promised to protect the fatherless and the widow, and that HE will not desert you in the hour of trouble. I know that this is a sad affliction; but GOD intends it for the best; therefore you should be reconciled.'

'O James! I had not dreamed of this! My poor, poor, little, innocent children, thrown upon the cold charities of an unfeeling world! Their mother a poor widow, unable to struggle for them. O GOD! could I not have been spared the anguish of this hour? If he could only have died in the bosom of his family; but to have met'—I could perceive her shudder as the thought came over her—'with such a horrible death: no friendly hand near to lend assistance—drowned! drowned! O GOD! I cannot, cannot submit!'

I tried to console her by exciting her hopes. I told her that all the circumstances attending the accident might be just as Horry had stated them; but they were not proof positive of his death: he had perhaps gone to seek assistance: it might all be explained in a hundred ways. I, for my part, would never rest satisfied until the body should be discovered, or a sufficient time should elapse. But it was all of no avail. With her, the mere supposition was absolute certainty.

'No, Frank! you will never see your poor father any more. He lies under the cold, dark waters. My poor boy! what will become of you: where is your high ambition now? We shall never see him again.'

The news, somehow or other, spread rapidly over the village, and in a few minutes Mr. Trigger and Mr. Puffer came in. I soon

wished that they had not come. Contrasted with Harry, how cold they seemed! Had they felt inclined to offer it, they perhaps saw that consolation would have been in vain; but the apparently cold manner in which they made inquiries about the accident, evinced so little sympathy, that I conceived an aversion to them which I could never overcome afterward. I thought too, that it was for the purpose of furthering their own private interests (they were owners of real estate) that they importuned my father to go on this 'tour.'

Horry having held a consultation with them, it was decided that the next day, I, with a few friends, should proceed to Linnville, in order to see if the body had been discovered; and if so, to convey it home for the purpose of burial. Horry was to remain with the family until my return.

Though I tried to feel hopeful, my reflections that night were not very consolatory. When I looked toward the future, all was dark and dismal. I thought of the many aspirations, common to ambitious youth, that I had cherished: aspirations which I thought would have been realized, had my father lived. I had longed to go to college, and he had promised to gratify me. It was to this bitter disappointment that my mother alluded. It was hard to surrender those bright and glorious hopes, that had so long mingled in my day-dreams; hopes that had created a longing for the slowly-approaching future, when I might nobly take part in the strife on 'the world's wide field of battle.' My father was dead: these hopes, these aspirations were crushed. But to my credit it must be said, that among these dark pictures, there came up a nobler and a brighter one: that of a poor frail boy, with a mother, and brothers and sisters dependent upon him, bravely buffeting the tide of adversity, with the heart of a man, and an arm nerved by the exigency of the occasion, resisting and overcoming all obstacles, struggling on until they should cease to feel the loss of the father, until an independence should be secured for them by the son.

Early next morning I set out to go to Linville, accompanied by three friends, old Mr. Plann, young Trigger, and Jim Holman. We rode together for some time in silence; they through respect for my grief; and I occupied with my own gloomy thoughts. At length old Mr. Plann broke the silence, which had doubtless become oppressive, by way of offering me consolation. I knew my father to be a conscientious, upright man, one who had earnestly striven to do his duty; but never before had I heard his character expanded into so many noble traits, as it was by Mr. Plann: though I believed him to be respected, I was not aware that his neighbors and friends entertained for him such sincere admiration. All this, if it had any effect at all, tended only to make me feel my loss more severely. I was thinking of the sad scene that probably awaited me at the termination of that day's journey. I had never witnessed but one death by drowning, and that had left an indelible impression on my memory. I had once seen a young man meet this sad fate, and I could not remember without an instinctive horror, his sudden transition from life to eternity; from hale, vigorous

young manhood to the cold embrace of death: the agonizing cry, 'For God's sake save me!' the rush to the rescue, and the mournful, 'Too late! too late!' and the dark waters of the merciless river flowing on, as they closed over him, as silently and deceitfully as ever. I saw him at one moment full of the buoyancy of young life, with fond expectations, doubtless, that were to be realized in the coming future; at another, snatched, without previous warning, into that mysterious existence toward which we are all hastening; and while the important lesson of the necessity of preparation, in view of the uncertainty of life, sank deep into my mind, I felt a strange, sad interest in him who had met with such an untimely fate.

If I could be thus interested in a stranger, what would be my sensations when I should gaze upon the well-known lineaments of a dead father? Of a father, who had not died on a couch of repose, with those around him whom he held most dear on earth, to ease the weary head, or soothe the aching brow: no loved one near to receive the parting breath; but alone, struggling convulsively with the dark element that closed remorselessly above him and around him: no one near to hear his last agonizing cry; no friendly hand to succor! And when I imagined the pangs he must have suffered as he thought of the widow and the fatherless, it was too much: I could not endure it, and listened willingly to young Trigger and Holman, as they spoke of the improbability of the truth of the report, and the probability of our meeting him alive and well ere we should proceed half-way to Linville.

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About an hour after our departure from Flowerville, a gentleman was seen driving a vehicle up the avenue that led to the Institute. Was it a sulky? Perhaps it was. Who was the gentleman? Was it Dr. B——, or was it a ghost? He arrives at the gate. He descends from the vehicle. All rush out of the house. They stop and gaze, as if to assure themselves of the reality, and suddenly, with a loud scream of delight from each, he is clasped in a dozen arms; and, if it was a ghost, it must be confessed that it possessed considerable substance. He was as 'one risen from the dead.'

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III.

In a few hours we reached the little village of Athens, *alias* Liberty Hill. The first person we saw upon our arrival, was John Windell, who, as soon as he perceived us, cried out to us: 'Ho, boys! how d' ye do? Stop! Where are you going?'

We halted: and when he had come to us, and we had told him of the sad mission on which we were bound, he looked very grave for a while; but, much to our surprise, soon burst into a laugh, saying: 'Why, boys, you may as well return home: Dr. B—— passed through here a few hours ago. As there have been heavy rains recently, he thought the creek might be up on the road by which

you 've come; so he took the other road to Flowerville, that he might cross the creek by the bridge, as he did not wish to be drowned a second time.'

Oh! how relieved I felt! I could have embraced John Windell. But now, although an hour before we said that we disbelieved the report, thought it impossible, etc., Windell experienced some difficulty in making us believe that he had really told us the truth. He had to assure us that he was personally acquainted with Dr. B——, that he had conversed with him that very morning: he had to relate that conversation to us, the substance of which was as follows: My father told Windell that, upon meeting with the accident, he took his horse out of the sulky, led him across the old bridge, and proceeded to the nearest house to procure assistance. He was surprised and amused, upon his return a few hours afterward, to find several persons at the creek searching for his dead body. Having learned that the report of his death had spread rapidly, he made haste to return home by way of Clayton. When he arrived there, he found that Horry had departed for Flowerville. He hurried on, travelling all night, in order to relieve his family from anxiety as soon as possible.

Whatever doubts we might still have entertained, were soon dispelled by the appearance of Horry, on his return to Clayton, who informed us that Dr. B—— had reached Flowerville, and was safely lodged in the bosom of his rejoicing family.

'Well,' said Jesse Trigger; 'well, boys: what shall we do? It is too early to return home yet: let 's all go down to the 'juicery,' and drink to the Doctor's 'health!' 'He was lost, and is found!'

This little village, I have said, rejoiced in the name of Athens, *alias* Liberty Hill. And I am bound to say that, whoever conceived the idea of naming it Athens, must have possessed an imagination that would have put Milton to the blush. What resemblance to the splendor of the city of Minerva could have been traced in the few dilapidated buildings before us, I am unable to conceive. It was composed of about a dozen old houses, situated on a hill, (the Acropolis, I presume,) that commanded a prospect, not of the glorious sea, but of some barren corn-fields. The other name, Liberty Hill, was somewhat more appropriate. It was certainly a hill on which there was a great deal of liberty: liberty to get drunk, liberty to swear, to fight, to run horse-races, and almost to steal or commit murder, without molestation, had a 'gentleman' felt so inclined.

The buoyancy of our spirits can scarcely be imagined, when we found that my father had escaped a watery grave. I was almost wild with the delirium of joy. Jesse Trigger's proposal was eagerly seconded: all of us, that is, old Mr. Plann, Trigger, Holman, Horry, and myself, immediately adjourned to the 'juicery,' where the attentive bar-keeper soon served each with a glass of the beverage suitable for drinking 'healths,' though I cannot aver that its purity was such as to produce a very *healthy* effect upon him who imbibed it. We did n't care for that, however; a few

moments before, our spirits were in such a state of depression, that they could not have well got lower; now they were so elevated by the sudden rebound, that we cared little how much higher, or by what means, they were raised. Under all these influences, our organs of benevolence were so excited, that, duly observing the maxim, 'Charity should begin at home,' we soon commenced drinking each other's 'health;' then every body else's, desiring that our good will should embrace as large a circle as possible. I have only a confused recollection of the events that then transpired. I was unable to treasure up any of the brilliant repartees, and glorious scintillations of wit with which the occasion was honored; for, as I had been used to drinking cold water, (this was my first 'bender,' and Trigger, the rascal! being somewhat of a toper himself, had had the liquors mixed,) I was not fully aware of the magic, I might say Circean influence, certain other beverages can exert. I remember very well, however, that old Mr. Plann and myself, feeling very uneasy upon our legs, retired to the shed in front of the grocery, where having seated ourselves, we were soon transformed into grave statesmen, 'well versed in all the affairs of the nation,' who only wanted to be at the helm of government, to 'remedy all evils, and redress all wrongs.' We discussed freely all the important questions which had agitated the county in a recent political canvass; and such was our friendly unanimity of opinion, that whenever there seemed a possibility of disagreement, we made mutual concessions and admissions, until the former delightful harmony was restored. I was subsequently informed that this agreeable discussion might have continued longer, had not I, thinking that the occasion imperatively demanded it of me, suddenly attempted to rise for the purpose of making a 'temperance speech;' and had not Mr. Plann, thinking that I was sufficiently fatigued by the excitement I had already undergone, with that paternal kindness which characterized him, conducted me to a private place, to find the repose which I so much needed.

The bed to which I was conducted behaved itself very strangely. Had spiritual rappings been then in vogue, the matter might perhaps have been philosophically explained; though I presume it is unnecessary for me to intimate that 'spirits' had something to do with it after all. The bed behaved strangely, I say: it seemed to have an odd tendency to leap through the roof, and I felt certain that had I been reposing on the Acropolis of the genuine Athens, I would have been pitched into the sea. In short, I was drunk, gloriously drunk! Though I know it is disgraceful to get drunk, yet I make these confessions without shame. There are pardonable sins: are we not informed, that when the ministering spirit flew up to heaven's chancery with Uncle Toby's oath, he blushed as he gave it in, and that the recording angel dropped a tear upon the word as he wrote it down, and blotted it out forever? Uncle Toby's case and mine may hardly seem parallel; but if I am not mistaken, in both we may read the same sad moral — the weak-

ness of 'poor human nature.' Therefore, I ask, could I not hope that my sin would be forgiven?

The bed tossed about with me so, that I soon became affected with a sea-sickness, as it were; but was somewhat better, though not entirely recovered, when my friend Holman (who was not as drunk as the rest of us) came to inform me that it was time for our party to return to Flowerville. I arose, and after vainly endeavoring to put on my shoes, appealed to Holman to assist me; but he was so provokingly amused at my ineffectual attempts, that some time elapsed before I could get ready to accompany him. Quite an unexpected scene was awaiting me at the grocery. Upon my arrival there, I found my friend Horry, insensible to all sublunary things, lying under the shed; and learned upon inquiry, that he had objected to any one's exercising toward him that fatherly regard which Mr. Plann had shown myself, and preferred reposing in the open air. I also learned that he had come very near meeting with a serious accident. It seems that, not satisfied with his long and fatiguing ride of the previous day, and the additional one of the morning, he felt so much confidence in his powers of endurance, and his skill in horsemanship, he had proposed to young Trigger to run a horse-race, and that while proceeding at a furious rate through the street (it had but one) of Athens, he found himself unable to adhere to his horse, and received a fall, which fortunately did not terminate fatally. (I don't know how true it is, but they say it is a hard matter to hurt a man when he is drunk.) I could not help contrasting his present appearance, as he lay before me in his full proportions, with the scene I had witnessed on the previous evening, when he bade my mother be reconciled to her sad affliction: that there was a God, 'who had promised to protect the fatherless and the widow, and that He would not desert her in the time of trouble.' I was in doubt then whether he was a member of the church, and thought that he would have made a fine preacher: but I 'll let that pass: he is a noble fellow, that same Horry.

After vainly endeavoring to arouse him from his lethargic slumbers, we consigned him to the tender care of the grocery-keeper, who promised to protect him from 'all harm and danger.' We then proceeded on our return to Flowerville, which place we would have reached in the most excellent condition, had we not concluded when we arrived at the creek, to take a bath, in order to 'cool off,' as Trigger expressed it; which bath, however, had such a depressing effect on our 'spirits,' that it made us quite sick. Sick though we were, we entered Flowerville 'right merry and glad;' our faces beaming with smiles, and presenting quite a contrast to the lugubrious expression they wore that morning as we departed on our sad mission.

We tried to conceal the fact of our having been on a 'bust;' but some one betrayed us. It did us no harm, however; though every one knew it, yet no one reproached us with it; all uniting,

as it seemed, in one common consent to pass it by in the charity of silence. They doubtless appreciated the motives which led to it, and felt no less confidence in our future integrity.

And now, gentle reader, I have finished my SAD story; and leaving you to draw from it whatever moral you please, so it be a harmless one, I bid you a kind farewell. K. F. B.

Mobile, (Alabama,) February, 1858.

MARY'S RING.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

I 'M looking on your dead face, MARY, and a smile is on my own,
As to my throbbing heart I hold your bosom cold as stone:
'T is many a year sunk deep in tears since your eyes looked in mine,
And now I kiss your eye-lids close, to break that gaze of thine.

That heart-broke gaze, that same wild gaze which bitterness made firm,
When with a grinding scorn you crushed my loving like a worm,
And snatched from off your finger fair our holy marriage-ring,
And threw it broken at my feet — my poor heart shivering!

Ah! MARY, wife! O MARY, wife! pure as the falling snow
That 's drifting now upon the spot where they will lay you low:
Pure as the angels in GOD'S Heaven; pure as now you be,
Sleeping softly in my arms, and turning not from me:

You did not know, you did not know the error you were in;
That bitter malice told the tale that blotted me with sin;
Or else upon this sad dead face the same old smile I 'd see,
That used to brighten in your sleep, and tell of dreams of me.

You did not know, my angel wife; but now the light has broken
Upon your heart, that poor crushed heart, and GOD has to you spoken;
And I may hold this little hand, and press this icy cheek,
And joy to know your lips would part but healing words to speak.

So MARY, wife, awhilst you sleep, this mended ring I slip
Upon your finger — oh! how thin! — and press it to my lip
With holier vow than when we knelt, so many years ago,
And pledged to keep the other's side through weal as well as wo.

Here is your husband's kiss, MARY: now sweetly take your rest,
That mended ring, our marriage-ring, to your bosom fondly pressed;
And in the holy, GOD-cast light, your dear face stealing o'er,
I read your message, MARY, wife: *You trust me as before.*

TWO PILGRIMAGES TO THE SAME SHRINE.

BY THE LATE EDITOR OF THE LONDON 'COURT GAZETTE.'

MANY years ago, I was one of a party who had determined to undertake a pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon, in England, the birth-place of William Shakspeare. Altogether the party counted six persons, among whom was my father, a comedian retired from his accustomed labors at a theatre 'royal' in London, and then living on a pension that had been granted to him by the government, in virtue of eminent services rendered by a near relative in India. The remainder of the half-dozen, with the exception of myself, (I was not more than twelve years of age,) were all what is known as 'professional' gentlemen, and represented the separate sciences or pursuits of physic, divinity, music, and the law.

All were devotees of Shakspeare. As for my father, he had lectured on the genius of the bard; so, too, had the musician; while those of the long robe, and medicine, had, in their respective ways, testified to the light which the immortal deer-stealer had thrown upon their respective paths. Of myself, I can say that I was a devotee of Shakspeare also, principally, however, through precept and example; the time had not then come for me to understand the great poet as I have since understood him. I had to mingle in the busy crowd of humanity: to see and to suffer, ere I could understand Shakspeare as I do now.

In the days of my first travel from London to Stratford-upon-Avon, stage-coaches were in vogue. These, yoked to the usual four four goodly steeds, (rare specimens of English breed,) were wont to cover the distance in some twelve hours, including the afternoon stoppage at an inn for dinner. I remember very well that we (the enthusiastic six from London) had places taken for us in the fastest of these stages, very appropriately named the 'High-flyer;' a crack vehicle, which it was currently reported, and generally believed, was sure to complete the travel half-an-hour at least under any other stage on the same road. It was a fine morning in summer when we started; and our expectation being that we should reach Stratford-upon-Avon before sunset, all we had to do in the interval was to luxuriate over the beauties of the country we passed through, and the anticipation of the delight in store for us at our journey's end.

Every thing conspired to make the ideal of Shakspeare constantly present. The inn from which we started — an antique pile in London 'within the walls' — with its low gate-way in front, its court-yard, and occupying as it did three sides of a square, being likewise rife of gables, lattice-windows, and galleries on the first upper story; this inn, I say, suggested thoughts of the times when

Prince Hal and fat Jack Falstaff were roysterers together. Then the several landscapes, they also spoke eloquently of Shakspeare; and without difficulty we could realize, as we passed along, the preaching of the melancholy Jacques, the love-wanderings of Orlando and Rosalind, and the slothful pace of the little school-boy, with his 'shining morning face.'

Thus we went on until we had arrived within four miles of Stratford. Our vehicle had gone along right merrily, and had covered the distance in something under the usual average of time; so that we might count upon a sufficient interval until the sun set. We had already determined among ourselves to alight from the stage and walk the remainder of the distance into the town. We (I speak with special reference to my elders) had thought it would be best for us pilgrims to a shrine, to approach it *as* pilgrims, on foot. With all our traditionary love and admiration for stage-coaches, we yet conceived them to be somewhat antithetical to the poetic fervor up to which it was desirable we should work ourselves ere we caught the first view of the spire beneath which Shakspeare lies, or entered the house where he had been born.

We lingered on our way, and at sun-set entered the town. Nothing remained for us to do that night but to look about for a shelter. This we selected in an inn of the first-class, where we first partook of a repast in a private room, and then adjourned to the principal 'parlor,' as it is called in England. The house we had entered was of ancient structure, the same as the house in London we had started from in the morning. We found that in the parlor all the peculiarities of the building had been as it were concentrated though refined. The onion-roses that had appeared on the exterior, were now repeated in the interior, on the ceiling, which was painted a warm cream color; while the paneling of the walls was carved into many a grotesque conceit, and foliated until it almost rivalled a looking-glass in the brightness of its surface. The flooring of the room was of oak, not laid, however, in the fashion of modern floors, in parallel planks, but after a kind of tessellated pattern. Not a stain, not a blemish of any kind rested upon it. The fire-place was an antique piece of work, with heavy bars to protect the fuel, and an arch rising above in oak, on which the carver had displayed his skill, as well as on the paneling. A long table and numerous chairs, all of oak, occupied the centre of the apartment, and pipes, tankards, and glasses were in abundance. We detected only one modern innovation: it was in the windows. They had been bowed, and the panes small, and of diamond formation; but now the fashionable sash, and large, square panes had succeeded: moreover, some light curtains had been added. They had been loosened just prior to our entrance, and shut out the view of the street entirely.

We found a few of the trades-people of the town already in the room; others followed in due order, until we were among as fully-packed an assemblage as could be, in view of personal comfort.

Probably visitors less 'up' in Shakspeare than ourselves, might not have gathered any thing from that tavern scene beyond what we have recorded. It was different with us, however. Our eyes were on every body who entered; our ears attuned to all that was said, in the expectation (here I must remind the reader I speak more in reference to my elders than myself) that, in this tavern-parlor of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the nineteenth century, we should acknowledge to an illustration of other places, in the sixteenth, even of Shakspeare himself.

And we were not disappointed. There, only a few feet from us, sat a portly gentleman, who took extreme pride in reminding the people about him of the important fact, that he had once been mayor of the borough, and had, beside, had his losses and gains. We looked on him, and our recognition of Dogberry, in a modern dress, was instantaneous. Near this ex-official sat another type of the Shakspearian man: a perfect Master Slender, who threw sheep's-eyes' at the pretty little waiting-maid, (another Ann Page,) who tripped in and out of the room. Then there was a Master Shallow, and even a Jack Falstaff: one retailing his London experiences when he was some thirty years younger; the other quaffing — not sack, but ale, and reporting himself as the bravest of the brave, although a single glance at his rubicund visage and his fat chin was enough, we thought, to prove to any man's satisfaction, that this ancient *bon vivant* would rather have joined his historical prototype in the flight *from* Gad's Hill, than have joined in any attack, except at exceedingly long odds, on the travellers wending thither.

We sat up late that night; but indulged in a sound sleep until six o'clock on the morrow morning. At about nine we started on our examination of the town and all its curiosities. Our first visit was to the house in which Shakspeare had been born. That house has been described so fully and so often as to release us from the necessity of copious detail. It will be sufficient for us to say, that even at the era of our visit, the house was in a dilapidated condition. Its custodian was an aged female, who, so far as appearances and costume went, might have been cotemporaneous with the poet himself. She was exceedingly intelligent, and seemed to have as intimate a knowledge of the illustrious personages who had visited there, as she had of Shakspeare himself. On the windows of the room in which the poet first saw the light, a multitude of names had been inscribed by their owners; other names, more famous, and the property of history, had also been inscribed in a book kept for that purpose. In connection with this book, our memory enables us to record an occurrence which is favorable to the illustrious man referred to, as it must be interesting to all true American citizens.

'Washington Irving!' That was one among the names in the book — a name which, I remember, one of our party placed his finger against, as though instinctively; when the old lady commenced an eloquent description of the great American writer, and

an eulogy on his liberality. It appeared that the author of the 'Knickerbocker' had paid a visit to Stratford a short time since, and had manifested a more than usual interest in every thing appertaining to Shakspeare, a peculiarity common to Americans generally. Irving had also been liberal in his gift, or 'compliment' to the aged attendant. She wished him well from the bottom of her heart; and if he ever came to England again, it was to be hoped he would not forget Stratford-upon-Avon.

From the birth-place of Shakspeare to his grave, is a change naturally suggested. We bent our steps to the latter, and found it precisely what it has so often been described to be — plain and unostentatious. We lingered long over it, also in the examination of the poet's bust, said to be an extraordinary likeness. Leaving the hallowed pile, our next turns were to the several scenes of historic renown, in the neighborhood — the estate of the Lucys, from which, it is alleged, Shakspeare stole deer; the village where Ann Hathaway had lived, and the plains over which the dramatist, no doubt, often strolled with boyish companions.

After a sojourn of three days in Stratford, we took our departure — I, as a boy, with an instinctive love for quiet, country scenes, and a lover, as well as I could be, of Shakspeare — well pleased with what I had seen; my companions, I must believe, from their superior age and experience, greatly delighted.

—

Years had passed away. Of the six persons who had taken a pilgrimage to the birth-place and grave of Shakspeare, only one survived — the youngest. He had, of course, grown up to man's estate, and with his growth, his love and appreciation of the great poet had increased in proportionate degree.

For him a *second* pilgrimage had been reserved; and when he went on it, he felt his mind in the best possible tone and condition to enjoy the travel. A keen observer of mankind, he had qualified himself for the fullest possible appreciation of the Shakspeare genius. Another reason, which lent interest to this, his second travel to the poet's shrine, was the circumstance of his purposed departure from England, for this country. All his preparations for travel being concluded, and only a few days remaining for him to pass on land, he had determined his present journey should have something like a religious character imparted to it.

He left the great metropolis at sun-rise on a summer morning, not on the outside of a stage, as he had years by-gone, for stages had vanished from the road; neither as the occupant of a railway-train, several of which were at his service: no, by neither of these methods did our traveller cover the distance he had to go. But choosing the old, deserted high-road, in modest garb, and with serious mind, he went along; resting at the end of his first day out, at a village inn, mid-way, and ere the evening sun-set, arriving at the place of his destination.

He saw that Stratford-upon-Avon had changed but little since his visit almost twenty years ago. There was the house in which the poet had been born, apparently as dilapidated as it had ever been; there was the same beautiful church, with its steeple pointing up toward heaven; the same sweet, green spots of country; and in the town itself, the same quietude, and the same old-fashioned, comfortable inns.

I (it is time the first person, singular, should be resumed in writing) entered one of these inns. It was not the one I had entered before, nor was the apartment I selected of a character similar to that of the apartment I had sat in while a boy-visitor. I had my reasons for the selection. During my first pilgrimage at Stratford-upon-Avon, a frequenter, as I was, of the 'best' room of a tavern, I, and those with me, had received experience of one phase of human life, illustrated there, by the living, at that moment, as it had been illustrated by Shakspeare, near three centuries since. The circumstance had seemed to be a striking exemplification of the poet's universality of genius, and I thought the fates had been propitious. It was my hope that they would be so now, in again illustrating our poet, though by different characters and in a different scene. Therefore, I selected the humbler place of sojourn.

It was the general room of a tavern; the room which peasant, serving-men, and mechanics were in the habit of patronizing. Being Saturday evening, the place was full. Many were those among my neighbors whom I could easily identify, at least in aspect, with the Shakspearian character. Yonder, for instance, although in no parti-colored suit, was a veritable Touchstone, whose sayings were an odd admixture of quaintness and wisdom; close by him, was *his* Audrey, a buxom, wholesome-blooded young woman, who, in her native simplicity of heart, could exclaim, 'The gods give us joy,' with as much earnestness as her prototype of Amiens was wont to do. There, also, was another old Adam, a grand-sire of seventy winters, but to whom winter itself had not been over-tyrannous, who was lusty still.

Nor was this all. Hitherto, it had been the lighter muse of Shakspeare which had received illustration in this tavern-room, just as it had been, many years since, in a place not very far hence. But there is a little of the more serious here. Behold it in yon *very* aged man, sometimes almost senile in his speech, gracious and petulant by turns, and who, as it is getting near the mid-night hour, lapses into a sort of semi-slumber, mumbling all the time fragments of broken sentences.

Is not he the Lear of humble life? Yes. Has he a Cordelia? Yes to that as well. Where? There, just entered the apartment; the youngest of his children, who seeks him out tenderly, wraps him up well, and leads him from the old, harmless resort, to his home, carefully as ever mother tended her baby.

Shakspeare! type of the universal! Another proof of what thou art, even here!

The next day, being the Sabbath, I attended divine service in Stratford church; and when the shades of evening began to fall, prepared for my journey back to London. Solitary in body, although over-full in mind, I had left the town some distance behind me, when, arriving at a turn in the road, beyond which, I knew, every sign of the place would be shut out, I said to myself that I would take my 'last look.' A knoll, or little hill, afforded me the opportunity for this; I ascended. There, in the calm distance, was the place immortalized by the genius of a man of whom it has been truly declared, 'he was not of one age, but for all time;' the fields where he had wandered in boyish glee; the church beneath whose antique aisle his body had been buried! Had I been a painter, what a picture could I have limned from the figures then flitting in my mind's eye! What a picture could I now describe, could I command the limits! Then, indeed, was my soul fully conscious of the might, the glory of Shakspeare; then, uncovering my head, and bending reverentially toward the beautiful, foliated spire of Stratford church, and with something like a moisture gathering in my eye, did I say, 'Farewell!' I knew it was forever, and then went, saddened, on my way.

WE 'RE GROWING OLD TOGETHER.

We 're growing old together,
  We 're growing old apace,
And tell-tale care and sorrow strew
  Their lines upon thy face:
Yet still as dear to me art thou
  As when in youth's bright morn
The ruby lip and rosy cheek
  Did thy fair face adorn.

We 're growing old together,
  As time flies swiftly by,
And tearful grief has somewhat dimmed
  The lustre of thine eye:
Yet still it beams as fondly, love,
  As when we stood beside
The old oak-tree — I held your hand —
  And asked you for my bride.

We 're growing old together,
  But still our hearts are young,
And future days of changeful life
  Shall find us brave and strong:
And may affection true enchain
  Our hearts together still,
As oft in days of yore we felt
  The same emotions thrill.

E. G. C.

TOM'S WEDDING.

I.

It happened on one Sunday night,
That SALLY love and me,
We rigged ourselves in wedding plight,
That plighted we might be.

II.

So down the street we almost ran,
To get the splicing done;
And see if we could meet one man
All meet to make us one.

III.

But as upon our way we sped,
Our hearts went boiling o'er;
For every foot we got ahead
To us seemed made by four.

IV.

So full of fear we scarce could speak,
We reached the parson's door;
And though at first I knocked quite weak,
It seemed a week or more.

V.

I told him all with troubled soul,
As though it were a sin;
And while he went to get his stole,
We quietly stole in.'

VI.

He took us twain each by the hand,
When he his dress had done;
And made us 'fore the altar stand,
To alter us to one.

VII.

And while we stood upon the spot,
'Mid strange solemnity;
Though neither one of us said not,
Yet knotted fast were we.

VIII.

Strange then, as though of single mind,
At home we wished to be;
So soon as we could find our inn,
So quickly in went we.

IX.

Now I but wish the priest would please,
Polite from this to be;
For though he prayed upon his knees,
He preyed on SAL and me.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HARPERS' NEW CLASSICAL LIBRARY: THE WORKS OF TACITUS: the Oxford Translation Revised, with Notes. In two Volumes: pp. 960. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

WE welcome, with hearty satisfaction, this excellent series of classical books. That which has been locked up, in 'unknown tongues,' to thousands of readers, is now presented in a language which all our people can understand: and the result will be an increased love of, and demand for, the classical works of antiquity. The publishers succinctly set forth their object. They say that 'the want of a Series of LITERAL TRANSLATIONS of the Greek and Latin authors who are usually studied in the American course of Academic education, has been long felt by the most intelligent and assiduous classical teachers. That they are capable of being abused by the indolent and unfaithful pupil, is no plea against their utility when employed in their legitimate place. A translation of an ancient writer into English, as perfectly literal as is permitted by the idioms of the respective languages, affords an invaluable aid to the instructor in the accomplishment of his arduous task. If executed with fidelity and skill, it saves much time and labor in the consultation of dictionaries, and embodies the best results of philological acumen and research in the shortest possible space. Pages of learned commentary are thus concentrated in the rendering of a single word. The works now issued are reprints from 'BOHN'S CLASSICAL LIBRARY,' brought out uniform with the English edition, and comprise faithful translations of the principal Greek and Latin classics. Each work is given without abridgment, and includes short suggestive notes, adapted to the comprehension as well as the actual wants of the student. Copious and accurate indices are appended to every translation. No version will be adopted without ample and thorough revision, correcting its errors by the lights of modern research, and placing it on a level with the present improved state of philological learning. This NEW CLASSICAL LIBRARY has received a cordial welcome from the whole corps of American classical teachers. The important uses of such a work in their daily avocations are too obvious to require discussion. Nor is the interest of the series confined to teachers by profession. Every reading man, though destitute of a knowledge of the ancient languages, feels a laudable curiosity to form an acquaintance with the incomparable models of literary art which they have preserved. In the literal translations with which he is furnished by the present series, he will find the information that

he seeks, enabling him to comprehend current classical allusions with facility, to become familiar with the true spirit of the ancients, and to share in conversation and studies which presuppose a knowledge of Greek and Roman antiquity.' Well printed, on good, strong paper.

VOICES FROM THE SILENT LAND: OR CONSOLATION FOR THE AFFLICTED. BY MRS. H. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. In one Volume: pp. 322. Boston: JOHN P. JEWETT AND COMPANY. Cleveland, Ohio: JEWETT, PROCTOR AND WORTHINGTON.

WHEN we remember, that as to all in the wide-spread country, stretched beyond the sight, so also to those in populous cities pent, DEATH sooner or later stops at every man's door, a work like the one before us may be regarded as having an universal application, and as calculated to convey to all an almost universal significance:

'THE mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch, doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the Land of the dear Departed—
Into the SILENT LAND!'

And to this thought the compiler of the present volume modestly as justly assuming nothing as original in its preparation, has well adverted in her preface:

''Into the Silent Land!' Ah! who can say that the foot-steps of none he once loved on earth have entered the 'shadows of that pale realm?' Death, sooner or later, cometh to all: the white and venerable locks of the aged, the maturity of manhood, the ruddy freshness of youth, whose flashing eye is sallent with life and health, and the tender bud of infancy—all soon, too soon, fall before the scythe of the pitiless destroyer.

''THE air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead.'

'No suffering, no anguish, is like unto that of the deeply heart-stricken mourner, as he bendeth over his forever-hushed, but beloved, dead. Often, at such times, the heart and soul, though wonderfully stirred, feels a grief 'too deep for tears.' A link of the chain that bound him to earth has been rudely riven; and the vanity of this life, the nearness of eternity, with its all-absorbing interests, are felt and acknowledged. Such sad visitations of Providence induce within us an insatiable desire to know more of the future; and the flight thitherward of the spirit of one who in life has been very dear, perhaps the dearest, seems to cast a soft halo of light into that future. Then the Christian finds the blessed promises of GOD, and the death and resurrection of CHRIST unspeakably precious; he feels the need of the Heavenly COMFORTER, and, while seeking to cast all his care on HIM, 'knowing that HE careth for him,' what may have seemed the dark and distant future is illumed with an almost unclouded noon-day brightness. Every earthly woe, every trial and care, can be mitigated by the consoling and sustaining influences of our holy religion. GOD has promised to 'comfort all who mourn,' if, in the time of their sorrow, they seek HIM.

'Prayer, and reading the Word of GOD, will not only afford sweet consolation in the deepest affliction, but prove a tower of defence, a shield against the temptations that frequently assail us at such times. Another source of comfort is to be found in the perusal of the writings of good and holy men who have felt the same bitter heart-grief, and whose works abound with passages most touchingly fitted to console under the heaviest afflictions; teaching us how to meet, bear, and wisely use all such chastenings for our spiritual advancement. Our literature, too, contains much prose and poetry addressed to the heart-stricken, desponding, and desolate, who, in times of bereavement, love to linger among the 'graves of their household,' and dwell upon the state of the departed.

'These 'Voices from the Silent Land' have been collected in the freshness of a very deep affliction, and completed before its daily-gushing anguish had passed away. The compiler's aim and object is to induce some to make a good and wise use of afflictive dispensations, to see the hand of GOD in them all, and to feel that 'the JUDGE of all the earth will do right.' She can only desire that the perusal of these pages may prove as sweet and soothing a source of consolation to others as their preparation has been to herself. The women of the United States, however elevated and affluent their station, are rarely *entirely* free from the perplexities and anxieties of domestic cares, and can seldom find sufficient leisure to peruse or examine all the works from which this volume has been gathered; therefore it is designed more particularly for my country-women whom GOD, in infinite wisdom, may have caused to pass under the rod of affliction.'

Three hundred and twenty-two articles, in prose and verse, mostly in verse, attest the industry with which kindred or cognate selections have been made.

AN ABRIDGMENT OF THE DEBATES OF CONGRESS, from 1789 to 1856. By THOMAS H. BENTON, Author of the 'Thirty Years' View.' New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, Numbers 346 and 348 Broadway.

THE valuable series, of which the volume before us forms a part, is to be completed in fifteen volumes, of seven hundred and fifty pages each, and will comprise what is now contained in over one hundred volumes. The contents of the present book are derived from GALES AND SEATON'S 'Annals of Congress,' from their 'Register of Debates,' and from the 'Official Reported Debates,' by JOHN C. RIVES. 'In this work members of Congress, members of the State Legislatures, lawyers and politicians, and, in fact, all intelligent and patriotic citizens, will have ready at their hands a complete Political History of the United States, from the adoption of the Federal Government to the present day. The Debates of Congress have been accruing for a period of nearly seventy years, and fill more than one hundred volumes — one-third of them quartos. They contain the history of the working of the Government from its foundation; show what has been done, and how it was done; and shed light upon the study of all impending questions; for there is not a question of the day, and will not be while our Government lasts, which may not be illustrated by something to be found in these debates. This abridgment will not be restricted to the speeches of celebrated orators, but extend to the business-men, and to the plainest speakers.'

BEATRICE CENCI: A TALE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. Translated from the Italian of F. D. GUERRAZZI. By Mrs. WATTS SHERMAN. In four Books: pp. 1159. New-York: MASON BROTHERS.

Two rival editions of this work appeared almost 'stimultuaneously' from two prominent metropolitan publishing-houses. It is conceded, we believe, that the one before us is the better of the two. Certain it is, that here the story is well told, and we are assured by those well qualified to judge, that the translation is rendered with great fidelity. 'But what of the story?' Why, this: it is of that class which we most decidedly do not affect. Yet there are readers — and judging from the success of the edition before us, doubtless 'their name is legion' — who love to 'sup full of horrors.' To such we leave the perusal of Sig. GUERAZZI's book. We hold fully with our contemporary, '*The Albion*' weekly journal, that it is a work which should never have been translated at all. 'The Tragedy of the same name, by SHELLEY, has made many students of English poetry familiar with one of the most terrible and repulsive episodes of mediæval history, but it is by no means desirable that plain prose should supply the world with a fuller detail, even though the record be gleaned from the most authentic sources. That the author is one of the persecuted and suffering Italian exiles is a matter of no moment. Much as we grieve for his oppressed and hapless country, we hold that he cannot increase or stimulate the world's sympathies in its behalf, by showing how rotten it was to the core

three centuries ago. In a political point of view, the effect will probably be to leave a vague feeling of satisfaction on the mind, inasmuch as all must be conscious that crime and cruelty are not so rife in these days as they were at that elder period. But it is not so much on this score that we object to this publication; it is because we consider it an offence against the recognized proprieties of life. The theme is abhorrent to our instincts, though in some respects full of a most mournful beauty: and it may therefore more fitly be left to such general imaginings as Art has connected with it.' This is indeed so: yet look at the public taste in this regard. The BROTHERS MASON have already printed four editions of the work: and even now its sale is undiminished.

THE JEWISH WAR OF FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS: a new TRANSLATION. By the late Rev. ROBERT TRAILL, D.D., M.R.I.A. Edited, with Notes, by ISAAC TAYLOR. In one Volume: pp. 604. Boston: J. P. JEWETT AND COMPANY.

A WORLD-renowned work, like this of JOSEPHUS, edited by such a scholar as ISAAC TAYLOR, (author of a volume elsewhere referred to in the present pages,) requires but little notice from any American critic, least of all, any thing beyond a mere record from any pen so humble as our own. It shall be our object, then, only simply and briefly to record the character of the Translation before us, and to present a few facts in relation to the author of the same. The present translation, therefore, we briefly repeat, of the Life of JOSEPHUS and his History of the Jewish War, by the late Dr. TRAILL, edited, with notes, by ISAAC TAYLOR, and copiously illustrated with plates, was originally issued in England in parts. The edition under notice is an accurate reprint of the original work, with the exception of the notes explanatory of the plates and such portions as have exclusive reference to them. A brief sketch is given of the life, character, and literary labors of the learned translator, from the pen of the no less learned and distinguished editor, from which we take a few extracts:

'WHATEVER might have been Dr. TRAILL's intellectual endowments, or his accomplishments, it was his animation; his unwearied energy; his vivid and effective sympathies; his devotedness in labors of charity, and the zealous and affectionate discharge of his duties as a parish minister, that most distinguished him; and in the exercise of these useful virtues it was that he had become known, and had made himself the object of affection in his circle. It might have been difficult for those who knew him only as the pastor, and as the friend of the poor, and who witnessed his daily toils, as such, to imagine or believe that, even after the time when the spreading distress of the district had rendered these duties in the last degree arduous and oppressive, Dr. TRAILL still found time for carrying forward his usual literary labors, which in fact were not remitted until his last illness threatened his life. It was from that bed from which he did not rise, that he wrote to his friend: 'Send me no more proofs: I am upon a fever-bed.' The habit of rising at the earliest hour, and, during the winter, long before dawn, had given him a command of time, which enabled him to accomplish literary tasks without trenching upon his duties as the minister of an extensive parish.

'Dr. TRAILL succeeded to the parish of Schull, county of Cork, in the year 1830, where his last years were spent in a course of unwearied endeavors to promote the temporal comfort and the spiritual good of his people. The parish of Schull, situated at the extreme south-west point of Ireland, is extensive and populous, and it is one of those districts which have become too well known as the scene of the most appalling sufferings. Dr. TRAILL had found the population in a state of deplorable destitution when first he became incumbent of the parish; nor had either his incessant ef-

forts to cherish better habits among the lower classes, nor the munificent use he made of his private fortune, availed to bring them into a condition in which they might, in a less disastrous manner, have met the awful visitation of those years of famine. From the very first, and with a clear-sighted dismay, he had looked forward to what he knew must be the consequences of the approaching calamity; and while many continued to think that the worst evils would be evaded, his letters attest that he did not allow himself to entertain any such delusive expectation: 'Death by famine, and then by pestilence, will sweep this country of a third of its people!' Such were his forebodings; and to how awful an extent have they been realized! Well he knew that the habitual and extreme destitution of hundreds around him could have but one issue, if it should be aggravated only a little by scarcity.

'Dr. TRAILL's own means, together with funds that were liberally placed at his disposal by benevolent persons, 'known and unknown,' throughout Ireland, and by many in England, enabled him during the months of that terrible winter, to keep alive hundreds who otherwise must at an early time have perished. The cares, the sorrows, and the toil, consequent upon these offices of charity, affecting himself and the several members of his family, were excessive; and in his hurried notes to his friends he speaks of himself as worn out with grief and labor. At length, and especially after the time when the more arduous duty of administering spiritual aid to those who were dying of pestilence took the place of the comparatively easy task of feeding the hungry, the strain upon his mind and feelings became greater than even so energetic a frame could support. The minister of CHRIST, in passing from house to house, from hovel to hovel, attempted and endured more than human nature can sustain. A severe attack of dysentery was followed by fever; and after lingering awhile, (often seeming to rally, and always in the calm possession of his faculties,) he expired, in the confident assurance of that bright immortality which is warranted by the evangelic doctrine he had long professed and proclaimed.'

Dr. TRAILL's religious tastes, we are given to understand, as well as his fondness for Greek studies, had early directed his attention to the writings of JOSEPHUS; and it was soon after his entrance upon his duties as Rector of Schull, that he first indulged the ambition of attempting to render accessible to English readers the pages of a writer so preëminently important. He felt that, in WHISTON's version — cumbrous, abrupt, and repulsive as it is — the writings of the Jewish Historian are scarcely accessible. It is probable that he did not at the first distinctly measure the greatness of the task he had entered upon; nor perhaps did he duly estimate the difficulties which he soon found must attach to it. A gradually-acquired perception, however, of the vastness of his enterprise, animated his courage, rather than depressed it; and when, in conversation with literary friends, he discerned more clearly than at first, how much would be required of him, as the Translator of JOSEPHUS, the enhanced anxiety he felt did but stimulate his energies to meet the occasion. His was a mind not easily turned from its purpose and always undismayed by the prospect of toil. At the same time the sense he entertained of the high value of these writings, as related to sacred history, carried him forward with an impulse, which, to a mind like his, no motives but such as took their rise in religious feeling could give. The union, in Dr. TRAILL's character, of a self-determining energy, with a genuine candor, and a ready deference to the opinion of others whose judgment he respected, was very remarkable; and this modesty led him to submit his labors, in the most unreserved manner, to the criticism of his friends, and of any whom he thought qualified to aid him by their remarks. It was in consequence of several such appeals to the opinion of others that he recast his version, again and again, and brought it, with the most laborious care, nearer and still nearer to the original; while he kept in view always its fluency in style, as English — adapted to the tastes of the mass of readers. It has already been announced, by advertisement, that Dr. TRAILL had long ago completed the translation of the Jewish War, as well as the Life of JOSEPHUS, and

the two Books against APION, and that he had made considerable progress also in translating the Antiquities. It has moreover been stated that the manuscript had been confided, for revision, to the care of a learned and experienced friend, a member of Trinity College, Dublin, whose valuabe lservices had previously been engaged for correcting the sheets, as they passed through the press. And hence, the present version of '*The Seven Books of the Jewish War*,' which not only constitute a history complete in themselves, but are by far the most important, and the most entertaining, of all the writings of JOSEPHUS. It is the history of the overthrow and of the scattering of the Jewish polity, worship, and nation, and connects the long and distant past with the present, and both with the future. The work cannot but strengthen the faith of men in the historic certainty and the DIVINE origin of THE BIBLE.

THE WORLD OF MIND: AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON INTELLECTUAL PHILOSOPHY. By ISAAC TAYLOR. In one Volume: pp. 378. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS, Franklin-Square.

MR. TAYLOR is one of those *thinking* writers, who have very distinct notions of what they intend to say before they say it. Those who are acquainted with his earlier publications, especially those of a philosophical cast, will not be disappointed by this 'elementary treatise on intellectual philosophy.' His powers of analysis and disquisition are manifested on every page. His power of thought enables, and his habit of thought impels him, to discriminate the points of which he treats from others which are irrelevant, although in some respects connected. He takes the direct line to his specific object, looking before and after, clearly perceiving the point from which he starts, and that beyond which he cannot advance, and quietly elbowing aside the diverging lines and claims of collateral and inappropriate subjects. It is the best, as well as the shortest recommendation of the book to say, that it was written by ISAAC TAYLOR. His character as a writer is its guarantee. He may advance some things which not only are not advanced by other writers on intellectual philosophy, but to which the reader may refuse his assent, and regard as venturesome and undemonstrable; but he gives his reasons, and distinguishes between what is speculative and what is matter of consciousness and experience.

Thus, as a specimen of his directness and point, he clears the way to his specific theme, by observing: 'In all departments of philosophy, human curiosity is stopped at an earlier, or at a later stage by an impassable barrier, it meets what is inscrutable. The constitution of the elements in the material world is inscrutable; the gravitating force, and the principle of chemical affinity, and the nature of light, and the principle of vegetable life, those things are utterly inscrutable; so also, is the principle of animal life; and so, in like manner, but not more so, is MIND. At all these points alike, and at each of them for the same reasons, we reach a limit which the human mind has never yet passed. But it is not true that Mind is more occult, as to its inner nature, than is matter, or than the principle of vegetative and animal life; they are exactly as much so, and not more.'

Since, as noted in some of our recent numbers, we have come to adopt, as an ultimate fact of consciousness, *that we think in words*—that we conceive, are conscious of, remember, and express our thoughts only in words and equivalent signs—our curiosity leads us, on opening a work like this, to ascertain what view the author takes of the office and instrumentality of Language. On page 31 he shows the necessity of words, *terms, names*—in dealing with the simplest abstractions, distinctions of colors, and the like; and on the next page, our absolute dependence on them 'when we advance from the simpler kinds of abstractions toward those which are more remote.' Like his predecessors, however, he does not seem distinctly to perceive that all our thinking is absolutely dependent on words as its vehicle and instrument; but takes the contrary for granted. He all but sees that we are conscious of no thoughts apart from words—that there are no *wordless thoughts*—that we think in words. Often what he says clearly implies this; but education, hereditary opinion dictates reservations, or possible exceptions. Thus in his chapter on 'Language, as related to mental operations,' he treats of language, words, 'as the means of communication—mind with mind; as the instrument of thought—the tools of thought.' . . . 'There are certain operations, in carrying forward, which it can scarcely be imagined that even the strongest minds, advantaged by the most perfect discipline, could dispense with this assistance, or could think to any good purpose otherwise than as leaning, from step to step, upon words, phrases, propositions. . . . The infant, while listening to the voices that soothe, or that startle the ear, is yielding itself to a process, in the course of which the world of words comes to adhere, point after point, to the world of objects; and these adhesions, multiplying every day, and becoming more and more firm or indissoluble, are at length so thoroughly riveted, or welded, that the union could scarcely be more intimate if, in fact, the mother-tongue were born with the mind itself. If the human family had known only one language, it would scarcely have been possible for us to entertain the supposition that words are nothing more than *arbitrary* signs, and that they might therefore have been other than they are. In fact, millions of men pass through their destined course of years, with no other consciousness than this. Thought and language have never been sundered, in all their experience, from infancy to age.' Yet he supposes these millions to be only the uneducated; that education relaxes the bond which connects thoughts and words, and gives the mind a discoursive, emancipated power of unverbal thought. His illustrations, however, fail, as in the nature of the case, we think they should and must fail, to do more than show, that education rectifies the erroneous use, and, indefinitely, augments the stock of words.

The ethical bearings and implications of this work, are of the safest and soundest. Its comprehensive title, '*The World of Mind*,' includes what relates to the manifestations of mind in the inferior animal races. Accordingly, it consists substantially 'of an exhibition, first, of what is common to all orders of living beings, and then a setting forth of what is peculiar to the human mind, and which is the ground of its immeasurable superiority.' This broad plan gives scope to the author's accustomed originality, as well as to his acute and practised powers of discrimination.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE LATE HENRY CARY, ESQ.: 'JOHN WATERS,' OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.—We promised, in our April number, again to advert to the *personnel* of the writer of the 'JOHN WATERS' papers in the KNICKERBOCKER, in 'times long by-past,' and also to afford to our thousands of new readers some additional touches of his rare quality. Let us address ourselves to the first branch of our subject. Mr. CARY was an accomplished GENTLEMAN. It might safely be left to the distinguished friends who knew him well; who so frequently sat together around his refined and most hospitable board; to affirm all this, and much more. He esteemed all the physical blessings of this life as evidences of the DIVINE Bounty; neither to be slighted, nor to be lightly regarded. 'There is,' he says, 'a mysterious connection between the soul and the body, which may be availed of through the senses to some advantage; so that by temperance, frequent ablutions, seasonable exercise, fine weather, fresh air, and agreeable objects of taste, of sight, and of touch; bright clouds, flowers at morning with the song of birds, and paintings of delicious coloring for the eyes to repose upon, the spirit becomes for a time less disquieted, and the current of sorrow is broken or diverted. I do not think there is any unmanliness or desertion of Christian duty in availing one's self of these appliances. Grief is a warfare, and there are auxiliary forces which involve exertion in order to bring them into the field.' We have often fancied, in common with many of Mr. WATERS' most intimate friends, that in his chapters upon '*My Uncle the Parson*,' he drew at the same time a real portraiture and his own model of a gentleman. Let us hear somewhat of this same 'UNCLE:'

'HE used, I remember, to sit at his own table rather as a guest than as a master of the house; receiving every little courtesy with thanks, and making himself agreeable to the whole party, as if enjoying the civilities of the entertainment, while we were all his hosts; and the refinement of manner with which he fed himself with his small hands after the ruffles at the wrist had been carefully folded under the cuff, and his napkin adjusted, the precision and skill with which it was prepared, lifted, and presented to the mouth; received, cherished, and intelligently consumed; made me sometimes feel that it was a *nutriment for the spiritual quite as much as for the natural existence*, that was spread before him, and that his enjoyment was a calm and precious gratitude, rather than a physical indulgence. There was a just appreciation, without the least approach to avidity—a tranquil pleasure, and an enlightened zest. My uncle the parson was an adept at the use of the knife and fork. It may be supposed by persons unversed in the science, that the easiest thing in the world is to divide a pair of boiled fowls, and slice up a billet of salted pork. It is not so, my masters. Nothing is easier indeed than to tear the one piece-meal; and maul the other into fragments; but to apply the knife with unerring exactness to the line

or point at which the division is most gracefully to be made; to let the detached part take with it the exact proportion of the epidermis that clothed it when upon the bird, and not a jot more; to help bountifully and with a liberal heart, and yet with a discretion and reserve that can always, while any thing remains, renew the supply with a part that seems almost as desirable as any that has already been given away — this is CARVING.

'He had a due and reverent estimate of the creatures of GOD'S bounty; with which we are supplied not merely to satisfy our corporeal wants, but as a means for the interchange of the social affections, and for the growth and free expansion of all the tender charities of life. They were Gifts, to be used freely, cheerfully, hospitably; but skilfully, nicily, in their best condition, and without abuse or waste; gladly, and with singleness of heart; and — a little good cookery with its proper appliances, accomplishes marvels in this way, over the same ingredients used at a disadvantage.'

Our 'Uncle the Parson' visits Boston twice a year, to receive his interest money, make his purchases, rub bright the chain of his old college friendships, and pass a short time with his only brother, the father of the writer. The present is his 'Fall' visit: 'It was upon a cloudy morning in the month of November, when, in an old-fashioned chaise, with a leathern standing-top, drawn by a stout family-horse, driven by a lad seated in a light seat in front of the boot, that the Rector set forth upon his journey. 'The flowers,' says 'JOHN WATERS,' 'were past; the leaves had fallen; the birds were mute; deep Autumn had dominion of the land; and silence, almost audible, possessed the air: the cold increased; the leaden-colored sky closed nearer to the earth; the winds were dead; the breath grew palpable to the sight; and a few small pellets of snow — the first of the season — dropped hard-packed upon the boot of the chaise; white, minute, and bounding, as those smallest preparations of refined sugar, wherewith the confectioner delighteth the hearts of the little folks under the name of 'coriander-seed.'' Passing this most graphic picture, let us premise that our reverend traveller has arrived at the great tree-shaded inn of 'good Mistress ROACH,' in the then village of Ipswich. Thoroughly warmed by the 'best-room' wood-fire, the worthy Parson bethinks him of dinner, and calls Mrs. ROACH, the landlady:

'SHE obeyed the summons with an alert step. It consisted of a pair of spring chickens, now developed into full size, and nicely prepared for the spit, having been corn-fed for some time, so as to show a well-covered back; and now hanging up, drawn, (hear this, ye wretched New-York poulterers!) drawn, BODY AND CROP — CROP as well as BODY! and of a hind-quarter of four-year-old weather mutton, with the queue attached entire, that had been ripening, said good Mistress ROACH, upward of ten days.

''When you put the mutton on the hook in your larder,' asked my uncle, 'did the chalot occur to your recollection?'

''Surely, Sir,' replied the dame: 'I never, now-a-days, fail to avail myself of the suggestion you once gave me; but regularly give the steel a deep thrust into every leg I hang up, in three different parts of the leg, home to the bone, and then I invariably insert a clove of good Spanish garlic into the bottom of each orifice. And now every body praises our mutton; and frequently people say to me, 'I want to know what in the world gives your mutton such a fine game flavor, Mistress ROACH!' 'Our mutton,' says I, 'is famed far and near; it feeds upon the short grass of the rocky hills, and we keep it till the proper age; sweet food, pure water, and ripe years,' says I, 'them's the things for mutton!' It is not worth while, you know, Sir, to tell the whole world about the cloves of garlic against the bone!'

''In Europe,' said my uncle the parson, musingly, 'it is not uncommon to rub the plate with a small bag of assafœtida, to impart a flavor to the meat that is to be cut upon it; but I think your plan altogether the preferable one. Pray have you any pork?'

''As fine, I think, as I ever saw; I can put a small billet of it into the pot as white as the snow that is falling.'

''And of what color will it come out?' asked my uncle the parson.

''It gains a beautiful rose-colored tint in the boiling,' was the reply.

''Good!' said he; 'it is the surest indication in the world of good pork, well fed, and thoroughly cured; if not, salt-petre has been used.'

''Not a particle, I can assure you, for I put it up with my own hands.'

''Well, then, my good Madam, let this be our dinner. The chickens and pork to be boiled in the same pot, and to come in first with what vegetables you have; and then, by way of second course, the mutton, hot from the spit. Do n't force the mutton by pouring on even a drop of water; let us have nothing but its undiluted flavor in the gravy; that will make fast enough in the dish after the knife is once used; and let the pork predominate over the brown on the outside. With a good hickory fire, you can choose your own distance and time; and, of course, the hue you may prefer to give to the outside.'

'Dinner being thus arranged, the parson occupied himself with the Gazette for some time, and then revised the two sermons with which he had come prepared for the pulpit, if called upon to preach while at Boston.'

Two countrymen ask permission, if he is willing, to sit at the same table with him, they being in some haste to depart: it is readily granted. He carries his cayenne with him, in a small vial; and one of 'the party' asks him for a 'pinch or two of his red salt.' The result was pungent and potent:

'The pepper was not long in making his acquaintance; but he resisted manfully the first intimation of this internal assailant; hemmed stoutly and repeatedly, as if he were determined to maintain his ground; his face then became scarlet; an unnatural warmth took possession of his frame; the tonsils of his throat began to swell; his eyes glistened; he dashed away a tear from his obstructed sight; spread abroad his arms, like Samson groping for the remaining pillars of the Temple of Gaza, and rose in an agony of distress and pain, unimaginable to him in his dreams before. His first note was that of the great brindle bull in his own cattle-yard at home. The word roar does no justice whatever to the sound.

'Fortunately he did not cough. My uncle, much concerned at the incident, recommended him to allay the pungency with a glass of water. He caught at the word. He endeavored to say, 'Will that put it out?' and making for a huge stone-jug that had just been replenished, he raised it boldly to his lips, and took a draught, that, had its contents been more genial, might, for its length and breath and depth and height, have won from Bacchus the whole conquest of the Indias.

''Jeremiah,' said he, soon as he could articulate, 'for the land's sake does my mouth blaze?'

''No,' said the other, with imperturbable coolness, 'but it smokes consumedly, Hiram, I tell you.'

'Another jar of water seemed to reassure him of his safety against internal combustion; and his powers of speech in some measure returning, and with them his entire self-possession, he strode in front of my uncle, and accosted him: 'Do you know, Mister, that I took you for a pa'arson?'

''I am, indeed,' said my uncle, 'an humble member of the cloth.'

''Oh! you be, be you? And do you think it is any how consistent with your calling to travel about the country in this here way, carrying hell-fire in your breeches pocket?''

An Essay '*On Spirituality*' introduces us to this beautiful and truly 'spiritual' passage. It was in such musings that the spirit of John Waters seemed to revel:

'At times, all that is spiritual within me stands in the Louvre, fronting the Venus of Milo; or gazing with rapture upon the neighboring Polyhymnia; a statue the very drapery of which speaks of the earnest and deeply meditative Soul within. At times, I pause, hesitating lest I should presume too far, upon the threshold of that apartment of the Vatican devoted to the Apollo, and filled as with an atmosphere by his august, his god-like presence.

'Or, at times, in my own country, I am once more on horseback, crossing the Alleghany mountains from Tennessee into Carolina. The bright rays of the early morning sun are piercing the wintry forest of the South, and meet the traveller on the eastern side of the summit of the pass; the rush, the roar of the 'French Broad,' noblest of green mountain-streams, again fills the ear: and, at a short distance, the smoke of a fire that is to cook the wagoner's breakfast, before he begins the progress of the day, rises above us, like a small, unbroken, dove-colored shaft, one hundred and fifty feet against a perpendicular wall of rock; free alike of every vegetable impediment, of every breath of wind, to intercept or vary the passage of the vapor upward to the

cloudless sky—that archéd sky of blue, filled with increasing day, that overhangs, and blesses with its deep and soothing influence, Forest, Rock, River, Mountain, Traveller, and all.

'Long pendulous draperies of moss hang listless and undisturbed from the tall and silent pine-trees, waiting to receive their graceful motion from the morning breeze; while the horses of the wagoner are tethered to the trunk of that bright green holly-tree, glorying in its scarlet berries, and are contentedly finishing their corn in the broad sound of the cheerful waters, without a single thought of whip or harness. And now, if I myself—I mean the immortal Soul that stirs within me—were not tethered to this body like the wagoner's horses to the holly-tree, I had, even while writing this, revisited alike, in the essential person, Louvre, and Vatican, Mountain, River, Rock, Forest, and Sky. Such is that exquisite existence of the disenthralled Soul, for which I could find no other one Word than that at the head of this essay.

'At times, still sitting here, I entertain a thought of JUPITER and his Satellites: or of that fervid Star in the right shoulder of ORION, where—in common, I suppose, with many others—I have an appointment with the dead: or of some unknown Star, perhaps of yet more ancient creation, upon the outskirts of the Universe, opposite to those in which we move, whose distance is so vast that its earliest beam of light has never yet reached earth:——and now, but for the impediments of this physical structure, this 'body of death,' as the blessed Saint PAUL says, I have had time while thou, dear Reader, hast accompanied me, to have met midway in Heaven the darting rays of the ancient Star; to have hovered with joy around our favorite in ORION; and then descended homeward, by way of the planet and his Satellites, to this my still house, and this my quiet, roundabout chair: such is Spirituality!'

THESE thoughts upon '*The Voice*' will, or at least should, arrest the attention of our lady-readers:

'THE dew of GOD'S precious blessing of Woman descends upon the soul in the tones of her Voice: which, when she mars, she destroys one of the gifts that 'intimate eternity to man:' one of the sweetest compensations of life: and a charm perhaps the most unfailing, that binds her lover to her image, when time, or distance, or death, shall have changed joy into recollection and regret.

'Is it not so? When the wingéd Word comes back to revisit the soul in some moment of deep remembrance, however long the interval, does not the ethereal tone that first gave it life flutter again at the breast, and chime along the nerves, and make it impossible for the heart to change its fealty? Do not the hands and the arms involuntarily extend themselves toward the source of that remembered music, and the visited soul breathe forth the assurance, heard perhaps with joy in heaven, 'I have been true to thee!'

'And even in this our own sex, our own gross sex, man proper, man womanless—how precious is the gift of the pure voice! I would fain hope that some one who listens to me may have once heard old INGLEDON'S 'Lads of the Village.' I will fancy thee, admired Reader, to be at this moment diving into thy recollection of the deep riches, the grand compass, the ever-new and unexpected openings, the liquid gushes, the flights, the dying falls, the woodland echoes, and all the miracles of sweetness, of that delicious and wonderful voice, which proved better than any philosophy, that the seat of the soul is somewhere in the region of the heart and lungs. It spoke to us from thence.'

The reader, we venture to say, has seldom encountered a more striking picture of a duel, than is contained in the narrative headed, '*Our Fathers, where are They?*' Sir GEORGE YOUNG, it should be premised, Governor of the Island of Granada, who served under FREDERICK the Great, and was devoted to all the forms of 'the Prussian service,' is challenged by a member of the Council-Board, of which Sir GEORGE was President. He calls upon Colonel WILLIAMS, a Welshman, to act as his friend, who says to him:

''So! you and FREDERICK the Great have got ——eh? It is very odd what luck some men are born to! I could have sworn that he and I were to have it together: but indeed there has been very little communication between us of late. Tell me what has taken place since the council broke up. I have heard of his overture to you.'

'Doctor BL——N then informed the Colonel of his unsuccessful application to my father, and to another of his friends: and that he was quite at a loss to know in what manner to proceed.

''I have no doubt,' replied Colonel WILLIAMS, 'that his Excellency will have his own difficulties in the choice of a second, unless he determine upon some subaltern.

It is something like getting into a scrape to have any thing to do with shooting a Governor in command, who has been bred up in the Prussian service, and ——'

'I shall omit the Colonel's expletives.

''There is not the remotest chance of that being the issue of our meeting,' said Doctor Bl——n; 'I am entirely unacquainted with the use of a pistol, and do not even possess a pair. I shall stand no chance whatever with him: but life is of no value with a brand upon it.'

''Are you quite out of practice with the pistol?' asked the Colonel.

''I never fired a pistol in my life!'

''Then I would not give a guinea for his!' replied Colonel Williams; 'a man's first shot is the best in the first hundred. Here is a pair that have never missed since they were manufactured. You will take them home with you. Stand before the largest mirror in the house. Look well at your shadow. Raise the pistol from your knee, here in this way, with a stiff elbow, ranging along the shadow in the glass, and when you get the muzzle to the height of the hip, draw the trigger. When you come upon the ground — take care to be there in good season — plant yourself at one end of the saw-pit. You will fight in Glenn's saw-pit; that's the common place, and there is no choice of light or shade: be early on the ground. Glance your eye along the sides of the pit, and get yourself used to it; and when he comes opposite to you, think of the man in the glass; raise your muzzle as you did before, always with a stiff elbow, and pull soon as it ranges with his hip. Now will you recollect all this? If you drop your pistol and level at him from above, you will over-shoot him. If you coolly bring up the piece with a stiff elbow from the knee, you cannot miss him, by ——! When he comes upon the ground, ten to one he will talk to you about marching and facing to the right-about, and give you a lecture on the Prussian mode of doing things. Tell him you are fixed to your spot, but that he may march, and counter-march and be ——. Now, will you remember all this? Let me see you handle your pistol. Very well — quite well. Accustom yourself to the grasp. Fix on five in the afternoon; it will be better for you both, as there are no strong lights there then. The field is not far from you. My orderly will be with you at four, and load your pistols, so that you will have nothing in the world to do after you get upon the ground but take one careful glance at the priming, and see that the powder lies well upon the touch-hole. I believe you understand it now. Let me see you raise it once more. Very well: that was quite well. When you get upon the ground, remember you have only one thing to do, after examining the priming, and that is to raise the muzzle as high as his Excellency's hip. And then pull as quietly as you did before the glass, and always with a stiff elbow. You have two things to think of, recollect, and only two, after you get upon the ground. First the priming, and then the man in the glass. Now go out this way, that my wife may not see you. I should like you to have a second, but in your card you can state to Sir George the impossibility of procuring one; and that you are content to rely upon any arrangement that he may make in this respect. You may safely do this. After all, he is a gentleman, and if he had been bred up in our service, he would have been a soldier, instead of being, as he now is, a —— martinet.'

'The hour of five in the afternoon of the following day had nearly arrived, when Dr. Bl——n was stationed at one extremity of Glenn's saw-pit. The saw-pit had not for some time been in use, and the slight structure that had formerly sheltered the workmen, had been removed, except a remaining stick or two of timber that lay longitudinally over the pit. Vegetation, with the luxuriance of the tropics, had sprung up around the borders, and when the Doctor looked upward from his sheltered position into the rich azure sky above him, the heavens had never seemed to him so besutiful as then; and a thought passed across his mind, that his spirit might in a few moments be wending its way through the depths of that celestial blue. The hard necessities of life; the stern conditions of the laws of honor; and the want of charity between man and man, began to occupy his mind, when he suddenly recollected Colonel Williams' charge to him, that he had only two things to think of, after he got upon the ground. The first was the priming: he opened the locks and found the caution an useful one. He looked: it was ten minutes beyond the time. Where could Sir George be? How long should he wait for him?

'Just then he heard the Governor's voice: 'There, that will do: give it me: now drive quietly home, and see that you don't blow the horses.' And in a moment after, he entered the pit, bringing with him a case of pistols. He walked close up to his antagonist before he spoke.

''Doctor Bl——n, I have a thousand apologies to make to you. The truth is, that I had some official matters to perform very unexpectedly just before I left the Government House, and I preferred throwing myself upon your courtesy, to postponing what was really important, or doing it in a slovenly way. I fear I must have made you wait some time?'

'The Doctor received his explanation gracefully, and then observed: 'Your Excellency has brought no second!'

''No:' he replied: 'on the Continent, I have known difficulties to arise from such circumstances, and the honor of gentlemen called in question when two have gone out against one. No: you have confided in me: surely I will confide in you.'

'During this time, Sir GEORGE had opened his pistol-case, and prepared one piece to his entire satisfaction; examining and sharpening the flint before he loaded the pistol. The Doctor also took his pistol in hand.

''Doctor BL——N,' said Sir GEORGE, 'I suppose that this business is no novelty to you?'

''On the contrary,' replied the Doctor 'it is, thank GOD, the first occasion of the sort that I was ever yet engaged in.'

''Different people have different ways of settling it,' replied the Governor; but *in the Prussian service* the practice is to stand in the centre of the field, back to back, march off three paces, or four paces, then to the right-about, then level and fire; and it has been in reference to that practice that I have had the ground of this pit cleared of all obstructions, and put in the condition for marching in which you see it.'

''As I have never had the honor to be in the Prussian service,' replied Doctor BL——N, 'and am utterly unacquainted with military movements, your Excellency will I hope excuse me from any such evolution. I am placed: either here, or if you please, at the other extremity of this pit; but,' added he, perceiving a shade of dissatisfaction on the Governor's face, 'my course need not, I think, prevent your Excellency from the practice to which you are accustomed.'

''Doctor BK——N,' said Sir GEORGE YOUNG, his countenance brightening at the suggestion, 'you are in all respects a gentleman—permit me to say it. Well, then, as I have your leave, I shall march up to you; go to the right-about, march off eight paces, and then again face you; at which time we fire. And as in this method I must necessarily turn my back upon you, I desire explicitly to say that I do it strictly as a military manœuvre, and without the remotest idea of conveying toward you the least personal slight or indignity.'

''There is only one thing more,' said Doctor BL——N; 'and that is the exact moment at which I should fire. Your Excellency will excuse my inexperience in these matters; but it is not to my perception so nicely defined as I could wish it might be.'

''And how very well thought of that is!' said Sir GEORGE YOUNG. 'I shall make it perfectly obvious to you. I shall march and counter-march with my handkerchief—you perceive it is a white one—in my left hand, and when I drop it, you will fire.'

'His Excellency performed his part accordingly, marching with a very gracious air toward Doctor BL——N, then turning to the right-about, he counted aloud in German, as he marched them, the eight paces; faced again to the right-about; dropped the handkerchief, and two discharges were almost instantly heard. The ball of his pistol had lodged in one of the timbers directly over the head of Doctor BL——N, while that of his opponent, guided by a surer aim, had pierced his heart. He sprang convulsively upward, and fell without a groan.'

The subjoined passage from a dissertation upon '*Chowder*,' and a '*Pastoral Lament*' upon the loss of a favorite cook, are eminently characteristic. No one more thoroughly understood, than the writer, the '*Æsthetics of the Table*.' *There* was to be found the choicest and most delicate of viands; the perfection of cookery; the quietest service; wines of the richest quality and rarest variety; 'a veritable ladder of transport, up which the spirits of his guests ascended, step by step:'

'No MAN of a certain age, but has observed the truth; and no philosopher, but has wondered at it. Why is it, *humanly speaking*, as the Presbyterians say, why is it that the same alternate layers of pork, of haddock, and cod, and sliced potatoes, and the one onion cut into rings, and the same hard biscuit soaked for five minutes in cold water before it takes its place in the pot; with the same black pepper throughout; and salt if you will, when your pork is not salt enough; with the self-same flour and butter, shall refuse their charms under one man's management, that gratify, with a joy and a flavor, and a fragrance untasted and unknown before, the careless and unhesitating distribution of materials that form these successive strata of good things from the hand of one of these favorites of nature? *Favorites of Nature!*—the word is a good word! No member of the family of the BLENKINSOPS could ever blow out a candle: none but a Creole could ever make a pepper-pot: and the chowder-builder and the poet must alike be born, each to his 'art, unteachable untaught.'

'Dear, dear JIM!—the cove of dark rocks upon that shore in the old Bay State, near which our boat had grated upon the harsh and pebbly sand, is before me at this moment: the hum of cheerful voices thrills upon my ear; and the glow of youth—youth,

sparkling youth that borders upon immortality, and is almost as free as it is from ache or care—again warms the old heart that loved thee in its better days, thou *Favorite of Nature!* I never thought that any idea connected with a pot of chowder; or as thou wert wont to explain the etymology of this uncouth word, a *chaudière;* styling it the best of those *ragoûts à la matelote,* which French culinary art has derived from the happy invention of the sailor.'

—

'O MARY! choice MARY! the hours,
Flower-footed, have flown like the light,
When, encompassed with joy at thy powers,
Three faces on each side shone bright!

'Three friends on each side, and no more:
The delight of my youth at the head:
I sigh—I believe I have said so before—
When I think what a table was spread.

'Thy cotelettes, thy matelotes, thy seal,
Thy curries, thy courses, though few,
How well-served, how well-timed, oh! I feel
The remembrance as poignant as true!

'CANOVA'S renowned DANZATRICE
Has the air that thy wood-cocks erst wore,
Her arm sheds the soft grace with which they
Their bills for their skewers then bore!

'How they lay, in their glory, on toast!
How close their nice feet, and yet free:
When smiled on, as they were by most,
I have thought that they smiled upon me!

'Then thy *star,* o'er a terrapin stew,
How it rose to the zenith of fame:
And thy soup, from the 'testudo,' too,
What an odor it gave to the name!

'How thy Mocha approached at the last:
While I write these few lines in thy praise,
A rich perfume it sheds o'er the past,
More delightful, more precious than bays.

'Oft heaves from my bosom the sigh,
Oft fixed is my gaze on the ground:
Come, give me my pipe, and I'll try
To banish my cares with the sound.'

In '*Some Thoughts on Color*' we have these reflections and reasonings upon the great difference which exists between the *originals* and the best *copies* of them which could by any possibility be presented to the world:

'IT is always a marvel, frequently an annoyance, and at times a grief to me, to hear persons—to whose judgment on other topics I would willingly defer—speak of good *copies* of paintings, as in their estimation, equal, or 'almost equal, to the originals themselves;' persons who have doubtless cherished with deep care, the hand-writing of some friend; the essay, perhaps, in which his opinions were developed and enforced; the letter that spoke his impassioned love; the lines of poetry in which his spirit yet breathes, and in the very characters of which his genius may perhaps be traced.

'All these, now that the power that sketched them is mouldering in its dust, are resorted to, like hid treasures; watched over; dwelt upon in solitude; spoken to; apostrophized—loved by the deep heart. Would they barter these relics of delight against nicely-printed *copies* of the same productions? The copies to be curiously bound and silver-gilt; the paper to be fresh and fair; the ink black, and the characters much clearer and more legible than in the original draft? Not for worlds! There is some latent, some mysterious, yet undeniable connection between these lifeless manuscripts and the beings whose affections seem even yet to haunt and hover around them; and

the pulse beats, and the blood gushes through the loyal heart, as it vibrates again to the well-remembered words, and half listens for the voice that might have uttered them.

'And now if this be the case with mere pen, ink, and paper—white paper and black ink—what becomes of it when the subject is a painting, in which the soul of the imperishable artist speaks its inmost graces of conception in the beau-idéal of form?—or in the varied wonders of expression?—or blossoms forth its affections into color? COLOR! that deep, mute eloquence of earth and heaven! that one remaining beauty of Eden! that earliest sensation of joy that the mourner can admit into a broken heart! That choice of GOD when HIS would decorate the sky with a promise of HIS love! That poetry, surpassing words! The soul's wealth, its element, its fountain of refreshment and joy!

'It has been my happiness, more than once, to have been, alone, in the studio of THORWALDSEN; and I have felt there, and elsewhere upon similar occasions, that the repose that pervaded it was occupied; the quiet that reigned there was a living quiet; it was a silence in which sensation lingered; a rich capacity of existence; an intense atmosphere of life waiting to be appropriated. I have been in that of one of our American artists, distinguished for his calm yet precious coloring, watching his efforts with rapt attention, when suddenly his pencil has shed the hue that relieved, at the same instant, his heart and my own; and joy has enveloped us, begirt us both at the same moment as with a sun-beam. There was a spiritual light around us, and although the silence was unbroken, I felt as if his soul had spoke to mine. If it had been the habit of our country, I could not but have embraced him as he stood, pallet, pencil, linen-jacket, and all!'

No one can peruse the following, which is taken from a rural sketch, entitled '*The Old Inn at Nampwich*,' without admitting and admiring the freshness of the picture:

'GENTLE reader, I will imagine thee for the first time seated near the small fire that has been kindled to remove the dampness, and air the parlor, in that charm of the traveller's life, an English Inn. No object about thee seems new, or of late acquisition. The furniture is any thing rather than of modern date; it has been thoroughly used, and admirably kept: every thing is in its place, and speaks its welcome: nice, tidy, prepared, quiet, cheery, comfortable.

'The fragrant tea is of thine own mixture: two spoonfuls of black to one of green: the sugar is a study of refinement: and the table is furnished with fresh cream: one more glance at the *Times* newspaper, and every thing has been noiselessly arranged. A cover is now lifted off, and in the deep well of a blue-edged plate, that contrasts beautifully with what it contains, is disclosed that dream of farinaceous enjoyment, the English Muffin. How it fills and gratifies the eye, as its snowy margin rests teeming upon the border of the dish, and yields to the gradual suffusion of pink that crowns its upmost surface! And, in the same degree how does its consistency change, from a rich, pulpy, fruit-like elasticity, into the most delicate and inviting crispness of resistance!

'It is cut into quarters, as the world was said to be divided when we were schoolboys: but the whole of this is thine own: ready-buttered for thee moreover with grass-fed butter through the plane of the horizon! Thou hast finished it? Thou hast drank thy nice tea, poured out for thee by the hands that are dearest to thee in the world? Thou hast 'lived and hast loved!'

'The waiter to whose noiseless foot-step we were indebted for the constant anticipation of every want during our repast, was a hale and erect person, turned of sixty; much inclined to be corpulent, if it had suited his vocation; with white hair nicely combed about a sleek and roseate face, white cravat, a scarlet plush waistcoat, well but carefully worn; drab coat and breeches; buckles at the knees; worsted stockings, and well-polished shoes, tied with strings of black ribbon. 'Hope that you found the saxton's house without difficulty, Sir?' 'Without the least, JOHN: your direction was so exact that we could not miss it.' 'Hope that the eggs are boiled to the lady's taste, Sir?' They could not be more so. JOHN gave another glance at the table, placed a small bell upon it, and vanished.

'To an American, accustomed from his earliest youth to a bustling and unrelaxed exertion both of body and mind, with hardly a thought of repose unconnected with a state of existence beyond the grave; or even of lèisure, without a sensation bordering upon contempt; a quiet breakfast in a still country town, and in a foreign land, is a novelty. We prolonged it for some time, but at last rang for JOHN, and ordered post-horses and the bill.'

'*The Heavenly Visitant*,' among other equally fervent and feeling lines, contains the following:

'All power of Heaven is Thine!
Long have I known Thy glorious Works, O Lord!
But them, not Thee, have worshipped and adored!
Now Thou, Thyself, art mine!

'Spirit of God! bright Guest!
God of the Bible! of my inmost heart!
God of my pardoned soul! — in every part
My Comforter, my Rest!

'Exceeding great Reward
Of Thine atoning Sacrificial Love!
How dost Thou raise my thoughts this world above,
Saviour, Deliverer, Guard!

'Such, such Thou art to me!
Lo! here, e'en here, within my inmost breast,
Reign Thou o'er all, and let me be Thy Guest,
And let me sup with Thee.'

Alas! it will be our good fortune no more to sit at the table of this true Christian Gentleman: and gone are many of the beloved guests whom we were wont to meet there. Henry Brevoort, that simple-mannered, genial, variously-accomplished, and most golden-hearted of men; the good Bishop Wainwright; these of them, among others, 'sleep in peace,' leaving behind them only love for the memory of the Past, and hope for the great Future upon which they have entered.

Gossip with Readers and Correspondents. — A good 'common-sense' and well-written sketch, by a correspondent whom we shall be right glad to hear from again:

''A very good thing is a dollar or two,' sang somebody once upon a time, enumerating feelingly the various conveniences attending the possession of that rather indefinite sum; almost as many as the losses curtain-lectured into the ear of the unfortunate Mr. Caudle by his spouse, when he had been rash enough to lend five pounds to a friend, without permission.

'Now, though I do not despise 'a dollar or two,' by any means, I feel constrained to say that I think it a very much better thing when multiplied an indefinite number of times. I am not alone in this opinion, as I find that every body wants a good deal of money just now; and I also find, as a consequence, that it is to be procured of nobody, who is prepared to furnish it in large or small quantities, on any terms.

'It is an extremely inconvenient thing to want money, even if it be only a little; and it is particularly so in going to market, for market-people are inexorable and have no bowels. Your credit may be good with your grocer and baker, and, as a matter of course, with your tailor; but it is worth nothing with market-people. They do n't understand book accounts, neither do they believe in slates, and they hold pass-books in disrespect. It is also inconvenient to forget (not being used to it) that you have *no* money, and then to get into an omnibus, and before you have ridden half a square, to remember it; or to stop at a restaurant for dinner, (having nothing but cold mutton at home,) and have a vision of your empty porte-monnaie gape suddenly before you while you are in the midst of giving the order; or to step into a cigar-store and buy a bundle of cheroots — supposing you were

extravagant enough to smoke them when you *had* money — oblivious of the collapsed state of your pocket, until you have lit one, and half taken out your pocket-book to pay for them; or to go into a strange church, and have a collection-plate thrust at you; not a decent mahogany box, with a hole in the top and a soft velvet lining inside, nor a deep bag at the end of a long pole, but a bare-faced, uncompromising plate, which shows every thing that is dropped upon it, and leaves no possibility of keeping up appearances — you and I would n't do such a thing, but we know some people who would — by quietly depositing an odd button in it. All these things are inconvenient, not to say embarrassing. You would n't mind them half so much, if you really had the money and had only forgotten to take it with you; that would be an over-sight which you could set right; but the other predicament has no right side to it; so that even a *little* money is a very excellent thing to have; not by any means to be 'sneezed at,' and not in the least dangerous to its possessor, wherein it differs from learning, which is poetically supposed to be dangerous in proportion to its minuteness. Learning is also said to be better than houses and lands, which are rather troublesome appendages when one has no money to keep them going and pay taxes; which brings me neatly to the second part of my subject, namely, the want of a great deal of money.

'To want a great deal of money, and to discover suddenly that you have none at all, is about as uncomfortable a state of things as can be imagined. For there is such a ridiculous disproportion between what you have to do, and what you have to do it with. You are taken up so very short, snubbed as it were in all your plans. You find all your calculations so terribly awry; engagements made that you can't meet; notes to take up, and nothing to take them up with; having to go backing and filling along the 'Barbary coast,' which has been for months past resounding with the

'Loud lament,
The cry of holders o'er their
Sunken stocks,'

urged on by a pleasant feeling, as if the notary was after you in full chase; to have your mortgages, that you supposed would rest quietly in the hands of the saving fund or insurance company until you were ready to pay them, peremptorily called in at three days' notice, sending you to one conveyancer's office after another to meet the same answer in all, 'No money to be had.' When I had written this, I stopped to read it to my wife, as I am in the habit of doing; she is a most industrious woman, and accomplishes the fabulous quantity of sewing which our little family of eleven small boys and three girls makes necessary, with an energy which fairly appals me, who am a quiet, easy-going individual, rather disposed to take it easy and let things take care of themselves pretty much. I mean to buy her a sewing-machine when times get a little better, so that somebody can lend me money enough to pay for one; for I believe Mr. Wilson's agents decline giving trust, except in very uncommon cases, and my case is a very common one indeed. My wife bears these interruptions very amiably, and on this occasion, she looked up from her work and listened attentively, until I had finished, and then remarked:

''Talking of wanting money, what was the cause of the panic last fall?'

''That, my dear,' said I, 'is a very comprehensive question, and not easily answered. There have been a great many solutions of it offered, each more lucid and satisfactory than the others; some of them, indeed, throw such a blaze of light upon the subject, that it is dimmed into entire invisibility by their radiance.'

And thereupon I proceeded to overwhelm her with an explanation of the laws of trade and those of demand and supply, the causes of the fluctuations of stocks, the operations of bulls and bears, etc., which I flatter myself I made as clear as such incomprehensible and unreliable things can be made.

'When I had got through, I paused to observe the effect, standing with my hands crossed behind me under the tail of my wrapper, as I am accustomed to do when I have been roused to make any remarks of unusual profundity.

'My wife, who had listened very patiently, did not seem as much overwhelmed as I thought she might have been, but answered quietly:

''Well, my dear, I think I can find a simpler answer to the question than the long one you've been giving; I don't understand all that about stocks and bills of credit and time-sales and bulls and bears — disagreeable creatures! — but *I* think the whole difficulty was caused by *the want of a great deal of money!*'

'Here was a practical, straight-forward solution for you! One that went right to the root of the matter, and brushed away the cloudy web of sophistries in which the question had been wrapped, as cleanly as a brush in her hands sweeps away a spider's web that has surreptitiously got into a corner of the parlor ceiling. I now offer it boldly and without fear of contradiction, as the only satisfactory solution of the great question, 'What caused the panic?' desiring that she should have the full credit of it.

'It was, I say, therefore, simply the result that followed from a good many people who supposed that they could command a great deal of money, finding themselves suddenly and unexpectedly disobeyed by it. That instead of money, they had only large expectations of it, which were to be realized out of something which depended upon something else, that was shored-up in turn by something that was to be successful in case some other speculation did not fail that was sure to succeed, provided that some dozen or two of additional bubbles that were tied fast to it and helped to keep it afloat, did not burst; a thing that was very possible, seeing they were all inflated to their utmost tension. Unfortunately, some of them did burst, and down came all the great rail-road balloons and the sugar-'plums,' exploding one after another, like a pack of crackers, and remorselessly setting fire to all the little private paper 'kites' which were fluttering around them, leaving nothing but the sticks to come rattling down on the heads of their holders. So the large expectations came to naught. They having come to naught, of course a great deal of conditional money came to naught with them, which produced a sudden want of a great deal of positive money; which produced the panic, Q. E. D.; also proving the fallacy of the arithmetical axiom, that naught added to naught, can produce nothing.

'To want money, is to be tied down to a desk in a dingy office, wearing out mind and soul in poring over musty parchments, or wading wearily through the endless verbosity of legal documents; to dance attendance in fusty court-rooms, when you want to be in the free air and the sun-shine; to work when you are tired and wake when you are sleepy; to wear your old coat when you ought to have a new one; to have your wife 'do up' her last year's bonnet, and make out with her four-years'-old cloak, while the children are kept decent in a way that nothing but a woman's ingenuity can explain. It is to be short in your rent, and in debt to your grocer; to have your mind never free from care and anxiety, but always in a fret and fever; it is to curdle the milk of human kindness, and make rancid the butter of amiability; to make the sound of 'market' discordant to the ear, and the sight of the baker's tally an abomination to the eye.

'It is bad enough to want money which you are willing to earn; but when it

comes to wanting money which you have fairly earned, and can't collect, then it becomes aggravating. There are plenty of men whom you would suppose to be in flourishing business, who are going behind-hand every day, just from this cause; men who bear themselves in public with unruffled faces and gay smiles, but whose hearts bitter care and anxiety, not for themselves, but for those dependent upon them, are slowly eating away.

'And now the moral of my Jeremiad is a great deal shorter than the Jeremiad itself; it is in three words: *Pay your Bills*, you who have the means, and do n't hoard your money, for fear somebody else may forget to pay his; and then, do n't make any more bills, but deal for cash, except in your large transactions, which are too heavy and dignified to be disposed of by any such summary process; so shall you give comfort to a great many people at a very cheap rate. For, with the money you pay to the grocer, he will pay the baker, who will pay the dry-goods-man, who will pay the coal-dealer, who will pay the butcher, who will pay the farmer, who will pay the country store-keeper, who will pay the wholesale dealer, who will pay his lawyer for managing that little suit, who will pay the doctor, who will pay somebody else, who will pay *you* that little bill that has been standing so long; and so it will go around, like a row of bricks stood on end, when the first one is tipped over; each one helping his neighbor on, and so benefiting all in turn, until the good deed comes back to where it started from, thus lightening a burden which is a great deal less grotesque in the feeling than it is in the telling.

'When I read the whole of this to my wife, she said it was a very good article indeed, (I have great confidence in her judgment,) and expressed her opinion exactly; only she said, I need not have told about the number of children; that was nobody's business but hers; but I knew that KNICKERBOCKER was fond of children, and would n't object to the number, so I concluded to leave it in.'

Let us hear from you again. - - - IT has of course been impossible not to have remarked the *Great Religious Awakening* which has pervaded, during the last two months, not only our Great Metropolis, but villages and towns adjacent, and also far-distant portions of 'the States.' The unanimity, the simultaneousness, of this great movement, has been remarkable: and we have seen no more brief, and at the same time more comprehensive *resumé* of the 'moving *why*,' than the following sentences from the '*Evening Post*' daily journal of our city:

'THE apparent absence of any immediate and special cause has been universally remarked. There have been no means used on the part of the clergy. On the contrary, laymen have been the leaders. *Young Men's Christian Associations*, recent and excellent organizations, have been most active in responding to the general interest in religion, by appointing the times and places of public meetings, and in conducting the exercises of daily worship. Controverted doctrines and dogmatic theology have been kept out of the meetings to an unprecedented degree. The 'turn or burn' dictum has given place to the 'new commandment.'

'The terrors of future punishment have not been held before the inquirer's mind, but rather the goodness of GOD, and HIS readiness to pardon the repentant. Instead of being driven, men have been persuaded to embrace Christianity. Even the secular press has been forced from its habitual and wise reticence in religious matters, and has aided by its publicity to spread the influence of the revival far and wide. The noon meetings for business men in all the large cities, interrupting the most pressing secular engagements, are highly indicative of the depth and sincerity, the breadth and strength of this tidal wave of religious emotion.' . . 'The converts have been numbered weekly by thousands, and in all our newspaper exchanges, extending from one end of the country to the other, we find no indications of any diminution of religious interest, but rather every mark of its steady increase, from the large cities, where it first originated, to the small cities and villages, and even to the sparsely-settled country towns. From Maine to California, every religious

and many a secular paper, is burdened with the same news; and even Great Britain is sharing the general interest in the necessity of an improved spiritual condition.' . . . 'A great moral degeneracy has been for several years past exhibited in almost every department of our national, political, mercantile, and social life. The delusion of Spiritualism then had its sweep, and following the climacteric of its strength came the great financial revulsion, from whose disastrous blows trade, commerce, and industry are still staggering.' . . . 'Even while pitying the miserable victims of a delusion which has sent hundreds to lunatic asylums, and made fanatics of many others whose sincerity, earnestness, and temperament were not such as to force them to that last extreme, it is possible to see, and consoling to recognize, even in that delusion, an indication of the revulsion of popular feeling from the deadness of spiritual life which had preceded it, and an earnest though misdirected struggle for communion with the spiritual world. The recent financial disasters, too, have turned men's thoughts from the greed of gain; and stagnation of trade has both afforded the opportunity and given the occasion for reflection upon higher and purer themes. Without denying or asserting an immediate interposition of Divine influence in the origin of this revival, it is at least easy to trace a direct sequence in the course of the events we have described, and to discover in those events the causes of a part, if not of the great part, of the present religious excitement.' . . . 'With every elevation of the whole people in knowledge and culture, (so long as refinement does not lapse into enervation, and culture is combined with moral integrity,) so will every new manifestation and awakening of the inner spiritual life be upon a higher plane, and be more enduring and beneficent in their results.

'God is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Periodicity in the influence and power of His Spirit, is the consequence of man's acceptance or rejection of it. To a perfect church, revivals would be impossible, for its unbroken law would be that entire and humble dependence upon God, which should be the unchanging and habitual condition of every human soul.'

These are well-expressed truths. - - - From 'Crockett, Texas,' our original correspondent sends '*The San Jacinto Battle*,' 'wrote by King D. D. Shiflett,' as before, with these remarks: 'By the inclosed, you will perceive that Mr. Shiflett, the commemorator of the death of 'Little Levi Calvert Dupree,' elated by the success which smiled upon that effort, has struck his harp-strings with a bolder and a freer hand. No doubt he now aspires to a national reputation; and with so genial an air as you can breathe upon him, there is no limit to his just expectations. Words of commendation, like charity, bless both the giver and the recipient.' And now to the 'pome:'

'Thursday, the twenty-first day of April,
Is long to be remembered by Texas;
For the battle of the San Jacinto;
'Twas in eighteen hundred and thirty-six,
That old, Sam lead the Texans to victory;
And reaped the laurels, and won the trophys,
Of the self-styled Napoleon of the West,
On the verdant plains of San Jacinto.

'Sam Houston commanded, the battle raged;
The twin sisters thundering destruction,
To invading heroes of Mexico:
Loudly roared the cannons of Texas;
Awful was the fate of Santa Anna!
Awful cry, 'Remember the Alamo!'
'Remember Goliad!' cried the Texans;
The Mexicans fled befour the Texans.

'General Sam Houston bravely pushed forward;
And thus received a wound, and shed his blood;
For the rights, and liberties of Texas.
Onward cried old Sam, forgetting his wound:
The Mexicans retreating in wild dismay,
And surrendered to their brave captors,
The Dictator and commander in chief
Of Mexico was finally taken.

'General Houston commanded the Texans,
On the beautiful Prairies of Texas;
Amid the gay blossoms and flowers of Spring;
And achieved for Texas, a noble sway,
Of independence, amongst the nations,
And states of every republic farm,
And honors, liberties, and patriotism,
To every surviving Texan heroe.'

'*Macte virtute*,' Mr. Shiftless! - - - The Brothers Harper have issued a *New Descriptive Catalogue* of their publications, with an Index, and Classified Table of Contents, which will be of great service to gentlemen in town or country, who may be desirous to form libraries, or enrich their literary collections. It comprises a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English Literature, and comprehends more than *two thousand volumes*, which are offered in most instances, at less than one-half the cost of similar

productions in England. Six cents in postage-stamps will secure its reception in any part of the Union. - - - Our mortification is extreme: our regret unbounded. *Why* did we not think, at the moment of penning the two introductory lines to '*Some Thoughts on Fancy Fairs*,' in our last number, that our hurried remarks were capable of misinterpretation? Echo answers: 'Why did n't you *do* it?' To which we respond, 'Mea culpa — mea culpa: mea *maxima* culpa!' — and 'throw ourselves upon the mercy of the court.' We have received the subjoined letter, addressed as follows:

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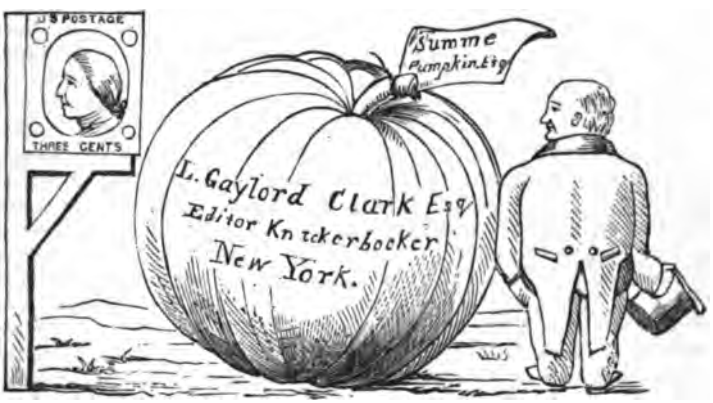

'*Mobile, March* 27, 1858.

'My dear Sir: Shucks and Goby were horticultural neighbors, and nurtured vegetables for amusement. Goby frequently produced meritorious pumpkins, for which great praise was awarded him. Shucks, emulous also of fame, tried his hand at pumpkins, and maturing one which was approbated by his neighbor, exhibited it to an 'Agricultural Committee,' who instantly voted it to be a genuine Goby, and by no means to be attributed to Shucks, saying that though indorsed by Goby, they should n't be surprised if

Goby himself 'had some little hand in it.' Thus the modest efforts of Shucks brought to him little credit,

and his cherished pumpkin, though good-naturedly indorsed by Goby, was not, in fact, up to the Gobian standard of excellence. Both, therefore, became malcontent — Shucks at the loss of his labor, and Goby at the damage to his reputation.

'Can the Knickerbocker find a moral in this, and apply it to the article on 'Fancy Fairs' in its April Number?

'Verily I am thine, C —— H. P ——,
'alias 'Borax.'

'L. Gaylord Clark, Esq., Ed. 'Knick.'"

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and many a secular paper, is burdened with the same news; and even Great Britain is sharing the general interest in the necessity of an improved spiritual condition.' . . . 'A great moral degeneracy has been for several years past exhibited in almost every department of our national, political, mercantile, and social life. The delusion of Spiritualism then had its sweep, and following the climacteric of its strength came the great financial revulsion, from whose disastrous blows trade, commerce, and industry are still staggering.' . . . 'Even while pitying the miserable victims of a delusion which has sent hundreds to lunatic asylums, and made fanatics of many others whose sincerity, earnestness, and temperament were not such as to force them to that last extreme, it is possible to see, and consoling to recognize, even in that delusion, an indication of the revulsion of popular feeling from the deadness of spiritual life which had preceded it, and an earnest though misdirected struggle for communion with the spiritual world. The recent financial disasters, too, have turned men's thoughts from the greed of gain; and stagnation of trade has both afforded the opportunity and given the occasion for reflection upon higher and purer themes. Without denying or asserting an immediate interposition of Divine influence in the origin of this revival, it is at least easy to trace a direct sequence in the course of the events we have described, and to discover in those events the causes of a part, if not of the great part, of the present religious excitement.' . . . 'With every elevation of the whole people in knowledge and culture, (so long as refinement does not lapse into enervation, and culture is combined with moral integrity,) so will every new manifestation and awakening of the inner spiritual life be upon a higher plane, and be more enduring and beneficent in their results.

'God is the same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Periodicity in the influence and power of His Spirit, is the consequence of man's acceptance or rejection of it. To a perfect church, revivals would be impossible, for its unbroken law would be that entire and humble dependence upon God, which should be the unchanging and habitual condition of every human soul.'

These are well-expressed truths. - - - From 'Crockett, Texas,' our original correspondent sends '*The San Jacinto Battle*,' 'wrote by King D. D. Shiflett,' as before, with these remarks: 'By the inclosed, you will perceive that Mr. Shiflett, the commemorator of the death of 'Little Levi Calvert Dupree,' elated by the success which smiled upon that effort, has struck his harp-strings with a bolder and a freer hand. No doubt he now aspires to a national reputation; and with so genial an air as you can breathe upon him, there is no limit to his just expectations. Words of commendation, like charity, bless both the giver and the recipient.' And now to the 'pome:'

'Thursday, the twenty-first day of April,
Is long to be remembered by Texas;
For the battle of the San Jacinto;
'Twas in eighteen hundred and thirty-six,
That old, Sam lead the Texans to victory;
And reaped the laurels, and won the trophys,
Of the self-styled Napoleon of the West,
On the verdant plains of San Jacinto.

'Sam Houston commanded, the battle raged;
The twin sisters thundering destruction,
To invading heroes of Mexico:
Loudly roared the cannons of Texas;
Awful was the fate of Santa Anna!
Awful cry, 'Remember the Alamo!'
'Remember Goliad!' cried the Texans;
The Mexicans fled befour the Texans.

'General Sam Houston bravely pushed forward;
And thus received a wound, and shed his blood;
For the rights, and liberties of Texas.
Onward cried old Sam, forgetting his wound:
The Mexicans retreating in wild dismay,
And surrendered to their brave capters,
The Dictator and commander in chief
Of Mexico was finally taken.

'General Houston commanded the Texans,
On the beautiful Prairies of Texas;
Amid the gay blossoms and flowers of Spring;
And achieved for Texas, a noble sway,
Of independence, amongst the nations,
And states of every republic farm,
And honors, liberties, and patriotism,
To every surviving Texan heroe.'

'*Macte virtute*,' Mr. Shiftless! - - - The Brothers Harper have issued a *New Descriptive Catalogue* of their publications, with an Index, and Classified Table of Contents, which will be of great service to gentlemen in town or country, who may be desirous to form libraries, or enrich their literary collections. It comprises a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English Literature, and comprehends more than *two thousand volumes*, which are offered in most instances, at less than one-half the cost of similar

productions in England. Six cents in postage-stamps will secure its reception in any part of the Union. - - - Our mortification is extreme: our regret unbounded. *Why* did we not think, at the moment of penning the two introductory lines to '*Some Thoughts on Fancy Fairs*,' in our last number, that our hurried remarks were capable of misinterpretation? Echo answers: 'Why did n't you *do* it?' To which we respond, 'Mea culpa — mea culpa: mea *maxima* culpa!' — and 'throw ourselves upon the mercy of the court.' We have received the subjoined letter, addressed as follows:

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Look at those drawings! - - - In a charming and picturesque valley in Pennsylvania, made memorable in the war of the Revolution, a fair young flower expands and bourgeons — the Rose of young Girlhood. She 'hath the dew of her youth.' From her unpractised pen, and untaught heart, proceeds the following: a wreath laid upon our pages by the welcome hand of an affectionate and admiring sister:

'Swearing, crowding, laughing, talking, down the streets of New-York rushed the ever-varying tide-stream of life. Gayly-dressed women, business men walking as if it was the last day of their life; feeless lawyers, half-starved doctors, ragged news-boys, little pale-faced children, young and old, rich and poor, all sweep on together. The evening sun is shining over all; its light falls like a blessing on the holy and the sinful, the happy and the broken-hearted, and it falls on that glittering carriage rolling swiftly down the street. The horses arch their necks with pride and their small feet scarcely deign to touch the ground; and the fat old coachman sat erect in stately dignity, looking neither to the right nor left; and the footman, in his gorgeous livery, with a face resembling the color of a dried herring, looks serenely down on the gaping crowd. In that carriage rides one of the potentates of the earth, one of the great bankers of New-York. Men gaze after the equipage in admiring awe, and every time the banker's broad, red face is seen at the window, hats fly off in every direction. Women smile, children stare, and beggars shrink into the corners before the glance of Dives. At length the carriage stops before a stately mansion in one of the avenues, and the triumph is at an end. The banker entered his home. There was no wife to welcome him there, he had never had such a foolish thing. There were no children to cluster round, he considered them nuisances; but there was a well-spread supper-table, for even great men eat sometimes. Having condescended to drink five cups of coffee, and eat a corresponding amount of ham, oysters, and cakes, he went into the entrance-hall of his splendid home. The straggling sun-beams crept into the room, and fell like flakes of golden hair on the marble floor. The banker hated the sight of golden hair ever since Winnifred Wayne's death. To be sure he made a speculation, a very good speculation, when his brother died and left his little daughter in his charge. Richard Wayne was a business man, and he would have coined money out of Winnifred's golden hair if he could, but still he did very well. Winnifred was precious in his sight, not because she was fair and lovely, but for the heap of gold those little waxen fingers had under their control. But Winnifred was dead now for ten long years; her golden hair had been coffin-dust. For ten long years the silence and mystery concerning her death had never been broken. This thought gave Richard Wayne great satisfaction, and with a smiling countenance he ordered his carriage and drove to the opera. It was really beautiful to see the enthusiasm with which he was received there. His friends loved the banker well, and for his sake, they loved all he had about him, even his yellow gold. But in spite of all this adulation, there were strange dark thoughts rising in his mind when he arrived at home. He grew paler and more troubled still when he passed up the broad stair-case and stood alone in the dark gallery. A window was open at one end, and below in the silent streets he heard only the ringing tread of the watchman, and it made him feel very lonely. He paused at the door of an empty room and looked in. It was a bright, cheerful room, with fine old pictures smiling on the walls, and white draperies flowing round the bed, and white roses blooming in the vases on the mantle. It was a clear moon-light night, and the stars, the holy, peaceful stars, shone as brightly

down on that snowy couch as when years ago a slight, pale form rested there. The little couch was empty now, but as he looked, a black coffin seemed to be growing there, and the moon-light seemed to be golden hair streaming over the pillow. Deadly pale, with great drops of sweat bursting from his brow, with strained eyes and clenched hands, he stood there, while the empty rooms yawned around him and the night-wind swept over him and the imaginary coffin rose before him. For a moment he stood thus, and then he turned and tottered feebly to his own apartment. Arrived there, he walked up and down, hour after hour, for he could not sleep. Ah! RICHARD WAYNE, with all your wealth and power, you cannot win happiness. Memories of past deeds are forever rising in your soul — strange, bitter memories, that will never rest till the stains of blood on the rusty knife in the old court-yard fade away forever. If that rusty knife could speak, it might tell a strange tale of a stormy night, a fair young child smiling on her murderer's breast, of a spirit passing, of blue eyes closing forever beneath its keen, sharp blade.'

Very *good*, little ROSE-BUD! - - - THE Philadelphia '*Daily Press*,' of the twenty-fifth of March, has on the outer column of its first page, the subjoined startling announcement: 'A butcher in Lancaster, in this State, has just made two sausages, one seventy-six feet nine inches long, weighing sixty-three pounds, and the other seventy-five feet two inches long, and weighing fifty-eight pounds.' People ought to be careful what they 'insert into' newspapers. Now this paragraph we read just as we were ruminating bedward, after reading thirty-six pages of proof, for the present KNICKERBOCKER. Time, say twelve o'clock at night, for it was n't five minutes short of that hour. What was the result? That unnecessary, preposterous sausage followed us to bed, squirmed after us in our sleep, chased us, tried to bite us, and we caught him just in time to stop him from doing it! - - - 'REAL ESTATE is going up,' in Jerusalem! Just think of such an expression, and yet it is in a foreign extract, now before us. A recent letter from Jerusalem to a Parisian journal, says:

'NUMEROUS caravans of Russian, Greek, and Armenian pilgrims have arrived here from different parts of Russia and Turkey. The Greek Patriarch is at the present time making extensive purchases of houses and land, both inside and outside the city. Russia is also making considerable purchases for the purpose of constructing religious establishments of different kinds. For some time past, the Greeks have been making use of all means to become sole or part proprietors of the ruins of the old habitation of the Knights of St. JOHN of Jerusalem, at a short distance from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre.'

But if this, in these days, is remarkable, how much more so is the following '*Picture in Little of Modern Jerusalem, or Scenes in its Neighborhood:*' doubtless from the same writer — certainly from the same journal? It is in sad contrast with the sacred 'City of the Great KING,' so eloquently described in our last Number. Here is a spirited sketch of a visit paid to the '*Gardens of Solomon:*'

'FIRST he visited the 'sealed fountains' — large subterranean reservoirs, wherein the waters springing from the mountains are collected, and whence the water is conducted to Jerusalem by pipes. At a short distance from the reservoirs are the celebrated gardens. They extend along a valley which runs from El Bourache to Bethlehem. It is the most charming spot in all Palestine. SOLOMON was a good judge in more senses than one. There are murmuring streams winding through verdant lawns; there are the choicest fruits and flowers, the hyacinth, the anemone, the fig-tree and the pine. Towering high above the garden, and contrasting grandly with its soft aspect, are the dark, precipitous rocks of the neighboring mountain, around whose summits vultures and eagles incessantly

scream and describe spiral circles in the air. The rare plants and flowers which the great enchanter of the East collected within these gardens were protected from the north wind by the mountain. Every gust of the south wind was loaded with perfumes. With the first breeze of Spring the fig-tree put forth its fruits and the vines began to blossom. It was, in the words of Scripture, 'a garden of delights. The vegetations of the north and the south were intermingled. One part of the garden was called the Walnut-tree-walk, (or, as the English Scripture translation has it, the Garden of Nuts,) another is the Bed of Spices.' The writer's guide was a well-educated Italian, who informed him that the Gardens of SOLOMON are now let to an Englishman. 'The present tenant,' he said, 'is Mr. GOLDSMITH, of the house of GOLDSMITH AND SON. He is under-draining the gardens of SOLOMON on the Yorkshire system. You will be astonished to see how successful he has been. Here is the house.'

'I perceived a bright brass knob shining in the centre of a small square of porcelain let into a white wall. Over this knob was the following superscription in the English language: 'Ring the bell.' This bell seemed to my imagination rather an anomaly in the gardens of SOLOMON — but that is a trifle. We did ring the bell, and we went in. The first thing that struck my eyes were red draining-pipes lying about, and bearing the mark of the manufacturers, SAMUEL AND COMPANY, Number 128 Strand. Mr. GOLDSMITH was draining that biblical valley, the dew of which was so often brushed away by the naked feet of the Shulamite. It was in the month of September. An American mowing-machine was cutting a second crop of artificial grass on the very spot where the daughters of Jerusalem gathered those lilies of the field, which were more beautiful than SOLOMON in all his glory. A patent reaping-machine was rapidly garnering the crop of that glebe in which the sisters of RUTH and the daughters of NAOMI were wont to glean. I asked to see SOLOMON's pavilion; but, alas! the cypress timbers and the cedar wainscoting had been taken down, and in their place there is a brick-built cottage, with roof of red and green tiles. The entrance-hall is whitewashed; there is a little parlor, with a Birmingham carpet, and a drawing-room papered with a red-bordered yellow paper, purchased in Paris, *Rue des Moineaux*. The chimney is Prussian, and the curtains are of Swiss muslin. Instead of the servants of the spouse, I found two nursery-maids, one from Paris, and the other from Florence. The slave who prepares the tents of cedar, is now called 'JOHN.' He has red whiskers, blacks his master's shoes, scrubs the floor every day, and varnishes it on Sundays; and if some romantic person should inquire, as I had the *naiveté* to do, about the dark Shulamite, he will be shown five sweet little English children, redolent of cold cream and Windsor soap, as fair as floss silk, with their hair in cork-screw curls, and wearing prunella boots, blue capes, and green parasols. The cinnamon-trees have been cut down for fire-wood, and the aromatic canes grubbed up, but the five little misses do crochet work under the shade of a *bon Chretien* pear-tree. Since the Eastern war, Mr. GOLDSMITH has obtained the custom of the Pasha of Jerusalem for vegetables. Last year he had seven crops of potatoes, thanks to his wonderful drainage.'

SOLOMON — English GOLDSMITH — Yorkshire potatoes! What a combination of the sacred names of the Past with the men and things of this busy Present! The account seems fabulous. - - - 'SEEING the SEA-SERPENT' has become nearly as common as 'seeing the ELEPHANT.' The last specimen of the former was 'sighted' by the captain of an English vessel, near the islands of the group of Tristan d'Acunha. It was a snaky-looking creature; was pursued, captured, taken in tow, (or hemp,) brought alongside, raised to the deck, examined. The monster was twenty-three feet long, covered with small barnacles, and myriads of splendidly-colored blue and crimson crabs; the super-structure being a huge cylinder-like rope, tapering at the end, of long-accumulating, combining, commingling, rock-fastening sea-weed! 'Rear-Admiral HAMILTON' may say what he pleases in the *London Times*, in refutation of the aforesaid captain's statement; but we can tell him that wiser philosophers than even himself have been deceived in such matters. Did n't HORACE GREELEY and 'Old KNICK' start on an even race — he upon a bound, like a kangaroo, and we close at his heels, 'husbanding our wind' — from the old yellow 'Mission-House' at the Straits of Mi-chi-li-mac-inack, one evening when the sun was low, shining levelly from the West — did n't *we* rush down to the shore, to behold the 'SARPENT' 'bound up' from the deep-blue Huron, which

'creature' from the piazza we had surveyed with a good glass for an hour, amidst doubt and various comment? '*Was* it The SERPENT?' It was not. It was simply a long, unbroken *wave-shadow*, softly-rising and gently-sinking, just as the loving sun was going over the distant Manitou-Islands, to die away in a halo of fading glory upon the broad bosom of Lake-Michigan. And such are the 'SEA-SERPENTS' of our great inland oceans. We had a horror of 'em *once:* but *now*, if we were to meet one of the most eminent of the 'sect,' in broad day-light, crawling slowly up the streets of Buffalo, 'speculatin' reōund,' we should just as lief stop and speak to him as not. - - - 'YOU made an inquiry in your March Number,' writes a Cincinnati friend, 'as to the author of the lines commencing:

> ''ONE eve of beauty when the sun
> Was on the banks of Guadalquiver.'

They are by a Spanish poet, by name MONTE MAYOR. I found the verses in *Catullus:* BOHN's Classical Library, page 87. I had seen them somewhere before, but can't recollect where.' - - - 'Do you know what a 'possum' is?' asks a Jacksonville (Florida) correspondent; 'if not, be it known to you that the 'possum' is in size like unto a 'woodchuck,' gray in color, feet like a squirrel, and color like unto a gray squirrel, but a tail long and like a rat's. Again, in this region, we have an animal similar to your gray squirrel, but a third larger, and color darker. With this preface, I'll tell a tale, as it was told me, and if not an old Joe, it is a good one. A party of Pat-ricians, who handle the shovel and the hoe on the railroad near here, went out for to hunt, and on their return brought in some fox squirrels, (the above-mentioned.) One 'broth of a boy,' however, had killed a 'possum,' an animal new to them. After several guesses as to the species, a wise one declared it was the 'ould feyther' of the squirrels; it being suggested by a doubter that the tail was bare, Pat quickly rejoined: 'It is his great age do you see, that has made him *bald!*' This proved a clincher, and the problem was solved satisfactorily to the sons of Erin, but the 'darkies' exploded incontinently.' - - IN the matter of '*True Scientific Melody*,' as contradistinguished from the representations of the eminent 'executioners' of the 'music' now generally in vogue, the writer of a pregnant *critique* in the '*New-Orleans Delta*' daily journal, has hit the nail square upon the head. Hear him:

> 'NEXT came a 'fantasia' from *Norma*, (my left-hand neighbor inquired of me where that town was situated,) by the miraculous THALBERG, who sat down to the piano as if he had made up his mind to polish off *Norma* to its heart's content; which he proceeded to do, and did do. It was thrashed out of that piano till the instrument quivered with rage: it was banged into it, jerked through it, and dragged over it, as it were, by the hair of the head, until the very wires groaned again. After being thus brayed into a mortar, 'so to speak,' *Norma* was taken gently, and led trippingly up the scale, as if walking on eggs, and there made to dance and frisk about like a fairy spirit, while a deep rumbling down among the base notes, showed a vivid remembrance of the violence which had just been done to their feelings.
>
> 'The sparkling melody then subsided into sadness, into mellowness, into melting sweetness, and then into almost an 'echo of soft silence,' at which time you might have heard a pin drop, (a rolling-pin, for example, had any body so far forgotten the proprieties of the occasion as to bring to such a place that useful culinary implement.) Suddenly recovering itself, the piece started off afresh, this time into hysterics, warbling incoherently like an insane cockatoo, the notes tumbling over one another like boys let out of school, each out-screaming the other, when finally gathering up all his energies, the performer suddenly finished by a stunning blow at all the keys together, which closed the business at once for that piece, and settled Mr. NORMA forever.'

THALBERG, of course, is not to be praised: how *could* he be? But to proceed: we were present at the first performance of VIEUXTEMPS in this country. That he is a master of his art, no one can, or probably would attempt to,

doubt: but a warm friend and admirer, like the writer of the following, might even do such an *artist* as 'VEWX TEMPS,' as he was popularly called, dis-service in such 'considerable encomiation onto him:'

'THE performance by VIEUXTEMPS of *Lucia* was so enthusiastically applauded as to bring him out again, and the audience fairly exploded when he commenced the national air of 'Yankee Doodle;' but silence was imposed at once by the ravishing notes with which that inspiring tune was rendered. It is difficult to conceive how this slender melody could have been arrayed in such an ample garb of splendor. Ingenuity must have been exhausted in devising the variations performed by this king of violinists. He played it 'low down,' and then high up on the E string—with all four parts at once—with the bow up against the bridge—without any bow at all; he played it backward and forward, and I believe sideways and crossways; began at the end and left off at the beginning; began at the middle and left off at both ends; then commenced at both ends and finished in the middle; twanged it like a guitar, growled it like a base-viol, ('A base violation of the time,' quoth my neighbor,) squeaked it like a fife, warbled it like a flute, and 'picked' it out like a banjo. It was 'Yankee Doodle' all the time, however: sometimes solus, like a boy whistling; anon as a duet, like a pair of harmonious cats; then again with all the 'variations,' all of which displayed and set off the original air as a multitudinous array of jewels adorns and enhances the beauty of the fair wearer.'

This matter has more in it than meets the eye. It is *not* a 'knavish,' but *is* a slavish 'piece of work.' You shall see anon: for 'A MASTER' in the art, (and he is *not* an 'ill bird that would foul his own nest;') not of our clime, and only speaking imperfectly our language; has given to us in detail the *modus-operandi* of '*Opera-Doings in America since the Days of Garcia.*' And the best of it is, there is not a musical artist or 'artisté' in New-York, at this moment, that could even 'guess his name!' They will probably know all about it by-and-by, however. - - - IT is *always* a pleasure to sail up and down the broad and picturesque Hudson, in a safe and pleasant steamer most especially in the summer-time. To us, it is doubly so now, since our favorite boat, the 'ISAAC P. SMITH,' has resumed her place upon the line, from Haverstraw, Rockland-Lake, Nyack, Piermont, Yonkers, and New-York, in the morning, and returning in the afternoon. She has not only 'renewed her strength,' in new boilers, and other safeguards, but she has 'enlarged her borders,' and 'beautified herself exceedingly.' In short, without going into particulars, the 'ISAAC P. SMITH' is now one of the most tastefully-decorated, spacious, and thorough-going steamers of her tonnage, that plies upon any of the rivers and surrounding waters of New-York. This tribute is *due* to the liberality and the enterprise of the Messrs. SMITH: but *another* meed of praise is due. Captain COCHRAN 'presides.' To those who have sailed on the 'Armenia' to Albany; who have been passengers on board '*The Smith*,' this simple announcement will be considered much more than common commendation. The simple *fact* is enough. - - - 'IT is related' unto us, that 'once upon a time, Judge Mc F——, of the Fifth District of a certain far-western State was listening to an attorney by the name of WOOD, who was making a boisterous, thundering, Buncome speech in an uncertain cause. We used to call WOOD 'Old TIMBER.' Well, just as 'Old TIMBER' commenced to 'swing out' well, warm up, and 'spread,' an old jackass (that was hitched near the court-room) gave a deafening blast from his vocal shells: 'Go it, 'Old TIMBER!'' said the Judge: 'there 's two of you now!'' - - - OUR friend, the '*Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*,' in '*The Atlantic*' Magazine, does any body know what that means—that '*Atlantic*' Magazine?'—any body out of BOSTON, let us add, because they know *there*, of course, what it means—con-

tinues his admirable papers in that promising monthly. In his person, we again pat our juvenile contemporary upon his five months' old occiput. Is that the right term, Doctor? If it is n't, make it sinciput, if that is any better. What we want is, do n't you see, to 'be right on the record?' See '*Congressional Globe*,' for 1829, and the reports of all the stupid speeches that have been made since that time. All the Buncome orators want to be 'right on the record.' But hear the 'AUTOCRAT.' No necessity of saying what he is *talking* about: you 'll find *that* out soon enough:

'EVERY person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted — with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

'There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas! if none is given with it!

'If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters over its doomed victim: *The Lord have mercy on your soul!* You will probably go mad within a reasonable time; or, if you are a man, run off and die with your head on a curb-stone, in Melbourne or San-Francisco; or, if you are a woman, quarrel and break your heart, or turn into a pale, jointed petrifaction that moves about as if it were alive, or play some real life-tragedy or other.

'Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semi-tones — touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as VIEUXTEMPS or THALBERG in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well — parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.

'You remember the old story of the tender-hearted man, who placed a frozen viper in his bosom, and was stung by it when it became thawed? If we take a cold-blooded creature into our bosom, better that it should sting us and we should die than that its chill should slowly steal into our hearts; warm it we never can! I have seen faces of women that were fair to look upon, yet one could see that the icicles were forming round these women's hearts. I knew what freezing image lay on the white breasts beneath the laces!

'A very simple *intellectual* mechanism answers the necessities of friendship, and even of the most intimate relations of life. If a watch tells us the hour and the minute, we can be content to carry it about with us for a life-time, though it has no second-hand, and is not a repeater, nor a musical watch — though it is not enamelled nor jewelled — in short, though it has little beyond the wheels required for a trustworthy instrument, added to a good face and a pair of useful hands. The more wheels there are in a watch or a brain, the more trouble they are to take care of. The movements of exaltation which belong to genius are egotistic by their very nature. A calm, clear mind, not subject to the spasms and crises that are so often met with in creative or intensely perceptive natures, is the best basis for love or friendship. Observe, I am talking about *minds*. I won't say, the more intellect, the less capacity for loving; for that would do wrong to the understanding and reason; but, on the other hand, that the brain often runs away with the heart's best blood, which gives the world a few pages of wisdom or sentiment or poetry, instead of making one other heart happy, I have no question.

'If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot or does not share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books. After all, if we think of it, most of the world's loves and friendships have been between people that could not read nor spell.

'But to radiate the heat of the affections into a clod, which absorbs all that is poured into it, but never warms beneath the sun-shine of smiles or the pressure of hand or lip; this is the great martyrdom of sensitive beings — most of all in that perpetual *auto de fé* where young womanhood is the sacrifice.

'You noticed, perhaps, what I just said about the loves and friendships of illiterate persons, that is, of the human race, with a few exceptions here and there. I like books: I was born and bred among them, and have the easy feeling, when I get into their presence, that a stable-boy has among horses. I don't think I undervalue them either as companions or as instructors. But I can't help remembering that the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men. The Hebrew patriarchs had small libraries, I think, if any; yet they represent to our imaginations a very complete idea of manhood, and, I think, if we could ask in ABRAHAM to dine with us men of letters next Saturday, we should feel honored by his company.

'What I wanted to say about books is this: that there are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

'I think a man must have a good opinion of himself, Sir, said the divinity student, who should feel himself above SHAKSPEARE at any time.

'My young friend, I replied, the man who is never conscious of any state of feeling or of intellectual effort entirely beyond expression by any form of words whatsoever, is a mere creature of language. I can hardly believe there are any such men. Why, think for a moment of the power of music. The nerves that make us alive to it spread out (so the Professor tells me) in the most sensitive region of the marrow, just where it is widening to run upward into the hemispheres. It has its seat in the region of sense rather than of thought. Yet it produces a continuous and, as it were, logical sequence of emotional and intellectual changes; but how different from trains of thought proper! how entirely beyond the reach of symbols! Think of human passions as compared with all phrases! Did you ever hear of a man's growing lean by the reading of '*Romeo and Juliet*,' or blowing his brains out because DESDEMONA was maligned? There are a good many symbols even, that are more expressive than words. I remember a young wife who had to part with her husband for a time. She did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned of a deep orange color with jaundice. A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences, namely, to waste away and die. When a man can *read*, his paroxysm of feeling is passing. When he can *read*, his thought has slackened its hold. You talk about reading SHAKSPEARE, using him as an expression for the highest intellect, and you wonder that any common person should be so presumptuous as to suppose his thought can rise above the text which lies before him. But think a moment. A child's reading of SHAKSPEARE is one thing, and COLERIDGE'S or SCHLEGEL'S reading of him is another. The saturation-point of each mind differs from that of every other. But I think it is as true for the small mind which can only take up a little as for the great one which takes up much, that the suggested trains of thought and feeling ought always to rise above — not the author, but the reader's mental version of the author, whoever he may be.

'*I always believed in life rather than in books.* I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births, with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the essences ever distilled.

'Do n't I read up various matters to talk about at this table or elsewhere? No: that is the last thing I would do. I will tell you my rule. Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber should n't be much used till they are seasoned.

'Physiologists and metaphysicians have had their attention turned a good deal of late to the automatic and involuntary actions of the mind. Put an idea into your intelligence and leave it there an hour, a day, a year, without ever having occasion to refer to it. When, at last, you return to it, you do not find it as it was when acquired. It has domiciliated itself, so to speak, become at home, entered into relations with your other thoughts, and integrated itself with the whole fabric of the mind. Or take a simple and familiar example. You forget a name, in conversation, go on talking, without making any effort to recall it, and presently the mind evolves it by its own involuntary and unconscious action, while you were pursuing another train of thought, and the name rises of itself to your lips.'

How 'matter-full' are these papers! - - - THE following friendly missive purports to come to us from '*Pochuck Mountains, New-Jersey.*' Where and what *are* the mountains of POCHUCK? Are they 'pretty steep?'—and were they named after 'old POCHUCK,' the original owner of the same? Likely as not: but 'want to *know*, you know:'

'ALTHOUGH quite 'out of the world,' we of the 'Jarseys' love to laugh as well as the most jovial of the 'great globe's inhabitants: so you may be sure that the KNICKERBOCKER has its full quota of readers in this vicinity. The region of country in which we live, although very pleasant, has the misfortune to be very little known in the great world; I doubt whether even you have ever heard of it before. So, partly to give you some little inkling of the existence of admirers of the KNICKERBOCKER here, and partly to communicate a specimen of Irish letter-writing, do I write. Our '*help*,' a buxom Irish girl, has a very devoted lover down East, who writes such 'lofty' letters to her, that they are entirely above her comprehension. We are obliged to translate each one into every-day language for her benefit. Such 'highfaluting!' What follows, is one of the letters copied verbatim:

''MY BELOVED BRIDGET: With feelings of the most profound respect and esteem, I respond the reception of your benevolent epistle, which I had the exultation of perusing on the seventh instant; and it has elevated my heart from the lowest depth of despair to the highest pinnacle of hope, to hear that you have diminished your poor health, and is now in salutary location, where your perfect health will be in augmentation, until you will be as you were before you have been affected with that fever, which I hope you have abolished.

''I calculate to leave off work on the twentieth of December, and to embark for Ireland: but I presume it is too expensive to come your way: and moreover than that, we would all be more sequestered by beholding each other than not.

''Give my best compliments to Uncle and Aunt SULLIVAN, and they two heroes, MIKE and PAT; and respond this letter with precipitation: do n't have me despondent of your reply.

''I must conclude by wishing your health may flourish in perfect and permanent felicity, is the wish of your true and constant lover, PATRICK O' DONOHUE.''

Almost equal to 'SAM,' our colored orator of Louisville, who so astounded us on one occasion. - - - WE ride sometimes: yet our main exercise is 'of a-foote:' 'four miles and a bittock,' every blessed day this past winter, save a brief space, when we 'caughtéd an cold,' (as a French neighbor of ours said the other day,) which kept us housed—in extremely pleasant weather, too, more 's the pity—for two or three days. We know what we missed: we might have been constrained, on our short daily pedestrian trip, to have waited for the wagon, and jumped in. Suppose the 'load' had been such as that described by an anonymous friend and welcome correspondent, (six or seven years ago,) now of the '*Wheeling*, (*Va.*) *Intelligencer?*' If we had been tired, we should have 'jumped in:' 'We saw yesterday going up toward the upper ferry, a team of four animals; a horse, a pony, a mule, and a bull. The horse had the heaves; the pony was blind; the mule was lame, and the bull had no provision for 'fly-time.' In the wagon, which was a shackling concern, there sat a white man, a crippled nigger, and a tame skunk, loosely bound with a wisp of straw. The white man held the lines; the team held its own; and the nigger held the skunk; and they all moved forward.' If *we* had been there, we should have 'held our breath for a time.' We

must have 'given out!' - - - It was remarked, if we remember rightly, by Mr. N. P. WILLIS, in the '*Home Journal*,' that upon returning to town, after a prolonged absence, he was struck with the ease, freedom, and pleasing variety of garments worn in Broadway, by gentlemen of the city; and this circumstance he traced to the extensive advantages presented by the better class of Ready-made Clothing Establishments. Nothing could be more true. Nor is it at all to be wondered at. Let any person, for example, enter the lofty, extensive, splendid marble establishment of Messrs. DEVLIN AND COMPANY, corner of Broadway and Warren-street, and the fact, and its cause, will be made doubly manifest. At all prices, (and, *ad valorem*, 'according to value, all reasonable,) may be found garments of every kind, of the best materials, English, French, and domestic, all made in the most faithful manner, and in the first style of excellence as regards 'fitness' to the person, and general elegance of style. Such establishments are public blessings, and we rejoice at their great success. Contrast, if you please, the times past, in respect of this matter, with times present; when your tailor told you *what* you must wear; how to *select* it from a pattern-card of pattern gentlemen, (intellectual creatures!) and *how* to wear it when selected. And *such* prices! It is not too much to say, that now the same garments, equally good, equally well-made, and equally tasteful, may be obtained for nearly less than half the money then demanded, and *paid*, too. - - - SOME English journal — we cannot now recall its name, although we should be glad to do so, for the reason of its discernment and feeling, as manifested in the number to which we now allude — once turned two pages of a popular work of DICKENS from prose into poetry: and nobler blank-verse could scarcely be constructed, by the most careful, thoughtful meditation. Let us, if you please, reverse this process, for the nonce, and reduce the noble opening hexameters of LONGFELLOW, to — *not* 'plain,' but most exquisitely poetical prose:

'THIS is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight, stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic; stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms. Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

'This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman? Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers: men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands, darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven? Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed! scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them afar o'er the ocean. Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

'Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient, ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion, list to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest; list to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

—

'IN the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward, giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number. Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant, shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows. West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and corn-fields spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended. There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the

Acadian village. Strongly-built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut, such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the HENRIES. Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting over the basement below, protected and shaded the door-way. There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sun-set lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys, matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens. Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them. Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens, hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome. Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of the village, columns of pale-blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending, rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment. Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers: dwelt in the love of GOD and of man. Alike were they free from fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics. Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows; but their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners; there the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

'Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas, BENEDICT BELLEFONTAINE, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household, gentle EVANGELINE lived, his child, and the pride of the village. Stalworth and stately in form was the man of seventy winters; hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snow-flakes; white as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves. Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers. Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the way-side; black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses! Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows. When in the harvest-heat she bore to the reapers at noon-tide flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden. Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them, down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal, wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings, brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom, handed down from mother to child, through long generations. But a celestial brightness — a more ethereal beauty — shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession, homeward serenely she walked with GOD's benediction upon her. When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music. Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea, and a shady sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it. Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a foot-path led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow. Under the sycamore-tree were hives, over-hung by a pent-house, such as the traveller sees in regions remote by the road-side, built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of MARY. Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses. Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farm-yard. There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique ploughs and the harrows; there were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio, strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the self-same voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent PETER. Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase, under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous corn-loft. There too the dove-cot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates murmuring ever of love: while above in the variant breezes numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

'Thus, at peace with GOD and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré lived on his sunny farm, and EVANGELINE governed his household. Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal, fixed his eyes upon her, as the saint of his deepest devotion; happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment! Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended, and as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her foot-steps, knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron; or at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village, bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance, as he whispered hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music. But, among all who came, young GABRIEL only was welcome; GABRIEL LAJEUNESSE, the son of BASIL the blacksmith, who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men; for since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations, has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people. BASIL was BENEDICT's friend. Their children, from earliest childhood, grew up together as brother and sister; and Father FELICIAN, priest and pedagogue both

in the village, had taught them their letters out of the self-same book, with the hymns of the church and the plain-song. But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed, swiftly they hurried away to the forge of BASIL the blacksmith. There at the door they stood, with wondering eyes to behold him take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a play-thing, nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cart-wheel lay like a fiery snake, coiled around in a circle of cinders. Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness, bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice, warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows; and as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes, merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel. Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle, down the hill-side bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow. Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters, seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone, which the swallow brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings; lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow! Thus passed a few swift years, and they no longer were children. He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning, gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action. She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman. 'Sun-shine of Saint EULALIE' was she called; for that was the sun-shine which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples; she, too, would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance, filling it full of love, and the ruddy faces of children.'

If that, in conception, and in *perfect* execution, is not the perfection of observation and delineation, pray tell us what is. You can *look* upon the scenes depicted, as upon a moving panorama. - - - Two 'Good Things' from a new and welcome friend in New-Hampshire: 'Perhaps a New-Hampshire item may not be disagreeable. A certain college President in this State, some years ago, on visiting his students familiarly, discovered an uncommon pile of suspicious bottles in the closet. The offender was summoned. 'JONES,' said the President, 'be seated. I observed, Sir, a large number of bottles in your room. Can you tell me their use?' 'Oh! yes, Sir; I brought several bottles of sweet cider from home!' 'Cider, eh? Well, young gentleman, I have known men of great respectability, who — who sometimes so far gave way to their passions as to — to drink gin, brandy, or even rum; but when a young man is so far lost as to — to be guzzling *sweet cider*, there is little hope for him. You can go, JONES.' JONES went, but the 'Theologs' complained the next morning of an unusual noise in JONES' room.' —— 'We furnished a President once. In the time of the California excitement, he and some others raised money to send an unfortunate friend to the land of gold, and secured themselves by an insurance on his life. E —— went, but the climate was unhealthy. He feared he was going to be sick, and hurried home, without waiting for his 'pile.' He, supposing all would be glad to see him, as he was rejoiced to be seen, rushed up to the law-office and presented himself. 'You see I 'm home — *safe*,' said he. 'You here, E ——? Why an't you in California?' 'Oh! it was sickly, and I was afraid.' 'Well, good gr-a-cious! you might at least have died!' - - - IF there be one sight in the world more supremely ridiculous — perhaps even more ridiculous than saddening — it is that of a voluble drunken man. Such an one we saw the other day. He was reclining on his elbow, within two feet of the end of a wharf, off from which, had he fallen, he would most assuredly have been drowned. Upon being spoken to, and asked 'What he was doing there?' he replied, in what sentimental novelists term 'broken accents,' '*None-o'your-bisnes:* wish to GOD I waz-an-Indian! — that 's all *I* hope! My uncle wanted me to go up to Round-Hampton, North-Hill brandy-and-water-cure office. Ha! ha! ho! ho! Ketch me at *that!* Miz'ble place — miz'ble!' 'Where do you live, and what

is your business?' 'I'm living *here*, just at present — ha! ha! ha! — and my biz'ness is a lawyer.' 'Do you practise?' Not-at-prezent: did last week: case of assault, with attempt to batter: got beat by a miz'able pet-*pet*-PETifogger!' Poor fellow! - - - THE 'CALLIOPE' has disappeared from the Hudson, thank fortune, some time since; but a friend writes us that the '*Steam-Organ*' takes wonderfully among the steam-craft of the 'Father of Waters,' as the ears of many a musical traveller can testify, and that, to his great discomfort and annoyance, and with regret that one has 'ears to hear' that most *odious* of melodious machines. Had LUTHER lived at the present day, he would be forced to 'qualify' his theory that, 'Music is the only art which can calm the agitation of the soul, and put the DEVIL to flight;' he would hear sounds which more readily conjure up the Satanic presence than allay 'the agitation of the soul;' as the following account of a recent occurrence will testify. Not long since, on a quiet Sabbath day, in a small village, (situated on one of the tributaries of the Mississippi, where the steam-organ had never been heard,) the good citizens were assembled in church, engaged in divine worship. In the midst of the sermon the hearers were startled by strange, unearthly sounds which filled the church, and which, in their alarmful surprise they imagined to be the 'last trump,' and, in their dismay, without pausing longer to listen, they rushed in terror from the church to hear — not that the 'Day of Judgment' had arrived — but, 'The other side of Jordan,' which the coming steamer was whistling in full blast!' Happily the '*Glen-Cove*' no longer vexes the smooth Tappaän-Zee. - - - OUR friend and correspondent, Col. JAMES W. WALL, of Burlington, (New-Jersey,) delivered recently in that pleasant and quiet city by the Delaware, a lecture upon '*Woman as She Ought to Be.*' We can well believe that it 'was received by a crowded hall with marked favor.' The two passing tributes to FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE and Dr. ELISHA KENT KANE, are certainly eloquent:

'FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE! — she who left a wealthy, happy home, with all its genial associations, and all its luxurious comforts; closing the door against those social attractions which her varied accomplishments enabled her so well to appreciate; going to a country, where every thing spoke of desolation, cruelty, and death; filling with the light of her beautiful presence the dark wards of Scutari's hospital; gliding like a ministering angel along the corridors of that asylum of suffering and pain; holding up the head, and bathing the death-damps from the brow of the agonized sufferers, as the glancing steel of the tired surgeon lopped off limb after limb, or probed the deep and tender recesses of nerves and muscles, where the vagrant bullet had buried itself out of sight!

'Surely, if there was bravery in dashing up the heights of the Alma, or breasting the wall of steel and fire against which that handful of brave English cavalry hurled itself at Balaklava, the fore-casting heroism, the self-sacrificing spirit and heavenly graces of this sweet lady, rank yet higher in all those qualities that adorn human nature, and almost 'lift a mortal to the skies.'"

THE allusion to Dr. KANE, although equally brief, is not less eloquent and effective. This passage, like the one which precedes it here, occurs near the close of the lecture:

'"T is in the dark mid-night of an Arctic winter, as he stands by the icy mounds that cover the remains of some of those whom he had left the comforts and endearments of home to rescue, while he pours out his grief, as his manly heart runs o'er with its own fulness — a heart which was as a lion's; brave, but still soft and gentle as that which beats within the heaving bosom of the tenderest of women. He sought the living, but he found the dead; and stricken with the fierce disease engendered by the hardships encountered in his own self-denying humanity, returns to die beneath the bright and glowing sky of the tropics; hearing the hymn of death, as it was borne

to him through an atmosphere fragrant with flowers, and watched over and tended by a mother's holiest love:

> 'STILL grasping in his hand of ice
> The banner with the HEART'S device '— HUMANITAS.
>
> 'THERE in the twilight soft and gray,
> Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
> And from the sky, serene and far,
> A voice fell, like a falling star '— HUMANITAS.'

An interesting original paper, from the pen of Col. WALL, upon the British Parliament, will be found in preceding pages of the present Number. He has used his eyes to some purpose, during his recent extensive travels in Europe. His paper will richly reward perusal. - - - WE have never done laughing, and likely as not we never shall, while we have the capacity of thinking, at that awful satire of CHARLES LAMB's upon a 'pompious' young ass, in the English Navy, who mainly monopolized the conversation at a hospitable table of a friend in Camden-Town, where LAMB was an honored guest. 'That is a most extraordinary circumstance which you mention,' said LAMB: 'I wonder he had not immediately ceased to exist.' 'Oh, no-o-o: not at all: a mere *bullet*-wound, do n't you see: but a ball — a *cannon*-ball, do n't you observe, is a different matter? Once, on the *Terrific-Johannesbull*, (478 gun-ship, ye kno',) there was a sailaw who mounted the swawouds: a bawl came, and took off his 'ands and harms: he d'wopped, of caws: but *w'ile* he was d'wopping, do n't ye see, there came *another* cannon-ball, which struck him abaäft, and took off both of his legs. It could n't possibly 'ave 'appened, you observe, in ten cases out of five, in the most te'wifick engagement.' 'Wonderful!' exclaimed LAMB: 'and you *saw* this yourself?' 'I saw it as plain (praps, on the 'ole, plainer) than what I see you at this mo-*ment!*' 'Ah! was the seaman saved? You say he dropped a ''elpless 'ulk into the hocean:' but was he hultimately saved?' 'Good GED, no? — harms gone — legs shot hoff, do n't you see? — 'ow could he s'vim? *Lost*, of course!' 'What a pity!' said LAMB, musingly: 'if that man had been saved, he *might hees become an ornament to Society!*' - - - ONE of our bowels became a little out of order the other day; and we sent down to RUSHTON AND ASPINWALL, north-east corner of the ASTOR-HOUSE, by our good and faithful SARVENT, ('JAKE' is his name, 'for short,') our 'express'-agent from the borders of the Tappain-Zee to the Metropolis; known of all men hereaway, and at least one woman, he having been married recently to a lovely young lady. They — we allude to the PILLS — came in a small tin tube — 'Yankee all over.' They came from Windham, Connecticut; to which now ancient town, in the Revolutionary times that tried men's fears, the frogs took up, one dismal night, in a single broad column, their croaking march. 'LEE's is 'an article of pill, as is A PILL: 'which nobody can deny!' - - - NEW-HAMPSHIRE must be fruitful in witty and satirical 'men of mark,' legal, clerical, and other. Here is another specimen:

> 'THOSE familiar with New-Hampshire legislation and legislators twenty years ago, well recollect 'Father BROWNSON,' 'Old BROWNSON,' or 'Daddy BROWNSON,' as he was variously styled by his friends, familiars, or detractors, as the case might be. Whoever saw him shuffling about in the time-worn white-wool hat, blue coat with brass buttons, bottle-green vest, and corduroy breeches, would have supposed

the 'member from Landaff' the legitimate subject for a joke — an illusion generally quickly dispelled to the cost of him who essayed the experiment.

'He was much annoyed, through one of the sessions, by the impertinence of a certain young sprig of divinity, to whom the favoring indulgence of a constituency in one of the Western towns had given a seat as representative. Father BROWNSON had withstood all temptation to reply to the many impertinences of his dinner-table and legislative associate till nearly the close of the session, when a discussion arose at dinner on the question, *whether there existed such a sentiment as a purely disinterested benevolence.*

'The clergyman, with some warmth, and at much length, argued that no benefit was ever conferred, unless those who conferred it did so with the expectation of a return for the act in some material good. The discussion, in various aspects, went round the table, till Father BROWNSON was called on for his opinion. He declared his full conviction that disinterested benevolence did exist, and, in proof, passed in review the arguments of those who preceded him. 'Take as an illustration,' said he in conclusion, 'my friend Rev. Mr. ——. Now I am informed that a certain religious society in W —— actually pay over to him six hundred dollars a year. If *that's* not disinterested benevolence, what *is* it?'

'Rev. Mr. W —— was missing at the 'application' of the 'discourse.'

—

THE general conception of death, it is contended by the Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, is vague and unreal; too much like the ancient poetic dreams of an Elysian land, and a Tartarean region; whereas it should be deemed but a necessary stage in the progress of being; a natural passage from the childhood to the maturity of our existence. We must change the form and mode of our existence, that we may exist in a higher sphere. The soul must drop its 'mortal coil,' that the now undeveloped, half-dormant powers that mysteriously sleep within it, may awake to their intellectual and immortal life. It may be as unconscious now of what it is hereafter to become, as the worm that crawls upon the earth is of rising to the air and light of heaven. The transformation may be as great, and as much more glorious, as intellect is more glorious than dark and blind instinct. In allusion to the departure of friends and kindred for another world, Mr. DEWEY remarks:

'WITH a firm confidence in the perpetuity of all pious and virtuous friendships, there is much, surely to mitigate the pain of a temporary separation. Let us remember, too, that we do submit to frequent separations in this life; that our friends wander from us over trackless waters, and to far distant continents, and that we are still happy in the assurance that they live. And though, by the same providence of GOD that has guarded them here, they are called to pass beyond the visible precincts of this present existence, let us feel that they still live. GOD's universe is not explored, when we have surveyed islands, and oceans, and the shores of earth's spreading continents. There are other regions, where the footsteps of the happy and immortal are treading the paths of life. Would we call them back to these abodes of infirmity and sin?

'It seems to us strange, it seems as if all were wrong, in a world where from the very constitution of things death must close every scene of human life, where it has reigned for ages over all generations, where the very air we breathe and the dust we tread upon was once animated life — it seems to us most strange and wrong, that this most common, necessary, expedient, and certain of all events, should bring such horror and desolation with it; that it should bring such tremendous agitation, as if it were some awful and unprecedented phenomenon; that it should be more than death — a shock, a catastrophe, a convulsion; as if nature, instead of holding on its steady course, were falling into irretrievable ruin.

'And that which is strange, is our strangeness to this event. Call sickness, call pain, an approach to death. Call the weariness and failure of the limbs and senses,

call decay, a dying. It is so; it is a gradual loosening of the cords of life, and a breaking up of its reservoirs and resources. So shall they all; one and another in succession, give way. 'I feel'—will the thoughtful man say—'I feel the pang of suffering, as it were piercing and cutting asunder, one by one, the fine and invisible bonds that hold me to the earth. I feel the gushing current of life within me to be wearing away its own channels. I feel the sharpness of every keen emotion, and of every acute and far-penetrating thought, as if it were shortening the moments of the soul's connection and conflict with the body.' So it is, and so it shall be, till at last, 'the silver cord is loosed, and the golden bowl is broken, and the pitcher is broken at the fountain, and the wheel is broken at the cistern, and the dust returns to the earth as it was, and the spirit returns unto God who gave it.'

'No; it is not a strange dispensation. Death is the fellow of all that is earthly; the friend of man alone. It is not an anomaly; it is not a monster in the creation. It is the law and the lot of nature:

> 'Not to thy eternal resting-place
> Shalt thou retire alone. . . .
> Thou shalt lie down
> With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
> The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
> Fair forms and hoary seers of ages past,
> All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
> Rocked-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales
> Stretching in pensive quietness between;
> The venerable woods, rivers that move
> In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
> That make the meadows green, and poured round all
> Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,
> Are but the solemn decorations all,
> Of the great tomb of man.'

'But of what is it the tomb? Does the spirit die? Do the blessed affections of the soul go down into the dark and silent grave? Oh! no. 'The narrow house, and pall, and breathless darkness, and funereal train,' these belong not to the soul. They proclaim only the body's dissolution. They but celebrate the vanishing away of the shadow of existence. Man does not die, though the forms of popular speech thus announce his exit. He does not die. We bury not our friend, but only the form, the vehicle in which for a time our friend lived. The cold impassive clay is not the friend, the parent, the child, the companion, the cherished being. No, it is not, blessed be God, that we can say, *It is not!* It is the material mould only that earth claims. It is 'dust' only that descends to 'dust.' The gravel! let us break its awful spell, its dread dominion. It is the place where man lays down his weakness, his infirmity, his diseases, and sorrows, that he may rise up to a new and glorious life. It is the place where man ceases—in all that is frail and decaying—ceases to be man, that he may become, in glory and blessedness, an angel of light!

'Why, then, should we fear death, save as the wicked fear, and must fear it? Why dread to lay down this frail body in its resting-place, and this weary, aching head on the pillow of its repose? Why tremble at this—that in the long sleep of the tomb, that body shall suffer disease no more, and pain no more, and hear no more the cries of want, nor the groans of distress—and, far retired from the turmoil of life, that violence and change shall pass nightly over it, and the elements shall beat and the storms shall howl unheard around its lowly bed? Say, ye aged and infirm! is it the greatest of evils to die? Say, ye children of care and toil! say, ye afflicted and tempted! is it the greatest of evils to die?

'Oh! no. Come the last hour, in God's good time!—and a well-spent life and a glorious hope shall make it welcome. Come the hour of release!—and affliction shall make it welcome. Come the hour of reünion with the loved and lost on earth! and the passionate yearnings of affection, and the strong aspirations of faith, shall bear us to their blessed land. Come death to this body!—this burdened, tempted, frail, failing, dying body!—and to the soul—thanks be to God who giveth us the victory!—to the soul come freedom, light, and joy unceasing! Come the immortal life! 'He that liveth,' saith the Conqueror over death, 'he that liveth and believeth in Me, shall never die!'

How do the skeptic doubts, and the thoughts of annihilation, which at times mingle with our apprehensions of death, melt away before such sublime views of mortality as these! Shall Man alone utterly cease to be, while in the 'great circle of eternal change, which is the life of Nature,' nothing is that wholly dies! 'The drop,' says that thoughtful observer, Carlyle, 'which thou shakest from thy wet hand, rests not where it falls, but to-morrow thou findest

it swept away. Already, on the wings of the north wind, it is nearing the tropic of Cancer. How came it to evaporate, and not lie motionless? Thinkest thou there is aught that God hath made, that is motionless, without force, and utterly dead?' - - - 'I TAKE the liberty,' recently writes a friend from the 'Illinois State Hospital for the Insane,' 'to send to you a letter received by an insane lady in this hospital from her little boy at home, six years of age. It has seemed to us, from the circumstances of the parties, an extremely touching expression of child-like affection.' And so *it is*, dear Sir: so every mother must consider it, and every other person, who is capable of appreciating a parent's feelings. The letter is genuine: coming to us with the post-mark, and in the child-like hand-writing of the dear little boy himself. We shall not attempt to punctuate it, or alter it so much as by a single word:

'*Galena March* 20*th* 1858

'DEAR MOTHER: Do write to me mother, and do come home by the time summer comes. Will you dear mother and I will gather you ever so many flowers, and every saturday will go out on the hills by the brewery where I know there are a great many flowers and I will pick them for you. I will bring home large bunches of them and you can pick out such as you like best and put them in your china vases, which have been on the mantle-piece where you used to Keep them ever since you left home. Then I have a little garden back of the house which has in it ribon grass, arons rod, violets, culumbine, and several other flowers, and you shall have them all if you will come home. And I have some strawberry plants and if they bear any berries I will give them all to you. Besides I want you to walk with me as you used to do. You will come wont you mother and you will write me and tell me when Father shall come and bring you home.

'Your loveing little NEWHALL.'

Poor little fellow! — unhappy mother! - - - 'NOT long ago,' we are given to understand, 'an attorney with considerable '*swell*,' but not much brains, came to C——, in Ohio, to 'locate.' One day when the post-office was full, awaiting the distribution of the mail, a half-witted fellow stepped up to him in the crowd, and said: 'Mr. S——, I am told you have come here to practise law.' 'Yes: I have.' 'Well, you will find it a first-rate location. I had n't lived here four months, before I was sued ten times!' 'Well, it seems to me I could live here four years without being sued at all.' 'I presume you could,' said our half-witted friend: 'people here are pretty darned smart: they do n't sue a fellow without he's good for the costs!' A 'loud smile,' which your New-York bloods would call a 'horse-laugh,' 'took' that crowd *verbatim*, and the 'law-limb' vanished. - - - IT is difficult to say whether the following reflects most upon the reverend PRESIDENT referred to, or to his 'victims,' from one of whom we receive it: 'The President of E——— College, in the south of New-York, is 'favorably known as an Amateur Artist,' and being not long since engaged on a large painting, a scene from Biblical History, he showed a rough sketch of it to two young ladies, saying: 'You, of course, recognize the story.' 'Oh! yes,' said one, 'is it not a group of Satyrs dancing around an oak?' The second suggested that it was a 'band of Druid priests worshipping around their sacred tree.' 'Oh! no,' calmly replied the reverend gentleman, 'it is the brethren of Joseph rendering up his torn coat to their father.' Words

cannot express his horrified amazement at the *heathenish* error into which of his flock had been betrayed.' - - - 'GUY LIVINGSTONE,' writes from Paris our friend and correspondent, CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED, (to whom it attributed it,) 'is the maiden effort of Mr. G. A. LAWRENCE. This much I know, and nothing more can I tell you. Publisher PARKER is as sparing of his words as if they were pearls and diamonds, like those of the damsel in the fairy tale. It is a great deal to have got the above out of him. I want you to tell me who MACE SLOPER is.' We *have*. - - - Now we know, and have long held, with the editor of the '*Bunkum Flag-Staff and Independent Echo*,' that 'EDICATION is the creōwnin glory of the United'n Statse'n.' At the same time, '*Edication*,' (so spelled in an essay under our eye at this moment,) is not readable material for a Magazine like the KNICKERBOCKER. So, at least, we think, and decide accordingly. '*On Edication*,' therefore, awaits the writer's requisition at the publication-office. He is a *sipid* contributor: the highest praise we can award. - - - 'I SEE,' writes a friend from Waterford, New-York, 'in the March Number of the '*Eclectic*' an article entitled '*The Chemist's Dream*,' credited to the '*Leisure Hour*,' which seems to me like an altered version of the original, published in your Magazine in April, 1845. If it appears the same to you, I presume you will not let it pass without an appropriate notice, at least, in behalf of the author, now in the distant land of Siam.' Our correspondent is entirely correct. The plagiarism is a gross one by an English magazine! - - - WE have received, and also duly returned, the political letters of our 'Arkansaw' friend, which he had sent to 'Emerson's Magazine.' We are still 'determined' — the same as before. The writer adds, 'I do cirtify that the above communication was formed and Written with myself, and no other man living had any Hand or agency in forming or writing it in which I can Cherfully swear too!' We have not the slightest doubt of their authenticity! - - - GENIN has hit the 'nail square on the head.' He 'publishes' no more quarterly hats, compelling the public to exhaust the whole 'edition.' He keeps for sale twelve different styles, native and imported, and every customer can select for himself. He says:

> 'I SEE no reason why the hatter should be permitted to put the heads of all his customers, portly and slim, short and tall, into a cylinder of precisely the same shape and height; with a flange or brim of precisely the same width and curl, merely because he has predetermined that such shall be his 'leading fashion' for the season. The like dictation would not be submitted to in affairs of much more trivial moment; and I cannot understand why despotism in dress, only more than despotism in other departments of social economy, should be tolerated in an independent community. If we were all *fac similes* of each other in features and form, it might be well enough, perhaps, that we should all wear hats of one shape; but as Providence has made no two of us alike, what can be more absurd than the idea of fitting thousands of heads with a covering which one man, in his egotism, of blind devotion to precedent, chooses to say shall be his specialty for the Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter? This is not all. The martinet of fashion, who thus lays down the law to his customers, and insists that they shall conform to it, is false to his own interests. Having issued his 'leading style,' his taste and genius — if he has any — may as well go to sleep for the season. He may have a bright after-thought, which quite throws into the shade his first design; but he cannot use it. The exclusive style bears the sway. His whole stock has been manufactured after one model, and he dare not introduce another, however meritorious, lest he should spoil the sale of his 'leader,' and injure his *prestige* as an indefatigable dictator of fashion.'

Now this is 'plain common-sense.' - - - THE present number was closed for the stereotypers on the sixth of April. On the evening of the fifth was held the *Pads Festival of the St. Nicholas Society*, at the St. NICHOLAS Hotel. It was a 'precious season,' as we can testify. A report of the proceedings, after mature deliberation, will appear in our next number.

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GIPSYING OVER THE WORLD.

'Gens immonde
D'un ancien monde.

THE ubiquity of the Gipsy race is one of the most astonishing of ethnographical phenomena. They pitch their tents on the southern slope of the Himalayas, and along the Indus and the Tigris. We have met them under the shady palm-trees of the Nile, among the mountains of Syria and Palestine, and in the shadow of the Acropolis of Athens. They are to be found in the streets of Jerusalem and Damascus, and are scattered thickly over Eastern Europe. Families of Gipsies have been seen in Siberia. They dwell among the swarthy tribes of Nubia, and mingle with the Turkomans of Independent Tartary, and with the Ilihans of Persia. In Italy, in Bohemia, in the rural districts of France and England, and especially in Hungary and the southern provinces of Spain, the traveller can hardly avoid coming in contact with numerous representatives of this singular people.* In all these lands, from the heaths of 'merrie England' to the distant shores of the Ganges, we behold an exhibition of the same rustic life, and meet the tawny children of a race scattered over the earth, as fallen leaves are scattered by the winds of autumn.

That the Gipsies should be so widely dispersed, is marvellous, but by no means so singular as that they should have preserved in so marked a manner their distinguishing characteristics. In the Occident and in the Orient, exposed to the chilly winds of the north, or basking in the sunny skies of the south, the Gipsies wear the same dress, speak the same language, and pursue in the main the same nomadic and precarious life, and this when the representatives of the race have been separated from each other by centuries, oceans, and continents. Neither time, climate, nor

* THE Gipsies are known by many different names in different parts of the world, and are supposed to number in all about five million souls.

example have exercised their usual influence upon them. The Gipsies of to-day, whether under the burning sun of Africa, or among the pale-faced children of the north, are essentially the same as their ancestors. They learn nothing from those among whom they live, and exist an unsocial and promiscuous multitude, floating among the fixed dwellings of civilization. Not one of the waves of immigration which have from time to time swept into Europe from Asia resembles that of the Gipsies. Their history is unique. Conquered provinces and cities have in turn imposed their customs upon the conquerors, but the children of this nomadic race have imposed nothing upon, have borrowed nothing from, the nations among whom they have encamped. Thus they exist, practically so far below the law as never to have been recognized save to feel the weight of persecution, exhibiting the strange phenomenon of a distinct people within a people, of a government within a government.

Dispersed more widely over the world than even the scattered remnants of Israel, they are ethnographically, wandering vagabonds; politically, democrats of the open air and good adventure; religiously, outward conformists to the faith of those among whom they move and have a temporary being, but thought to cherish at the same time a mysterious faith of their own. Holding themselves usually for Christians or Mohammedans, they are without Christian or Mohammedan worship; belonging to the great world, they are without worldly possessions; and making a pretence to patriarchal customs, they lead a vagrant life, telling fortunes where all are equally unfortunate, and begging where all are reduced to the condition of beggars.

Suddenly, as if fallen from the heavens, the Gipsies made their appearance in Europe at the beginning of the fifteenth century. They were strangers. Of their customs, language, and religion nothing was known. Whence they had come so mysteriously, or for what purpose, no one could surmise. Their number and appearance were such, indeed, as to excite the wonder of all, while in the minds of the superstitious, the advent of so remarkable a people was ominous of evils impending over mankind. There were those who believed that the bands of Gog and Magog had been let loose; and many foresaw in the arrival of the nomadic hordes the approaching overthrow of society, and the destruction of the world.

To the fair-skinned Europeans dwelling in towns and cities, how strange must have appeared the dusky tribes wandering in their midst! Two ages seemed to be brought together, and barbarism placed in strangest contrast with civilization. The bearing of the dark-haired strangers was bold and confident. Their lank and tawny limbs were wrapped in rags; their eyes were black and piercing, their speech gibberish. Having a Bedouin love of the open air, they despised nothing so much as the roof of a house, and were content to dwell in the gloomy caverns of the mountains, or in tents, through which they could look up to the shining stars.

Their manner of life was wretched even for that wretched age, when chimneys and glass-windows were unknown, and princes slept on piles of straw. Here to-day and there to-morrow, subsisting by theft and divination, such were the Gipsies when they first pitched their smoky camps in Europe, and such they have continued to the present day.

In 1417 Gipsy hordes appeared on the western coast of the Black Sea. A short time afterward many thousands of them had traversed Hungary, and were scattered over Germany, some having watered their worthless steeds in the crystal streams of the Alps, and others penetrated to the shore of the Baltic.

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The Gipsies represented themselves to be 'holy people from the land of Egypt.' Some of them said: 'We are Christian pilgrims, expiating, by voluntarily wandering over the earth seven years, the sins of our ancestors, who refused hospitality to the Virgin and the infant Jesus when they sought refuge in Egypt.' Others declared: 'We were once Christians, but having gone back to heathenish practices for seven years, when our country was overrun by the Saracens, have been condemned by the Pope to wander among the nations an equal length of time as pilgrims in tattered garments, suffered to sleep only on the naked earth. After seven years we shall again return to our country, and others then go forth as we have done, for it is only by this perpetual pilgrimage that the curse of Heaven can be removed.' Others, still, gave out, that as a just punishment for their sins, they had been driven from Egypt, and compelled to choose

'This frantic dress, and make the earth their bed.'

In the fifteenth century nothing was held more sacred or inviolable than the person of the pilgrim who journeyed in want and privation to some distant shrine. No one was deemed so holy as the devotee who had renounced the world for a life of sorrow and prayer. And what is more touching to look upon than the way-worn pilgrim in penitential garb? But here was a whole people doing penance for the sins of others, whose journeyings and fastings surpassed all that had been written in pious books, or sung in pilgrim ballads.

It is not surprising that by these professions the Gipsies obtained in many parts of Europe, the protection of both Church and State. Sigismond, Emperor of Germany, in view of their alleged misfortunes, gave them a free passport for his wide domains, and commended them to the good will and charity of his subjects. As a mark of extraordinary favor, it was stipulated therein that in case of crimes or disorderly conduct, the strangers should be judged and punished, not by the authorities of the kingdom, but by their own leader, whom they styled 'Duke Ladislaus.'

The Gipsies also claimed to have received a similar passport from the Pope. However that may be, they were almost every

where treated with marked indulgence. Their marvellous stories were generally believed. It was thought a Christian duty to alleviate as far as possible their sorrowful pilgrimage in Europe. Like the crazy or half-witted saints of the Mussulmans, the Gipsies were permitted to cheat and steal at pleasure. One of the old chroniclers states that it was considered a crime of the highest magnitude to offer any violence to the Egyptian pilgrims, who were allowed to rob on the highways and practise every species of imposition with impunity.

But when the mystery connected with the first appearance of the Gipsies had passed away, it was discovered, that so far from being Christian penitents, they were heathen, without any idea of Christianity, if indeed of any religion whatever.

In the year 1422 the government of Basle in Switzerland warned its good citizens against the Gipsies, describing them as 'most artful and cunning in all possible devices against the established rights of possession.'

'At church,' continues the proclamation, 'they take soap into the mouth and wound the nostrils with straws, in order to foam and bleed, as if subject to convulsions. They have ointments wherewith they give themselves the appearance of having fallen into the fire, or met with other accidents, out of which they pretend St. Nicholas has helped them. Strong fellows go about with long knives, as if they had killed somebody in self-defence, and, under pain of death, must raise a sum of money in a certain length of time. Females ask alms by St. Mary Magdalene, saying that they have been public women, but now wish to reform. They have a way of besmearing the face, so as to give themselves the appearance of having been sick a long time, but on making an ablution, it is all over. Blind persons also bind bloody pieces of cotton over the eyes, and say: 'We were merchants, and when travelling through a forest were plundered, had our eyes thrust out, and were left bound to a tree, from which condition we were at last relieved by good people passing by.' They conceal their clothes, besmear themselves with oil and nettle seeds, so as not to freeze, and sit naked and shivering before the churches, in order to induce people to give them clothing. Some of them carry chains, and rend their garments like lunatics and persons possessed of evil spirits. Others look learnedly into old books, which they hold before their eyes, pretending that they came from holy places a long way off, and will pray to St. John the Evangelist for any one who will give them alms.'

Down to the seventeenth century it was very generally believed that the Gipsies were of Egyptian origin. They were supposed, from the secret arts they practised, to be descendants of the sorcerers who imitated the miracles of Moses, and of the taskmasters who imposed heavy burdens upon the children of Israel. Their daughters danced like the Egyptian women at the feast of Bubostes and in the procession of Canopus. Griselini relates, that on entering a gipsy hut in Hungary, he was surprised to see a

mother feeding her son, who was suffering from a cutaneous disease, with the boiled flesh of a snake, in the same manner as the ancient Egyptians ate the flesh of serpents as the mildest and most effective remedy for elephantiasis. In another place he found a Gipsy woman hatching eggs in horse-dung, just as the Egyptians have done from the most ancient times. Joseph Scaliger believed the Gipsies to be Coptic Christians, and several writers have contended that when Sultan Selim conquered Egypt in 1517, many of the people refusing to submit to the Turkish yoke, fled from the country under a leader Zinganeus. Unfortunately for this theory, a century had already elapsed since the first appearance of the Gipsies in Europe. Their language was found to be unlike the Coptic, and their customs entirely different from those of the Egyptians. And we have seen bands of Gipsies seated under the palm-trees of the Nile, who regarded themselves and were regarded by others as strangers in the land of Egypt.

Whence then originated the marvellous stories of the Gipsies respecting their eastern origin? They could not have invented them, being an ignorant and unlettered multitude. It is not improbable that in their wanderings, many of the Gipsies had visited Egypt, but that was not their native land.

The Greek Christians of Eastern Europe, far more ignorant and superstitious than the Catholics of the west, must have been terrified at the sudden apparition of these barbarous Gipsy hordes. Seeking to explain so remarkable an occurrence by a reference to the Scriptures, they appear to have concluded at once that these mysterious strangers who came among them practising the eastern arts of magic and divination, were descendants of the people whose doom had been pronounced by the prophet Ezekiel. 'I will scatter the Egyptians among the nations, and will disperse them among the countries.' From them the Gipsies doubtless learned the stories of pilgrimage afterward repeated with so much success to the Christians of Western Europe.

Seven cities contended for the honor of being the birth-place of Homer. No country has claimed to be the native land of the Gipsies, but of the many conjectures as to their origin, a few of the most curious are worthy of notice. One author has regarded them as the primitive inhabitants of the earth; while another has supposed them to be an ancient nomadic people mentioned by Herodotus. By one theorist the mark of Cain has been found upon the dispersed children of Roma; by another, they have been looked upon as a medley of races. Herbelot imagines that the coast of Zanguebar is their mother country, and a distinguished writer thinks them to be descendants of the Ethiopians and Troglodytes. Thrace, Asia Minor, the Caucasus, Mesopotamia, and various other parts of Asia, have in turn been assigned to them as a birth-place.

In the middle of the fourteenth century a terrible plague desolated the world. It made its appearance in the remote Orient, and as it swept westward over the trembling and terror-stricken

nations, covered the earth with corpses. The elevated plains of Tartary, the palm-shaded banks of the Nile, the icy regions of the north—no part of the then known earth escaped the terrible visitation. The disease was of such unparalleled violence, that in many cases but a few minutes intervened between health and death. The garments, the touch, the breath of those attacked were sure to propagate the malady; and even the sounds of the voice and the glances of the eye were thought to convey infection.

Remarkable convulsions in the natural world preceded this almost universal calamity. From China to the Atlantic Ocean the earth was agitated by frequent earthquakes. Meteors flamed in the sky, volcanic mountains burned in fiery eruptions, the sea overran its limits, and fertile regions were for the first time visited by clouds of locusts in such vast numbers as to be covered with their dead bodies. Mysterious causes deranged the atmosphere, and endangered animal and vegetable life. Disease first fell upon the brute creation, as when avenging Apollo visited with plague the Greeks assembled before the battlements of Troy.

> 'On mules and dogs the infection first began,
> And last the vengeful arrows fixed in man.'

Famine succeeded plenty, and in Florence alone ninety thousand portions of food were daily distributed to the poor. In the fearful looking for of calamity the terrified imagination of the people both exaggerated the phenomena of the natural world, and derived evil omens from the world of spirits. Astrology was invoked, and malign influences were thought to descend from the stars. A grand conjunction of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn in the sign of Aquarius excited the fears of the superstitious, and it is declared that a pillar of fire stood for an hour over the Pope's palace at Avignon.

In China the plague is said to have swept away thirteen million victims. India was almost depopulated. The Kurds fled to the mountains, and to death. Caravans perished upon their lonely routes. At the solitary oases of the deserts, and in the caravansaries were to be seen only the heaps of unburied dead. Upon the Mediterranean, as upon the North Sea and the ocean, ships, whose crews had perished, were driven about by the winds and currents. Cyprus lost half its population, and in the short period of six weeks twenty thousands people died within the gates of Gaza.

The ravages of the plague in many portions of Europe were indescribable. In Vienna, it is asserted, that after the cemeteries had been filled, nearly a quarter of a million corpses were buried in trenches, over which now extends the principal street of that city. Of the inhabitants of England one-fourth perished. The Pope was obliged to bless the Rhone at Avignon, so that the dead might be thrown into it without delay. In Florence it was forbidden under a severe penalty to announce the number of the deceased; and Boccaccio speaks of the palaces depopulated, estates left without inheritors, and of the multitude of victims who 'after

dning heartily with their friends here, have supped with their departed friends in the other world.' We are reminded of the description by Sophocles, in the Œdipus Tyrannus, when amid incense, pæans and lamentations, he compares plague-stricken Thebes to a burning ship, tempest-driven upon the ocean:

> 'For see how terribly the city rocks,
> Storm-tossed; and can no longer raise her head
> From the deep billows of the bloody sea;
> Wasting with the green, withering fruits of earth
> Blasted before they burst their ripening husks;
> Wasting with browsing flocks that die around,
> And with the untimely monsters of the womb;
> And still the fiery god, the deadly pest,
> Incumbent, rides us down, whose direful strength
> Thins the old house of Cadmus; and black hell
> Grows rich upon our groans and mournful wails.'

All other maladies seemed to terminate in the plague, against whose violence neither flight nor the resources of medicine availed. In so terrible a calamity, all the relations of life were changed. Gold lost its value, beauty its charm, and the fountains of sympathy were dried up. Parents forsook their children, and children fled from their parents. By a strange law of human nature, in the midst of almost universal suffering and death, multitudes of men and women abandoned themselves to orgies worthy of Baccahanalian times.

How the plague of the fourteenth century came to be associated with the Gipsies, we shall presently discover. The Jews, it was observed, suffered less than the Christians. The cry arose that they had sworn to exterminate the Christian race, and for this purpose had poisoned the wells, and the very air. Like wild-fire the announcement ran through the States of Germany. The princes and high dignitaries, living upon money borrowed from the Jews, hastened to join the rabble in a persecution whose record makes humanity shudder. It was determined to annihilate the hated enemies of Christianity. Day and night blazed the funeral-piles; day and night labored the executioners. At Basle and Freiburg, all the Jews were burned alive, and 'at Mayence, they were roasted in such a fashion, that in Saint Quentin's church-tower, a fine bell and the lead round the windows were melted.'

Unfortunately, in Switzerland a well was actually found poisoned. And now there was no limit to the cruelties inflicted upon the unfortunate children of Israel. Driven from their homes, they were hunted in the forests and swamps, like wild beasts. Many escaped immediate death only to fall into the hands of merciless judges. Even Pope Clement VI did not raise his voice in behalf of the oppressed. No protestation, no plea of innocence, no deception availed; and all classes and conditions, from tender infancy to feeble age, were given up to this terrible persecution, which is said to have lasted half a century, and whose victims were numbered by myriads. Those of the Jews who escaped, took refuge in the recesses of the forests and the caves of the mountains, until the

name of the despised race was almost forgotten. In their reappearance, the writers of former times professed to have discovered the origin of Gipsies. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, the heresies of John Huss lighted the bloody torch of war in Europe, and the Christians were soon persecuting each other as zealously as they had hitherto pursued the descendants of Abraham. An auspicious time had arrived for the latter to leave their places of refuge. But how were they to appear before the world? Not as Jews, for that might induce another persecution. They elected chiefs, it is said, invented a rude jargon which could easily be mistaken for a foreign idiom, and went forth as wanderers over the earth, pretending that their ancestors had lived in Egypt, and that they had been driven from their home for refusing hospitality to the Virgin and her Son. For a livelihood they practised the secret arts of the ancient Egyptians. The house which they were invited to enter in their wanderings would never be burned; certain diseases, especially those produced by witchcraft, could be removed only by their mystic charms, and no eyes like theirs could read from the lines of the hand the secrets of the future.

It is contended, that after all danger of persecution had passed, many of the Jews returned to their former manner of life. Others, having acquired a taste for that nomadic existence which strives for the thoughtless enjoyment of to-day, and forgetfulness of the morrow, continued to practise vagrancy and divination. People of different race, loving the open air, the beautiful stars, and wild adventure, joined with them, until there was such a mingling of nationalities and religions, that, although the origin of the Gipsies was Jewish, their descendants have no idea either of their native land or of religion.

A belief has long prevailed in Eastern Europe, that the Gipsies are one of the lost tribes of the Jews. This must have had its origin in the many points of resemblance between the children of Roma and of Israel. Both are outcasts and strangers, and both, in contempt and persecution, have remained faithful to the instincts and traditions of their forefathers. Although speaking the idioms of those among whom they dwell, both have a distinct language; and while the Jews have preserved their religion with almost fanatical zeal, the Gipsies are thought by many to cherish a secret and mysterious faith of their own. Gipsies also bear a strong resemblance in figure, color, and mental characteristics, to the poorer class of Jews scattered over Europe, still leading a semi-nomadic life, and in filth and wretchedness surpassing all belief.

But there are points of difference between the two races, which prove them to be entirely distinct. The Jews have a history, to which they point with pride, as the most ancient and authentic in the world. Their progenitors were the favorites of Heaven, and the Patriarchs of the human race. The Gipsies know not who they are, or whence they came. 'As poor as a Gipsy,' and 'Rich as a Jew,' are comparisons which have obtained currency in many

countries. The Hebrew tongue is radically distinct from the jargon of the children of Roma. Many of the Jews are well educated, and nearly all of them profess a high regard for learning; while the Gipsies are unlettered, reading only the stars, and the mysterious lines of the hand. The religion of the Jews has caused their separation from the human family, and dispersion among the nations. With the Gipsies, this has been effected by their wretched manner of life, and that evil report which has consigned them to universal contempt and persecution.

In the Scandinavian countries, the Gipsies are known under the name of 'Tartars;' and the origin of the race has frequently been ascribed to that immense region south of Siberia, and between the Chinese Wall and the Caspian Sea, properly called 'the hive of nations.' There lived the ancestors of Attila, there was the home of the Huns, the Avars, and the Magyars. The convulsions of its barbarous hordes repeatedly shook the distant thrones of Asia, and when, from time to time, the volcano burst forth, the consuming waves of migration flowed over the continent of Europe:

> 'Orr o'er the trembling nations from afar,
> Has Scythia breathed the living cloud of war.'

There are, indeed, many points of resemblance between the Gipsies and the pastoral tribes of Tartary. Both alike cherish the customs of their forefathers, exhibit equal endurance in fatigue and hunger, and feed indifferently upon the flesh of animals that have been slain, or died of disease. Both are fond of horses, and where they encamp in their migrations, there is their home, their country. The Tartars, like the Gipsies, are too indolent to cultivate the earth, and too adventurous and roving in disposition to lead a stationary life.

When, in the thirteenth century, in full assembly on the plains of Tartary, the successful leader of a number of hordes was named Khan of Khans, or Zenghis Khan, it was not difficult for him to make the Tartar and Mogul hordes subservient to his ambitious designs. The crowns of Northern Asia were baubles in the estimation of the chief, who, on the same day, could feast upon roasted sheep and mare's milk, and distribute five hundred wagon-loads of gold and silver, as booty to soldiers. In a short period of conquest, that cost the world more than five million lives, Zenghis Khan extended his empire from Pekin to the banks of the Volga, and inflicted desolation which the labors of more than five centuries have not sufficed to repair.

Zundel, the name of a Gipsy chief, bears some resemblance to Zenghis; and those who give the Gipsies a Tartar origin, would have us believe that they are a branch of that numerous horde, which, under a successor of the Khan of Khans, pillaged Aleppo and Damascus, burned Moscow, and penetrated almost to the Baltic and the foot of the Alps. But the Gipsies are not Tartars. They are neither bold warriors, nor worshippers of the Grand Lama. They do not feed upon horse-flesh, while their language

and most of their customs differ widely from those of the Tartar shepherds.

For more than three centuries, the Gipsies had pitched their smoky tents in Europe; their number had there increased to over a million souls, and nearly every part of the civilized world had become familiar with the children of Roma; but the tawny race was still an unexplained mystery. The various names by which the Gipsies were known, their color, and manner of life, suggested an Eastern origin; but who they were, or whence they had come, no one had been able to determine.

Accident, however, effected what the most ingenious theories had failed to accomplish. About the middle of the seventeenth century, Stephen Voli, a Hungarian of the Reformed Church, was pursuing his studies at Leyden, where he happened to become acquainted with several young Malabarians, a number of whom are kept constantly at the university of that city. Having observed that their native language bore a striking affinity to that spoken by the Gipsies, he noted down more than a thousand words with their proper significations. Upon his return home, he was delighted to find the Hungarian Gipsies able to explain these words without trouble or hesitation. The dialect of the Malabarians is kindred to the Hindostanee, the spoken tongue of India. The Sanscrit, claimed by the Hindoos to be the language of the gods, and stamped on the ancient coins of many Oriental kingdoms, is the sacred language of the Brahmins, and bears the same relation to the Hindostanee as Latin to the modern Italian. Upon investigation, it was discovered that the Hindostanee and the native language of the Gipsies differed in no essential particular. In construction and form, they are evidently the same. Both make the inflections by the article, and in both, every substantive ending in *j* is feminine, all the rest being masculine. Who would expect to find the untutored children of Roma speaking an idiom derived directly from the venerable language of the Vedas and Shasters, a language 'more perfect in construction than the Greek, more copious than the Latin, and more exquisitely refined than either'? This fact alone determines the origin of the Gipsies; for, as Dr. Johnson remarks: 'The similitude and derivation of languages afford the most indubitable proof of the traduction of nations and the genealogy of mankind; they add often physical certainty to historical evidence of ancient migrations, and of the revolutions of ages which left no written monuments behind them.'

Other proofs are not wanting of the Indian origin of the Gipsies. On the banks of the Indus and the Ganges, wander bands of dark-eyed nomads, under the name of Bazeegurs and Nata, differing from the children of Roma scattered elsewhere over the world, only in the circumstance that they do not regard themselves, and are not regarded by others, as strangers in the land. Like them, in poverty and in joy, they sing and dance beneath the soft skies of India, and tell fortunes under her beautiful stars. They

have the same employments, lead the same manner of life, and are equally indifferent as to food, dress, and religion.

The following introductory stanza to a war-song of Raja Sai Sing, of Canauj, alludes to the dances of these people at an entertainment in the king's palace:

> 'When the female Gipsies danced in the hall,
> Exhibiting sly glances;
> The young musicians struck up,
> The ankle-bells jingled,
> The guitars sounded,
> And violins, accompanied
> By the tuneful tabor:
> Then the thirty-six rāgs resounded through the palace,
> Which, spread over with velvet carpets,
> Adorned with marble pillars,
> Was filled with noble chiefs.'

When, and for what reason, did the Gipsies emigrate from India? Fírdausi, in his Shāh-Nāmah gives an account of the introduction of the *Luri*, a people doubtless identical with the Gipsies, into Iran, from India, fourteen hundred years ago, in consequence of a request to Shankal, the Raja of that country.

'The king addressed letters to the priests of each province, inquiring who was distressed, and where the poor were afflicted; demanding of them every information relative to the state of his empire, that the same might be communicated to the royal heart. Each mobed, noble, and sage replied that the country was populous, and on every side thanksgivings were heard: the indigent alone complaining to his majesty of the hardness of the times; that the opulent drank wine, and ornamented their heads with chaplets of flowers, quaffing liquor to the sound of music, without reflecting on their poorer fellow-creatures. The king smiled at the complaint, and to remedy the privation complained of, dispatched an envoy with the following message to Shankal, king of Canauj: 'O prince! attentive to justice, the indigent classes here drink wine without music, a circumstance of which the wealthier cannot approve. Therefore, of the Luri (of India) choose for, and send to me ten thousand, male and female, who play upon the lute.'

'The Luri were accordingly sent to the Persian king, who assigned them an appropriate residence, and gave to each individual a cow and a donkey: he desired them to nominate a village chief, and bestowed also a thousand loads of wheat on such as were most deserving, to the end that, laboring with their kine and donkeys, they might reap in due season the seed of their wheat, and thus enable his poorer subjects to have their music gratuitously performed.

'The Luri departed, and heedlessly consuming all their wheat, as well as their cows, toward the end of the year were left shamefully destitute. The king rebuked them for their lavish conduct in wasting the corn, and neglecting to harvest any crop; and then dismissed them with an order, that, taking their donkeys, they should load them with their chattels, and support themselves by means of their songs and the strumming of their silken bows;

and that each year they should travel over the country, and sing for the amusement of the high and the low.

'The Luri, agreeably to this mandate, now wander about the world, seeking employment, associating with dogs and wolves, and thieving on the road by day and by night.'

History gives no account of the emigration of the Gipsies from India, at the time of their appearance in Europe. It is only recently that her Muse, the lover of kings, and courts, and armies, has deigned to regard the dwellers in huts and tents. A few bold and high-born individuals have filled her pages, while the pulsations of the great heart of humanity, the hopes, and joys, and sorrows of the mass of mankind, have been unheeded. The children of Roma have had no historian. An occasional poet, loving the natural and the truthful, in however humble a guise, has sung the charms of Gipsy life; and a few romancers, in the footsteps of the old minstrels, have chosen for their theme the adventures and vicissitudes of an existence in strongest contrast with that of civilized men.

That a great Exodus of the Gipsies from India took place at the close of the fourteenth century, is most probable, from the events then occurring in Asia. The overshadowing empire of Zenghis Khan had fallen to pieces at his death; but the genius and ambition of the Khan of Khans descended to a humble individual in a remote line of succession, as rivers sometimes flow beneath the earth's surface to reäppear in augmented torrents. There are but few Zenghis Khans and Napoleons in all history; and as Macedon alone could have produced an Alexander, and Rome a Cæsar, where but in Tartary should the world look for a Tamerlane?

As the clouds often assume the form of the hills and mountains over which they float, so the characters of great-minded and lofty-thoughted men are moulded by the accidents of Nature, and of the times in which they live. The philosophical historian will not find it difficult to trace a certain analogy between the characteristics of Tamerlane and the natural features of Tartary, a vast region of deserts, and of plains covered with ice, or the lava of extinct volcanoes, whose almost impenetrable forests are traversed by the pale rivers of the North, and whose valleys are the flattened summits of lofty mountains.

It was a fit maxim of the shepherd who became a ruler over more men than any other conqueror gathered under his sceptre, that 'He who wishes to embrace the bride of royalty, must kiss her across the edge of a sharp sword.' The history of Tamerlane furnishes more remarkable contrasts than that of any other person who ever lived. Lame of a hand and foot, he served as a common warrior from the age of twelve to twenty-five years, and at thirty-four ascended the throne of Zagatai. During the war of the Getae, before his accession to power, his adherents were reduced by death and flight to seven individuals; sixty-two days he passed in a loathsome dungeon, and for a time lived the life of a common vagrant.

Openly predicting that his dominion should comprise the habitable earth, Tamerlane extended his empire from the Great Wall of China to the centre of Russia; and assuming the title of the 'Lord of the Age and Conqueror of the World,' united in himself the sovereignties of twenty-seven countries, and represented nine several dynasties of kings. Though unable to read or write, he could repeat from memory the choicest pages of the Oriental poets, and it was his custom to speak with the trembling ambassadors of foreign powers in their native languages. The wealth of nations and the resources of genius were exhausted in adorning his capital, Samarkand — a lonely city in the wilds of Tartary — and the royal palace exhibited the strangest union of shepherd simplicity with Oriental magnificence. As a Mussulman, Tamerlane believed it his mission to exterminate idolatry, to build a mosque in every city, and establish true faith wherever he carried the sword.

India was then in a state of anarchy, and after many other conquests in Asia, Tamerlane proposed to invade that country. Some of the Emirs declared that such a campaign would entirely enervate the Tartar soldiers, while others spoke in feigned or real terror of the 'rivers! and the mountains! and deserts! and the soldiers clad in armor! and the elephants, destroyers of men!'

The invasion of India by Tamerlane in the year 1399, is one of the most remarkable campaigns in all history. While the Tartar hordes were crossing one of the chains of lofty mountains between the Jihoon and the Indus, called 'The Stony Girdles of the Earth,' the emperor was five times lowered down perpendicular precipices by means of scaffolds and ropes, one hundred and fifty cubits in length. He traversed the Punjaub in the footsteps of Alexander. From the place where Tamerlane crossed the Indus to Delhi, is six hundred miles; but the capital of Hindostan soon opened its gates to the conqueror, and the princes of India humbled themselves, though not without a struggle, at his feet. A desert, which had dismayed Alexander, could not check 'the Destroyer of Nations,' and a number of great victories gained on the banks of the Ganges completed the conquest of an empire.

Of the bloody circumstances attending this invasion, we are not minutely informed by history. But they were doubtless of such a kind as to expel from their native plains the tawny hordes which, only eighteen years afterward, appeared in Europe. Even the entire extermination of the heathen race of Roma would have been consistent with the cruel nature of Tamerlane, whose rule of conduct it was, never to regret and never to repent. 'You behold me,' he exclaimed to the prostrate inhabitants of Damascus, 'a poor, lame, decrepid mortal. I am not a man of blood, and God knows that in all my wars I have never been the aggressor.' Yet in his thirty-five campaigns, millions of men were sacrificed to his ambition. Terror was the chief instrument of his power, and the fear-stricken nations trembled at his acts of gigantic cruelty. It was his custom to erect within the walls of conquered cities vast pyramids of human heads; and these monuments of hideous grandeur were

multiplied throughout the Orient. In Georgia, seven hundred towns and villages were destroyed for a trifling fault imputed to the sovereign of that country. Two pyramids, each of one hundred thousand skulls, on the road to Delhi, and one of ninety thousand upon the ruins of Bagdad, gratified his inhuman cruelty. The cities of Asia Minor were sacked, and the inhabitants of Symrna delivered up to a general massacre. A few of his Moguls were struck down in the streets of Ispahan, and forthwith the heads of seventy thousand victims were piled up in the principal square of the city. It was a declaration of Tamerlane, that he would purify his soldiers in the blood of the idolaters of India; and there is no doubt that his conquest of the country and the attendant atrocities, caused a vast emigration of the Gipsies from their native plains.

THE LESSON OF MEMORY.

THERE 's a mound among the mountains, where Missisquoi's water flows,
Perfumed and guarded daily by the willow and the rose;
And nestling in its close embrace, there sleeps the form of one
Whom envious angels stole away when life was scarce begun.
There 's a city on the prairie, and amid its ceaseless din,
To daily toil a tired youth is passing out and in;
But his heart is with the sun-rise, where its earliest morning wave
Rests, with a golden glory, upon his darling's grave.

So with us all. The longing soul will leave the plodding feet
That gather dust and weariness on life's track-hardened street,
To tread the grassy grave-yard of the joys that TEMPUS slays,
And wander 'mid the monuments of its departed days.
The buds that partly glisten in to-morrow's doubtful light,
May wither, and be fragrantless, before the fall of night;
But the blessedness of yesterday is with us still to-day,
Locked with the treasure of the heart, and cannot fade away.

Then guard with sacred jealousy the few perennial flowers,
That graced the garden of the soul, in life's untainted hours:
And when the book of memory is opened to thy gaze,
That thou mayst read the history of half-forgotten days,
Pardon the briny rivulet that drops along the cheek:
The flesh obeys the spirit, and the record makes it weak.

As the bosom of the lake reflects the glory of the day,
When to the west the setting sun creeps stealthily away,
So all the brighter lights along the path of life were given,
As mirrors of our FATHER'S love, to show the blaze of Heaven.
Lo! where the gleam of former years shoots down the path ahead,
And lights with glorious radiance the forest of the dead!
Follow the golden thread of fire, that when at last you stand
Mid-way between the giant worlds that rise on either hand;
When in the darksome valley, you may lean upon the rod
And staff of our great COMFORTER, and gently go to GOD.

Burlington, Iowa.

Zelda.

A TALE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLONY.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

The wharf at which our emigrant-ship lay, presented a busy scene the morning after her arrival. There was none of the clamor that attends a similar spectacle at the present era, for the new-comers were English people, educated chiefly in the Puritan school, where quietude and gravity were head teachers. But heaped in endless confusion on deck, were boxes, barrels, and bales, chests, children, and chattels of every imaginable sort, with a due intermixture of women and servants; cattle were lowing in delight to snuff the land-breeze once more; men were engaged in anxious consultation with the magistrates who had come down to aid in allotting homes to their new allies; and there were tender meetings between friends whom the ocean had separated for long years: and there were shouting boys, and noisy fowls, and merry seamen.

As Zelda gazed on this moving multitude, apparently linked each to each by some common bond of sympathy, her spirit was overcome by a deep emotion of loneliness. America had been a fairy-land for her, whose enchanted ground could she but tread, she would find the friendship for which she was athirst. Perhaps, in the vividness of her imagination, she even expected some kind genius would welcome her to these shores, and cause her to realize her brightest dreams.

Through all the weeks of the prolonged passage, her poetic nature had been in the ascendant; she could have chanted verses to the moon and the stars and the bounding waters; could have rhapsodized in behalf of air and ocean; but what might be the end of her journey, what station in the new colony she was adapted to fill, it had not occurred to her to ask. I fear she was not practical.

She had consorted little with her fellow-travellers, nor had she responded with much warmth to the advances made by Dorcas, our friend of the Conventicle. True, there might not have been great congeniality in their tastes, though both were enthusiasts; for Zelda's ardor was more spiritual, shrinking from display, and kneeling in rapt devotion before the beautiful things of creation. But to the young Quakeress she was the impersonation of grace and romance, the fulfilment of her ideal, loved without a demand for return of affection.

This work-a-day *débût* into the plain Massachusetts colony, dispersed the illusions of the past; amid the rattling of cordage, upheaving of household goods, trampling of feet, issuing of orders that savored of any place but fairydom, sounds and sights such as

never entered the realms of fancy, Zelda perceived that she had come to a world of laborers. And all suddenly became prosaic, and with a violent revulsion of feeling, she sat down in a listless despair, wondering what evil spirit had led her thither.

There is an Oriental proverb to the intent, that we should hold the skirts of our mantles extended while it is raining gold, in order to have sufficiency when the precious shower ceases. Like many visionary souls, Zelda failed not to receive all the warmth and glory of life's poetic hours; but she dropped the corners of her mantle and lost the garnered treasure when the clouds of every-day vexations scudded across her rosy heavens. She was fully capable of great deeds, and had suitable occasion offered, would have proved herself a heroine; if time presented a large draft upon her courage or generosity, she could pay the bill at sight; but she had no small change at command.

The sun mounted to the zenith, stood for a moment on his high throne, then passed westward, yet Zelda remained in a hopeless trance.

Dorcas's activity had found occupation in restraining the exuberant spirits of her young brothers and sisters. She had cast many a bitter glance on herself, the deserted bride, and a sarcastic eye on the rugged shore to which Fate had brought her. She knew her faithless suitor was there, and though no love for him lurked in her heart, a deep scar remained, never to be healed on earth, through which the red-hot fires were ever darting an abiding pain in her breast.

Her face was somewhat changed. She was no less brilliant than when she listened to her mother's eloquence among the crags of Dorsetshire; but a scornful curve deformed her lips; a light that was more darkness than light, gleamed in her eyes; and she held her proud head as if she defied the world: only when looking on Zelda, her countenance softened, and the old expression came back.

As the day waned, a home was provided, just on the border of the city, for Mistress Hutchinson, whither, with characteristic energy, she resolved at once to remove; and when they were about departing, Dorcas turned to Zelda, whom she had no intention of leaving behind.

'Zelda, they have found us an abode. Art thou ready? See! my mother hastens us!'

The lonely one slowly raised her eyes to the speaker's face; the warm color returned to her cheeks, and she sprang lightly up, but afterward hesitated, saying sadly: 'I may not be welcome in your home.'

Dorcas made no other reply than to place an arm around her, and draw her silently onward; so they left the ship together to try their destiny in the new habitation.

At the front door of the house where they were speedily domiciled, was a deep porch, and there on that first evening, the maidens seated themselves, listening to the whisperings of the

wind among pine leaves, breathing the perfumed air, and watching Twilight while she helped Night array herself in her heavy robes of state.

Dorcas drew a corner of her companion's mantle over her own neck, and Zelda laid a hand on the sober-colored Quaker dress.

Near the horizon was a range of clouds through whose vapory fabric the heat-lightnings ran incessantly, soft and playful as even the lightnings are sometimes. Below was a forest stretching far away, and to the right lay the ocean with its hedging 'circle of mist.' For a time neither spoke, and the occasional call of some bird in the woodland, was the only sound of animal life.

'Supposest thou,' asked Dorcas, and her tone seemed strangely stern, 'supposest thou its mate answers to the cry of yonder bird?'

'There is no need,' said Zelda, 'for the utterance of the one would also be that of the other, since the same thought must possess the souls of the loving; and therefore when one has spoken, nothing remains for its mate to reveal.'

A smile passed over Dorcas's face. 'Where hast thou spent thy life to discourse such words, earnestly as if thou didst believe them true?'

'I have lived in my own heart,' replied Zelda.

'Yea, doubtless,' pursued the Quakeress, 'for hadst thou mingled with the world, thou wouldst have learned a different lesson. Let us draw back into the shadow; people are coming hither.'

As they retired, some of the town's folk came slowly toward the door, and passed into the room where the prophetess was meditating on the great work she had crossed the sea to perform. Perhaps, among all the hopes lying wrecked on the American shores, is none whose advent was with more dauntless courage, more fervid zeal, or firmer faith than that convoyed by the ill-fated Mrs. Hutchinson. Persecuted in her own country, she heard of a land which had for its watch-word, 'Liberty;' disgusted by modes of tyranny, strengthened from generation to generation, until they had become firm as rocky ribs of the Alps, she read of laws more lenient, of customs yet unformed, of a nation still in plastic infancy, on which skilful hands might make lasting impressions. She would hasten to this empire of freedom where the human mind might yet be emancipated from its thraldom. She would labor for the exaltation of her own sex, would demonstrate that to 'chronicle small beer' was *not* the whole duty of woman; in short, she had a mission to perform.

Without doubt she was possessed of brilliant genius, but misnaming it inspiration, delivered herself wholly to its guidance; and genius is only an *ignis fatuus.*

On this very night, instead of gossiping about the affairs of the dear old country, her voyage and fellow-travellers, with the kind-hearted neighbors who came to welcome her, she launched at once into abstruse subjects of revelation, law and gospel. Had her tone been soft and persuasive, she might then have won the gentle Icelander for a convert; but her loud voice and controversial speech

fell so discordantly on Zelda's spirit, that she was fain to hasten from its sound, and laying her head caressingly on Dorcas's breast for one instant, she then flew forth with a speed that made pursuit a useless task.

But though Zelda failed to appreciate the inspiration of her hostess, there were those present whose hearts so glowed at her words that they returned again and again, to hearken delighted to her instructions. The women of the colony thronged to her house, while in vain ministers forbade, or magistrates threatened. She obtained, in no very long period of time, so great ascendency over the minds of her hearers, that not content to ask humbly of their husbands what they should believe, they discussed weighty matters of conscience with an independence as exciting as it was novel.

The lords of creation at length became alarmed for their rights, and took up weapons of defence; but her single arm defied them all, and well nigh bore away the victory. Not a learned doctor was found who could follow the tangled skein of theological controversy with so clear an eye, or who had so quick a sense to discern betwixt reality and its semblance; while instead of sealing truth in technicalities, like a butterfly in a chrysalis, she gave it the use of its wings, permitting it to soar in its loveliness before the common people.

Shunning the increasing crowds and daily lectures, Zelda turned to Nature's charms. She penetrated the woods fearless as their native rangers, scaled the heights with light steps, and tracing rivers far back from the ocean, bared her feet to their waves. In primeval forests, where only the squirrel or fox might hear, she sang songs of Iceland; and there, too, unchidden, she entered wigwams of the Indian, sitting, as by right, beside his fire.

Sometimes she tarried at the river-side, or margin of the brook, and leaning her sibylline head on her arm, murmured, in poetic measure, words from the vocabulary of her native island; then tears would darken her lashes, and the color deepen in her cheeks, till at length she would pour forth the excitement of her soul to the wandering winds.

Occasionally Dorcas shared her rambles, but Zelda's course was erratic—now to the right, then to the left; now climbing the steepest crags in chase of hare-bells, nodding to her from their tops; again fording the streams, or plunging into gorges after Dorcas knew not what.

It therefore came to pass that she most frequently went forth without a companion, straying whither her fancy prompted. Yet she was less alone than she supposed; for one youth in the town, of step fleet as her own, and tastes equally at variance with colonial customs, followed her devious path with zeal worthy a more scientific occasion.

Indeed, from the moment of her moon-light arrival in the harbor, Mark Phillips' heart had beaten very irregularly, his dreams were disturbed, and his discourse was often quite incoherent. Nannie perceived also, that his sense of taste was failing, and that

he could not distinguish between fish, flesh, and fowl. Many a head-ache did she inflict upon herself by preparing dainty dishes to tempt his appetite, which niceties perhaps, after all her trouble, he would not be prevailed upon to try; for he was so etherealized that even those preparations which in the eating melt away to a mere delicious flavor, seemed very solid food in comparison with the smiles, and sighs, and gushing songs, he banqueted on of late.

It would sometimes occur to the good minister that Mark had conceived a sudden passion for hunting; and once or twice he had wondered why his son should uniformly return empty-handed, when game was certainly plenty in the woods. But withdrawing to his study, he would enter the groves of biblical learning, and while charmed by the sacred birds that warbled there in strains 'almost divine,' he would cease to remember the affairs of common life, and leave 'the lad' to his own guidance.

And it came to pass that Mark gained almost as intimate acquaintance with Zelda's thoughts as she herself possessed, for sitting beside the running waters, she would discourse to them of every thing that filled her heart, never dreaming her confidence could be betrayed; she told the river the strange stories of her birth; she whispered of her mermaid mother, of the loneliness of her life, of the mournful presentiments over-hanging her young spirit.

It always seemed to him that she was accompanied wherever she moved by a touching melody, in the half-heard tone of which joy and sorrow were commingled; and this music coming up the water's course, swept onward beneath the forest, filling all the place with its sound. Of course this could never have been, but because in the presence of a loved one the senses are more delicately attuned, he now first rightly received the harmony forever surging wave after wave, through the great universe.

At first it was a curious study to sit unseen beside another heart, counting its pulsations and watching its hidden springs. But Mark had come too near, quite within the shadow; for soon her presentiments of sorrow and darkness were present to his waking and sleeping hours. He remembered how Wendall had said she was marked out for some sad fate, and he tormented himself with every variety of misery recorded from days of Eden downward, even beginning to speculate whether she might not partake the blood of a race different from mankind, and through her mixed nature be subject to unheard-of ills. Were she wholly of ocean lineage, she could not have been more unlike the colonial women in her style of thought or action. No storm detained her from the open country; she flew forth in the midst of showers, as if she had, indeed, some affinity with the falling drops, watching the swift lightnings, or listening to the crashing thunder with keen delight.

The old question constantly recurred, 'Who could she be?' While ever his soul bowed more lowly in her presence, and desired more eagerly to shield her from impending harm.

Had Zelda been like the maidens around her, she must have

divined why her path was so often crossed by the young hunter; why, if the stream ran too deep, a strong arm was sure to place her in safety; if the blossoms grew too high, a well-known hand brought them within reach; or why, if she was at a loss to find the homeward way from the thicket, a friendly voice never failed to guide her. But her nature was too deeply engrossed by the scenes around, and too much occupied with bright fancies for thought of herself, or curiosity regarding the motives of her comrade, to find place.

And thus, while week succeeded to week, their friendship grew apace by the mossy banks of the Mystic, or on the heights of neighboring hills; till Mark inwardly vowed to win the heart of Zelda, even though mystery and sorrow might enwrap her existence, believing her affection should be a double recompense for any evil time could inflict.

In these solitary rambles, known only to themselves, they talked of life as it was, and as they in the exuberance of their imaginations would fain have made it; of follies and foibles of humanity; of friendship; and, as they knew each other better, of aspirations never breathed before; they even discoursed of loftier themes, of duty and immortality. Zelda would relate tales of Iceland, and Mark, in return, read the rapt pages of Homer to one noble as Andromache, and heroic as Hector.

Mind is much like the flint-stone—alone, it lies cold and dormant, but brought in contact with its fellows, it forthwith sends out a thousand sparks of wit and wisdom. Thus did it prove with those of whom we tell, roving hour by hour through the greenwood, delighted at the new brilliancy of their ideas, enchanted with their congeniality of temper.

There was no need they should speak in words the love which was becoming a part of their existence; for, sitting silent on the hill-tops, heart had answered to heart, gaze had responded to gaze, till there remained no secret for speech to impart; and when he would have given utterance to his thoughts, she laid her hand on his lips, saying: 'Nay, Mark, not now; let us *dream* a little longer, for thou knowest reality is ever bitter.'

'Zelda,' he began one day, 'Zelda, we have never talked of love.'

She answered, 'I would rather thou didst read to me from thy Iliad; thou hast it by thee?'

'Not so, I will speak of love. Thou canst not prevail against my *will*, Zelda.'

The color mounted warm to her brow. 'If that must indeed be the theme, I will make for thee an impromptu.'

'I will hearken to thee, gladly, Zelda.'

'Once on a time, then, Friendship, Memory, and Hope wandered, hand in hand, along a garden path. Friendship walked between the others, and her hair floated now upon the white shoulders of Hope, now upon the drooping head of Memory; for Memory was telling of beautiful ones she had seen to fade

from that garden in other days; therefore was her head bent in sadness.

'And in the dark eyes of Friendship came holy drops of sympathy. But Hope shook a flood of bright ringlets from her face, and fluttering a pair of wings that sprung from the dimpled shoulders I told you of, spake on this wise: 'Memory, thou dost ever discourse of things charming to hear; nevertheless, thy talk hath the sadness of moon-set. Tell not of the lovely dead, but rather let us create one more fair than hath ever graced the earth,' and her eyes danced gleefully.

''Ah! let us make a peerless one,' answered Friendship, 'then shall Memory forget the past.'

'But Memory sighed forth: 'The lovely things are departed; there remaineth none of which we may make a creature all perfect.'

'Then Hope reached out her little hand, and lo! on its surface lay a tear, fallen from the cheek of Friendship, and she said in triumph: 'We will make of this crystal drop our child of beauty!'

'So they all gave laughing consent, and touched the sparkling tear with their wands, and pronounced magic words which no mortal, I ween, might repeat, till the drop grew, and changed, and stood before them a child in form, so faultless that even Memory had never seen its rival.

'Hope had bestowed its golden locks and its rosy lips; Friendship had granted its winning smile, and its soft eyes, and its pliant form; but Memory had little part in the fair child. 'Hast thou no gift?' asked Hope.

'Then Memory bent over the boy and kissed his brow, and a blush, swift and warm, tinged his cheeks with the hue of a damask rose.

'So Hope and Friendship shouted in joy: 'Thou hast crowned our work with perfection! He will take captive every heart, and we will call our child of beauty, Love.'

'Just then Apollo passed through the sky with his horses of light, and beholding the new-made boy, drew an arrow of flame from his quiver. 'Behold I complete your labor,' said he, 'receive, O Love! a heart of fire.'

'And as the God of Day passed on, warm and wild beat the heart of Love.'

'Thy legend, dear Zelda, is truth, for Love indeed unites the joy, the tenderness, the beauty, of Hope, Memory, and Friendship, and has beside a warmth more ardent than Apollo's beams — cherishest thou such for me?'

There have been minds of wonderfully delicate structure, before whose gaze the avenue of Time would sometimes open, partially revealing in the perspective, events to come. It is a grant little to be envied, and dispensed with a more chary hand than even the gift of poesy; and those to whom it is decreed, know not at what electric touch the latent power will awake.

Such a mind was Zelda's. And now raising her finger, that Mark might keep silent, she seemed to be scanning something beyond his ken, while tears fell upon her pale face.

'Mark,' she finally said, in a voice scarcely audible, 'the vision is fled; never, never, may such another rise before me! Thou and I indeed loved, and were one; but the bridal was sorrow, and its feast was death. I know not whether *thou* or *I* shall be the victim; but, O Mark! it was fearful!'

'Yet wilt thou accept this doom of sorrow to share with me? It is much to ask; only of *thee*, Zelda, could I demand it.'

She mournfully unbound her long tresses, permitting them to float around her, while she answered: 'Time has no agony I would refuse at thy hand; no pain I would shrink from enduring with thee, else I did not love thee. But they have said my mother was a daughter of the ocean; and by these gold-green masses, I fear they have rightly affirmed. I will not link thy life with a fate so sad — darkness behind, and death before. Do thou depart.'

'Zelda, thou hast revealed nothing unknown to me, and thinkest thou I would leave *thee* to danger *I* feared to encounter, or shrink from thy side because death awaited us? Though the past and future be joyless, let us brim the present with happiness.'

'Art thou certain, dear Mark, my love will outweigh the miseries thou mayest endure? I saw but the journey's end, and that dimly through my tears, yet did it seem just at hand, for we were unchanged.'

'Believest thou me less strong to endure than thyself? I will *never* leave thee; even thus I claim thee for mine own.' He clasped her to his breast, nor did she seek release, and looking up at last, she smiled through her tears:

'Now for the knowledge of thy love, I will gladly suffer all things; far dearer is this than to bask idly in the sun-shine of prosperity. I would not exchange my lot, save for thy dear sake; nor even for thee, because thou, also, canst nobly strive with fate.'

Slowly at evening they took their homeward way, clinging to each other with a true faith, a courageous love, which made them more to be envied than many another pledging life-long indifference within stately mansions.

Ah! only they who hold the cup of sorrow firmly to their lips, can learn how sweet is mingled with bitter; how the 'wine of life' sends up through black depths its most intoxicating draughts; how the highest joys a heart can know play like the lightning over the storm-cloud alone.

ON A PORTRAIT.

How like is this picture! — you'd think that it breathes:
What life, what expression, what spirit!
It wants but a tongue! 'Alas!' said the spouse,
'That want is its principal merit.'

THE DESERTED SHIP.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

Drifting slow — not a sail:
Drifting slow — not a light,
Glides a ship 'neath the silent sky.
'Ship ahoy!' rings the hail,
'Ship ahoy!' through the night,
Comes no voice as she wanders by.

'Ship ahoy — whither bound?'
But the waves far and near
Flow on not more voiceless than she.
Yet again — still no sound
From her decks greets the ear:
Deserted, she drifts o'er the sea.

Drifting slow — all alone,
O'er the wide ocean plain,
Through the mid-summer night's still noon,
And her masts, dimly shown,
With the swell of the main,
Sadly swing 'neath the mid-night moon.

Where are those, glad and gay
As the winds, who but now,
Full of hope, on their voyage sailed out;
When the waves all the day
Gently kissed thy proud bow,
And the summer winds wantoned about?

Do they sleep, cold and pale,
In the never-still sea,
'Mid coral groves down 'neath the waves;
Doth the voice of the gale,
As it sweeps wild and free,
Chant a dirge o'er their unmarked graves?

They are gone, all, all gone:
How, or where, who can tell?
She 's floating all lifeless and dark,
And no bright, purple dawn
Can the gloom e'er dispel
That shrouds yonder lone, voiceless bark.

Evermore — all alone,
Till the waves claim their prey,
She shall drift through the night, morn, and noon,
While her masts, tall and lone,
Still shall swing, night and day,
Sad as now 'neath the mid-night moon.

Saint Paul, March, 1858.

PLATONIC AFFECTION:

A FEW LEAVES FROM MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

BY THE PROFESSOR.

It is Sunday: the rain is drearily weeping down from the cold gray clouds, and plashing dully on the pavement. My wife has gone to church, for she is one of those any-weather Christians, which can seldom be found now-a-days, and are only to be seen in their original purity in some good old New-England village, whose habits have not yet followed our worldly city example. The children are taking their afternoon nap, and I have availed myself of the quietness of the hour, to look up old letters, read and ponder on the sad and sweet memories they bring back to me, and pore over musty journals. There is something so melancholy in these sad relics of our younger days, that we hesitate to bring them forth in bright, cheerful seasons, but wait until some such gloomy foggy day as this, to add with strange perversity to our already weather-tortured hearts, an overflow of sadness. In an old diary, (one of those self-torturing day-books, whose accounts never get posted,) I find under date November tenth, 184–, some ten years back, the following entry:

'There are periods in life, gloomy and disheartening, when all our hopes, all our aspirations, all our desires for greatness and virtue, are cast back in our faces by some sad record of past evil. I have just seen Annie; but, O God! how have I seen her? Passing through Leonard-street at dusk yesterday, my attention was attracted by a female figure dressed in black; she stood under cover of an awning, and leaning against the wall, was apparently trying to shelter herself from the dismal, cold rain, that poured down in torrents, and plashed drearily at her feet. A presentiment of something nearly touching my own life, forced me to pause and note her movements. I stopped in a door-way opposite, and was musing on the sad life of this poor girl, her past happiness perhaps, her lost position, and her present miserable condition, when suddenly she sprang forward, and with a slight scream, sought to make her way toward the river, utterly regardless, as it seemed, of the still beating rain, that cut my face as I rapidly followed her. On, on she rushed down to the crossing, over to the other side, through the mud; on, on again, down the next street, with a fierce rapidity that terrified me. She reached the pier, and I also close behind her, for I could not rid myself of the powerful impulse that seemed to urge me forward in spite of myself, and against which it was vain to struggle. Down the pier she hastened, and at length paused near the edge. I sheltered myself behind some cotton-bales, within a few feet of her; near enough to save her, if, as I

expected, she meditated self-destruction; but quite hidden from her sight. It was a dreary, wild scene: the rain still flooded cheerlessly down. Over-head, dull, heavy masses of jet-black clouds flitted uneasily along, like evil spirits chased by their own consciences. Close by my side, the cold waters surged against the pier; heavy ships, black and shapeless, heaved their weird forms in ghastly measure upon the sight; while out on the river, an occasional lamp, attached to some vessel anchored near by, glimmered fitfully through the damp mist, increasing the gloominess of the spectacle. For a moment, she looked out upon the waters; then, throwing herself upon the cold wet ground, she wept and moaned in a paroxysm of utter misery. I could bear it no longer; stepping quickly to her side, I took her gently by the arm, and spoke to her. She raised her head, and by the light of a lamp that gleamed from a post at the end of the pier, I saw her face quite plainly.

'It was Annie.

'She did not know me, thank God! I spoke gently to her, and begged her to go with me. She looked in my face a moment, and then casting a glance over the edge, she rose, and said simply: 'I will go with you.' I walked on a few paces, when she said, 'I have dropped my shawl,' (which was true,) and left me to get it; I waited a moment, when suddenly a wild scream rang upon the air, and a plash in the water told the tale. I called loudly for help, and sprang to the side of the pier. A small boat was fortunately there moored to a vessel, and followed by several of the river-police, and others whom my cries had summoned, I leaped into it, and pushed off into the darkness. One of the men had brought with him a dark-lantern, and with it we searched long but fruitlessly; a word had sufficed to tell my story; for alas! it was no new one, and now we moved silently on. At length, after what seemed to me an age of torture, the lantern revealed to us a black mass floating by; we grasped it as it passed, and lifted it tenderly into the boat. It was indeed Annie, quite dead. The wet clothes clung to her limbs; her soft brown hair, matted and disheveled, shaded her poor white face. Yet her features looked as beautiful as when I first knew her. The long years that had made such sad havoc with her heart, had kindly spared her face, that her friend might know her, and lay her where her tired head could find the rest it had so long, so wearily sought. I made all arrangements for her burial, after the inquest, for there was little to do: no friends to summon, only to lay her body in the cold earth, and drop a sad tear for her memory, that was all.

'From inquiries which I instituted among the few who were her late companions — for they told me she sought no friendship — I was enabled, with the aid of some papers she had upon her person, to trace her history from the time I had lost sight of her. God rest her tired heart, and forgive me for the share I so unwittingly had in her sorrowful life, and miserable death!'

So runs the entry in my diary, made the night after the occur-

rence it chronicles. It was the last record ever entered there. For then and there, I felt, as I have felt ever since, that there are occurrences in life which no paper should receive; their only record should be in the heart. I feel, however, that there is a moral in this tale, that warrants me in relating it to the world. Simply changing names of persons and localities, I will write it here as it occurred. I need no notes, it is engraven too deeply upon my heart ever to be forgotten: I let memory draw upon the past, and the draft is freely honored.

About twenty years ago, I was a young graduate, fresh from college, crowned with honors, and in the first flush of a victorious scholastic career. Full of the sudden freedom which I felt in every nerve, I reflected that my days of drudgery among the classics, and all the paraphernalia of an educational course in a modern collegiate institution were at length over, and I could now luxuriate in those enjoyments from which I had so long been withheld.

But although I confess I possessed these feelings in no slight degree, I was not by any means a dunce, thankful for my deliverance from books which I abhorred, and studies which I had neglected. I had labored hard, and had fairly earned the laurels which were as fairly showered upon me. I was happy only that I was free to act as I chose; to feel that I was independent to make my start in the race of life, as best pleased me.

At first, the position to which I had attained, the admiration which my acquirements excited in my little village home, had their effect, and I entered into the various pleasures which my vicinity to the city afforded me, with increased zest. But gradually this life began to pall upon my taste; the studious habits I had formed would not be so easily broken, and I pined for my old pursuits. At this period, I first became acquainted with Annie Walters, then a blushing girl of fifteen, and the pet of the village. Our acquaintance was a peculiar one, and as it ripened into friendship, assumed the character which after years rendered so powerful in its effect upon both our lives. Already, Annie looked up to me with a feeling almost of reverence, and young as I was, showed that respect for my opinions so flattering to the self-esteem of every one. My character was then rapidly assuming the sedateness which has characterized it during my life, and I seemed much older than I really was. And it was not strange that I should have such weight in the mind of a young and thoughtless girl. To me Annie came with all her doubts, all her little griefs, and my advice governed her more frequently even than that of many who had a better right to her confidence.

A year passed, and my determination was fixed to leave my home again and return to my old labors. I resolved to finish my education in one of the German universities; and then hoped to return to my native land, and settle down to those pursuits which my taste so plainly marked out for me. A life devoted to literature was the goal to which I looked forward, and in pursuance of

my intention of preparing myself thoroughly for its duties, I sailed from New-York early in the spring of 183– for Europe.

It is unnecessary for me to revert particularly to my life in Germany, except in such measure as it influenced my after character, and thus tends to illustrate this narrative.

I had ever been deeply impressed with the metaphysical theories, then so rife among the Germans; and when I found myself surrounded by disciples of those strange systems of philosophy, I eagerly grasped at every clue that would lead me toward a correct interpretation of their mystical beliefs.

Thus I soon became a fervent disciple of Kant, Fichte, Herder, and other great teachers; for I believed equally in all, and where their opinions clashed, I erected a bridge of my own, which united the opposing sides, and at the same time furnished a royal road for me to travel to the goal I sought. Thus fatalism, metempsychosis, and Platonism, all became mixed in my brain in a heterogeneous mass of crude fancies, from which I fondly hoped to elicit at some period sparks of truth to guide me in my future researches, and even, as I thought, in my own course of life. Five years passed quickly away; and after a rapid tour through the principal cities of Europe, I again crossed the Atlantic on my way home, eagerly looking forward to the delight of meeting my friends again, and thinking with not a little pride on the sensation I would create among them.

I reached S——, my native village, safely, and found myself, as I expected, the lion of the day. Among the first to welcome me was Annie. The means for carrying on correspondence were at that time so limited, that I had seldom heard from home, and for the last year of my residence in Europe, my address had been so often changed, that I was surprised to hear for the first time that she was married. I had, however, no feeling of regret; for our intercourse had never tended toward making us lovers. She had been married nearly a year, to a Mr. Newland, a retired merchant of Boston. Her husband was an old man, and very wealthy. He had for several years made S—— his place of residence during the summer season, and had watched Annie's growth with an eye that soon beamed with affection, as he saw her many beauties of mind and body expand before him until she grew into the perfect flower.

Advanced in years, lonely, and pining for some one to cherish, some one to love him in his declining days, Mr. Newland at length sought her hand. In that little village there were few young men; and Annie had never formed an affection for any one, that would prevent her from looking upon this union with consideration at least, while the many favorable views which she could not but take of the match, did not fail to impress her. Beside, his evident love for her, approaching almost to adoration, had the effect which it so often has: to create an affection on her part, fictitious perhaps in reality, but bearing every semblance of genuineness. She married him, and was happy. Indeed she could not have been other-

wise: her lightest wish was to him a law; and his great love for her created in him an intuitive perception of her desires, almost before they existed, certainly before they were expressed.

A month before my arrival, Mr. Newland received a visit from a young man, a distant relative, residing in New-York. His name was Liston, Frank Liston, and I often met him afterward among mutual friends, and had every opportunity for studying his character. He was certainly, as all allowed, possessed of great attractions. Bred to the profession of the law, he was, however, made rich in his own right by the decease of a wealthy relative, and therefore was not obliged to his profession for existence. Young, handsome, well educated, fascinating, and possessing that quality so fatal to woman, so commanding over men — fluent and persuasive speech — he readily attained an elevated position in the friendship of the good people of S——. For some reason or other beyond my ken, I took a strange dislike to Liston from the first moment that I saw him, which increased in vigor as I saw his attentions to Annie becoming so marked. Yet Mr. Newland seemed to notice nothing, or at all events to fear nothing. Thoroughly trusting his wife, and having also full confidence in Liston, he paid little attention to their actions, and saw nothing in his attentions but what was warranted by his position as a relation, and a member of their family circle. And even I, suspicious by nature, and having my suspicions sharpened by my regard for Annie, could not blame her husband's calmness, when I saw how truly she seemed to love him, and how utterly devoid of any warmth were her feelings toward Liston. Annie and I met frequently: our old attitude toward each other was of course somewhat changed by her marriage; but still she seemed to regard me as an elder brother, and the same strange reverence for my opinions still existed in her mind, and showed itself in her actions. At this period, after having been lionized to my heart's content, the gentlemen of the adjoining town of N——, forming the Literary Society of the place, invited me to address them in public, upon some ideal subject, for which my studies in Europe had so well fitted me. I willingly accepted the invitation, and prepared my discourse. Many years have passed since then, and I have frequently been called upon to address crowds of the most intellectual of the men and women of my native land, throughout its largest cities; but never have I felt the thrill of pride that gushed through me, when I received the call to speak before an audience of a few hundred of my old friends in the little town of N——.

Left to select my own subject, my mind naturally reverted to the metaphysical theories I had so loved in my European studies. A fervent admirer myself of their poetic beauty and seeming truth, I longed to impart something of my own knowledge, something of my own trust in them, to others. Full of this idea, I chose for my subject: 'Ideal Truths and their potency.' Ah! how well I remember that pleasant autumn evening! The little hall, tastefully decorated for the occasion, was crowded with familiar faces.

Around me were the aged men and women I had so long loved and respected, the young who had been my school-mates, and were now my dear friends, and conspicuous among them, occupying a seat near to the lecturer's chair, I saw the sweet face of Annie Newland. She was accompanied only by Liston, her husband being unwell, and readily intrusting her to the care of his young relative, rather than debar her from the pleasure of witnessing the triumph of her old-friend.

As I appeared before the audience, I was received with earnest and heart-felt welcome, and when my words rang through the room, I could see that careful attention, that deep interest so grateful to the orator, depicted in every countenance. My address was carefully prepared and committed to memory; and never will its language be effaced from my mind. One passage I must quote, not egotistically, but because it has direct bearing upon the events of my sad story. I had reached in the course of my address, my favorite theory, 'Platonic affection,' and every word came from my heart, and was as pure in its foundation there, as was my own earnest belief in its truth. The words ran thus:

'Centuries ago, a philosopher taught the science of the soul in the school of Athens. Those centuries have passed with their thought, their action, and their events; the doctrines of Plato have been disseminated through the enlightened world, they have been discussed, refuted, and re-refuted; yet the theory of the immortality of the soul exists, and will exist after we have passed away like those before us, and have left behind us as they did, our evidence of its solemn truth. Among the other ideas to which the grand reasoning powers of the sage gave birth, was the theory which we term in honor of its founder, 'Platonic love.'

'The strange and seemingly causeless sympathy which occasionally, then as ever since, sprang up between the sexes, caused the philosopher to think and wonder, and a surprise at any new discovery in his favorite science was with him only the prelude to investigation; he soon came to conclusions, the accuracy of which the world has long since proved.

'The theory of Plato, beautiful in its simplicity, is this: In the creation of the human race, the soul, or essential spirit of immortality, is divided equally between the sexes. Thus each individual in his or her spiritual organization, is incomplete, until in their perambulations upon earth, the missing half of their souls shall be found. The affinity, the sympathy which sometimes takes possession of a male and female at the same time for each other, is caused by the mutual recognition of the kindred souls.

'One cannot view this theory, so elevated in conception, without admiring the originality and delicacy of the intellect which created or rather discovered it, as well as its own intrinsic purity and virtue. And where such a link is discovered in the grand chain of ideal truth, forged by the hand of DIVINITY, who shall dare break it, or suffer the petty conventionalities of our little span of existence, to interfere with the working of GOD'S own system?

No! let us each welcome our twin spirit whenever and wherever we find it, and thank HEAVEN that we are permitted to add our little atom of evidence to the great arcana of celestial truth.'

I concluded my discourse with a peroration upon the powerful though unseen effect of 'ideal truths' on our daily life, on our intercourse with friends and the world, and on our own actions. At the end I was gratified by a round of applause that made the little hall tremble. My success was complete, and as I stepped from the stage into the body of the hall, many of my friends grasped my hand and congratulated me on my effort. Among others came Annie, but I was astonished at the effect my words apparently had produced upon her. She did not seem like herself; her usually tranquil countenance was flushed and excited, and as she shook my hand I felt that hers was burning with fever. Her voice trembled as she requested me to see her in a few days, for she desired to converse with me upon a matter of serious import. I was surprised at her manner, but readily promised, and soon forgot all that was strange in the circumstance.

I called on her as desired, and saw her alone. After some trivial conversation, she introduced the subject of my late lecture, and wished to know if the sentiments I had expressed, especially as regarded Platonic love, were really my own thoughts and opinions. Seeing nothing, fool that I was, but curiosity in her question, I took the opportunity to pour forth a rhapsody upon the truth of the theory, supporting my assertion by all my best arguments, until her doubts, if she had any, were all silenced.

A few days later I left S——, and was absent some weeks. On my return I was met with the astounding intelligence that Annie had fled from her husband, in company with Frank Liston. Paralyzed for the moment, I could not think. Then my heart grew cold within me, for suddenly all flashed upon me, and I knew that I, in my foolish egotism, was the cause. Now her excitement at the lecture, her anxious questioning when we next met, all were as clear as day. Knowing her respect for my opinions, her belief in my judgment, as well as her complete trust in my truth and honor, Liston had seen his advantage, and with an infernal art unsurpassed, had used my own words to draw her into the toils; once fairly enmeshed, no power could save her. And now the utter fallacy of all ideal truths as active agents implanted itself in my heart, never to be displaced. Arguments I could have answered, doctrines I could have controverted, but the cold, bald fact stared me in the face, and I recanted without volition of my own, in my inmost soul, all my late theories.

All these thoughts flashed through my brain in an instant's space, burning like a brand as they flew. Overcome with so much horror, I fell to the ground in a swoon. The next day I was raving in all the wild extravagancies of the brain-fever. As I heard afterward, in my paroxysms I cursed myself as the destroyer of Annie's innocence.

I pictured myself in my madness, as a demon of evil, forced to

wander through the world, destroying all I had held most dear, and chuckling with the satisfaction of a ghoul over my victims. Thus I lay for weeks nearly senseless; and when, months after, I arose from my couch, weak in body and sick in mind, it was, I hope, to begin a life of wiser thoughts and nobler actions. Annie had been heard of in Europe. Traced to Florence, she was there lost.

Old Mr. Newland, heart-broken, and wearied of a life which could have no more happiness in store for him, had sunk under his grief and died. To the last he loved Annie; and when his will was opened, his large property was found to be left in trust for her, should she ever be discovered; and in case of her death being known, it was to be devoted to charitable purposes. Her family had removed from the village, and gone no one knew where.

No one out of my own family suspected the cause of my great grief, and they but partially. They could not understand as I could, how greatly I was to blame.

For a year I travelled through the western wilds of my own country, and then returned to my home, with my morbid fancies replaced by a healthier state of mind, induced by the acquaintance I had since made with God's greatest metaphysical theory, nature. Years passed on; I settled in New-York; advanced in my profession, married; and soon the society of my family and friends, and the success of my career, partly healed the wound caused by the sad, sad event of my youth. I never heard of her more, until years after the event occurred which commences my narrative.

From the inquiries which I made after her discovery, I found, as I expected, only the old, sad story. For a time, apparently cherished and cared for by the villain who had betrayed her, she was perhaps happy; so completely had he obtained the mastery of her mind. But at length, as must ever be the case, he wearied of her and cast her off. God forbid that he and I may ever meet.

Her after-life I will not picture. Let it be buried beneath the shadows of the past.

Never since my first lecture in the little town of N —— have I sought to make converts to the theory of Platonic affection.

SONNET: AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

Born, as in fairy flight, upon the wing
Of a bright dream, where two roads winding part
All suddenly I stand, and in my heart
Awakes a wild tumultuous fluttering
Alike of hope and fear. Lo! on the right,
As through a fairy realm where sweet skies bring
Unending day, upward till lost in light
The flowery path. Ever o'er that earth and sky
Love's soft pulsations thrill, and floats its sigh.
And there we seem to wander, O my fair!
Still on, until we touch the fields of light;
And thou, who shon'st the loveliest vision there,
Didst wreathe my brow with wished-for glory bright,
And with thy smile thou mad'st that glory dear.

THE RITTER CARL OF EICHENHORST.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

BY CHARLES J. LUKENS.

'KNAVE! saddle me my Danish horse!
It irks me, this inaction:
I quit it for a distant course,
My castle breeds distraction!'
So cried the Ritter CARL in haste,
By anguish and foreboding chased:
His ills appeared to thicken,
As if death had him stricken.

He mounts, and, charging, set the sparks
Throughout the court-yard flying;
With eyes cast down he scarcely marks
His GERTRUDE's maiden hieing:
The startled Knight winced at the sight,
He knew it augured no delight:
It shook him, as a fever,
With welcome to receive her.

'GOD save ye, noble youth and lord!
GOD send ye peace and gladness!
This message hither — much deplored —
My poor dame sends in sadness:
'Lost, lost to you is GERTRUDE's hand:
To young MAX, heir of Pommerland,
Her sire would her affiance,
And swears to force compliance.'

'Death!' cursed he loud by sword and spear,
'But that past memories wrestle,
Thou'dst disappear in dungeon drear,
Where toad and lizard nestle.
I will not rest, by day or night,
Till I have conquered MAX in fight;
And to thy mistress given
The heart late from him riven!'

'Now in her chamber, sorely tried
By most unsirely quickness,
Sighs, sobs, and weeps, and prays the bride,
And longs for her last sickness.
Ah! soon the LORD must graciously
Compassionate her misery:
Perchance, while this is telling,
The bells her death are knelling.

'With myriad tears my lady sobbed,
'O CARL! my life is fleeting;
Our hearts in last embrace have throbbed,
Death chills my last, last greeting!'

'God keep thee! — say thou com'st to bring
From me to him this golden ring:
This baldric too, in token
Of love and faith unbroken!'

The woful tidings — ill to brook —
Roared in his ears as ocean;
The mountains reeled, the castle shook,
The earth was in commotion.
Fast as the whirlwind's touch bereaves
The stately wood of limbs and leaves,
His spirits fell; but faster
Depression found him master.

'God bless thee, true and faithful maid,
A million-fold and over!
For Gertrude's heart, so well displayed
To her unhappy lover!
This service I can ne'er repay;
But hie thee lightly back, and say
That I will surely save her,
Though myriad chains enslave her!

'Be sprightly, lass! but circumspect;
Bestir thee hence instanter!
Although by countless giants checked,
Yet will I disenchant her!
When stars gem mid-night, secretly
Beneath her lattice will I be;
Then fare it, as it fareth,
To both as Heaven careth!

'Up, and away!' The maid flew light,
Till soon a toy were larger.
Deep breathed the knight, and cleared his sight,
And stirred his pawing charger;
Then wheeled him, foaming, here and there,
His plot of rescue framed with care,
Resolving and revolving,
And fears and doubts dissolving.
With that he wound his silver horn,
From battlement resounding,
And straightway came, through corn and thorn,
His eager vassals bounding.
Aside he took them, man by man,
To whisper in each ear the plan:
'So said! so done! Be steady,
And at my summons ready!'

As now mid-night ravine and height
Disguised in raven shadows:
And Hochburg's lamps, late beaming bright
Low flickered o'er the meadows;
While sleep fell deep on cot and keep;
Aye feverish, and prone to weep,
Watched Gertrude, sleep refusing,
And on her Ritter musing.

There! Hark! she starts, as love's low tone
Came sweetly upward flying:
'Hist, GERTRUDE, hist! I 'm here—alone:
Quick! dress! we must be hieing!
I—I—thy Ritter, call on thee
To hasten softly down to me:
The ladder 's fixed already:
My palfrey 's fast and steady!'

'Ah! no! thou dearest CARL, ah! no!
Cease! I 'll refrain from hearing:
With thee, alone, I dare not go,
A tarnished honor fearing!
Only love's last and sweetest kiss
Be, noble Knight, our mutual bliss,
Ere I, in death's close cerements,
For aye lose thy endearments!'

'Child! on my knightly oath and care
Couldst build the earth, and rove it
Blithe as the bird, free as the air,
Pure as those orbs above it;
Forth from my mother's home we start,
Where marriage shall compose thy heart,
Honor and life preserving:
Trust me, without once swerving!'

'My sire, of haughty ancestry,
Boasts more of will than feeling:
Lord Baron of the Empire, he
Counts naught a daughter's kneeling.
He will not weary night or day,
Till he has taken thy life away;
And, farther vengeance seeking,
Shown me thy warm heart reeking!'

'Child! only first be saddle-fast,
I mock pursuit and danger!
Oh! linger not—this moment passed,
Thou 'rt given to the stranger!
Hark! dearest, hark! who stirs and hears?
For GOD's sake, haste! the night has ears!
Come, love! or rue it direly:
Come! else we 're lost entirely!'

The lady trembles, falters, stands,
In shuddering half abasement;
He seized her by the swan-like hands,
And drew her from the casement.
Ah! how her precious head and breast,
With pride, desire, pain, pleasure pressed,
At once assured and frighted,
The lofty stars delighted!

With stalwart arm his love he swung
Upon the Polish flitter:
Hey! on the Dane, his bugle slung,
Exultant felt the Ritter.

As GERTRUDE slacked the palfrey's rein,
With spur the Ritter roused the Dane,
Her scourge the Pole excited;
And Hochburg lay despited!

Alas! the mid-night caught each word
The cautious lovers uttered:
The lady's governess o'er-heard;
And, prying, sneered and muttered:
For being treacherous and old,
And loving naught but self and gold,
She nimbly sprung and dressed her,
To carry what possessed her.

'Hallo, Lord Baron! Wake and rise!
From virtue — out upon her! —
Your Lady GERTRUDE haply flies,
To woo shame and dishonor!
Already she and EICHENHORST
Have far through field and forest coursed!
Quick! — arm! — and mount! — and sally!
Ye lose her if ye dally!'

Up sprang the Baron from his sleep;
And hurried on his armor;
And thundered through the court and keep;
A truculent alarmer:
'Arouse! my son of Pommerland!
To horse! take lance and sword in hand!
The bride flees with a reaver:
Away, then, to retrieve her!'

The pair far through the twilight sped,
A hollow clamor hearing:
Hark! thunder-tones reveal the tread
Of Hochburg's troop careering;
And wild came MAX, his bridle slack,
Far, far before the vengeful pack,
To GERTRUDE's horror, hurling
His lance, while CARL was whirling.

'Halt, halt! thou sneaking ravisher,
With thy smooth, wanton booty,
Till I with falchion hack thy spur,
Then steal another beauty!
Stay, stay! thou wandering Cyprian!
Thy paramour 's a proper man;
But infamy shall cover
Thee, when I 've slain thy lover!'

'Thou liest! MAX of Pommerland,
By Heaven and knightly banners!
Alight, thou boor, that hand and brand
May teach thee better manners!
Here, GERTRUDE, curb the Danish horse:
Sir ruffian, wield thy glaive with force!
Down from thy jade, vile fretter,
Until I teach thee better!'

Ah! GERTRUDE, full of care and dread,
Saw high their broadswords swinging:
Clear sparkled in the morning red
The Damascene blades ringing;
With clash and clang from thrust and stroke,
Among the hills the echo woke;
Each stamp fresh ire provoking,
The ground beneath 'gan smoking.

Struck, tempest-like, her favored sword
The hated weapon under;
While all unscathed was GERTRUDE's lord,
MAX had to yield and wonder.
Alas! alas! now Heaven forfend!
Rode up, full tilt, MAX to befriend,
As CARL scarce finished battling,
All Hochburg's troopers rattling!

Travah! travah! through wood and glade,
Hear CARL his bugle sounding!
See! starting up from ambuscade,
His mounted vassals bounding!
Now then, lord Baron, list to me:
Beware of yonder chivalrie!
They are in conflict heady,
And at my least beck ready!

'Hold, Baron! hold! howe'er enraged,
Or thou mayst long deplore it!
Thy child to me her heart engaged,
For mine pledged years before it.
Wilt wound and sever heart and heart,
When neither could exist apart,
And bear the blame of blighting?
Well, then, we 'll venture fighting!

'I pray ye, Baron, yet forbear,
While faults can be amended:
In strictest honor have I e'er
Thy cherished child attended.
Give, father, give me GERTRUDE's hand;
The Heavens gave me gold and land:
Thank GOD! my blazon vieth
With thine; and stain defieth!'

Ah! GERTRUDE, full of wo and dread,
Death's withered paleness showing,
Before the Baron, hot, and red
As a fierce furnace glowing;
Poor GERTRUDE from her palfrey sprung;
Her dainty hands convulsive wrung,
Knelt down; and, sobbing often,
She strove her sire to soften.

'O father! for the love of Heaven!
Forego this direful slaughter:
Forgive, as thou wouldst be forgiven;
And raise thy wretched daughter.

Believe, dear father! wrong or right,
I ne'er would have attempted flight,
  But for my forced betrothing
  To one I saw with loathing.

'In olden days, on hand and knee,
  With love's supreme addiction,
Oft hast thou rocked and carried me,
  And soothed me in affliction:
O father! on the past reflect!
Let not my future peace be wrecked!
  Bereft of CARL: thou killest
  Me in the match thou willest!'

No word the troubled Baron speaks:
  With grizzled head averted,
He chafed his weather-beaten cheeks,
  His self-control exerted;
For sorrow filled both heart and mien;
Yet, all too stout to have it seen,
  In true baronial fashion,
  He quelled the rising passion.

But wrath soon yielded to the call,
  A father's heart upswelling;
And crystal tears began to fall
  From his proud eyes o'erwelling.
Then from the ground he raised his child,
Th' unwonted heart's flood running wild:
  He 'd nearly known no morrow,
  For marvellous sweet sorrow.

'Now Heaven forgive the wrong I've done,
  As freely as I rue it!
My child, receive my benison;
  Fears nevermore bedew it!'
The Baron toward the Ritter bent:
'Sir CARL, I thoroughly relent:
  There! take her with my blessing;
  Her heart and mine possessing!

'Come! be my son: thy chosen wear:
  Past grievance and annoyance,
Forgiven and forgotten e'er,
  Enhance our present joyance.
Thy father — once my rival — sought
To bring my dearest plans to naught:
  First wronged me, then berated:
  Him, in his son, I hated!

'His evil, son, with good requite,
  To me and to my daughter,
Whom mayst thou find, with rapt delight,
  Beyond all thou hast thought her!
GOD bless ye both, in every way:
Long may ye live, in love for aye:
  Hands interclasped, hearts blended!'
  And — here the song is ended.

October 8, 1857.

The Palimpsest:

THE NARRATIVE OF A FATALIST.

BY EDWARD SPENCER, OF MARYLAND.

HERE then was my Palimpsest brought into the day, reason discomfited, and the veil of nearly seven centuries swept aside by my experimenting hand. Here was I, standing on the same ground with Petrarch, Angelo Majo, Bluhm, Goeschen, and others. But what could it be? What was this history, written by a Moorish physician? What were these things to which I was chosen *heir?* And how could the solution of whatever was the problem, be found in the problem itself? Again, why was this prayer to the GOD of the fates to defend the heir of this secret? I would find it out. Not, however, without a shudder did I determine upon the undertaking. I recognized the destiny which seemed to govern the whole matter, directing Abdallah to act as he did in obliterating the manuscript, (and this especially struck me, as I had never heard that, at *that* time, any process of restoration was known,) and guiding me so surely to the possession of this wondrous heir-loom. Should I tempt fate, or ought I not rather to let the matter rest ere I was farther involved, perhaps irrevocably, with this mysterious affair? But no; it was a bugbear. I could at any time hurl the book in the fire. It *could* not do me harm simply to restore a lost work; and beside, some invaluable secret might here be locked up.

And I therefore set to work upon another page of my missal, being this time — proof that I was in earnest — the magnificent title-page; but here I was utterly at fault. That it contained writing was evident, for here were the characters in regular lines. There must be some meaning in it, yet I could evolve none from what seemed merely an indiscriminate medley of different alphabets. I resolved, however, that it possessed an intelligibility grand in proportion to the obscurity which enveloped it, and this I would do away with, cost what it might. To this end I applied myself with system and industrious energy.

First, I exposed the whole manuscript to the restorative process, in hopes of finding some help toward the solution. In this I was unsuccessful. For greater convenience, I took an accurate copy of the whole writing upon paper, and then essayed conjecture. We have here a piece of writing whose termination, to judge from the place of the Latin inscription, is where an English composition would begin. What does that indicate? Either that it is Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Samaritan, or Persian. Why? Because only those nations, within the range of the probable composition of this MS.

(it could not have been in Phœnician, Pelasgic, or their immediate congeners) wrote from right to left. Also, the author speaks of himself as a Moor and a physician; it is therefore probable that he wrote in *Arabic*, which probability is strengthened by the date he gives us; since at that time, next to the Latin, the Arabic was *the* language of composition, excepting in the narrow circle that still retained the Greek. Let us then jump to the conclusion that the language employed (if there be a fixed language, which, to judge from the appearance of the manuscript, is probable) is the Arabic. Thus, one point is gained.

Second: Farther observation showed me that the alphabets of three languages were employed in the composition — the Arabic, the Hebrew, and the Greek; and that, in addition, there were twenty arbitrary signs which might be almost any thing, hieroglyphic, numeral, or verbal. I also noticed that the writing was divided into chapters, each headed by three letters or signs, all different, and in number twenty-eight. Here I was in a terrible quandary. Every principle stated by which it is possible to solve cryptographic writing, I studied and applied in vain. I went over the whole thing time and again, beginning with the most simple plan and ending with the most difficult, but with no result. My desk was crowded with mathematical calculations, in obedience to theory, and my brain befogged with hieroglyphic wonders. At last, destiny (or chance — call it what you will) revealed to me another step, just as I was about giving up in despair. I picked up a slip of paper, upon which, in some vain hope, I had written off the headings of the chapters. Mechanically I ran my eye down the list, and observed, what had never struck me before, that *each one* contained an *Arabic letter*. Another glance assured me that no letterwas repeated, that their number was twenty-eight, and instantly I remembered Abdallah's statement that the puzzle contained its own solution, and the thought struck me, What if here be the alphabet we are seeking? I glanced at the manuscript, but was not assured. Let us assume it. It is a step in advance any how, whether correct or not. But what was to be done with the twenty-two Hebrew letters, and the twenty-four Greek, and the twenty unknown signs? I thought over the matter a long time, but finally reasoned thus: Supposing our previous assumptions to be proved true, in what way can we most reasonably account for these alphabets and these signs? Our Abdallah seems to have been a shrewd chap, and seems also to have desired to conceal the inheritance to which I am heir, as closely as possible. These alphabets and signs doubtless were intended to contribute to that result. In what way would they most effectually do so; for under the presumption of Abdallah's great ingenuity, that is the very method he would be most likely to employ. May not these signs have been employed as *substitutes*, proxies, for the Arabic? Certainly this is plausible, and is not contradicted by the appearance of the text. For the sake of experiment we assume this also. Recapitulating, I found I had advanced three points toward a solution:

I. Our language is Arabic; (key-fact, and tolerably certain.)

II. Our alphabet is contained in the headings of the chapters; (not proven.)

III. The Greek and Hebrew letters, and the arbitrary signs are (supposititiously) employed merely *vice* the Arabic letters, and consequently go to compose Arabic words.

But I had by no means arrived at a solution of the problem here. I had only a collection of letters: which was which, where to find *a* and where to find *b*, I did not yet know. My difficulty lay principally in the fact that I had only supposititious material to work upon. I attempted, however, to proceed according to the regular cryptographic rules. Either, first, this alphabet has an initial letter, or it has not. If it *has*, then there must be a regular order of divergence of the letters. Second, assuming the existence of an initial letter, our efforts must be devoted to its discovery. Let us try. I selected ten words, each containing the first letter, (that is, the index of the first chapter,) or one of the proxies. By a rapid comparison, I found that the arrangement could not be in the regular order of the composition; that is, if the first was *a*, the second and third could not be *b* and *c*, etc.

I reflected. Of course it is *possible* that I can discover the arrangement by a continuation of this process. But what an endless task it might be! *Four* letters are susceptible of twenty-four arrangements in regular order with respect to an initial. What would be the number possible to twenty-eight? Beside, if there *be* no initial? Moreover, we are working on credit altogether, our positions being unproven, and it will not do for us to speculate too deeply. Let us suppose, therefore, the *contrary* of our previous proposition, namely, that there *is not* an initial letter. What then?

For two days and nights this question lay unanswered in my mind. *Then* the light began to glimmer around me. Our proceedings have been unscientific so far, let us continue them in the same conjectural *à priori* fashion. I took up the Latin inscription. On the face of this three facts were stated:

First, a date, in two forms. Second, a name—Abdallah the Saracen. Third, a journey to a convent in Asturia.

Supplementary to these, I recollected that my Moor was a physician, and a learned man. Was not here a means of arriving at some entrance into the labyrinth? What would a learned Moor, and a physician, be most likely to write about? Either his own peculiar art, or alchemy, or ethics, or history. In either case, names of persons, things, and places would be likely to occur. May we not, by collating a series of names and words he would probably use, discover a letter or two that would give us a clue? I thought it possible.

Then I collected several words, general and particular, being such as most accorded with the time mentioned and the apparent circumstances of Abdallah. [The reader must here continually bear in mind, that, under the assumption of his ignorance of Arabic, I am

going through, *not the same*, but a *similar* process to that which I actually pursued, translating, in fact, the original language into the vernacular.] Of names likely to be found in the writing, whatever it might be, I had: Allah, Kalif, Mahommad, and two or three others. Under the historical supposition, I took Bagdat, Cairo, Cordova, Spain, Morocco, Grenada, Abdalrhaman, Ommiyah, Almamun, Abbas and its generic, Fatimites, Guadalquiver, Abdallah, Asturia, Seville, etc. Under the medical and alchemical hypothesis, I chose Hermes Trismegistus, (as the grand master of the Alchemists) Averrhoes, Avicenna, Alchemy, Gebir, and many *long* names of medicines, simples, etc. These words I arranged in columns, according to the *number of letters* they contained. Now in Allah there are five letters, in Hermes Trismegistus eighteen, in Abdallah eight, in Kalif five, etc. I looked carefully through the manuscript, and culling out every word of the corresponding number of letters, arranged them in columns also. I had in the column of eights, whose principal word was Abdallah, one hundred and five words, under Allah and Kalif three hundred and eighty-seven, and under Hermes Trismegistus thirteen, and so on.

Here was a promised enormousness of work. Each of these words might have to be compared with all the others, and even *then*, I was by no means certain of a satisfactory result. A great source of trouble was the constant triplication of the letters, making a sure progress very slow, on account of the care necessary to the avoidance of error. However, I was resolved, and fate had predetermined.

Upon farther reflection, I found that I could simplify my operations considerably by excluding from my syllabic list such words as, under the foregone premises, *could not* be those required. Thus, under Abdallah, I rejected all such as did not contain the first letter three times repeated, and a double letter between the second and third reproduction. This process gave me a result scarce hoped for. Of the particular combination, Abdallah, there were only twelve recurrences, and in these were only *four* individual words, one being six times repeated, one three times, one twice, and one only once. Hermes Trismegistus gave me only one word three times repeated, and I half-flattered myself that in this way I had secured eighteen letters. Abdallah I took to be the word six times recurring, since its last five letters coïncided with a word frequently appearing in the column Allah. Here, then, provided my hypotheses were all correct, I had secured five letters, *a*, *b*, *d*, *h*, *l*, out of twenty-eight. I tried these in comparison with other words: first, one that might be Bagdat. I had Ba . da . : this was not sufficient. Then I essayed Abdalrhaman, as a frequent Arabian name: it gave me *Abdal . ha . a.:* I was pretty certain of this, and considered three more letters secured, namely, *m*, *n*, *r*. With the assistance of these I tried to verify Hermes Trismegistus. To this end I had H . rm . . . r . ., but the *m* failed, and of course I threw it aside. (The reason was, that he is spoken of almost universally as 'the Master,' and not often named. He is a sort of

Demogorgon of the adepts, whose name even is reverently to be circumlocuted.) I now, to be secure, verified my eight letters, by using them in connection with words that had no other letters. They spelt genuine Arabic words in every instance. Here, then, was positive evidence that my conjectural processes had been established as facts, and that so far as I had gone, I had pursued the right path. In a very short time I had completed my alphabet. Almamun gave me *u*, etc., and in the course of two hours, I had completed my knowledge of the problem so far as to read the first few sentences with but slight difficulty. I now found that there *was* a definite arrangement of the alphabet; the eighth heading being the initial letter, then the ninth, next the seventh, then the tenth, and so on.

The reader may perchance inquire why it is that I have been so particular in the recital of the method employed in effecting the solution of this cryptograph. A reason I have most undoubtedly had, and it is this: that he may recognize how completely I was guided by destiny, (*deus fatorum*,) or what he will be more likely to call chance, in the whole matter; and that thus, the manner in which I discuss what is to follow, may not procure me his reprobation. In not one circumstance of the whole affair did I seem to myself to be pursuing an ordinary course. I resorted to no science: I offended every probability in the whole calculus; blindly stumbling, my feet ever trod the only possible path. Whatever I vaguely conjectured became essential to the solution to be effected. I dreamed, and it was so; I fancied a result, and it came forth as if from a syllogistic process. It was fatality.

But I did not *then* pause to think. Here was the mystery solved, and the secrets of the wondrous manuscript open before me. Eagerly I seized it in my hands, translated the text into plain Arabic, and that again into plain English. In a week I was the master of the palimpsest. Nay, it was master of me.

Yes, it was done. Oh! I must pause an instant, an instant close my eyes to the dark gulf that gapes before me. As the bereaved lingers by the shrouded dust ere it is dismissed to its kind, so would I look one little moment upon the past, with its rose-hued bloom, before I step into the dark rayless night that followed; and yet:

> 'Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my heart?
> Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here
> They have departed: thou shouldst now depart!
> A light is passed from the revolving year,
> And man, and woman: and what still is dear
> Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.'
>
> . . . . .

Thus went the narrative:

''I SPEAK NOT FICTION, BUT WHAT IS CERTAIN AND MOST TRUE.'

'My hand trembles, as I commence this my history. O thou, mine heir and successor, thou who art fated to discover and to

suffer; to know, to wither, and to become more perfect by reason of thine own wreck, as the prophet Adam was the greater man after he had gone out from Paradise! do not find fault with me for this thing; do not curse me, but pardon; remembering the irrevocable pronouncement of the fates. For, in the book of the mighty master, the first and greatest in our art, the compasser of the three greatest things—that grand trinity possible to every man, but grasped by him only*—in his book, which is a vial sealed, save only to the pure and reverent adept, it is thus written: 'The words of fate through the stars. Not to be cancelled, but to be revered. There shall hereafter come one who will of many elements compound a strange drug unparalleled, which shall put into his hands the lives of princes and of men, without suspicion, but to his profit and honor among men; for it is not to be detected, nor shall it have any antidote. And the possessors of this secret shall be two only: he that shall make the drug, and he that shall come after him, being his heir, though many shall vainly strive to compass it; for so decree the fates. The former, being carnal, shall in the end reap no profit, but mortify his flesh that led him into ungodly error. The arrow of a sinful act shall return upon the second, so that he shall cry aloud: 'God punisheth me miserable.' For the fates have said it; because he shall pry curiously and without reverence into the inner crypt, which is wrong. And after this shall the sacrifice be complete, and the terrible thing perish before men, forever and forever. Now God be praised. Which is ordained, and must be, for the stars have said it.'

'I, therefore, the first, with a weary, sad heart, according to the decree, consign to thee, the second, my secret, locking it up, so that perchance a long time may pass ere thou comest. But when thou dost come, pray for the soul of thy wretched father, and curse him not, for his days drink bitterness.

'I am named Abdallah of Bagdat. My father before me was a physician, learned in the arts, and wise in knowledge of the planets. He was a bad man, unscrupulous, who knew the evil Kalif, and was ever a caterer to his vices. Me he acquainted in his art, and taught all that his books had given him of knowledge. And when, a gray-beard, he was called, behold, my youth was as learned as his age, in all the wisdom of the children of the most mighty master.

'Know, O mine heir! that my father (whose name was Mansur of Bagdat) called me to his bed-side before he died, and bound me by a solemn oath to accomplish what thing he should require of me:

* Alluding, I suppose, to the twelfth one of the thirteen mysterious *formulæ* propounded by the founder of Alchemy: 'Therefore am I called Hermes Trismegistus, possessing the three parts of the philosophy of the whole world.' What these three *mysteria* were, the master does not deign to inform us; but probably they were those of Mr Bailey's Mystic:

> '——the initiate of the light,
> The adopted of the water and the sun,'

who was gifted in this style, from

> 'Wisdom her adamantine seal, and Truth
> Her sapphire signet; Love his ruby ring.'

else would men defile me, my children, and children's children forever, and cast spittle upon their beards and mine, for that I did not reverence him who begat me. And when I had sworn, he showed to me the passage I have written for thee from the book of the master; and when I had read it, he spoke thus: 'Thou hast read, O my son! Know, also, that thou art chosen by the stars to do this thing which is written. Thou hast sworn, and canst not refuse. Thou shalt perfect the discovery which I have begun, and thou shalt build up the faith of thy prophet, and thine own honor and name with its help. For so it is meet, and so Allah will be pleased, and Mohammed his prophet. Make thy secret known to no one, only lock it up where thy decreed heir can some time get into its possession.' And he gave me certain papers, containing a recital of that which he had done; and then, turning his face to the wall, died.

'Five years constantly employed in close thought, experiment, and manipulation, finally enabled me to complete my father's design, and made me master of the drug, to which thou, O fated one! art heir. Here thou wilt find it accurately set forth.'

[Not that pen shall ever more write it, nor ever lip again give utterance to it, reader. In me was the prediction of the potent master made perfect, and the fell sacrifice carried to its end. No one shall share what was mine alone: the secret so oppressive, the endless, consuming woe. If thou wouldst seek it, ask of the vaporous air that was burdened with the smoke of the consumption of its every record; of the earth whereon were strewed its pernicious ashes. What was it, dost thou ask? In the euphemistic phraseology of my master, it is called what scarce eight English words can convey, and that inadequately, '*The Death-bringer by Consumption of the lungs.*' Ay, that was it. A very demander of charnel-houses, and enricher of grave-diggers; able to kiss all unsuspecting beautiful ones with its 'cancerous kisses,' even unto death — death inevitable! Able perniciously to linger, or sternly to work with fearful rapidity in the cause of the unmitigable reaper, whose name is Death. A terror, and a horror of horrors, than which never man conceived aught more horrible. O thou hooded, unseen cobra! whose poison-fang, once exasperate, none can avoid, how would physicians stare to see their utmost wisdom so far behind thy death-shade, their knowledge yet comprehending so much beyond it! How would doctoring old women cast away their vials and herb-bags in horror, to think that in *them* was cherished thy might and thy misery!]

'This, O mine heir!' continued Abdallah, after a full explanation of the method of concocting the poison, and also of the different doses which would produce different effects, (which, for convenience, he numbered One, Two, and Three.) 'This is the fruit of my toil, and the ghastly changeling procreated of my unholy study. My long experience in its uses, my anatomical researches — which I, who was above the prejudices of my time and my people, sedulously and unscrupulously pursued — have taught

me its peculiar effects; and so carefully did I study its operation upon men of different humors, and different frames, that I could predict its every period and climax with exact certainty, and thus gained for myself the additional reputation of a necromancer.'

[Here followed a description of the manner in which the poison worked, elaborately wrought out, and with such surprising accuracy that, *malgré*, the obscure terminology, it would not do discredit to any modern professor, were he to avow it his own composition. I have never seen any pathological exegesis at once so terse, brief, clear, and comprehensive. Mixed with much error were truths that out-ran any medical inductions prior to the last twenty years. In fact, he traced out the connection, or rather the *identity* between consumption and scrofula, showing them to be simply different manifestations of the same strumous habit. This he found by direct experiment: the poison, which in the parent developed its fatal power by means of tubercle, being accustomed to manifest itself in the child by means of scrofular affections of the surface. I do not mean, of course, that he generalized upon his facts with the broad-based wisdom of some modern writers, but he proved himself an unprejudiced and accurate observer, and demonstrated his facts clearly, with a not ordinary appreciation of their connection and tendencies. He seemed to know the office of the lungs, and that tuberculosis was dependent upon some disorganization of the blood; 'for,' says he, 'the effect of the poison is in this wise. It entereth into the stomach by the natural entrance, and is there mixed up and blended with the humors and fluids that have sway in that region. But, by reason of its wondrous subtlety, it doth not permit itself to be rejected therefrom like other injurious substances, by the way which nature hath provided, but doth treacherously court and persuade the blood of its grand and superior knowledge and excellence, (as did the serpent deceive our great mother into evil,) so that the foolish blood, by means of its *many fine channels and passages*, doth draw it up into itself, thus purchasing inevitable ruin to the whole fabric that it doth permeate and keep moist. For, being once established in the blood, (*which is a mixed substance*, as if one should mingle wine and water,) it straightway proceeds to cause dissension between these formerly harmonious partners. It *then joineth itself*, as it were, *to one party, and aideth it to expel the other*, persuading it that thereby it shall become the perfectest of things. And *this is* the *cause of the ruin that follows*. For the place into which the expelled element (*which* is, I think, the *grosser portion of the blood*, since after the expulsion, the blood groweth thin and weak,) is *upon the surface of the lungs*,* and being of a resentful nature, it straightway setteth *to work to reïnstate itself*, and for this purpose, *eateth like gangrene into the substance of the lung*, trying to reach the heart, which was formerly its citadel. But this it never

* He makes an exception afterward, in the case of children not arrived at puberty; but, perhaps because few of these had been experimented upon, he is here very obscure, and errs exceedingly.

doth; for its rapid action causeth a fever, slow but consuming, and, *when it encountereth any vessel containing blood*, by reason of its hatred *it destroyeth it*, so that the body is finally exhausted, and dies, the blood having been emptied from it.'

Next follows a disquisition upon the *chemistry* of the poison, seeking to explain, by means of the *elective* doctrines then prevalent, the *rationale* of the above recorded action. But, as this is by no means satisfactory, being too deeply imbued with the alchemical and metaphysical subtleties of a supposed universal principle of affinity, through all its points, I will omit it. One portion of this, which I myself have proven, is attempted to be explained by the same means; but it is to me a phenomenon of inscrutable mystery, a complete paradox. This was, that, within certain limits, the disease could be *mitigated* in proportion to the *size of the dose*. Thus, while Number One, a few drops only, would cause death in a month, bringing on what is usually known as a 'galloping Consumption,' Number Two, a much *larger dose*, would prolong the disease during a year, and Number Three, the largest limit, would permit life during between eighteen months and three years, according to the constitution assailed. *Why* this is so, it is impossible for me to say. That the *fact stands*, I, O Reader! who now write, am witness before you.]

TWO PIECES.

GLAD, holy time, when little eyes,
With childhood's wonder, gaze upon the world.
The glorious vision of enchanted things,
The heavenly light o'er all the earth, the joy
That nestles only in sweet children's hearts,
Make the bright, many-tinted gate of life
A thousand rainbows; and amid their light
The wings of innocence and purity
Fold o'er the little traveller, as its clear
And silver halo o'er a star, and make
What is but earth, seem lovely as of heaven.

Bright, happy cloud that voyagest from the sun,
With crimson freight of fading kindling fires,
A splendor in the sky! The human soul
Its all of glory takes from HIM who lit
Its upward soaring flame; and so, too, thou,
With sun-lit form, bearest away such hues
As Beauty's cheek, nor all the gems of earth,
The opal's changeful light, the ruby's blush,
The rainbowed pearls, or fire-eyed diamonds, know.
Thou seem'st an angel lingering at the shrine
Of some long pilgrimage, and bearing thence
A halo of bright virtues as thy meed
From out its golden urn.

J. A. TAGGART.

STANZAS.

INSCRIBED TO ONE OF THE 'CHOSEN FEW' WHO DESERVE THE APPELLATION OF FRIEND—S. MARSHALL, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

SWEET home and youth, twin stars that rise,
  Bright in the east of dawning life,
And set again ere western skies
  Deepen with clouds of care and strife:

Well would it be if ere the storm,
  In darkness gathered round the breast,
While with young faith the heart were warm,
  In heaven its snowy wings could rest!

And ye have risen and set to me,
  And dark and darker grows the way,
As step by step, and thoughtfully,
  I totter in Life's twilight gray.

Hope's rainbow once spanned stream and grove,
  And heaven seemed on the sun-beam born:
For I but lived all things to love,
  Though age hath taught the heart to mourn.

The world that then spread fresh and green,
  Along youth's flower-enameled way,
At last hath grown a weary scene:
  Its flowrets bright I've seen decay.

Thus high Fame's ladder I have clomb,
  As many a one hath done before,
To learn it leads but to the tomb,
  Then, *what!* when this poor life is o'er.

Ambition, take thy laurel wreath!
  Sad is the brow it twines above,
And sadder still the heart beneath,
  That sighs o'er youth and home and love.

Would I could sleep, and sleep and dream,
  While run my last few sands of time,
Of daisied field and rippling stream,
  And friends so loved in boyhood's prime;

For save the joy of those sweet years,
  How little of thought and less of deed,
I scan without regret and tears:
  Life's thorns have pierced me, and I bleed!

Mississippi, 1858. G. ZELOTES ADAMS.

HUGH MILLER.

HUGH MILLER, the subject of the present brief biographical notice, was born in the village of Cromarty, on the north-east coast of Scotland, on the tenth day of October, 1802. His father, Hugh Miller, was a sea-faring man, as had been most of his ancestral line for several generations. Commanding small vessels, they usually traded with the towns of the Hanseatic League, or the southern ports of England and Ireland, although there were not wanting instances in which the more hardy and adventurous pursued their toilsome vocation on the Spanish Main, and even in the remote seas of China and the East-Indies. Such were the casualties attendant upon this mode of life, that, for more than a hundred years, not one male member of the family had been buried in the ancestral burying-ground in Cromarty.

The mother of Hugh Miller was the daughter of a tradesman of his native village, who, while his children were very young, left them orphans dependent on the cold charities of an unfeeling world for support. They (two little girls) fell into the hands of the elder Hugh Miller's mother-in-law, who was then teaching a small school. This good old lady sought to relieve the tedium of her solitude, rendered almost insupportable by the death of her daughter and the absence of her son-in-law upon the sea, by doing little acts of kindness to all with whom she came in contact. These two little girls came in for a large share of her affection and maternal care, and well did they repay her, showing most conclusively that

'Love is the loan for love.'

While the ship-master was absent on one of his long voyages, the old lady, sinking under the weight of increasing years, felt she could not survive till his return, and so, calling to her bed-side her two young friends, now stretching up into the peerless beauty of mature womanhood, she poured out her dying benisons on their heads, adding, as the weakness of dissolving nature would permit: 'As for you, Harriet, there waits for you one of the best blessings of the world, the blessing of a good husband.' The native shrewdness of the old lady had conjectured the true state of affairs, or the

'Sun-set of life gave her mystical lore;'

for within the space of a few months after her death, the younger of the two sisters became the ship-master's wife. True, there was a marked difference in their ages, the husband being forty-four, and his wife eighteen; but never was there a more blissful connection. The young wife was gentle, confiding, and affectionate, while the husband was genial, good-natured, and kind as heart could wish.

From this union sprung the subject of my notice. I know not that any thing very peculiar marked his early days, other than an

innate desire to visit the world outside the door, and to play along the water's edge, watching the gentle play of the billows in their long sweep and roll upon the sands of Cromarty. Here, too, was fostered his taste for geology. His treatment of his play-things foreshadowed an inquiring mind. Frequently, when returning from his voyages, his father would bring some choice toy for his favorite and only son. These the boy usually dispatched by taking them to pieces, in order to discover what they were made of, or what was inside.

Thus passed our hero's youthful days, till November tenth, 1807, when, by the loss of his father's vessel on a voyage from the Hebrides through the Pentland and Murray Friths, he was deprived of the care and instruction of the best of parents. The support of the family, the wife and three children, thus devolved upon the mother, who, having during the day, watched the wayward foot-steps of her darling children, would toil, toil as seamstress through the silent watches of the night, her heart swelling the while with grief almost to bursting. But with all her anxiety and industry, she could scarcely have been able to rear her little family, had she not been assisted by her two brothers, stalwart, hard-working, two-fisted, brawny men, who advanced her means as her necessities demanded.

Before the death of his father, little Hugh had been sent to a female school, where he had learned to read a little, and to accompany the good old dame through the Catechism, the Proverbs, and the New Testament, but it was ever a task the most disagreeable. Presently, however, he arrived at the dignity of reading the Old Testament stories of Joseph and his brethren, of Samson, of David and Goliah, and of Elisha and Elijah. These attracted his attention amazingly, opening to him a new world, the world of information contained in books, and deeply, faithfully did he read, treasuring up the true and beautiful with which to adorn his future writings. Often, at night, after the dismissal of his school, would he creep away into some quiet corner, to con again and again, the same world-renowned incidents.

His maternal uncles, James and Alexander, of whom we have heretofore spoken, and with whom his mother lived, were men of sterling honesty and varied information. James was a harness-maker, and encouraged his nephew to bring his books to his bench, and read, explaining to the young student all such hard words and abstruse terms as he could not readily comprehend. Alexander was of a different turn of mind. A wheelwright by occupation, he was pressed into the service of the government, and placed on board of a man-of-war at the commencement of the war with France. He was present in several engagements, doing credit to himself, and valuable service to his country. Drafted as an artilleryman in the army of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, in Egypt, he assisted in dragging over the sterile sands the first gun, which, thereafter, was to deal such effectual destruction to Napoleon at the battle of the Pyramids. Having thus seen something of the

world, 'Uncle Sandy' was well qualified to interest a boy of Hugh's mental characteristics. Egotism, however, was not his fault, for he never spoke of what he had *done*, but of what he had *seen*.

In such society did little Hugh's life pass, till he had acquired his tenth year, when he was transferred to the grammar-school situated near, and overlooking the shifting tide of Cromarty. Here, he grew into a knowledge of the world in general, and of parish schools in particular, not unmixed, I ween, with observations made upon the vessels as they appeared in the offing. Cromarty, as you are aware, has been noted from time immemorial for the fishing propensity of its inhabitants, nearly the whole population being engaged at certain seasons of the year in piscatory enterprises. About thirty yards from the school door was a slaughter-house, where the salted pork for which Cromarty was famous, was packed. This establishment, together with the fisheries, enabled our youthful inquirer to gain many items of knowledge in comparative anatomy and physiology. While attending school, his inquisitive mind frequently carried him along the shores of Cromarty, where among the water-rolled fragments of the primary rocks, he found numerous subjects for investigation. He made a collection, and pronounced some small, shining pebbles which he had discovered, to be of the same quality as those found in his mother's broach; but the neighbors derided the idea, saying that 'the stones in her possession were precious stones, whereas Hugh's minerals were only stones from the shore.' Hugh, however, maintained his theory, and was gratified in the end, in making a convert of Uncle Sandy, who was considerably versed in such matters. Should a storm come on, and the dashing tide pile the abraded pebbles upon the beach, it was a perfect God-send for the little boy, who, as his fingers passed through the glittering sands, bethought him of the piles of gems in Aladdin's cavern, or of Sinbad's valley of diamonds.

Although frequently interrogated by the teamsters who came to load their wagons with sea-weed, as to his success in 'getting siller from the stanes,' he was never so fortunate as to be able to answer them affirmatively. In company with Uncle Sandy, who was skilful in catching crabs and lobsters, he took many lessons in the changing tides of the Frith of Cromarty. The tract of land laid bare at ebb, formed an admirable school-book for our young naturalist. To-day lingering amid the forest-covered Silurians, tomorrow ranging the lime-stone hills; at one moment vexing his *unco pate* with the thousand water-spiders which hold their revels on the surface of the pools, and anon chasing

> 'The beautiful blue damsel fly
> That fluttered round the jessamine stems,
> Like winged flowers or flying gems;'

now crawling along the rocky ledge to the hazard of his life, and then hemmed in by the rising tide, sleeping undisturbed within the

charmed precincts of the 'Doocot Cave:' these were Hugh's school-boy days.

But what rare times did he have when he went up to visit his uncle in the Highlands! Whether ranging the valley of the Gruids in search of its beautiful crystals of quartz, treading the grassy tomhans with an eye on the picturesque Loch Shin far below him, laboring to preserve the beautiful tower of Dunalscag from the barbarous hands of the iconoclasts, or in company with 'Cousin George,' settling the authorship of Ossian's poems, he was ever the same inquisitive lad, intent on knowing all that could be known, upon any subject coming within the range of his observation.

In consequence of disobedience of school-orders, he received a sound drubbing from his teacher, upon whom he revenged himself by writing a pasquinade on the following evening. This, inasmuch as it may be a novelty to most of my readers, I give entire. It was entitled

'THE PEDAGOGUE.

'WITH solemn mien and pious air,
S–k–r attends each call of grace;
Loud eloquence bedecks his prayer,
And formal sanctity his face:
All good: but turn the other side,
And see the smirking beau displayed;
The pompous strut, exalted air,
And all that marks the fop is there.

'In character we seldom see
Traits so diverse meet and agree;
Can the affected, mincing trip,
Exalted brow, and pride-pressed lip,
In strange, incongruous union meet,
With all that stamps the hypocrite?
We see they do; but let us scan
The secret springs which move the man.

'Though now he wields the knotty birch,
His better hope lies in the Church;
For this the sable robe he wears,
For this in pious guise appears.
But then the weak will cannot hide
The inherent vanity and pride;
And thus he acts the coxcomb's part,
As dearer to his poor vain heart;
Nature's born fop! a saint by art!

'But hold! he wears no fopling's dress;
Each seam, each thread the eye can trace,
His garb all o'er; the dye, though true,
Time-blanched, displays a fainter hue.
Dress forms the fopling's better part;
Reconcile this and prove your art.

''Chill penury represses pride,'
A maxim by the wise denied;
For 't is alone tame, plodding souls,
Whose spirits bend, when it controls;

Whose lives run on in one dull vein,
Plain honesty their highest aim.
With him, it merely can repress —
Tailor o'er-cowed — the pomp of dress!
His spirit unrepressed can soar
High as e'er folly rose before;
Can fly pale study, learned debate,
And ape proud fashion's idle state;
Yet fails in that engaging grace
That lights the practised courtier's face.
His weak affected air we mark,
And smiling, view the would-be spark;
Complete in every act and feature,
An ill-bred, silly, awkward creature.'

But the school-days of Hugh Miller, like the school-days of all boys now grown to man's estate, passed away, not however, without their world of incident imprinting upon the mind those amaranthine pictures which are to grow more vivid through the countless ages of eternity. Time was preparing for him that world-wide school in which toil and care and hardship are the severe but noble teachers. In his sixteenth year, his mother, having lived a widow about eleven years, contracted a second marriage, and the boy found himself confronting a world of work, a life of labor and of toil. He relished not the prospect before him. Memory carried him back to the home of his Highland uncle. The long winter holidays of his cousin George, and their chances for mental improvement, decided him in the choice of his business for life. True, his uncles were urging him very strongly to devote himself to his education, promising, that although their means lay undeveloped in the wealth of brawny muscles, yet they would assist him through college. But how could he endure the idea! His companions who were preparing to enter college, had already fixed upon some profession which they would pursue after completing their scholastic course. But Hugh had neither wish nor fitness for the bench or scalpel, and as to the church, that was not to be dreamed of. His uncles, in common with the Scotch people generally, held that a minister should be called to his work, and it would be equivalent to sacrilege, in their eyes, should young Hugh obtrude himself with all his imperfections upon the sacred office. I would to Heaven that there were more men of this stamp, men who would cherish as faith inviolate, that true and worthy ministers cannot be manufactured out of men of ordinary capacity and character, and in a given number of months, through the agency of the schools, be passed to the community as spiritual advisers worthy of credence. Heartily do I wish that every man at the present day, would believe, and believing, would act upon the principle, that ministers worthy of the name, ministers fit to guide the thirsty way-farer o'er life's toilsome sands to

'Siloa's brook, that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God,'

are the real, only genuine and special creations of the grace of God.

Our young hero, solicitous that his life should be usefully employed, regardless of griping poverty and staring want, chose for his occupation in life the business of a stone-mason. Then could he with truth say: 'O noble, upright, self-denying toil! Who that knows thy solid worth and value, would be ashamed of thy hard hands, thy soiled vestments, and thy obscure tasks; thy humble cottage, thy hard couch, and homely fare? Save for thee and thy lessons, man in society would, every where, sink into a sad compound of the fiend and the wild beast, and this sin-stricken world be, as certainly a moral, as now a natural wilderness.' But little recked the youthful Hugh Miller of the dignity and excellence of labor, when, with a sad heart and gloomy forebodings, he bent his muscles to heave from their bed of ages the masses of rock in the quarries of sand-stone. Necessity nerved him to labor; and I may truly say, thank God for such necessities! Better that half our race should feel the griping hand of daily toil upon their shoulders, than that one such noble soul as Hugh Miller should corrode through idleness. Wholesome restraint confined him to his task, and an active mind made him an observer, not only of character, as it exhibits itself in various men, but also of the minerals among which he plied the mallet and chisel. Thus he became a geologist! His love for the beautiful and good in nature, was most manifestly fastened, when, with his noon-day meal before him, he sat down in a gorge of the quarry, his eye resting for the time, upon the numerous rippling currents that, in the calm of the highland atmosphere, resembled streamlets winding through a meadow; at this moment, scanning the distant gray promontories tipped with villages that brightened in the sun-shine, and anon surveying, pale in the back-ground, the mighty hills, still streaked with snow, arising high over bay and headland, giving dignity, beauty, and grandeur to the scene. These were Hugh Miller's surroundings: how could he be other than an ardent admirer, and a truthful delineator of the beauties of nature? What else could have given him that power of description which an eminent writer is said to have coveted, even 'at the expense of his right arm'?

At the age of seventeen, he commenced that course of excessive physical toil, connected, too, with inordinate mental application, which, in process of time, darted sheet-lightning through his brain, and sent the warm blood thrilling to his manly heart. He became subject to frequent fits of somnambulism, which occasionally troubled him, as his mind and body were overtaxed, through all his after-life.

Amid the Liasic fossils of Scotland's eastern coast, did young Hugh pass the first season of his apprenticeship, and here was he made a genuine geologist. Though laboring with his hands, he was still studying, reading that great unwritten volume of nature under his hand, compared with which, the Alexandrian Library, with its tomes of wisdom, the accumulations of ages, was but a meagre collection.

But time fails me to speak of the various circumstances and changing fortunes which came over him. Fain would I speak of his sojournings amid the lovely scenery of 'Cannon-Side;' his ramblings and studies among its conglomerate deposits; his lingerings by the wild shores of Loch Maree; his investigations among the flora of Gairloch; his Sabbaths in 'Flowerdale;' but my daily duties leave me but little time for even the most common amenities of civilized society, much less to trace, in detail, the private character and daily actions of a man whose memory I revere, whose name I love.

Therefore, passing over many years, during which our young hero was not idle, we find him in the spring of 1824, quitting his native Invernesshire, seeking the tiled roofs of 'Auld Reekie,' drawn thither at once by the hope of employment and by long-cherished associations. But the building mania of 1824–5, not only provided him with abundant work, but also gave him an opportunity to pursue his geological investigations in a different quarter. It is needless to say that these chances were well improved. Excessive labor in the quarries, however, brought on a disease of the lungs, and for some months, it was thought his life would be a short one. Then came to him an intense love of life, rendered all the more burning from his consciousness that his eyes might soon close upon all things earthly forever. How deeply did he feel that, 'it was a pleasant thing to behold the sun!' It was during this period of his life, that he wrote some verses to his little sister, the eldest of his mother's children after her second marriage. On account of their beautiful simplicity, I here transcribe them:

'Sister Jeanie, haste, we 'll go
To where the white-strained gowans grow,
With the puddock-flower of gowden hue,
The snow-drop white, and the violet blue.

'Sister Jeanie, haste, we 'll go
To where the blossomed lilacs grow,
Where the pine-tree, dark and high,
Is pointing its top to the cloudless sky.

Jeanie, many a merry lay
Is sung in the green woods far away;
Flits on light wing the dragon-flea,
And hums on the flower the big red bee.

'Down the burnie works its way,
Beneath the bending birchen spray,
And wimples round the green moss stone,
And mourns a wild and ceaseless moan.

'Jeanie, come: the days of play
With autumn-tide shall pass away:
Soon shall those scenes in darkness cast,
Be ravaged by the winter blast.

'Though to thee a spring shall rise,
And scenes as fair salute thine eyes;
And though, through many a cloudless day,
My winsome JEAN shall e'er be gay;

'She who grasps thy lily hand,
No longer at thy side shall stand,
Nor o'er thy flower-besprinkled brae,
Lead thee the longest, prettiest way.

'Dost thou see yon yard so green,
Specked with many a mossy stone?
A few short weeks of pain shall fly,
When sleeping there shall thy brother lie.

'Then thy mother's tears awhile
May chide thy joy, and damp thy smile;
But soon each grief shall wear away,
And I forgotten fore'er and aye.

'Do not think it makes me sad:
Life vexed me oft, this makes me glad:
When cold my heart, and closed my e'e,
Bonny 'll the dreams of my slumbers be.'

But passing incident after incident, over which I would fain linger, I must speak of one—no, not a dream in which he found one,

'WHOSE soft voice
Should be the sweetest music to his ear,
Awakening all the chords of harmony;
Whose eye should speak a language to his soul,
More eloquent than aught which Greece or Rome
Could boast of in its best and happiest days;
Whose smile should be his rich reward for toil,
Should calm the fever of his troubled thoughts,
And woo his spirit to those fields Elysian,
The Paradise which strong affection guards.'

His marriage was not a dream, but a happy reality, as the events of his subsequent life most plainly developed.

The first Thursday of April has been set apart from time immemorial, by the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, as a day of fast and thanksgiving; and it so happened, that the coronation of Queen Victoria was placed on the same day. This, of necessity, created a difficulty between those, who, on the one side, were anxious to uphold time-sanctioned usages of the Church, and those on the other, who were solicitous to show their loyalty to their new sovereign. This, with some other circumstances happening about this time, so operated upon the Scottish mind, as to make it necessary to establish an organ, whose duty it should be to uphold the interests of the Church, in opposition to the efforts of the 'Processionists.' Of this, the *Witness*, a semi-weekly journal, Hugh Miller, then not unknown, from his participation in ecclesiastical controversy, was appointed editor; a post which he filled up to the hour of his death.

But of this mournful event, how shall I speak? Alas! that the clutching gripe of inordinate, inexorable toil should snatch away our loved one; that envious fate should hurl him headlong from life, who was dealing such prostrating blows to the strongholds of ignorance; that a scion from the tree of life should be lopped off, when it had only begun to proffer the richest of fruit; that the brightest star in the galaxy of science, should be quenched in unending night; that Hugh Miller should die! But it is the common course of nature; we may not lament!

> ''T is ever thus — 't is ever thus,
> With all that 's best below:
> The dearest, noblest, loveliest,
> Are always first to go:
> The bird that sings the sweetest,
> The vine that crowns the rock,
> The glory of the garden,
> The flower of the flock.
>
> ''T is ever thus — 't is ever thus
> With beings heavenly fair,
> Too finely formed to bide the brunt
> More earthly natures bear.
> A little while they dwell with us,
> Blest ministers of love,
> Then spread their wings we had not seen,
> And soar away above.'

It is now conceded that he died by his own hand; that in a moment of mental aberration, he committed suicide. Be it so: yet I feel happy in one blessed thought. Life is the peculiar interlinking of body and soul:

> 'How, no one knows,
> Nor can tell.'

When the couplings of these two dissimilar elements become disordered or disarranged, our actions take on an abnormal cast, and we are said to be insane. In the days of former years, I have known those who have endeared themselves to me by all gentleness, amiability, and loveliness; and shall I suspect for a moment, that their souls, their divine, imperishble part, the efflux from Deity, shall decay, or be changed from their pristine beauty, merely because their temporary tabernacles may have been paralyzed by the 'thousand ills which flesh is heir to?' No, no; let the bonds which link our mortal to our immortal natures be sundered; let these clayey tenements fester 'within the pale of church-yard mould,' yet must I conceive the soul to exist in amaranthine beauty and loveliness; and capable, far away from the confines of earth, afar from this revolted province of God's celestial empire, of enjoying a degree of happiness commensurate with the power and goodness of the Invisible. Thus, although we lament the sudden and untimely death of Hugh Miller, we 'mourn not as those without hope.'

LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

WRITTEN ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY ROBERT PHELPS.

'T is night on the waters! the pale, cold moon
  Looks down from her home on high,
And the 'Father of waters' rolls gloomily on,
Reflecting her image, so pale and wan,
That it seems to blend, as it glides along,
  With the light of each starry eye.

'T is night! and all around is still;
  The waters have sunk to rest;
Not a wavelet breaks, not the slightest thrill
That could ruffle the face of the gentlest rill,
  Sweeps over their glassy breast.

'T is night! and the Beautiful reigns supreme
  In an empire of silvery light,
And her throne is decked with many a beam,
Like the golden lights of a fairy dream,
  From the twinkling orbs of night.

'T is a night for the heart, with its gentle sway,
  When the feeling founts gushingly flow,
When the soul would rise from the world's decay,
And soar to the realms of a brighter day,
  Where the heart-fires eternally glow:
'T is a night for thought in its wildest play;
But my wandering thoughts are far away,
  And I would not recall them now.

For I 'm thinking of thee, love! I 'm thinking of thee,
  And of days that are gone forever;
And I 'm dreaming of days that are yet to be,
When two hearts shall be joined eternally,
  In bonds that no power can sever.

The halycon days of our childhood's prime
  Come rushing before my view,
And the silvery bells of that holy time
Ring through my heart with a dreamy chime,
That blends its notes with the fairy rhyme
  Of memory's dropping dew.

The mighty pendulum of years
  Ticks slowly to-and-fro,
And its song the mournful burden bears
Of withered hopes, of buried fears,
Of transient bliss, forgotten tears,
  And joys that have ceased to flow:

But each note the strain to the heart endears,
For it leaps to the music of former years;
To the strain that is borne to the listening ears
  From the shores of 'Long Ago.'

Thus am I musing of days gone by,
  Of the sweet, rose-tinted past;
And I dream, as I dreamed in the days gone by,
Of a hope-star lit in a cloudless sky,
That should shine forever, both pure and high,
Till the weary hour of death draws nigh,
  And its shadow is o'er me cast;
Yet I know that my dreams are but vanity,
  Too bright and too sweet to last.

Perhaps we never again may meet,
  Till we meet in yonder heaven:
Yet even the dream is heavenly sweet
That paints the goal to the weary feet,
  The rest for the spirit given:
That tells that the loved again may meet,
That the weary spirit once more may greet
Its kindred soul in some blest retreat,
  Where its ties shall no more be riven.

Oh! would thou wert with me, beauty mine!
  To-night on this lonely river:
We would stand and gaze on the pearly shine,
Where the waters reflect each golden line,
  Where the struggling moon-beams quiver;
My inward musings should all be thine,
And our spirits should mingle in bliss divine,
And no tear-drop sear, with its scalding brine,
  The hearts that are joined forever.

We would talk of the past, of its blissful hours,
  When our souls were unfettered and free:
We would dream of the joys that may yet be ours,
We would build, for the future, immortal bowers,
And wreathe them with garlands of fadeless flowers
  From the gardens of memory.

But it may not be, it cannot be,
  I must wander on alone:
And those love-lit features I may not see
For years that must circle heavily
  Ere the promised goal be won.
But each night, from my bark on that lonely sea
Where struggling, weak humanity
Must launch its boat for eternity,
  Ere its battling strife is done,
A prayer shall arise to Heaven for thee,
  My beautiful! my own!

And I know there is one who will breathe a prayer
  From her heart of hearts for me,
And the willing breezes will softly bear
Its incense up through the calm night air,
Glad messengers they from a heart so fair
  To the throne of its Deity.

And I know thou art thinking, even now,
Of the wanderer, beauty mine!
I can feel thy breath on my burning brow,
I can hear thy whisperings, soft and low,
And a union sweet, and an inward flow,
Such as only the loving and loved may know,
Binds my soul to-night with thine.

Then fare thee well! I must journey on,
How long, time alone can tell;
Yet, forget me not till the days are gone
That must roll away ere the battle be won:
For I think of thee hourly, my life! my own!
And the saddest grief that my heart has known
Is to sigh this last farewell!

Alexandria, (*La.*)

Extracts from an Indian Journal:

PART SECOND.

THE BATTLE OF SABROAN.

PREFACE.

Five weeks have elapsed since the date of the last extract from this journal. During this period, the Ferozepore Brigade have remained encamped at that place, while the main army have taken up a position farther down the river, opposite to the Seik forces, now congregated in and around the village of Sabroan, where they (the Seiks) have, on British territory, constructed a strongly fortified camp, abutting upon the river Sutledge. No demonstration has been made by the British forces, owing to an insufficiency of artillery, both as to number of guns and weight of metal. The Seiks muster more than ninety thousand strong, with eighty pieces of cannon. The British heavy siege-train is expected up from Delhi daily.

Ferozepore, February first, 1846.—Orders have come for us to strike our tents, and join the rest of the army. The long expected siege-train it is supposed is now about to arrive.

Camp Nihalkee, February second.—Arrived here an hour since, after a dusty march of twenty-four miles. The gloom of Ferozepore is here happily contrasted: all is life and animation. Our troops amount to eighteen thousand men. The bustle and turmoil continually going on, together with the change of scene, will, I hope, counteract that gloomy depression under which I at present labor.

February third—There joined our regiment this morning this

morning, a welcome reïnforcement of four officers, who on their road up country, had fallen in with Sir Harry Smith's division, and were engaged in the action of Ariwal on the eighteenth of January.

February fourth.—Not being on duty to-day, have had leisure to stroll round and examine our position. About one mile and a quarter of dusty glacis extends between the two camps. We have many advanced posts; most of which are vacated at sun-set. The Seik troops occupy both sides of the river, having, beside a ford, a well-constructed bridge of boats. The territory of the Punjaub looks quite as sterile a waste as our own. We have many captured Seik prisoners in the camp; two fresh ones were brought in just now. They are both Akalis, an independent sect of religious fanatics: tall, hirsute specimens of humanity, above the ordinary height of Europeans, literally armed *cap a pie.* One musket, three swords, two bows, and a whole *chevaux de frise* of dirks and pistols, formed part of the defensive equipment of each. On their heads they wore the high pointed leather caps, on which were strung, graduating up from a large size to a small, the sharp quoits, which they know how to use with such deadly effect. They were quickly stripped of all this gear, and were marching off under guard, when Colonel C—— called them back, and placing in the hands of one of them a quoit, bade him throw it. The fellow at first refused; but upon being twitted by a native Soubidar as to his ability to do so, the desire to vindicate his prowess quickly overcame his determination: seizing the quoit in his right hand, and inserting the fore-finger as an axis on which to revolve it, he caused it to rotate rapidly over his head, looking round at the same time for an appropriate mark. Sixty yards off, on a small mound, stood Colonel C——'s favorite milch goat; another instant, and the quoit had quitted the Akali's finger, and the goat lay quivering in death, nearly decapitated; while, with a grin of malice at the dismayed C——, the Seik faced to the right-about, and marched off with his captors.

Four o'clock.—Have just read in the order-book the not very gratifying intelligence, that H. M.—— Regiment will furnish the company for the Watch Tower to-morrow, which they will take possession of one hour before sun-rise, and vacate one hour after ditto. Regimental Memo. Lt. H. and company are detailed for the above duty. Pleasant look out, certainly.

February fifth, eight o'clock P.M.—Returned safe and sound. Turned out this morning at four o'clock. Inspected company, and with native guide made off in the dark for the Watch Tower. Half-an-hour's rapid march put us quietly in possession. It consisted of about an acre of ground, strongly entrenched, having in the centre a mud-tower of twenty feet in height, loop-holed and turreted. After placing the men under cover in the trenches, there was nothing to be done but wait in silence for day-light. The Seiks are evidently not very early risers; for it was seven o'clock before any signs of their being awake were manifested.

About four hundred yards intervened between the enemy's camp and our position. As the day advanced, the Seik independent soldiery, creeping up as near as they dared, kept up a constant fire at us; but with very little effect. It was near the middle of the day before the first casualty occurred; when Corporal Kelly, while stepping from the tower into the trenches, was shot through the back of the neck. Most of their shots, however, went over our heads; and I think, notwithstanding the sixty rounds of ammunition per man that we got rid of, no very particular damage was done to the enemy.

February sixth.—There dined with us at mess this evening, Prince Waldemar of Prussia, a cousin of the present king, who has been travelling through Asia, under the title of Count Ravensburgh. The Prince was present in the actions of December twenty-first and twenty-second, on the latter day of which, he unfortunately lost his private medical attendant. He is a good-looking man of thirty years of age, and wore the sky-blue uniform of a Prussian Colonel of dragoons, decorated with a profusion of orders. I can testify that he smokes the very best of 'weeds;' for he kept his large segar-case in constant circulation.

February ninth.—The siege-train has at last arrived; and to-morrow, it is whispered, will be an eventful day. *On dit*, that we are to take up a position in the dark, and at break of day commence a game of long bowls, previous to an assault.

Ferozepore, February twentieth.—In my tent. In bed. Not quite so fortunate this time. Feel, however, considerably easier, and more at repose in mind than have done for this month past. Notwithstanding this hole through the upper thigh, things might have been worse. In yonder tent, which I can now see from my open connaught, lies poor C——, without that useful member at all. But I must endeavor to detail, while the recollection is still so vividly impressed upon my mind, the transactions of the tenth. We mustered in deep silence as early as three o'clock A.M. on that day, and commenced our stealthy approach in darkness. Owing to the rotten nature of the soil, the heavy guns made but little noise in their transit, and considerably before day-light they were all in position. At the first glimmer of dawn, a thick mist settled over the plain and river, completely enveloping the enemy's position, and to a certain extent our own. The duty assigned *us*, was the protection of one of the heavy gun batteries: the men to lie down and avoid as much as possible the enemy's fire. It was long past the hour appointed, before the sun had sufficiently penetrated and cleared the atmosphere to enable us to open fire. Our guns were in the open plain without any protection, while our adversaries were behind well-constructed batteries, and their troops protected by redoubts, epaulments, and treble line of trenches. They were no doubt somewhat surprised to find us in such close propinquity; but showed no disinclination to commence this trial of artillery; and soon the earth vibrated with the thunder of a hundred and forty pieces of cannon. A brisk wind from the east carried off the smoke, forming in the west a seemingly solid, impenetrable,

whitened wall, extending from heaven to earth, and dividing the universe in twain. Though the principal object of the enemy seemed to be to silence and break up our guns yet they did not neglect *us*. Their round-shot came recoching over the glacis, sometimes skimming the earth in short jumps, right into our ranks; at others, with one gigantic bound passing clear over our heads, many hundreds of yards in the rear. I may make mention here, of the dire effect of a twenty-four pound shot — of the tremor of horror which it produced upon myself and all who beheld it. It came with one accurate leap, right into our ranks, at a spot where two privates were resting, one with his head upon another's chest: it was not the latter, who was killed outright, that caused this deadly, overwhelming sensation; but the former, who staggered to his feet, the whole lower part of his face gone, a ghastly spectacle. From under his eyes, all hung in shreds, while from his throat there came a gurgling sound, as of an unavailing effort to scream: the poor wretch, in this condition, supported by two men, passed through the whole battalion to the rear.

Two hours had now elapsed since the commencement of the cannonade, without any sensible diminution on the part of the Seiks; and it soon became evident, that it was quite visionary to expect to silence their guns or dislodge their troops, otherwise than at the point of the bayonet. The heavy guns limbered up, and we retired some five hundred yards to a slight eminence, where we remained as reserve, while the attack was commenced by Brigadier Stacy's Brigade, supported on either flank by light artillery. From our position in line, we could see them advance under a heavy fire, infantry and artillery aiding each other correlatively: the former marching steadily up, while the latter took up successive positions at a gallop, and by a constant shower of grape and canister, helped to keep the enemy from manning their ramparts. In breathless anxiety we beheld them approach the trenches, leaving the ground they passed over dotted with their dead and wounded. As yet, they have not fired a shot. They are close now. Can they do it? There is a waver along the line. They 've done it! At first one, then two, then three, and now in tens and twenties, are seen the red-coats scaling the parapets and leaping down within. And now listen to that ceaseless rattle of musketry. An aid-de-camp rides up in hot haste: the reserve are to advance at the double. Five minutes more, and we are within, and opposed to a dense mass of the enemy's troops. Wild and excited, we rush on, and are soon engaged, hand to hand, in a struggle for dear life; but it does not last long: our flying-artillery have entered at the flank, and are pouring murderous volleys into their deeply serried ranks. Inch by inch, we drive them back: but, what is this numbing sensation in my right leg; what this faintness? Another minute, and I am reclining in one of the many trenches with which the camp is intersected. The tide of war passes on, and I am alone with the dead. For another hour, the cannon roar and the musketry rattle incessantly. Fighting off my faintness, I crawl out, and look toward the river. Great God!

what a sight! A river of blood! Hundreds, and hundreds of hundreds of the enemy are attempting to ford its swollen stream; the bridge so completely blocked as to render passage across it impossible, while our horse-artillery are pouring in iron death, till even the river itself becomes too shallow to conceal their mangled bodies: but enough of blood. Eight o'clock found me where I now am, and where I am told I shall be for the next month. The British army crossed the Sutledge unopposed, within twenty-four hours after the battle of Sabroan, and are now encamped at Kussour, sixteen miles from this place, and thirty-two from Lahore, the capital of the Punjaub. Our loss has been two thousand three hundred and eighty-three, killed and wounded. That of the Seiks, though it can never be correctly ascertained, is estimated at twenty thousand, together with the whole of their artillery.

February twenty-third.— Yesterday, we hear, that the city of Lahore was formally taken possession of by the British authorities, peace announced, and the young Maharajah Dhuleep-Sing proclaimed king. The terms of the convention are: the payment to the British of one million five hundred thousand pounds, (seven million five hundred thousand dollars,) the cession of all the country to the east of Bals, and the total disbanding of the Khalsa army.

R. H. H.

A S H E S.

BY EDWARD BATES.

The fire is out upon the hearth,
  The ashes, cold, all scattered lie;
  The room is cheerless to the eye,
Which was, last night, the scene of mirth.

A broken goblet on the floor,
  The seats o'erturned, the curtain torn,
  By the gray light of early morn
I see from out the open door.

I stand with folded arms and gaze
  Upon the scene in mournful mood,
  And think of all the wise and good
Who dwelt with us in other days.

The seats unfilled where once they sate,
  The walks deserted where they trod:
  They calmly lie beneath the sod,
Obedient to the hand of Fate.

Their presence gone, the ashes lie
  Wide scattered round my throbbing heart;
  I saw them peacefully depart,
And now await my time to die.

JONES: AND HIS STORY.

DONE INTO RHYME BY A YOUNG CONTRIBUTOR.

TEN years have passed, yet I recall
That early love of mine:
The stolen hours, their rapid flight;
Her letters — how divine!
The jewels that I proffered her,
And which she grasped elated:
To every accent of her tongue
I listened, hoped, and waited.

The rarest books I sought for her,
And pictures, music, flowers;
All gold could buy, I freely bought,
To cheer her lonely hours.
Oh! how I loved to gaze upon
Her hair, so nicely plaited!
And when she sang a simple song,
I listened, hoped, and waited.

One morning in the early spring,
The sun was brightly shining,
We sat upon a mossy bank,
Or rather were reclining:
Her hand was gently clasped in mine,
While I my love related;
She answered not, but gave a sigh:
I listened, hoped, and waited.

We parted there, my hopes were high:
Again we met as ever;
How beauteous seemed the earth and sky!
How balmy seemed the weather!
Her face, her form, her mild blue eye,
Her hair so smoothly plaited:
For these I toiled and struggled on,
I listened, hoped, and waited.

But Time, the certain arbiter
Of all our hopes and fears,
That wrinkles e'en the smoothest brow,
With swiftly gliding years,
At last its lesson brought to me,
A lesson soon related:
My blue-eyed girl, the one for whom
I listened, hoped, and waited,

Had in a dark and stormy night,
Between 'the late and early,'
Evaporated — left her friends —
That girl I loved so dearly!
And thus my books and jewels rare,
That hair so nicely plaited,
Had gone — with every thing for which
I listened, hoped, and waited.

MORAL.

All ye who try love's knotty skein
With patience to unravel,
Just learn from me that '*Jordan is*
A dusty road to travel.'
Just keep your books and jewels rare,
Until you 're fairly mated,
And keep in view the verdant youth
Who listened, hoped, and waited.

G P R

RACHEL MOORE.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

RACHEL was fifty years old that day. The night was coming in with a wild November storm, and the dead leaves drifted across the windows, like the spectres that flitted across her soul. Ever since the day-break she had been pacing that little parlor, her arms rigidly folded across her breast, her head bowed low, and her thin, compressed lips relaxing to utter only in a tremulous whisper, 'Fifty years! fifty years!' or still more mournfully, 'Thirty years ago!'

What malady rankles so in the breast of Rachel Moore? Look up, Rachel. Fix your tearless eyes upon the portrait over the mantle, and let us see, if we can, what is welling up from your heart. You have not raised your eyes to that father's face to-day without smiling bitterly, and lifting up your brow, as if it wore a crown, while, with lips tightly closed, you walked heavily and thoughtfully away, unless you chanced to see in the dark corner that little miniature, and then your proud head dropped low again,

'Well! the day is gone — the night is here — and what a night!' thought Rachel, as she turned away from the portrait, and pressing her forehead to the pane, looked out upon the stormy darkness. There was no light in the heavens, not one. She sank down and buried her face in her hands.

Something was softening and breaking the crust of her heart. For thirty years no emotion had moistened those stony gray eyes; and now the tear which trickled down her cheek, startled her. Suddenly she raised her head, but dropped it again, for her eyes had wandered to the little miniature, and she felt the fond, melting gaze of her sainted mother.

And then she remembered that, once, a day could scarcely go by when she did not nestle upon that mother's breast, and shed more tears than had fallen from her eyes in thirty years, and that they

were kissed away, and soothing lullabies sung that sent her to her baby-bed to smile in dreams.

And then she remembered, and a sob came with the memory, the prayers she used to say for six sunny years at that mother's knee, and then for fourteen more in motherless loneliness. Those prayers were sweet to her, and the peace and joy they won filled her young heart with an unceasing fount of hope and faith. She never dreamed that her trust could falter. She measured herself, her wants and aims, by what her mother was, unconscious until too late, that the growing flood within her soul, once swollen to violence, could never be checked or staid, except by a sterner discipline. She trusted in God without thinking that He trusted in her, and she must not fail Him. Thirty years ago, when the great flood came, oh! how easily it tore and swept every thing away, and would have overwhelmed her too, had she not fortified herself in pride and hate, found them to be the strongest sinews of her soul, and from the desolate height laughed out scorn to God and man.

But the draw-bridge is down to-night, and the angels are going in.

And then she remembered; and the long pent-up rivers gushed forth; the summer's morn, the sweet June morn, when they called her from her play at the brook-side to come in, for her mother was dying. She found her in her father's arms. Then, for the first time and the last, Rachel beheld him weep. And when she crept like a frightened dove to her mother's breast, she heard her whisper, as she softly laid her hand upon her flaxen curls: 'God keep and bring my darling to me.'

And now Rachel is on her knees — God help her! — will she pray? Can she? Thirty years ago she had advanced thus far, but now, as then, her lips freeze tight together ere she can say: 'Forgive us our trespasses *as we forgive.*'

But a moment had she knelt, when suddenly her sobbing ceased, and she arose with a face calm and cold as marble. She was paler than before, and her eye had a fiercer brightness. She stood before the portrait of her father.

A timid rap at the door announced Lissette, the house-maid, with lights. Scarcely looking at her mistress, she nervously crossed the room to the solar lamp, but Rachel beckoned her to light the little one upon the mantel. As its dim, ghastly light flickered through the apartment, Lissette hurried from the room, and gave a sigh of relief as she closed the door behind her.

Rachel, with folded arms, still stood before the portrait. It was that of a man in the autumn of life, whose gigantic frame was plainly animated by a mind thoughtful, concentrative, and determined. The face was thin, and the cold, gray eyes caverned under heavy, over-hanging eyebrows. There was a smile upon the compressed lips, strikingly like the one Rachel wore whenever she studied it, cold, proud, and triumphant.

'I know what you would say,' she murmured, returning gaze

for gaze. 'You call me weak, and unworthy of your name. Were you living, and had you beheld me then upon my knees, you would have cursed me ere I should have said, 'as we forgive.' If I were like my mother'—she paused, her eyes moistened, 'with a breast full of tenderness, I might perhaps follow in her foot-steps. But your hot, restless heart, is athrob in my bosom; your passions, pride, hatred, and revenge. . . . . You did not forgive. Ten years you nursed the demon in your heart, and when baffled in your murderous intent, ten years longer you watched and waited, and never relinquished your prey until he fell by your hand; and what cared you for the penalty?'

What unnerved Rachel then? Was it the screeching of the winds as they rushed across the heath, shaking the cottage, and swinging the maples and willows to lashing the roof? Or did the storm within affright her? Turning suddenly from the picture, she sank into the chair, murmuring: 'But to die as he did, how terrible!'

And then she wandered into the past again, back to one Easter morn, ten years after her great battle. She was alone, in a stranger land, and upon a bed of pain, where she had lain weary months. Her soul was sick of its bitterness, and yearned for comfort and refreshment. She believed herself at the brink of the grave. She looked back to the pleasant pastures and sweet waters from which she had so long wandered, and wished to return to them once more. But she must first *forgive*. Thirty years ago Rachel had a lover. It is an old story, and I will make it short. She loved him with all her strength. But Mary Leedson loved Guy Hermon too, and jealousy wrought her into a serpent of intrigue and deceit; and once when Rachel was long separated from him, she crept into his confidence, and whispered the tale so plausible and masked with truth, that it led him to send the missive to Rachel, written tenderly and carefully, he thought; but its breath of distrust snapped forever the tender ties between them. Her aroused and wounded pride would give him no answer. Mary interpreted her silence into a confirmation of her story, and brought forward other circumstances to corroborate her falsehood. Guy was reckless; Mary sympathizing and affectionate; he had none other to soothe and comfort him. She was archly winning, and played her part well. Scarce two months from the day he first listened to her lying whispers, she stood by his side at the altar, and was made his wife. But her harvest came in; she reaped what she had sown. Not a half-year after their bridal, he left her abruptly, and sailed for India.

Well, that outward ship went down, where, or how, no one ever knew, for not a soul was saved. And Rachel was dwelling alone in her solitary life when the tidings came: 'Guy is dead! drowned in the sea—your old lover, Guy Hermon.'

'Dead?' she murmured, without feeling or trembling; 'that is little now. He has been so to me for more than a year.' And

she kept on her journey through the desert without looking back. And then Rachel remembered — deep lost in the past was she — one bright Sunday morning in the earliest spring, when her troubled sleep was broken by the wrangling of the church bells. It was Easter, glorious, blessed Easter, and hallowed were the memories that thronged upon her, memories she could not stifle if she would. The joyous chimes ceased, and she heard the sweet voice of a little child as it burst out triumphantly from the garden beneath her open window:

> 'CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day,
> Sons of men and angels say:
> Raise your joys and triumphs high,
> Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.'

Poor Rachel's heart went back to its childhood then, and throbbed as it did when she helped to swell that joyous hymn with her infant voice, under the dark arches of old St. Paul's. Why might she not keep the feast that day? Was she not a child of the KING, a prodigal that would be welcomed, although seen coming from afar? She would go to her FATHER'S house that morning; she would confess herself a miserable sinner, and then, perhaps, she would be fitter to die. It was near the hour of service. She dressed as quickly as she could, forbidding any consideration of the step she was about to take.

When she found herself beneath the consecrated roof, surrounded by symbols a mother had taught her to love and understand, her heart was more oppressively weighed down with penitence and sorrow. She took the back-seat under the gallery, causing the poor old negro, who always occupied it alone, to stare with marvelling curiosity. She did not raise her heavy veil until the service was ended, and those who would partake of the Communion were invited to remain.

It was all like a dream to her. She was very calm; she wondered that she was so. She had not suffered herself to think of Mary Leedson. If she came to her remembrance, she drove her quickly out, and so vainly believed herself relieved of her bitterness. She was yet weak to contend with too much. She would soon be strong enough to master her feelings. She must cast herself upon her LORD the CHRIST.

Shrinking, yet ardently desiring, she approached the chancel. The long night of her soul seemed breaking, as she walked timidly down the aisle, too humble to look like Rachel Moore. 'Come unto me all ye that travel and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you,' were the blessed words she repeated to herself, when looking up. Ah! Rachel, how white you grow in your dreaming! — she saw Mary Leedson gazing full upon her. Rachel stopped short, proudly uplifted her head, gave Mary a bold look of terrible significance, then turning quickly about, left the altar and the church.

'There, heart, when you prate so of softening, take that morsel to feed upon,' said Rachel aloud. Then after a moment's pause,

in which her face revealed the struggle within, she rose up suddenly, muttering, that such thoughts should torment her no longer. Thereupon she rang for Lissette, and ordered her to replenish the fire, and make tea as soon as possible.

II.

And Rachel Moore went on her journey as before, and every year she passed was a long weary mile farther into the desert, where she found no water to quench her thirst, or covert to hide her from the wind. She saw the growing cloud that pursued her, the mighty sirocco of death that must soon overtake and overwhelm her.

Rachel Moore and tempestuous November days cannot be separated in my mind. It were hard to imagine her in the midst of a June sun-shine, unless I thought of her as a child, and it is almost difficult to believe that she ever was one.

It had rained all day, and at an early hour the sky was so overcast, Rachel's keen eyes could not see her stitching. There was a lullaby in the wailing of the storm, and the pouring of the water into the tanks in the cellar. Her work dropped, and her eye-lids too, and out she pushed into dream-land. And what did she see? Slumber seldom brought her beautiful visions, since the fairest dream of her life broke up in horror. She had never dreamed of Guy since then, until that day.

She was a light-hearted lassie again, and sat sewing and singing at her little bed-room window, in the old house at home. Guy rode up on his horse and asked her to go with him for a ride. He laughed his old merry laugh, pinched her cheeks and pulled her curls. Bare-headed she sprang into his saddle; he leaped on after her, and laughing and chatting they rode away. 'But where are we going?' she asked when he directed her to guide the horse into the dense wood. He laughed gayly, and drew her fondly to his breast — dear Guy, when awake how well she remembered that caress! — and on they went through the brambles and under brush, until they reached a thicket of dead trees. They pushed through the brittle crackling branches, and found there a desolate grave. On the broken and fallen head-stone she read:

Mary Merrion.

She turned to Guy, and was searching his sad, earnest eyes, when her dream was broken. Lissette had brought her a letter just left at the door.

Reluctant to let her dream escape, and thinking she could charm it back, she gave little heed to the letter, but closed her eyes again as soon as Lissette withdrew. All she cared to recall was the face and voice of Guy. Faintly the broken dream came back,

but only to bewitch and torment her, then fade away like the mist. Feeling vexed and cheated, she bade it begone altogether, and went to the window to read her letter.

The chirography was strange to her. She looked at the signature. It was the name she saw on the grave-stone! Her whole frame shook violently as she threw the missive across the room, and began to walk slowly and heavily through the apartment, grinding the discarded letter beneath her feet whenever it lay in her way. She rang for Lissette, and ere she answered her summons, seated herself, and took up her knitting. Her countenance was tranquil, and she spoke with mildness and composure.

'Pick up that letter, child. Who brought it here?'

Lissette had told her when she delivered it, but Rachel was then too absorbed to listen; so she repeated:

'The hotel-boy brought it, ma'am. He says you must send your answer there, and immediately, if at all.'

'Can you write, Lissette?'

'A little, but not so pretty as this,' and she gazed admiringly at the address upon the letter she held.

'Take that pen, Lissette, and draw a heavy line across the name on that envelope, and write the one there that I tell you to.'

Lissette reluctantly yielded to such a display of her poor penmanship. She drew the line across Rachel's name, and waited for the other to be given.

'Mrs. Mary Hermon,' dictated Rachel boldly and distinctly. A day or two after she discovered the stitches she dropped when she underwent the painful humiliation of speaking that name. She had never spoken it before; hardly thought it.

She bade Lissette hasten to the village hotel with the letter, and ask for the lady to whom it was addressed, and deliver it with the information, that her mistress, upon opening it and reading only the signature, had returned it, ignorant of its contents. She most expressly charged the wondering girl not to hold any farther conversation with the woman, or with any one else to whom her errand might introduce her. Tormented by the mystery she could not solve, Lissette set off briskly through the storm.

'There! that partially satisfied me!' muttered Rachel, with a cold, triumphant smile, when she heard the gate close to, after Lissette's departure. 'If I had but known before I broke the seal.'

Then she fell into deep, burdensome thought — conjectures as to what the letter was about; where Mary was, and her condition, with not a little vexation because of the broken seal.

She grew restless and excited; she could think of nothing but what she would not: something that wounded and distressed her. The dear face of her dream came vividly back; Guy's caress and whispers thrilled her. Why did not Lissette return? Anxiously she went toward the window. She stepped upon something that arrested her attention, something neatly folded in white silk paper. She hesitated before opening it, for she did not doubt

it fell from the letter then returned. Her pride could not baffle her curiosity then. Trembling she unfolded the paper, and a lock of brown wavy hair fluttered down on her lap. Uttering a frightened cry, she grasped the little tress, and pressed it passionately to her lips. It was Guy's hair; the very lock she clipped from his forehead more than thirty years before! — the precious lock she had half-raised to her frigid lips to kiss once more, the night she sent back, without a word, all the dear little keepsakes he had given her! She was cold and proud no longer: crushed Rachel Moore!

But what would Mary think of her returning the letter without it? What could the letter have been? Very glad was she to hear Lissette coming in. She hid the treasure in her bosom, and addressed her calmly regarding the result of her errand.

The flush on Lissette's cheeks was not wholly due to her fast walking. She drew the same letter from her pocket — Rachel's face brightened — saying, that the lady she saw, urged her to return it to her mistress, and beg her to read it, for the sake of poor Mrs. Hermon, who was lying very near her death.

'Near her death!' gasped Rachel, when alone: 'then what can she want of me?'

. . . . . .

'If I were able to drag my feeble and wasted body before you, Rachel Moore, I would fall at your feet to beg the forgiveness I now so earnestly crave. Hear me, Rachel! and do not glare at this page, as you did at me, the last time we met. Ever since that Easter-day, your cold, proud face has haunted and tormented me.

'I am suffering most intensely. I write with the greatest difficulty. God in mercy will soothe this pain forever, soon. I am lying at the hotel, in this our native village. I can look through the window off on the hills, where we played together — Rachel Moore and I. I can see the little church, where we prayed and chanted side by side, and the spot where the old school-house stood. The white stones in the grave-yard look at me, through the willows, with beckoning faces. My home is a long journey from here; but I could not die, Rachel, without seeing you.

'I want to look up in your face, and tell you all — every thing: how I sinned, and wronged you; how wretched my life has been; how heavy the just retribution I received. Believe, Rachel, that Guy always loved you: I crept into his breast like a serpent, and he soon cast me out as such. God has forgiven me: can you?

'You will know the lock of hair I send you. I have the miniature you once wore: it is yours. When you have forgiven me, I shall dare to look once more upon the face I so wildly worshipped. It is many years since I last did so; for there is an accusation in the eyes I shudder to meet.

'Come, Rachel, and forgive me: hasten, for I would die in your arms. To-morrow morning, if my soul does not break free this night, the Rector is coming to administer the Holy Communion at

my bed-side. Come, Rachel, and partake with me of the heavenly feast.

'Rachel, I pray that you will forgive me, and that to-morrow you will come. MARY HERMON.'

That was a long night of struggle and anguish to Rachel Moore. She did not go to her bed. Long before morning, the fire and the lamp burnt out, and she wrestled alone in the dark.

Early the next morning, she left the house, and proceeded toward the village, Lissette's wondering eyes following her. She was going to see Mary Hermon: to say, 'I forgive you,' and —— but she did not know, she dared not think what else she might do. Like a child, following where it is firmly but lovingly bade, she entered the hotel without hesitation, and ascended to the room where Mary Hermon was lying.

'It is not too late now, Rachel,' whispered something within, as she raised her hand to rap at the door, 'for you to climb to your cold, high pinnacle again, and she need never know you deserted it. You can rightfully demand the little miniature she stole from you, and smite her guilty heart with your unrelenting reserve. How meekly you are standing at Mary Leedson's door!'

Coldly, and without bending her stately figure, she gave her name to the sad-faced woman who opened the door. She silently motioned for her to enter.

Mary Hermon did not know she had come, nor did the Rector, who was praying for peace for the departing soul. Rachel stood silent and motionless, her gaze fixed upon the wasted face before her, trying to find among those thin white hairs, or in those sunken and dim eyes, a gleam of what Mary Leedson used to be. Rachel well knew that she herself was old. That very morning, when she smoothed her silvered locks, she laid Guy's brown tress upon them, and shuddered at the change there had been. It was one thing to hate Mary in the full pride of her womanly loveliness, and so she always remembered and deemed her; and another, to have aught but loving sorrow and pity for so wretched a creature.

Trembling, Rachel moved toward the bed. The sun-shine, bursting suddenly through the clouds, flooded the room with a heavenly radiance. She sank down by the bed-side, and buried her face in Mary's pillow. The joyful exclamation that followed, interrupted the prayer, and they were left alone.

Rachel was on her knees: proud Rachel Moore, who had held in a stony heart so long the oft-repeated vow, never to forgive, or even breathe the hated name of the woman at whose side she was kneeling, and whose hand she was clasping; while her tears fell like rain, and she could not speak. Mary broke the silence.

'Rachie! Rachie! look up. Do you forgive me? Can you?'

'Yes, Mary! yes! GOD be merciful to us both!'

'Now I am willing to go,' said she; and the shade of pain faded from her face, and the sweet smile came, that made her look so happy when she lay in her coffin.

They said no more: not a word about Guy or the past. The pastor came in again, and Rachel sat upon the bed, and took Mary in her arms. It was sweet to feel the brown tress in her bosom, and that aching head resting against it.

Shrinking and trembling, she received the holy bread and wine; and it was when her lips were faltering the prayer, 'Forgive us our trespasses,' that the thin hand she held grew colder, the tired lids meekly dropped, and the weary one floated calmly out upon the ocean of rest.

And that is Mary's grave, in the church-yard corner in the shadow of the wall, where the climbing roses are so thick. At its head is a low brown stone, and only 'MARY' cut upon it. For two years after she was laid there, the grass above her was neatly trimmed, the violet clump carefully weeded; and every Sunday, as long as flowers lasted, a wreath or bouquet was placed upon the grave. But since Rachel Moore was laid in the unmarked and grass-covered bed at her side, it has been neglected and forgotten; and now the rank weeds cover them both.

A little miniature, so faded no one could tell whose it was, and a lock of brown wavy hair, was found on Rachel's bosom by those who dressed her for the grave. They were not removed; and many were the conjectures gossips made, until one old lady, who had been a lassie with Rachel, said they must be Guy Hermon's; for she could remember something about their loving each other, years and years ago.

Rochester, (*N. Y.*)

THE RECONCILIATION.

NOT IMAGINARY.

I HAD a foe, or deemed him such:
  A trifle severed Friendship's tie;
We once esteemed each other much,
  Then coldly passed each other by.
With rapid wing TIME fled along,
  We mingled 'mid Ambition's strife;
Meanwhile our stubborn hatred strong
  Seemed destined but to end with life.

Reverses came, and DEATH pursued,
  I sat in grief beside the dead;
My spirits bowed, my heart subdued,
  And all my brighter visions fled.
Lo! one before me stood; I scanned
  His face, amazed! and speechless then,
He wept! I grasped his trembling hand,
  We mingled Friendship's tears again.

O. J.

'MY TWO HOUSES OF PARLIMENT.'

IN SESSION.

BY J. W. WALL.

WHO that has ever pondered over that pompous sentence of Blackstone, asserting that 'the nobility are the pillars reared from among the people, more immediately to support the throne, and if that falls, they must be buried under its ruins,' but has felt a strong desire to view with his own eyes those important props of English royalty assembled in their own chamber? The munificence and pride of the nation, as I have shown in a former communication, *do* furnish a fitting place for the deliberations of that important body — the House of Lords. The architect has embodied in the magnificent adornments, heraldic blazonry, and lofty state of this proud chamber, all that the English imagination considers the proper tribute that Art should render to so much hereditary grandeur. While the Commons vouchsafed to the architect a loose rein to his fancy, in decorating the legislative hall of these pillars of the state; with true Spartan simplicity, they refused the glare and glitter with which he was disposed to ornament the chamber in which they were to assemble. Nothing, therefore, can be in more striking contrast, than the stern simplicity of the House of Commons, and the magnificent gorgeousness of the Lords; reminding one of Oriental magnificence, by recalling the splendor of the Moorish Alhambra.

I must confess to a great feeling of disappointment at first seeing the House of Lords in session. In no respect did it compare with our Senate, as I remember it in the last days of its intellectual glory; and I am not certain whether, in the personal appearance of the members, it would compare with it now, in its lamentable decline, however far surpassing it intellectually. If I had ever formed any very exalted opinion of 'a live lord,' it was quickly dissipated, upon looking in upon this assemblage of the English aristocracy for the first time. In running my eye over the crowd, it was with difficulty I could single out more than three or four, strikingly remarkable for an appearance of intellectual and physical vigor. It is very different in the Commons, where one is struck with the fine physique, and intellectual appearance of most of the members. There is the mark of true physical and mental vigor in the Commons, which you look for in vain as a characteristic of the Lords.

Of the Bench of Bishops, the only one that looked the baron, was the celebrated Bishop of Oxford — '*slippery Sam*,' as his enemies nick-name him, on account of the adroitness he on all occasions manifests, and in nothing more than in reaining the eccle-

siastical position, while keeping just this side of Rome. One or two of his brothers have gone entirely over. It is said by those who profess to know, that the Bishop himself has a strong hankering for the gauds of the Scarlet Woman, who now displays her enchantments, and asserts her empire upon the old imperial hills. He is the son of the meek and evangelical Wilberforce, the philanthropist and Christian statesman. Surely it is passing strange, with such antecedents, and reared in so moderate a school, that all the sons should have been the very antipodes of the father in the form and fashion of their belief; that father who would have evangelized the Church of England almost to the simplicity of the faith and forms of worship belonging to the dissenter. But let the Bishop's ecclesiastical proclivities be what they may, I believe no one ever pretends to question the sincerity of his piety, or the perfect blamelessness of his his official career. As was said of Bishop Jeremy Taylor by his admirers, so may it be said of the Bishop of Oxford: 'He has the good humor of a gentleman, the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the wisdom of a counsellor, and the piety of a saint; while we verily believe that he has parts and endowments enough, which if parcelled out among the clergy, would make the most learned diocese in the world.' But aside from his standing in the Church, in the House of Lords he is physically and intellectually an ornament to his order — looking more the peer than any of the temporal nobles round him, with 'the blood of all the Howards in their veins. The rest of the English hierarchy, at least those I was permitted to see upon the Bench of Bishops, cut rather a sorry figure; and some of their outside adornments had a somewhat dingy, rumpled look, with none of 'the unsullied purity of the lawn,' belonging to 'that right reverend Bench,' before whom the indignant Chatham made his eloquent appeal. Many of those I did see upon the Bench of Bishops physically reminded me very much of that band of old women in red, the cardinals, who on state occasions totter on after Pope Pius up 'the long-drawn aisle' of Saint Peter's.

The lords spiritual of the House are the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England, with delegates from the Protestant Church of Ireland. Strictly speaking, their rank is much more limited than that of the lords temporal; for although they take precedence as temporal barons, yet they do it rather by a fiction of law than by any thing approaching to reality. A temporal peer is understood to occupy his seat in the House in consequence of his hereditary right, and with power to leave his dignity to his heirs. Whereas an archbishop or bishop officially has neither ancestor or heir. They occupy their seats simply as the representatives of the clergy, and although they may take part in all the legislative and judicial functions of the temporal peers, their true and natural function is watching over that body whose interests are strictly in their keeping, and theirs alone.

We turn from the Bench of Bishops in their lawn sleeves, to the Chancellor, the presiding officer of the House, who sits there, with his capacious wig, and the lower part of his body half-buried in

the wool sack, looking for all the world like a Brahmin at his devotions. This office of Lord Chancellor is surely no sinecure, and the duties are infinitely more onerous now, than those which this officer was called upon to perform a few years ago. The great question of law reform, embracing as it does so many particular topics, has now become in England the popular cry of administrations, and public men rest their claims to the support of the country at large upon their merits, as sound, efficient, and practical law reformers.

In former times, and in fact up to a very recent period, the Lord Chancellor is said to have been so much over-worked, as a judge and minister of state, that he could hardly pay that attention to the great question of Law Reform which the position he occupied at the head of the profession demanded. The Court of Appeal in Chancery has therefore recently been established, which relieves him in a measure from some of his duties as Chancellor; but it only gives him time and opportunity to attend to others. It is wonderful how this officer can in any way satisfactorily discharge the demands made continually on his time. He not only has to attend the Lords as its presiding officer, and a judge when sitting as a court of the last resort, but in addition to all these duties, has to act as minister of state, to attend cabinet councils, to preside in the Judiciary Committee of the Privy Council, to regulate the magistracy of the county, to bestow livings, (an incident of office which he holds as keeper of the royal conscience,) and to give such passing attention as these exactions on his time will permit to the framing of Acts of Parliament affecting the legal institutions of the country. With such multifarious and various duties, no man of moderate intellectual calibre and industry could hold the position a single week without manifesting his incapacity. The first minds of the kingdom are alone equal to such an herculean task, such minds as those of Hardwicke, Eldon, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham, and Cranworth.

Lord Cranworth, who at this time was Lord Chancellor, appeared to me to be a man close upon seventy, and bears the mark of severe mental labor upon his wrinkled brow. He of course filled some of the most important and responsible offices, before his elevation to the wool sack. Having elevated himself to his present exalted position by ability and honest industry, he has rivalled his great predecessors, most of whom, like himself, sprang from the ranks of the people, by the soundness of his judicial opinions, and the variety and extent of his law learning.

Close by the wool-sack, a position often caricatured by *Punch*, was sitting, or rather I might say was crouching, Henry Lord Brougham, a peer not by right of inheritance, but by right of intellect. The resources of this man are truly wonderful; and one might well imagine that he had realized the ancient Scythian fable, 'killing the foremost man in every department of science, and possessing himself of all their intellectual strength.' But the Brougham of to-day, whatever his intellectuality, has nothing certainly to boast of, either in his physique or the expression of his countenance. No one looking at that low, wrinkled brow, that

shocking turned-up nose, with a squareness of nostril which even *Punch* has hardly caricatured, or the expressionless mouth, would ever single him out as remarkable for any thing among the common herd of men. And yet there he crouches by the woolsack of my Lord Chancellor, world-renowned as jurist, philosopher, orator, statesman, and in the exact sciences a perfect walking encyclopædia. The advance of years, and some political disappointments, are said to have made him somewhat cynical and peevish. His style of speaking, both in manner and matter, recalled to my mind Colonel Benton, as I remembered him in the Senate during the winter of 1838. He resembles him too in his egotism and irritability.

That rather feeble-looking, plainly-dressed man, leaning over to speak to the Bishop of Oxford, is 'the classic Thane, the Athenian Aberdeen' of Byron's verse: at the time I saw him, the nominal Premier, the confident of his royal mistress, the 'Iron Duke' having gone to lie down,

With his martial cloak around him,'

beneath the sounding pavement of Saint Paul's. Aberdeen is no orator, but honest and patriotic; none more cautious as a politician, and none more distinguished by inflexible integrity and strong common-sense. Noble as he is, he does not look the peer, and yet blood pure from the Norman Conquest courses in his veins. He is a direct descendant of those Gordons, who in the Great Rebellion, stood up so bravely for the King, and suffered so severely in the after-persecutions. In more modern times, these Gordons seem to have mellowed down from the principles of their ancestors sufficiently to become good friends to the revolutionary settlement, and even so far conformed to the temper of the times, that they were induced to abandon the Episcopal form of worship, for which old Gordon of Faddo died, joining the Presbyterian Church, of which the present Earl is a conscientious member; being the first Prime Minister of England since the Revolution, that did not belong to the Episcopal Church. It was Aberdeen who persuaded Murat to forsake his old master, and won him over to the side of the allies. Aberdeen may be said to belong to that class of statesmen in England, who have ever opposed the principle of interference with the affairs of foreign states, either on the continent or elsewhere. This principle he understands very differently from Lord Palmerston. By the latter, non-intervention is interpreted to mean simply abstinence from taking up arms on behalf of any one of the contending parties; but this is not to prevent interference by advice, encouragement in secret, and in every possible way short of warlike assistance. By the former, as far as I can understand his policy from his public speeches, it means exactly what the words convey — an absolute neutrality between both contending parties. In person, this distinguished statesman is rather above the middle size, of a spare figure, and equally sedate in garb and bearing. His style of speaking has no pretensions to grace, and is heavy from its studied formality, while his tones are somewhat monotonous. I believe as a statesman he has always proved

a soundly-judging, truthful, and reliable man, and his dispassionate, cool head, always learning, always observing, is, after forty years of watching and working, full of wisdom, which, in his case, I take to be, the remembrance of the results of observation. Englishmen tell you he wants 'parliamentary knack,' which often passes for cleverness; and his lack of it is owing to the fact, that he was never in the House of Commons.

While studying the features of Aberdeen, and trying to remember the principal points of his history, I was startled by the tones of a voice broad with the most unmistakable Scotch accent, and turning my eyes to the opposite side of the chamber, found that it proceeded from a light-haired, youthful peer, who, I learned, was no less a personage than the Duke of Argyle. He is one of the youngest members, and, for his years, among the ablest. He comes from that numerous clan of Campbells, whose history is intimately bound up with that of Scotland, and occupies almost as large a national space as that of Douglas. Although he has shown himself a skilful debater upon many subjects, his chief power, it is admitted, lies in polemical discussions. When the Papal aggressions assumed such an alarming position, in 1851, the youthful Duke participated in the discussions growing out of the measures that were brought forward to meet the crisis. Indeed, some of the movements of the Protestant side appear to have been as distasteful to him as those of the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman. When, for instance, the Bishop of Oxford summoned his clergy, and laid before them a protest against Papal usurpations, but couched in a style which savored rather of the pretensions of a rival Pope than a Protestant prelate, the Duke published a very severe letter, addressed to him, rebuking the arrogance of his assumptions, and pointing out the inconsistency of his pretensions, when brought in conflict with the true historical position of the Church. The Duke is said also to have achieved quite a reputation in the scientific world, having devoted a large portion of his time to the study of geology, with considerable success. His style of speaking is good, and his fluency remarkable, when contrasted with the impeded utterance of most of his brother peers. The only thing that marred the efficacy of his speech, appeared to me to be a rather broad Scotch accent, which gave a harshness to the tones of his voice. Lord Stanley, the eldest son of Lord Derby, followed in a very passionate speech. He is a young man, who has had initiative training in the lower House; and such a training as he had there, has given him experience, and coolness in debate, which were very marked in his manner and style. His voice, however, is shocking: *Punch* once said of him, 'that he was a Demosthenes who kept the pebbles in his mouth;' and it is a very good description of a voice which grates most harshly upon the ear. As he speaks, he moves his head very awkwardly from side to side, which makes a most ludicrous appearance. But notwithstanding all these defects, he appears to be a very effective debater. The worth of what he says, is more in the matter than in the manner. I was disappointed in not seeing Lords Lyndhurst and Derby, who were not

in the chamber on the evening of my visit; more especially Lord Lyndhurst, whose descent from the American painter, Copley, makes him more interesting to our eyes, independent of that masterly intellect which has enabled him to triumph over all the disadvantages of birth and fortune, and reach the highest elevation known to a subject.

But let us leave the House of Lords and look in upon the House of Commons. It is past the noon of night, and all the stir and turmoil of mighty London is hushed to rest, but the heart — the Senate — is pumping away the sustaining blood of the nation in this far corner on the Thames. Looking down from our place in the stranger's gallery, and seated alongside of our friend B——, himself a member of the House, we are indebted to him for the ability to single out the notabilities. That gentlemanly individual, of rather youthful appearance, who has just taken his place to the right of the speaker on the front bench, is the Right Hon. Mr. Gladstone, at the time we saw him, Her Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the Commons. Presently he lifts his hat somewhat from his brow, and enters into conversation with a thin, small-faced man on his left, who bears a marvellous resemblance to the Hon. Robert J. Walker, once Secretary of the Treasury. This is no less a person than Lord John Russell. Of all men in the House, I wanted to see and hear this great Commoner, this energetic leader who distinguished himself in all the Parliamentary struggles which have been fought and won in the great cause of Reform. His strong democratic tendencies he comes fairly by, they having descended to him through the long line of an ancient House, which I believe can trace its lineage uninterruptedly to the reign of the seventh Henry. The House of Bedford for centuries has been distinguished for its strong popular proclivities, and boasts at least one ancestor, the celebrated William Lord Russell, whose blood was poured out upon the scaffold in the cause of the people, and whose death undoubtedly did much to pave the way for the great Revolution of 1688. His nobility comes to him, to use those stirring lines of Moore, addressed to the young statesman, when ill-health made him think seriously of withdrawing from public life altogether:

> 'Stamped with the seal,
> Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set,
> With the blood of thy race offered up for the weal
> Of a nation that swears by *that* martyrdom yet.'

With all these surroundings, it was with a deep interest I gazed upon this statesman,

> 'With his genius, his power and name,
> Who, born of a Russell, whose instinct to run
> The accustomed career of his sires, is the same
> As the eaglet's to soar with his eyes on the sun.'

I must confess, however, to a feeling of great disappointment, when he rose to speak. Upon his feet he appeared rather a pocket edition of humanity, of that stature which always detracts from

one's ideas of greatness. There was no grace, and apparently no attempt at it. He held a preposterously large hat for such a head, in one hand, while the other was buried deep in his breeches-pocket. As he commenced, what peculiarly struck me was the pitch of his voice, being in its tiniest, that is to say, its highest key, while all his phrases were broadened, as if for effect, and the impression made upon an unpractised ear, was shocking. And yet, as he warmed with his subject, and his sentences flowed from him more fluently and copiously, you found yourself, in spite of his manner and pronunciation, becoming interested. His speech was frigid and didactic, but so plain and simple in its statements, that you felt as if you could not lose a sentence. No flights of fancy, no illustrations, but as bald and barren of ornament as a lawyer's state of the case. An American, used to the fervent florid style of home-speaking, at first cannot understand how so cold and formal a speaker could ever become a leader; but yet as his speech advances, you find where the power of the man is to be found: it is in the clear and lucid statement of his case; the ignoring of every thing that does not bear directly upon the issue. His speech in this regard was crystal-clear. It was during this speech I first heard the English legislative mode of approval, the cry of hear! hear! The thing is done by reïterating the word hear! until all sense and power of hearing are gone. It begins with a distinct but faltering hear! hear! but soon the syllables roll and jostle each other like the emptying of small stones out of a cart, or the chafe of pebbles on the sea-shore rattling after a returning billow. Immediately on Lord John taking his seat, D'Israeli rose to reply. He stood directly facing Gladstone, and his speech was evidently aimed at the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, ignoring Lord John Russell altogether. D'Israeli has considerable of the Jewish physiognomy, but none of that remarkable beauty which the earlier portraits of him give you reason to expect. He has a haggard, way-worn look, and when his features are at rest, I think any one would say he was an exceedingly homely man. It is a face which one sees repeated in the Jews' quarter in London every day. His first speech in the House is said to have been a failure; the House snubbed him; but the yelling laughter that greeted him made him what he is, as they say it gave him so much to obliterate. He muttered, as his voice was drowned in the yells: 'The time shall come when you *will* hear me!' And that time *has* come; nor had it *gone*, for the House was as silent as the grave when he rose, and every member seemed anxious to catch each word as it fell. He began very distinctly, but very quietly. He had not intended to speak that evening, but there were reasons why he should. He had been Chancellor of the Exchequer, and it would be disrespectful to his sovereign, and indicate a lack of patriotic zeal, if he did not offer a few observations. After a few generalities like the above, the House was invited to retrace its steps through the history of the last few months. The origin of the war was then rapidly given, intermingled with stinging

innendoes and sarcastic comments upon the state of the Budget, and the grievous miscalculations and errors into which the Chancellor of the Exchequer had fallen. He, Gladstone, had endeavored to capitalize a little popularity by pandering to party corruptions; and so he went on, calm and dispassionate at times, when making some financial statement, at others gesticulating with considerable violence, and uttering the most scathing and severe rebukes against the administration party. D'Israeli was originally a liberal in his politics, but he deserted Hume and O'Connell some twenty years ago, and instantly proceeded to make an attack upon his former colleagues. Mr. O'Connell replied in his characteristic style, and after charging his assailant with charlatanism, apostacy, and ingratitude, wound up his vengeful diatribe by a sarcasm, which went straight like a poisoned arrow to the mark. 'I cannot,' said the Irish orator, divest my mind of the belief, that if this fellow's genealogy could be traced, it would be found that he was the lineal descendant and true heir at law of the impenitent thief, who atoned for his crimes upon the cross.' But in the position he has attained, and the lasting reputation that he has acquired, he has taken a sweet revenge on all who

'Spat upon his Jewish gaberdine.'

Gladstone rose to reply to D'Israeli, and after some preparatory sentences, most admirably calculated for winning and arresting attention, he commenced a defence of the Budget, in a clear, calm, practical, and common-sense speech. Seizing upon the strong points of D'Israeli, he refuted them one by one, and at intervals dealt him some tremendous blows with great success, if applause was any evidence. Gladstone is candid, argumentative, dignified, and deferential. His knowledge of the minutest point of detail was marvellously elaborate; and yet he appears to have the faculty of not letting his hearers sink among details, but at intervals relieves the tedium of the debate, with eloquent passages that have the ring of the true metal about them. His speech was a sort of Secretary of the Treasury's Report, ornamented with classical allusions, and interspersed with passages of genuine eloquence.

The speaking of the House of Commons differs from that of our parliamentary bodies in this, that it is much more practical, business-like, and to the purpose. There seems no effort at display, and there is none. In the Commons, as a general thing, the speakers conduct themselves with the utmost propriety, and their speaking has a business-like air. No man, I should think, could ever make the House of Commons a platform for his own glorification. A man who does not work there, soon finds his level. A man who, as our Congressmen do, talks for and to the galleries, would insult the self-love of the House of Commons, and be snubbed incontinently. To an American, this business-like air, this come-to-the-point style of legislation, is strikingly in contrast with the hurrying, ramble-scramble style with which every thing is done in the legislative halls of his own country.

THE PARTING.

Side by side, we sat together,
  As oft in days gone by;
But now our hearts were distant
  As earth is from the sky:
A shadow had come o'er us,
  Which darkened all the room,
And filled our eyes with sorrow,
  And filled our hearts with gloom.

Within that icy shadow
  We sat as if congealed,
Though heart and brain were throbbing
  With thoughts no speech revealed.
Each knew the secret pang
  Which gave the other pain:
Ah! one had never loved,
  And the other loved in vain.

Awhile we sat in silence,
  Sorrowful and chill:
I knew that I must leave her,
  And yet I lingered still;
Like some forlorn miser,
  Who hath lost his wealth and mind,
And lingers, vainly seeking
  What he shall never find.

Then with a sudden start,
  The impulse of despair,
I arose to brave my fate,
  And go — I cared not where:
I took her hand in mine,
  'T was cold as a dead hand;
No pressure now — no clasp,
  Which the heart might understand.

I looked into her eyes,
  And she looked into mine,
But hers were like the stars
  Which warm not as they shine:
I said to her, 'Good night!'
  She said 'Good night' to me;
So we parted, sadly parted —
  Coldly parted, I and she.

When I left her father's house,
  And passed with rapid feet,
My foot-steps echoed sadly
  Through the empty street:
I felt like one who grieveth,
  By some deep sorrow moved;
As a mourner when he leaveth
  The grave of one he loved.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW, for the April Quarter of 1858: pp. 295. Boston: CROSBY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY, Number 554 Broadway.

WE sometimes have the thought 'borne in upon our minds,' (as our brothers the FRIENDS say,) in relation to this fact: are we sufficiently aware, here in our country — do we properly appreciate — the media through which the intellectual records of our day and our generation are preserved for those who are to succeed us? We think that we do not:

'CLXXIX'

is the number inscribed upon the '*North-American Review*,' now before us. Think how often this work, 'still high advanced,' has been sought for in public and private libraries, for the choice works, the keen dissection, the sedate comment of the first minds of our once young but now grown and (without figure of speech) 'mighty empire!'

It is for this reason — and surely for years our readers must have had occasion to remark the fact — that we never lose an opportunity of expressing our good wishes for the '*North-American Review*,' as the oldest representative of all the really critical organs of our country. Here, we think we may say, without a doubt, have appeared the best, the most reliable, the most succinctly and gracefully-written critical papers in *our* language: by which we do not mean, as a cynical English reviewer once said, the '*American* language, as contradistinguished from the *English*.' Thus much we have thought it proper to say, to palliate, if not to justify, the uniform tone of commendation in which we invariably indulge, in adverting to our only long-lived, self-sustaining, country-honoring and country-honored QUARTERLY. But let us refer to the number before us.

The 'Papers' proper, with eleven brief 'Critical Notices,' constitute the contents of the present number. We shall state them mainly in order: 'PALGRAVE'S History of Normandy and England:' WASHINGTON IRVING'S Life of WASHINGTON: MICHAUX'S 'North-American Sylva:' SMUCKER'S 'Life and Times of ALEXANDER HAMILTON:' 'Influence of English Literature upon French Literature:' 'The Brahmin's Doctrine of a Future Life:' DUER'S 'Constitutional Jurisprudence:' 'The Rebellion in India:' 'The Classic

Mythology and Christianity:' 'Recent Researches in Africa:' embracing 'running reviews' of no less than ten different works upon general, or at least cognate themes, (p'ints o' compass and distances excepted:) and then the 'batch' of less-carefully-considered 'Critical Notices.' We profess not to have read all the articles in the present number of the '*North-American:*' and even of such as we *have* found leisure and occasion to read, we find that we can say but little that will be likely to interest our readers: but we *can* interest them, by permitting the able reviewers to speak for themselves: as witness the following, from a notice of IRVING's 'Life of WASHINGTON.' We cannot omit a sentence of the following, so truthful and well-expressed, as every intelligent and tasteful reader must admit it to be:

'MR. IRVING has taken advantage of every opportunity to introduce appropriate details; seasoning his narrative with characteristic anecdotes, which give a pleasant relief to the general gravity of the subject, and serve to bring out those familiar traits, without which our knowledge of a man is always indefinite and unsatisfactory. But he has displayed superior discretion in the choice of them, accepting nothing which was not trustworthy, and rejecting those idle stories which float loosely in the wake of every great man, without any competent witness to vouch for their authenticity.

'It may seem superfluous to speak of Mr. IRVING's style; but it is so refreshing to meet with a work written in such good taste, and with so graceful an adherence to the pure traditions of our language, that we cannot resist the temptation of dwelling for a moment upon the grateful theme. Every age has a conventional style of its own, arising from circumstances peculiar to itself, and reflecting, with more or less fidelity, its own characteristics. So long as the influences under which it grew up retain their power, it continues to hold its place as the popular standard. But no sooner do they cease to act, than it begins to lose its distinctive features and gradually to assume those of another period. Still there is an element in it which resists this constant tendency to change, and preserves itself with more or less purity through the entire series of transformations. This element is the genius of the language, a lithe and delicate spirit, assuming with miraculous flexibility a strange variety of forms, bending to the strong will, humoring the playful caprice, diffusing itself with subtile expansion throughout the whole body of literature, and giving to the infinite creations of mind the form and lineaments of national unity. Thus, while there is much in which the writers of different ages differ, there is something in which they agree; and this point of agreement furnishes one of the tests by which individual style should be judged.

'Some hold the great writers of their language in such veneration, that they hardly venture to use a phrase which has not received their sanction, and never seem to feel sure of themselves unless when treading in their foot-steps. Others, tempering their reverence for the past by a cheerful recognition of the changes which the progress of society and the rise of new arts and inventions introduce into the forms of speech, readily admit whatever may be necessary for the adequate expression of thought. A third class seem to throw themselves recklessly into the current, with an utter disregard of all the old land-marks and cherished associations of their fathers, confounding innovation with progress, and novelty with reform, too proud of the age they live in to remember how much it owes to the ages that went before, and filling their pages so lavishly with new infusions of form and diction, as to make it difficult to recognize in the unnatural mixture the genuine characteristics of their mother-tongue.

'Of the three great American historians, Mr. PRESCOTT, perhaps, has the fewest of those characteristic traits which may be regarded as distinctive of our own times. The general structure of his style resembles that of the best parts of the last century, though every sentence has that fine flavor of general culture which can be acquired only by a long and careful study of the most polished writers of every age. His sentences have an easy and natural flow, adapting themselves with graceful flexibility to the different forms of expression which the subject requires, from a full picture to a simple outline. The rhythm of his periods is not always apparent, or, at least, not always prominent, for they are addressed to the eye rather than to the ear; but there is a sweet under-tone of natural melody running through them, which mingles pleasantly with their general flow, and fills the mind with an agreeable sense of harmony. There is no apparent effort about them. Every thing is natural and easy, like the free giving of what has been freely received. You may sometimes feel the want of energy; of lucidness, never. The words are for the most part happily chosen, indi-

cating a judicious use of the different elements of our vocabulary without any exclusive preference. He does not indulge largely in epithets, though those which he employs are beautiful and appropriate. He has none of those fiery sentences which blaze up with spontaneous combustion, as if they were about to consume the paper on which they are written; nor yet any of that other cast, so common among our modish writers, which seem to have been shot out like arrows from the bow, paining the sensitive ear by the incessant twang of the cord. But he expresses his thoughts with a genuine simplicity, a natural warmth, an unaffected dignity, that bring them before the mind of the reader as distinctly as they arose in his own, and leave them there like the recollection of a sunny landscape, or a sweet song, which dwells in the soul as an unfailing resource for secret refreshment.

'In striking contrast with these natural graces is the brilliant and elaborate tessellation of Mr. BANCROFT's style, into which rich and varied learning and wide experience of life have been wrought with lavish profusion. It is evident that Mr. BANCROFT has studied the art of writing with uncommon care. His sentences are shaped and modulated with unwearied pains. The words are inserted in their places with a curious felicity. The epithets are drawn freely from a wide range of reading, and set off the thought with dazzling brilliancy. Like MÜLLER, the eloquent historian of Switzerland, he loves to interweave with his own the language of the texts he draws from, forming a rich mosaic of skilfully assorted colors. He affects, too, a sententious energy, and the forms of abstract thought. But the energy of manner is not always sustained by energy of matter, and a portrait or an exposition sometimes runs out into several pages of concise sentences. His periods are addressed to the ear as much, if not more, than to the eye; and you would say that he could never entirely divest himself of the feeling that he was speaking to the multitude. He draws largely from the science and vocabulary of the times, and seems to feel a peculiar pleasure in preserving the coloring of his own age in his most elaborate pictures of the past. He never grows weary of touching and retouching till every detail has been carefully finished. But his vivid imagination has somewhat fragmentary in it, giving to parts a prominence which mars at times the harmony of the whole. And thus the general effect is like that of a harpist, who, while he commands your admiration by brilliant execution, dwells too long upon single chords to produce a gratifying sense of harmony. His individual sentences are never obscure, but the chapters do not always leave distinct impressions. He has many beauties, some of them of a very high order, which yet lose much of their charm by the lack of simplicity and repose. We are too constantly reminded of the effort by which they were produced, and are seldom allowed to forget the artist in his work.

'In Mr. IRVING's style there is less of the nineteenth century than in Mr. BANCROFT's, and more than in Mr. PRESCOTT's. The character of his early works brought him into that kind of contact with his contemporaries which necessarily affects the forms of expression by its influence upon the forms of thought. In painting objects that lay under his eye, he naturally employed the language of daily life, and when he came to speak of the manners and arts of other ages, or to indulge in the genial exercise of creation, he had already caught as large a share of the characteristics of his own age as was suited to the nature and bent of his mind. His favorite studies, at the same time, served to moderate the effect of these contemporary influences, and to aid him in forming a style in which the genius of the language is preserved without sacrificing the genius of the age. He had conceived an early passion for the old poets and moralists, and had taken a special delight in those exquisite ballads into which men fresh from the people poured all the poetry of common life. He had made himself familiar with popular traditions, had studied the antique drama, and, living in daily intercourse with men of polite conversation, had gathered around himself an atmosphere of pure literature, in which the best elements of the old and the new were naturally and harmoniously blended.

'Mr. IRVING's language is genuine English, with few words that ADDISON or GOLDSMITH would not have used, and few that would not have been readily understood a hundred years ago in the same sense in which he employs them. The arts and inventions of the age have left just traces enough in his style to show that he belongs to a period in which great changes have been wrought in society by the progress of natural and social science. He is fond of idioms, with which he is copiously supplied by extensive reading, directed and enlivened by the habits of good society. He is usually very happy in the choice both of his words and of his idioms, and it is very seldom that one could change either without jeoparding the thought. He evidently feels the power of a word in its place, and some of his pictures owe half their beauty to a felicitous selection of terms. There is a richness and splendor of diction in his essays and tales, which, in his histories, is sobered down to a calm affluence, always adequate to the occasion, but never overflowing in those brilliant periods which are the legitimate ornament of imaginative composition.

'In the structure of his sentences there is a pleasing variety, although, like most moderns, he prefers short sentences. Their rhythm is singularly rich and sweet, free

from every taint of monotony, and always gratifying the ear by spontaneous adaptation to the thought. Indeed they leave upon the mind the same kind of impression which poetry does when it has once become associated with sweet music; one never recalls the verses without fancying that he hears the accompaniment.

'All is clear and distinct in his periods, which seem like mirrors to his thoughts, reflecting every idea so truthfully, that you feel, while reading him, as if you were looking directly into his mind. And this arises in a great measure from his never attempting a style of writing that is not in harmony with his habits of thought; so that his words become the natural expression of his conceptions. Without any ambitious endeavors to appear strong, he always leaves strong impressions. The image that has found its way to the mind through the medium of his words, is sure to remain there in all its freshness.

'We cannot call his style simple; for it is too rich for absolute simplicity. And yet it is so natural, the ornaments are so chaste, the words seem to drop so readily into their places, the epithets seem to rise so spontaneously from the subject, the periods seem to flow so easily into one another, that you never think of pausing to reflect on the labor which it must have cost to learn how to use language so skilfully. There is a fine flavor of culture about it which cannot be mistaken, but which, while it shows how conversant he must have been with the best writers, is free from all tincture of pedantry. He never harangues, though he is often eloquent. One may read his sentences effectively, but cannot declaim them. He has more movement than Mr. PRESCOTT, more fluidity than Mr. BANCROFT. If we were called upon to name the leading characteristics of his style, we should say that they were rhythm, artistic conception, and a constant play of fancy. It is to his delicate perception of rhythmical beauty that his sentences owe their just and harmonious proportions. It is by his rare power of artistic conception that he enriches them with pictures full of life and movement. And the vivid play of his fancy gathers for him, from the wide realms of animate and inanimate nature, that store of felicitous epithets which illuminates them as with a perpetual glow of soft and rosy light. You never willingly lay down a volume of his till you have finished it: and when you take it up anew, you still feel the pleasure grow upon you as you read. 'Fascinating' is the word that we should most readily apply to him as a writer, so irresistible is the influence which he gains over us, and so serene a sense of secret satisfaction does he diffuse through the mind by the graceful flow of his periods.

'We think, therefore, that Mr. IRVING has succeeded perfectly in the task which he had set himself: a history of WASHINGTON which should bring him home to every heart by bringing him distinctly before every mind. A psychological analysis of character, like COLERIDGE'S PITT, or a philosophical generalization, like GUIZOT'S Essay, however valuable for a certain class of readers — and surely their value cannot be rated too highly — would have failed to meet the wants of thousands who wish to know what WASHINGTON did in order to win for himself the holy title of 'Father of his Country.' The historian of WASHINGTON is the great teacher of the nation, who tells us what sacrifices it cost our fathers to prepare for us the blessings that we enjoy; what heroism was required to overcome the obstacles that beset their path; what self-denial it demanded to forget themselves in their love for posterity; how strong their wills, how firm their hearts, how sound their judgment, how serene their wisdom. We should rise from the volume with the whole of the wondrous history imprinted upon our memories, and with our hearts glowing with fervent gratitude and generous patriotism. We should feel that a great soul has been laid open before us, and that we have been permitted to look into its innermost recesses; that we have been brought nearer to one in the touch of whose garments are healing and strength, and that, henceforth, when trials come upon us, and doubts assail us, and our hearts sicken and grow faint at the contemplation of evils for which we can discover no cure, the image of the great and good man will rise before us like a messenger from heaven, to teach us the power of faith and the beauty of virtue.

'We regard the brilliant success of these volumes as an occasion of joyful congratulation to the citizens of our republic. It is eminently a national work, upon which they can all look with unmingled pride. It has not merely enriched our literature with a production of rare beauty, but has given new force to those local associations which bind us as with hallowed ties to the spots where great men lived and great things were done. Few will now cross the Delaware without remembering that Christmas night of tempest and victory. Who can look upon the heights of Brooklyn without fancying that, as he gazes, the spires and streets fade from his view, while in their stead stern and anxious faces rise through the misty air, and amid them the majestic form of WASHINGTON, with a smile of triumph just lighting for a moment his care-worn features, at the thought of the prize he has snatched from the grasp of a proud and exulting enemy? And Princeton, and Valley Forge, and Monmouth, and the crowning glory of Yorktown: how do they live anew for us! With what perennial freshness will their names descend to posterity! And those two noble streams that flow to the sea through alternations of pastoral beauty and rugged

grandeur — the lovely Potomac, the majestic Hudson — how have they become blended by these magic pages in indissoluble associations; the one the cherished home of WASHINGTON, the seat of his domestic joys, his rural delights, looked to with eager yearning from the din of camps and battle-fields, sighed for with weary longing amid the pomp and pageantry of official greatness, to which he returned so gladly when his task had been accomplished, and which, dying with the serenity of Christian resignation, he consecrated by the holiest of all associations, the patriot's grave; the other the scene of cares and triumphs, on whose banks he had passed slow days of hope deferred, whose waters had borne him to-and-fro through checkered years of dubious fortune, and had witnessed the touching sublimity of his farewell to his companions in arms, and the simple grandeur of his reception as first President of the country he had saved! How meet was it that, while his ashes repose beside the waters of the Potomac, his life should have been written on the banks of the Hudson!'

And as we write this, we rise, go to one of the windows that open upon the piazza, look over the Tapaän-Zee, observe the weather-cock peering above, yet gleaming among, the soft-green trees that surround 'Sunny-Side,' the same which once glittered on the ancient VANDERHEYDEN Palace at Albany, and say, 'Peace and Happiness, Joy and Blessing, attend thee unto thy life's end!'

The paper upon ALEXANDER HAMILTON will command marked attention at this moment, for reasons which it is needless to specify here. We have space but for the following passage:

'WE have spoken of HAMILTON'S character and career as requiring only the perspective of time to afford the most efficient dramatic material; and the last occurrences of his life, moulded into artistic sequence and heightened by incidental circumstances, afford a tragic *dénouement* worthy the hand of a master. The long political rivalry between him and his enemy; the singular coincidence in some points of their intellectual, and the intense antagonism in their moral natures; their prominence as the respective leaders of two great parties in the state, and as competitors in the same profession; the personal attractiveness of both in society; the strong passions enlisted in the war of opinion and the race of ambition in which they were opponents; the brilliant antecedents of one, and the equivocal reputation of the other; the universal interest felt and manifested throughout the country in the men and the causes they represented; what contrasts and associations are these to weave around the fatal *rencontre*, and to subserve for the elaboration and vivid display of character! Both possessed military talents, were gentlemen in manners, and cherished great political schemes. Equally distinguished at the outset for rapid mastery of legal knowledge, the bar was to them what the arena of old was to gladiator and charioteer — a scene where skill, power, and grace were tested before entranced spectators; and public life yielded another and more extensive theatre whereon they and their coädjutors strenuously contended for the mastery. It was the same in society; polished address, knowledge of character, the ability to please, and the desire of convincing one sex and charming the other, were characteristic of both. With these general resemblances there were the most extreme diversities. HAMILTON'S political genius was constructive and conservative; BURR'S schemes were those of conspiracy and invasion. HAMILTON, 'disdained duplicity'; his candor was a normal attribute; by direct, open, earnest appeal, either to reason or feeling, he sought to accomplish his ends; while BURR'S chief mental quality was acuteness; he was, by nature, subtle; intrigue was his habit; as a lawyer he trusted to shrewdness, while HAMILTON leaned on philosophy. The style of the one was flowing; of the other, keen and pointed. The one was plausible, the other persuasive; the one cunning, the other comprehensive; the one secretive, the other ingenuous; the one insinuating, the other eloquent; the one selfish, and the other generous. Similar contrasts marked their social character. HAMILTON won the admiration of men and the favor of women by a frank ardor and graceful intellectuality; BURR, by adroitness and a kind of arbitrary fascination. The former attracted, the latter cast a glamour. HAMILTON yielded to passion, BURR cultivated it. HAMILTON was impulsive, BURR calculating. The one trusted to valor, the other to stratagem. Their experience corresponded with their natures. WASHINGTON, who instinctively confided in HAMILTON at the first meeting, looked with immediate distrust on BURR. The former lives in history as one of the chief framers of a great political system, and one of the most self-devoted of patriots; the name of the latter is forever identified with treason in the judicial annals of the country. The one died in his prime, amid the tears and laudations of whole people; the other lived an outcast, indigent, reckless, despised. The memory of the one is consecrated, that of the other anathematized.

'The circumstances attending the duel are too familiar for repetition. The documentary evidence is complete. A general inquisition as to the remarks of a public man in regard to a political antagonist, was wrested into an accusation of specific insult; the reply of HAMILTON, 'I stand ready to avow or disavow promptly and explicitly any precise or definite opinion of mine which I may be charged with having declared against any gentleman,' was made the basis of a demand for a positive denial of any and every observation personally derogatory — a demand utterly impossible to comply with, and wholly unjustifiable to proffer; and the refusal was the subterfuge whereby a claim for redress by single combat was enforced on one of well-known scrupulousness on points of honor, to betray him into fatal collision with an expert marksman. How shrewdly every attempt at conciliation was avoided, how vindictively the deadly purpose was followed up, and how magnanimously it was encountered, are not speculative inferences, but facts testified by the hands of the principals, and confirmed by the evidence of the seconds.

''General HAMILTON is just dead,' said one to BURR.

''Ah!' was the reply: 'did he suffer much pain?'

''Yes.'

''I regret it: it was my purpose to have spared him needless pain.'

''This is a mortal wound, Doctor,' said HAMILTON, as he lay in the boat while crossing the river: 'my sight is indistinct. My poor wife and children! Let the event be gradually broken to her. *Pendleton knows that I did not intend to fire at him.*'

'These expressions, winged by a thousand voices over the land — the one a remorseless and cool acceptance of the deed of blood, the other the last faltering utterance of a noble and generous heart — stamped this so-called duel forever on the national memory, as an assassination; and the apology of HAMILTON for thus disposing of an invaluable and honored life, while it is vain in an ethical and religious, was deeply affecting in a patriotic view:

''The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular.'

'The relation of HAMILTON to WASHINGTON was one of the most interesting, honorable, and delicate which can be imagined; so much so, indeed, that only those endowed equally with a chivalric spirit and a genuine moral sensibility can adequately comprehend it. The difference of age, talents, and disposition, the natural reserve and self-respect of the one and the fluency and loyalty of the other, kindred nobleness and self-devotion in the same great cause, and the implicit mutual confidence implied in the peculiar associations of life and labor that so long existed between them; all tend to give often a high moral charm, and always a delicate significance to their intimacy.

'The promptitude with which General WASHINGTON recognized young HAMILTON's ability and worth is remarkable. His perception of character was, indeed, a rare and valuable instinct, almost infallible, and events continually proved the correctness of his original impressions and judgment. His confidence in the man who thus won his esteem at the first interview, never wavered. He divined, at once, the sphere wherein he could most advantageously work; and, on the earliest occasion, enlisted his eminent literary and colloquial talents. His counsel became equally precious as its rational and sagacious inspiration commended it more and more to the appreciative mind of the commander-in-chief; and friendship soon hallowed the bond which duty and experience thus wove. As the ardent MAX impressed the heart of WALLENSTEIN, so, we may conjecture, did HAMILTON in the Revolutionary drama appear to WASHINGTON. 'He stood before him like his youth.' Occasionally there break through the formal demeanor and the grave responsibleness of the man, the times, and the office, expressions indicative of this peculiar sympathy. HAMILTON is one of the few to whom WASHINGTON is known to have used the language of an unrestrained and even playful familiarity; and in his letters to him is observable a strain of confidential communication rare in his official correspondence. Affection no less tempered respect in the bearing of the young aid-de-camp toward his chief. When the latter, for a moment, lost his self-command in the mortifying crisis at Monmouth, HAMILTON impetuously rode through the *mêlée* to his side, and exclaimed: 'I will stay with you, my dearest General, and die with you: let us all die rather than retreat.'

But we lack space farther to commend, in the present number of the '*North-American*,' what it is itself abundantly prepared to 'set forth and show accordingly.' There is always a great variety of tastes to be consulted in a popular review: nor is it to be expected that 'every thing will please every body' in such a publication.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH. By THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON, 310 Broadway.

THIS exquisite little poem is founded upon an incident in the life of HAROUN AL RASCHID: and the eastern glow and luxuriance, we should perhaps say sensuousness of thought, are heightened by the superb execution of the work on the part of the publishers. Few young poets appear in so beautiful a dress, and few are so worthy of the compliment. We follow the example of the ingenious Sultana of the Arabian Nights in quoting only the opening stanzas:

'AT Bagdad, in his gold kiosk,
HAROUN AL RASCHID sate one day:
A-through the carvern trellis work
The sun-shine drifted in, and lay
In argent diamonds on his face;
And gleamed across the golden lace
That ran like lightning round his robes;
And seemed to split two crystal globes
Of gold-fish, on two jasmine desks;
And fired the costly arabesques;
And, falling on the fountain, turned
Its spray to gems that glowed and burned—
A spikéd knot of chrysolite
That made a splendor in the place!
But most it loved the Caliph's face:
And it was at the noon of day.
On cushions cygnet-soft he lay,
Unconscious of the garish light;
Untasted stood his fruit and ice;
Unheeded were the winds that drew
The lemon-trees all ways, and blew
The gentlest gales from Paradise!

'Without, among the myrtle flowers,
Two fawns lay sleeping; a gazelle
Played with its gilded chain, and rung,
At every step, a silver bell:
Two lovers, down the garden-walks,
Went hand in hand, like May and June:
And one was as the rising sun,
And one was as the waning moon!
The fawns may sleep; the white gazelle
May spill the lily's cup of dew;
But, lovers, love did ne'er run smooth:
The wily Caliph dreams of you!

'The sun-light slid from AARON's brow;
Then from his beard of silken wire;
Then touched his feet, then touched the mats,
And set their silver fringe on fire:
And still he heeded not the flow
Of time, that evening long ago.
But when the shadow of the mosque,
Near by, was shattered on the floor,
The Caliph turned and ate his ice,
And drank the drink forgot before;
And smiled like one who, having brought
Tô ripeness some imperfect thought,
Is vain of his own wisdom. Then
This pearl of kings, this flower of men,
Caressed his beard, and softly spake
Like one who murmurs, half awake:
'To have our Vizier ever near,
By ALLAH's goodness it is clear

The faithful BARMECIDE must wed
Our royal sister: but I swear
For them shall be no bridal bed!'
May countless Marids torture thee,
And fill thy slumber with despair,
O Caliph! for thy cruelty!

LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, the Great English Engineer. In one Volume: pp. 496. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

SCARCELY any historical narrative, however full of interest or romance, however exciting, has afforded us more pleasure in the perusal than the volume before us. In the first place, it is admirably written. Its style is in keeping with its subject — simple, direct, and clear. The work is the history of a poor English boy, born of poor hard-working parents, and brought up in poverty; working himself, too, from a mere child, and for the smallest pittance, in the English collieries. This part of his early career may really be pronounced affecting. But it 'was *in* him, and it *came out*.' When he was watching the engine which sent up the coals from the pit; when he was advanced to the dignity of 'plugman;' all this while, his true genius was developing within him. And then what incessant labor, what uncomplaining poverty, what manly perseverance! But to the book:

'FROM the time when GEORGE STEPHENSON was appointed fireman, and more particularly afterward as engine-man, he applied himself so assiduously and so successfully to the study of the engine and its gearing — taking the machine to pieces in his leisure hours for the purpose of cleaning and mastering its various parts — that that he very soon acquired a thorough practical knowledge of its construction and mode of working, and thus he very rarely needed to call to his aid the engineer of the colliery. His engine became a sort of pet with him, and he was never wearied of watching and inspecting it with devoted admiration.

'There is indeed a peculiar fascination about an engine, to the intelligent workman who watches and feeds it. It is almost sublime in its untiring industry and quiet power; capable of performing the most gigantic work, yet so docile that a child's hand may guide it. No wonder, therefore, that the workman, who is the daily companion of this life-like machine, and is constantly watching it with anxious care, at length comes to regard it with a degree of personal interest and regard, speaking of it often in terms of glowing admiration. This daily contemplation of the steam-engine, and the sight of its steady action, is an education of itself to the ingenious and thoughtful workman. It is certainly a striking and remarkable fact, that nearly all that has been done for the improvement of the steam-engine has been accomplished, not by philosophers and scientific men, but by laborers, mechanics, and engine-men. It would appear as if this were one of the departments of practical science in which the higher powers of the human mind must bend to mechanical instinct. The steam-engine was but a mere toy, until it was taken in hand by workmen SAVERY was originally a working miner, NEWCOMEN a blacksmith, and his partner CAWLEY a glazier. In the hands of WATT, the instrument-maker, who devoted almost a life to the subject, the condensing engine acquired gigantic strength; and GEORGE STEPHENSON, the colliery engine-man, was certainly not the least of those who have assisted to bring the high-pressure engine to its present power.

'While studying to master the details of his engine, to know its weaknesses, and to quicken its powers, GEORGE STEPHENSON gradually acquired the character of a clever and improving workman. Whatever he was set to do, that he endeavored to do well and thoroughly; never neglecting small matters, but aiming at being a complete workman at all points; thus gradually perfecting his own mechanical capacity, and securing at the same time the respect of his fellow-workmen and the increased confidence and esteem of his employers.'

Is it not painful to read from a work like this a passage like the subjoined?

Poor 'maniac'—imprisoned for a discovery, which, carried onward to practical results, has almost revolutionized the world:

'SOLOMON DE CAUS, who was shut up for his supposed madness in the Bicêtre at Paris, seems to have been the first to conceive the idea of employing steam for moving carriages on land as well as ships at sea. MARION DE LORME, in a letter to the Marquis de Cinq-Mars, dated Paris, February, 1641, thus describes a visit paid to this celebrated mad-house in the company of the English Marquis of Worcester: 'We were crossing the court, and I, more dead than alive with fright, kept close to my companion's side, when a frightful face appeared behind some immense bars, and a hoarse voice exclaimed: 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich the country that adopted it.'

'''What has he discovered?' asked our guide.

'''Oh!' answered the keeper, shrugging his shoulders, 'something trifling enough: you would never guess it; it is the use of the steam of boiling water.' I began to laugh. 'This man,' continued the keeper, 'is named SOLOMON DE CAUS: he came from Normandy four years ago, to present to the King a statement of the wonderful effects that might be produced from his invention. To listen to him, you would imagine that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages; in fact, there is no end to the miracles which, he insists upon it, could be performed. The Cardinal sent the madman away without listening to him. SOLOMON DE CAUS, far from being discouraged, followed the Cardinal wherever he went, with the most determined perseverance, who, tired of finding him forever in his path, and annoyed at his folly, shut him up in the Bicêtre.'''

For the experiments and 'trials' of STEPHENSON, in inventing and perfecting several kinds of 'land-carriages,' or locomotives, we must refer the reader to the volume under notice. Meantime, we present a few anecdotes connected with the futile experiments of those who had preceded him:

'THE first English model of a steam-carriage, was made in 1784, by WILLIAM MURDOCH, the friend and assistant of WATT. It was on the high-pressure principle, and ran on three wheels. The boiler was heated by a spirit-lamp; and the whole machine was of very diminutive dimensions, standing little more than a foot high. Yet on one occasion the little engine went so fast, that it out-ran the speed of its inventor. Mr. BUCKLE says, that one night, after returning from his duties in the mine at Redruth, in Cornwall, MURDOCH determined to try the working of his model locomotive. For this purpose he had recourse to the walk leading to the church, about a mile from the town. The walk was rather narrow, and was bounded on either side by high hedges. It was a dark night, and MURDOCH set out alone to try his experiment. Having lit his lamp, the water shortly began to boil, and off started the engine with the inventor after it. He soon heard distant shouts of despair. It was too dark to perceive objects; but he shortly found, on following up the machine, that the cries for assistance proceeded from the worthy pastor of the parish, who, going toward the town on business, was met on the lonely road by the hissing and fiery little monster, which he subsequently declared he had taken to be the Evil One in *propriâ personâ*. No farther steps, however, were taken by MURDOCH to embody his idea of a locomotive carriage in a more practical form.'

'IN the course of the following year, the same idea was taken up by Doctor JAMES ANDERSON, of Edinburgh, who proposed, in his 'Recreations of Agriculture,' the general adoption of railways worked by horse-power, to be carried along the existing turnpike-roads. Doctor ANDERSON dilated upon his idea with glowing enthusiasm. 'Diminish carriage expense but one farthing,' said he, 'and you widen the circle of intercourse; you form, as it were, a new creation, not only of stones and earth, and trees and plants, but of men also, and, what is more, of industry, happiness, and joy.' The cost of all articles of human consumption would, he alleged, be thus reduced, agriculture promoted, distances diminished, the country brought nearer to the town, and the town to the country. The number of horses required to carry on the traffic of the kingdom would be greatly diminished, and a general prosperity would, he insisted, be the result of the adoption of his system. 'Indeed,' said he, 'it is scarcely possible to contemplate an institution from which would result a greater quantity of harmony, peace, and comfort to persons living in the country, than would naturally result from the introduction of rail-roads.'

'THE first steam-carriage adapted for actual use on common roads, was, on the whole, tolerably successful. It excited considerable interest in the remote district, near to the Land's End, where it had been constructed. Being so far removed from

the great movements and enterprise of the commercial world, TREVETHICK and VIVIAN determined upon exhibiting their machine in the metropolis, with a view, if possible, to its practical adoption for the purpose intended. In furtherance of this object, they set out with the locomotive to Plymouth, whence a sea-captain, named VIVIAN, was to convey it in his vessel to town. COLERIDGE relates, that while the vehicle was proceeding along the road toward the port, at the top of its speed, and had just carried away a portion of the rails of a gentleman's garden, ANDREW VIVIAN descried ahead of them a closed toll-gate, and called out to TREVETHICK, who was behind, to slacken speed. He immediately shut off the steam; but the momentum was so great, that the carriage proceeded some distance, coming dead up, however, just on the right side of the gate, which was opened like lightning by the toll-keeper.

''What have us got to pay here?' asked VIVIAN.

'The poor toll-man, trembling in every limb, his teeth chattering in his head, essayed a reply: 'Na-na-na-na——'

''What have us got to pay, I say?'

''No-noth-nothing to pay! My de-dear Mr. DEVIL, do drive on as fast as you can! Nothing to pay!''

Our readers will miss a rare treat, if they do not secure an early perusal of this most interesting work.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAST DAYS OF SHELLEY AND BYRON. By E. J. TRELAWNY. In one Volume: pp. 304. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

Do you remark one little thing about the title of this book?—'SHELLEY AND BYRON?' This is explanatory and satisfactory, and explains the *quo animo* of the writer. We shall waste few words in commendation of this book: it requires none, simply because its subject at once 'satisfies the sentiment.' For the first thirty pages, the inference we think will be irresistible, that the writer is an English 'SNOB,' of the first THACKERAY breed. Thenceforth, however, every thing is in his favor. Hence a few extracts. He writes with ease and spirit; seems forgetful of himself, in any offensive sense; and speaks naturally of all those things 'which he saw, and part of which he was:'

'BYRON's literary was, like ALEXANDER's military career, one great triumph; but while he was at the zenith of his popularity, he railed against the world's injustice. Was this insanity, or what polite doctors now call a softening of the brain? I suppose, by the 'world' he meant no more than the fashionable set he had seen squeezed together in a drawing-room, and by all the press that attacked him; the fraction of it which took its tone from some small but active clique: as to friends deserting him, that could not be, for it was his boast that he never had attempted to make any after his school hallucinations. But in the pride of his strength, and the audacity of his youth, enemies he certainly did make, and when they saw an opportunity of getting rid of a supercilious rival, they instinctively took advantage of it. As to the Poet's differences with his wife, they must have appeared absurd to men who were as indifferent to their own wives as were the majority of BYRON's enemies.

'When the most worldly wise and unimpassioned marry, they take a leap in the dark, and can no more foresee the consequences, than poets—owls blinded by the light of their vain imagination. The worldly wise, not having risked or anticipated much, stand to their bargain 'for better or worse,' and say nothing about it; but the irascible tribe of songsters, when they find that marriage is not exactly what they imagined it to be, 'proclaim their griefs from the house-top,' as BYRON did.

'Very pretty books have been written on the 'Loves of the Angels,' and 'Loves of the Poets,' and Love universal; but when lovers are paired and caged together in holy matrimony, the curtain is dropped, and we hear no more of them. It may be, they moult their feathers and lose their song. BYRON's marriage must not be classed with those of the Poets, but of the worldly wise; he was not under the illusion of love, but of money. If he had left his wife and cut society, (the last he was resolved on doing,) he would have been content: that his wife and society should have cast him off, was a mortification his pride could never forgive nor forget. As to the oft-vexed

question of the Poet's separation from his wife, he has told the facts in prose and verse; but omitted to state that he treated women as things devoid of soul or sense; he would not eat, pray, walk, nor talk with them. If he had told us this, who would have marvelled that a lady, tenderly reared and richly endowed, pious, learned, and prudent, deluded into marrying such a man, should have thought him mad or worse, and sought safety by flight? Within certain degrees of affinity, marriages are forbidden; so they should be where there is no natural affinity of feelings, habits, tastes, or sympathies. It is very kind in the saints to ally themselves to sinners; but in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, it turns out a failure: in BYRON's case it was signally so.

'In all the transactions of his life, his intense anxiety to cut a good figure made him cruelly unjust to others. In fact, his pride and vanity mastered him, and he made no effort to conceal or to control their dominion, reckless how it marred his worldly advantages. Amidst the general homage paid to his genius, his vanity reverted to his early disappointments, when he was baffled and compelled to fly, and though Parthian-like he discharged his arrows on his pursuers, he lost the battle.

'SHELLEY had a far loftier spirit. His pride was spiritual. When attacked, he neither fled, nor stood at bay, nor altered his course, but calmly went on with heart and mind intent on elevating his species. While men tried to force him down to their level, he toiled to draw their minds upward. His words were: 'I always go on until I am stopped, and I never am stopped.' Like the Indian palms, SHELLEY never flourished far from water. When compelled to take up his quarters in a town, he every morning with the instinct that guides the water-birds, fled to the nearest lake, river, or sea-shore, and only returned to roost at night. If debarred from this, he sought out the most solitary places. Towns and crowds distracted him. Even the silent and half-deserted cities of Italy, with their temples, palaces, paintings, and sculpture, could not make him stay, if there was a wood or water within his reach. At Pisa, he had a river under his window, and a pine forest in the neighborhood.

'I accompanied Mrs. SHELLEY to this wood in search of the Poet, on one of those brilliant spring mornings we on the wrong side of the Alps are so rarely blessed with. A *caléche* took us out of Pisa through the gate of the Cascine; we drove through the Cascine and onward for two or three miles, traversing the vineyards and farms on the Grand Ducal estate. On approaching some farm buildings, near which were a hunting-palace and chapel, we dismissed the carriage, directing the driver to meet us at a certain spot in the afternoon. We then walked on, not exactly knowing what course to take, and were exceedingly perplexed on coming to an open space, from which four roads radiated. There we stopped until I learnt from a Contadino, that the one before us led directly to the sea, which was two or three miles distant; the one on the right, led to the Serchio, and that on the left, to the Arno: we decided on taking the road to the sea. We proceeded on our journey over a sandy plain, the sun being near its zenith. Walking was not included among the number of accomplishments in which Mrs. SHELLEY excelled; the loose sand and hot sun soon knocked her up. When we got under the cool canopy of the pines, she stopped, and allowed me to hunt for her husband. I now strode along; the forest was on my right hand, and extensive pastures on my left, with herds of oxen, camels, and horses grazing thereon. I came upon the open sea at a place called Gombo, from whence I could see Via Reggio, the Gulf of Spezzia, and the mountains beyond. After bathing, seeing nothing of the Poet, I penetrated the densest part of the forest, ever and anon making the woods ring with the name of SHELLEY, and scaring the herons and water-birds from the chain of stagnant pools which impeded my progress.

'With no land-marks to guide me, nor sky to be seen above, I was bewildered in this wilderness of pines and ponds; so I sat down, struck a light, and smoked a segar. A red man would have known his course by the trees themselves, their growth, form, and color; or if a footstep had passed that day, he would have hit upon its trail. As I mused upon his sagacity and my own stupidity, the braying of a brother jackass startled me. He was followed by an old man picking up pine cones. I asked him if he had seen a stranger?

''*L'Inglese malincolico* haunts the wood, maledetta. I will show you his nest.'

'As we advanced, the ground swelled into mounds and hollows. By-and-by the old fellow pointed with his stick to a hat, books, and loose papers lying about, and then to a deep pool of dark glimmering water, saying, 'Eccolo!' I thought he meant that SHELLEY was in or under the water. The careless, not to say impatient, way in which the Poet bore his burden of life, caused a vague dread among his family and friends, that he might lose or cast it away at any moment.

'The strong light steamed through the opening of the trees. One of the pines, undermined by the water, had fallen into it. Under its lee, and nearly hidden, sat the Poet, gazing on the dark mirror beneath, so lost in his bardish reverie, that he did not hear my approach. There the trees were stunted and bent, and their crowns were shorn like friars by the sea-breezes, excepting a cluster of three, under which SHELLEY's traps were lying; these overtopped the rest. To avoid startling the Poet

out of his dream, I squatted under the lofty trees, and opened his books. One was a volume of his favorite Greek dramatist, SOPHOCLES — the same that I found in his pocket after his death — and the other was a volume of SHAKSPEARE. I then hailed him, and turning his head, he answered faintly: 'Hollo! come in.'

''Is this your study?' I asked.

''Yes, he answered, 'and these trees are my books: they tell no lies. You are sitting on the stool of inspiration,' he exclaimed. 'In those three pines the weird sisters are imprisoned, and this,' pointing to the water, 'is their cauldron of black broth. The Pythian priestesses uttered their oracles from below; now they are muttered from above. Listen to the solemn music in the pine-tops: don't you hear the mournful murmurings of the sea? Sometimes they rave and roar, shriek and howl, like a rabble of priests. In a tempest, when a ship sinks, they catch the despairing groans of the drowning mariners. Their chorus is the eternal wailing of wretched men.'

''They, like the world,' I observed, 'seem to take no note of wretched women. The sighs and wailing you talk about are not those of wretched men afar off, but are breathed by a woman near at hand; not from the pine-tops, but by a forsaken lady.'

''What do you mean?' he asked.

''Why, that an hour or two ago, I left your wife, MARY SHELLEY, at the entrance of this grove, in despair at not finding you.'

'He started up, snatched up his scattered books and papers, thrust them into his hat, and jacket-pockets, sighing: 'Poor MARY! hers is a sad fate. Come along: she can't bear solitude, nor I society: the quick coupled with the dead.'

'He glided along with his usual swiftness, for nothing could make him pause for an instant when he had an object in view, until he had attained it. On hearing our voices, Mrs. SHELLEY joined us; her clear gray eyes and thoughtful brow expressing the love she could not speak. To stop SHELLEY's self-reproaches, or to hide her own emotions, she began in a bantering tone, chiding and coaxing him:

''What a wild-goose you are, PERCY: if my thoughts have strayed from my book, it was to the opera, and my new dress from Florence, and especially the ivy wreath so much admired for my hair, and not to you, you silly fellow! When I left home, my satin slippers had not arrived. These are serious matters to gentlewomen, enough to ruffle the serenest tempered. As to you and your ungallant companion, I had forgotten that such things are; but as it is the ridiculous custom to have men at balls and operas, I must take you with me, though, from your uncouth ways, you will be taken for VALENTINE, and he for ORSON.'

'SHELLEY, like other students, would, when the spell that bound his faculties was broken, shut his books, and indulge in the wildest flights of mirth and folly. As this is a sport all can join in, we talked, and laughed, and shrieked, and shouted, as we emerged from under the shadows of the melancholy pines and their nodding plumes, into the now cool purple twilight and open country. The cheerful and graceful peasant girls, returning home from the vineyards and olive groves, stopped to look at us. The old man I had met in the morning gathering pine cones, passed hurriedly by with his donkey, giving SHELLEY a wide berth, and evidently thinking that the melancholy Englishman had now become a raving maniac. SANCHO says, 'Blessings on the man who invented sleep;' the man who invented laughing deserves no less.

'The day I found SHELLEY in the pine forest, he was writing verses on a guitar. picked up a fragment, but could only make out the first two lines:

''ARIEL, to MIRANDA take
This slave of music.'

It was a frightful scrawl: words smeared out with his finger, and one upon the other, over and over in tiers, and all run together in most 'admired disorder;' it might have been taken for a sketch of a marsh over-grown with bulrushes, and the blots for wild ducks: such a dashed-off daub as self-conceited artists mistake for a manifestation of genius. On my observing this to him, he answered:

''When my brain gets heated with thought, it soon boils, and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off. In the morning, when cooled down, out of the rude sketch as you justly call it, I shall attempt a drawing. If you ask me why I publish what few or none will care to read, it is that the spirits I have raised haunt me until they are sent to the devil of a printer. All authors are anxious to breech their bantlings.''

We have by no means done with this book. It is a work which cannot be 'finished' at one sitting. It is literally *replete* with valuable INCULCATION, which *must* distil into the mind of the reader. Nor do we believe, much as has already been written upon SHELLEY, that this will be the last work upon the same theme. It will itself provoke others.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMAN. By the Author of 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' 'Agatha's Husband,' 'The Ogilvies,' etc., etc. New-York: RUDD AND CARLETON.

A BOOK-NOTICE in a magazine is generally like a laugh that comes in a very long while after the joke. There are potent, sleep-giving elements in a review of a work which every body has read, praised, blamed, and laid away. But even with a full knowledge of all this, we cannot withhold our opinion from the critical 'gentlemen of the jury' before whom Miss MULOCH has arraigned the *bello sexo*. The author of 'John Halifax' is certainly one of the women of the age, ranking with BARRETT BROWNING, Mrs. GASKELL, and the BRONTÉS: she is a thinker and a worker: and, what is better, has not forgotten that she is a woman — a mistake which 'sweet girl-graduates,' when they are very bright, are apt to make. Miss MULOCH writes like a sweet, sensible woman; never allowing her intellect to run away with her heart, or *vice versa*. Her view of woman in her sphere displays the keenest perception of those loves and duties which should make up fire-side life. The book is full of practicable suggestion, and should be read by every mother and daughter in our goodly land. We leave the volume, commending the following extracts to the reader's attention:

AN OLD MAID.

'SHE has not married. Under heaven, her home, her life, her lot, are all of her own making. Bitter or sweet they may have been — it is not ours to meddle with them, but we can any day see their results. Wide or narrow as her circle of influence appears, she has exercised her power to the uttermost, and for good. Whether great or small her talents, she has not let one of them rust for want of use. Whatever the current of her existence may have been, and in whatever circumstances it has placed her, she has voluntarily wasted no portion of it — not a year, not a month, not a day.

'Published or unpublished, this woman's life is a goodly chronicle, the title-page of which you may read in her quiet countenance; her manner, settled, cheerful, and at ease; her unfailing interest in all things and all people. You will rarely find she thinks much about herself; she has never had time for it. And this her life-chronicle, which, out of its very fulness, has taught her that the more one does, the more one finds to do — she will never flourish in your face, or the face of heaven, as something uncommonly virtuous and extraordinary. She knows that, after all, she has simply done what it was her duty to do.

'But — and when her place is vacant on earth, this will be said of her assuredly, both here and otherwhere — '*She hath done what she could.*'

'Touch her gently, Father TIME!' This picture of masculine singleness is not so flattering a portrait:

AN OLD BACHELOR.

'SCARCELY any sight is more pitiable than a young man who has drifted on to past thirty, without home or near kindred; with just income enough to keep him respectably in the position which he supposes himself bound to maintain, and to supply him with the various small luxuries — such as thirty guineas per annum in cigars, etc. — which have become habitual to him. Like his fellow-mortals, he is liable enough to the unlucky weakness of falling in love, now and then; but he somehow manages to extinguish the passion before it gets fairly alight; knowing he can no more venture to ask a girl in his own sphere to marry him, or be engaged to him, than he can coax the planet VENUS out of her golden west into the dirty, gloomy, two-pair-back where his laundress cheats him, and his landlady abuses him; whence, perhaps, he occasionally emerges gloriously, all studs and white neck-tie — to assist at some young beauty's wedding, where he feels in his heart he might once have been the happy bridegroom — if from his silence she had not been driven to go desperately and sell herself to the old fool opposite, and is fast becoming, nay, is already become, a fool's clever mate; a mere woman of the world. And he, what a noble ideal he has

gained of our sex, from this and other similar experiences! With what truth of emotion will he repeat, as he gives the toast of 'The bridemaids,' the hackneyed quotation about pain and sorrow wringing the brow, and smile half-adoringly, half-pathetically, at the 'ministering angels' who titter around him. They, charming innocents! will doubtless go home avouching 'What a delightful person is Mr. So-AND-SO! I wonder he never gets married.' While Mr. So-AND-SO also goes home, sardonically-minded, to his dull lodgings, his book and his cigar, or — he best knows where. And in the slow process of inevitable deterioration, by forty he learns to think matrimony a decided humbug; and hugs himself in the conclusion that a virtuous, high-minded, and disinterested woman, if existing at all, exists as a mere *lusus naturæ* — not to be met with by mortal man now-a-days. Relieving his feeling with a grunt — half-sigh, half-sneer — he dresses and goes to the opera, or the *bal*, at all events, or settles himself on the sofa to a French novel, and ends by firmly believing us women to be — what we are painted there!'

Miss MULOCH has divided her book into twelve chapters, headed, 'Something to Do;' 'Self-Dependence;' 'Female Professions;' 'Female Handicraft;' 'Female Servants;' 'The Mistress of a Family;' 'Female Friendships;' 'Gossip;' 'Women of the World;' 'Happy and Unhappy Women;' 'Lost Women;' and 'Growing Old.' There are few women in any class of life who will not sympathize with these 'Thoughts,' and find in them good advice and help for action. We offer our special meed of praise to the publishers of this work, for the very beautiful manner in which they have issued it; and indeed, for the style in which all their publications are placed before their readers. Their books have the appearance of being issued by men who have some respect for the authors they introduce. They are printed with handsome type, on fine paper, carefully revised, beautifully bound, and altogether have that perfect *ensemble* in their make-up, which indicates taste, liberality, and a just appreciation of the needs of an intelligent public.

ADELE: A TALE. By JULIA KAVANAGH: Author of 'NATHALIE,' 'RACHEL GRAY, etc. Three Volumes in One: pp. 574. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

IT would do the author of 'JULIA KAVANAGH' good, we think, were she to know with what avidity a new work from her pen is sought for. In a family, one has occasion more particularly to remark this: for no sooner is one of her works advertised in the daily journals, than inquiries are daily made for it, until it arrives from the publishers'. This stated, and conceded, we postpone an adequate notice of our author's last book, just at hand, until another Number; whetting our reader's appetite, in the mean time, with this merely incidental picture of the heroine:

'YET her heart beat a little as she approached the door of the hall; she opened it boldly, then half-shyly paused on the threshold, and the pause gave the three ladies time to recognize her. Ay, it was ADELE. The light of the lamp fell on her flushed face; the gloom of the stair-case beh[illegible] as she stood with the half-open door still in her hand, gave double vividness to [illegible] distinct outlines of her young and graceful figure. Her hair was bound in the fashion of the day, with three velvet bands, blue to suit the silk dress of the same color, dark enough for the season, and light enough to show at night, which fell around her in rich and ample folds. A little black-silk apron, gayly embroidered in flowers of every hue, gave it a careless household grace. Jewels or ornaments she wore none, save a light gold chain that glittered around her neck, and fell down to her waist, but her collar and lace sleeves were thin and delicate as a cobweb, and, as in her half-bending forward attitude, her little foot peeped out from underneath the edge of her dress, feminine eyes could plainly see that her velvet slipper was trimmed with fur, and what fur: good heavens! sable, real sable.'

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Interesting Facts in Science and Art. — We have been much interested in '*The Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for* 1858,' a very valuable 'Annual of Scientific Discoveries and Improvements' in all parts of the world: edited by David A. Wells, A.M., and recently published by Messrs. Gould and Lincoln, Boston. We present two or three passages. The first is the following *Curious Anticipation of the Discovery of the Magnetic Telegraph*, foreshadowed one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, in Bailey's 'London Dictionary' for 1780:

'Some authors write, that by the help of the magnet or loadstone persons may communicate their minds to a friend at a great distance; as suppose one to be at London, and the other at Paris, if each of them have a circular alphabet, like the dial-plate of a clock, and a needle touched with one magnet, then at the same time that the needle at London was moved, that at Paris would move in like manner, provided each party had secret notes for dividing words, and the observation was made at a set hour either of the day or of the night; and when one party would inform the other of any matter, he is to move the needle to those letters that will form the words, that will declare what he would have the other know, and the other needle will move in the same manner. This may be done reciprocally.'

An ingenious instrument has been invented, called '*The Ophthalmoscope*,' which must supply a most important *desideratum;* for by its aid the human eye may be as easily examined internally as externally:

'The instrument is in the form of a concave mirror, with a hole in the centre, in which a lens is inserted; to this another lens is added, which, however, is separate and movable. When the instrument is used, a lighted candle is placed by the side of the patient. The concave mirror is then held in front of the eye to be examined, while the movable lens is suspended between the light and the mirror in such a manner as to concentrate the rays of the first on the second. The reflected rays converge on the retina, and on passing through it diverge and render luminous the whole interior of the eye, which the observer can see by looking through the lens placed in the mirror's centre. The retina and the lens form a microscope, the multiplying power of which is about five hundred.'

Another remarkable instrument called '*The Sphygmoscope*' has been invented by Dr. Alison of London, for indicating the movements of the heart and blood-vessels:

'It consists of a small chamber containing alcohol, or other liquid, provided with a thin India-rubber wall, where it is to be applied to the chest. At the opposite extremity the chamber communicates with a glass tube, which rises to some height above its level — the chamber. Liquid is supplied to the instrument until it stands in the tube a little above the level of the chamber. The pressure of the column of liquid in the tube acts upon the elastic or yielding wall of India-rubber, and causes

it to protrude. This protruding part, or chest-piece, is very readily affected by external impulse; it yields to the slightest touch, and, being pushed inward, causes a displacement of this liquid in the non-elastic chamber, and forces a portion of the liquid up the tube. The protruding wall of India-rubber is driven inward when it is brought in contact with that portion of the chest which is struck by the apex of the heart, and a rise in the tube takes place. When the heart retires, the India-rubber wall, affected by the pressure of the column of liquid in the tube, is pressed back, follows the chest, and permits the liquid to descend. The degree to which the India-rubber wall is forced in by the tube, and the amount of protrusion of the India-rubber wall which takes place when the heart retires is denoted by a corresponding fall in the tube. The tube is supplied with a graduated scale, to denote the rise and fall with exactitude. When the heart is excited, the liquid in the sphygmoscope rises and falls more than usual; but the rise and fall of the excited enlarged heart is much the same as the rise and fall of the excited normal organ. The sphygmoscope indicates with exactitude both the absolute and the comparative influence upon the heart, of food, cordials, stimulants, and tonic medicines. It does the same in respect to depressing causes, such as hunger, cold, and sedatives. With the aid of this instrument the fact is demonstrated that the action of the heart may be great when the pulse is small; that the pulse is one thing, and the heart's action another, and teaches that the pulse is only an approximate sign of the state of the heart.'

Such are a few only of the wonderful and most important scientific discoveries of these modern days.

PAAS FESTIVAL OF THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY. — The last *Paäs Festival of the St. Nicholas Society* was held at the St. NICHOLAS Hotel on Paäs Monday. There was a lively and 'precious season,' although it should have been enjoyed by more than eighty-eight members out of three hundred and sixty-four. This remissness, it is pleasant to think, affected most the absentees; for if it certainly was not our 'gain,' it was as certainly their loss. It was our great pleasure to be present, after an absence from many previous festivals of the good patron SAINT; and seldom have we enjoyed a more delightful evening. The chair, of course, was occupied by the PRESIDENT of the Society, Hon. GULIAN C. VERPLANCK; and every one knows how *he* presides. Characteristic speeches were made, all short, and to the point, by the PRESIDENT; Judge VANDERPOOL; Ex-President J. DE PEYSTER OGDEN; Professor RENWICK; F. DE PEYSTER, Esq., Dr. VERMILYE; JOHN VAN BUREN; J. ROMEYN BRODHEAD, Esq.; Dr. BEALES, and others; while songs were sung, and *well* sung too, by Dr. J. G. ADAMS and Mr. HAIGHT, including 'St. PATRICK was a Gentleman,' from a member whose name we cannot now recall. Then came the vari-colored *Paäs-Eggs*, (of which two bushels were consumed!) schnaäps and pipes; and good humor and abundant jollity prevailed, during the cracking-trials. One member was detected in the use of a Guinea-hen's egg, and severely reprimanded by the PRESIDENT. To show the universality and antiquity of Paäs, by the way, we ask attention to Professor RENWICK's response to a call from the PRESIDENT:

'PROFESSOR RENWICK stated, that on entering the room, he had taken a seat near the foot of the table, and as a quiet member of the Society, had not anticipated that he should be called to the honor of the Daïs. Far less had he expected, even after 'honor had been thrust upon him,' that he should be called upon to speak. So far, indeed, from preparing to address the Society, he had been spending such intervals as he could spare, in the task, partly of deci-

phering and partly of translating a very interesting paper which had been put into his hands by the President. The President had stated to the Society, that it was a portion of a letter describing the manners and customs of the Chaldean Church in Mesopotamia, and that it had reference to the observation of Paäs. The manuscript appeared, on first inspection, to be written in a curious variety of the arrow-headed character, and it was feared that it might be in some Eastern tongue; but on more close inspection, it proved to be Latin, written in a very neat but not very legible Italian hand.

'As this manuscript contained matter very apposite to the serious business in which the Society was at the moment engaged, Professor RENWICK thought that a translation of it would be more interesting to his hearers than any speech which he could make, and he would therefore proceed to give it:

'ORIGINAL.

''TEMPORE Paschalis Christianorum pueri emunt sibi quotquot possunt *ova*, quæ etiam rubro colore efficiunt. Alii autem viridi, aut flavo, ova sua subinde tangunt. Quinet in ipso foro sunt homines qui dato tempore ova hoc modo tincta vendunt.

''Ludus in eo consistit, ut unus puer manu teneat ovum ita ut sola ejus extremitas in superiore parte manûs inter pollicis et indicis complexum appareat; dum alter alio ovo tanquam malleolo superne ferit, pulsat que leniter. Ille autem cujus ovo accidit contusio aut levior aliqua fractura, vincitur, illudque suum ovum contusum perdit. Et sic deinceps proceditur. Postquam vero pro multis ovis luserunt, ille qui ultimus vincit, omnia quotquot ova alter lucratus fuerat reportat. Hujusmodi autem ova hac ratione non ita vitiantur quin postea pro minore pretio facile vendantur.

''Si quis fraude utitur et arte aliquâ ova sua indurat ut ab altero frangi nequeat, quando fraus detecta est, si vir adultus ab officiario punitur, si puer, ejus parentes mulctantur.'

'TRANSLATION.

''AT the time of Easter, the sons of the Christians buy as many eggs as each of them can afford, which they dye of a red color. Some, however, dye their eggs green, and others yellow. There are also persons who keep eggs dyed in this manner for sale in the market-place.

''The game is conducted in this manner: One boy holds an egg in his hand in such a manner that no more than one of its ends shall appear above the upper part of his hand, held closely between the thumb and the fore-finger, while another, with another egg, strikes down upon the first from above, as if with a little hammer, and beats gently. He whose egg is crushed, or even slightly cracked, loses it. And thus the game goes on, until many eggs are at stake, and he who is finally victor carries off all the eggs which the other had broken or won. In this way the eggs are not so much defaced but that they may be readily sold afterward, although at a less price than before they were cracked.

''If any one hardens his egg artificially, so that it cannot be broken, when the fraud is detected, the culprit, if grown up, is punished by the authorities: but if he is still a boy, his parents must pay the penalty.''

The supper was superb: doing no less honor to 'mine hosts' of the St. NICHOLAS, than to the liberality and good '*taste*' of the STEWARDS. The colored waiters, in their quaint costume of the time of PETER STUYVESANT, were present as usual, including good old 'ALEXANDER HAMILTON,' although he had been mentioned, at the last quarterly-meeting, as 'on his last legs,' and 'the hat' was passed around, and money collected to bury him! By some strange *hocus-pocus* he had been put 'on his legs' again, instead of under the ground. The company, (keeping good Dutch hours,) separated at half-past twelve, after 'uniting' in 'Auld Lang Syne.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—The subjoined lines (although written several years ago) upon 'GREIG-HALL, Canandaigua,' will find a melancholy interest now, in the minds of hundreds of our readers who have participated in the kindly and elegant hospitalities of a noble mansion, which has lately been made desolate by the death of its esteemed and distinguished proprietor, Hon. JOHN GREIG:

'HALL-GREIG: CANANDAIGUA.

'HALL-GREIG, with its court-yard of beauty and grace,
Is built on the Indian's Chosen Place:
For such is the meaning, the Iroquois make,
For the name *Canandaigua*, its land and its lake.
And right well it deserved, by their council's voice,
To be made the pet spot of the wild-man's choice;
For the lake and the forest abounded in game,
Here the woodland-deer coursed, and the bison came,
And the wild-fowl soared and the fish swam in pride,
And together, the wigwam, with plenty supplied.
Here the warrior-chief sported his arrow and bow,
And the squaw strung her beads and her feathers for show.
And on the lake's waters so tranquil and blue,
They paddled abroad in their birchen canoe.

'But how changed is the scene! By the white settler pressed,
The red man has hied far away to the west;
And scarce a memorial remaineth to day,
To tell of the race that is fading away!
Where the rude lodges stood, and the hunting-grounds spread,
A beautiful village has risen in their stead.
And along up the slope, as it springs from the lake,
Of civilized life and its joys you partake.
Here mansions and cottages, gardens, and fields,
Imparting the comfort that industry yields,
Are spread in profusion and beauty around:
Here the temples of worship and learning are found.
Beloved Canandaigua! so pleasant and fair,
What village with thee can in beauty compare!
And among all these homesteads, so tasteful and neat,
There are no grounds more lovely, no gardens more sweet,
Than are those of HALL-GREIG, in its splendor and grace,
As it stands on the Indian's Chosen Place.
Oh! look on its grounds, and its green-house behold!
There are flowers of all colors, white, crimson, and gold.
There flourish choice plants from each far-distant clime,
The rich grape, the lemon, the orange and lime,
The apricot, nectarine, apple, and pear,
And the peach too, the best kind of all fruit, is there.
And of beautiful flowers, all the fairest and best,
Are here, from the north, south, the east, and the west,
From the tiny moss-flower and the violet sweet,
As they in their beauty, spring up at our feet,
To the stately magnolia, America's pride,
Which spreads its rich perfume abroad far and wide:
The dahlia, the various-hued, velvet-leaved flower:
And the cereus, which blooms but in night's witching hour:
The aloe, which, neither for smiles nor for tears,
Will bloom, till it makes you wait full fifty years:
The jasmine, the hyacinth, eglantine too,
And the iris, whose color is delicate blue:
The snow-drop, which peeps forth, first flower of the spring,
And the mountain ash gorgeous, when autumn-birds sing:
The shamrock, the thistle, the white and red rose,
The lily, geranium, and all else that grows,

At home or abroad, fragrant, fruitful, and dear,
Are gathered in Eden-like loveliness here.
And then, as you stand on the roof of the Hall,
Before you field, village, lake, woodland, and all
The landscape's rich beauties! Say, is it not true,
That a scene of enchantment out-spreads to your view?

'But not the fair prospect, nor yet the bright flowers,
Which imbue with their fragrance Hall-GREIG's lovely bowers,
Nor gardens, nor grounds, nor the fruit-laden trees,
As they gracefully bend to the summer's soft breeze;
Not these are the charm, which we chiefly recall,
As we think of the seasons we've passed at the Hall.
No, 'mid all these fair scenes, the memory tends
To mingle again with the warm-hearted friends,
Whose kindness, nor distance nor time can efface;
And who made the Hall ever our heart's Chosen Place.
The traveller from Europe, who here has found rest,
Will always remember his visit as blessed;
As the place where, abroad though he happened to roam,
He found all the welcome and blessings of home.
And the throngs of the gallant, the gifted and fair,
Who have here oft assembled rich pleasures to share,
Though scattered forever, perchance they may be,
In the wilds of the west, or afar o'er the sea;
Shall number these hours of enjoyment and taste,
As bright, sunny spots on their life's fleeting waste.

'Then long live our friends who inhabit the Hall,
Be life's purest pleasure their lot, one and all!
And as their career has been useful and bright,
Be life's eve, when it comes, but a calm summer night!
And life's latest dream, when we're summoned to take,
Let it be a sweet slumber, from which we'll awake,
To a new life immortal, where GOD in HIS grace
Has prepared, in the skies, the soul's Chosen Place!
There again, with the loved and the lost, we shall be,
From the earth and its passions and troubles set free:
In a realm, which GOD's mercy and truth shall pervade,
Where love never dies, and the flowers never fade!

'*Richmond Hill, Ontario County, N. Y.*, 1846. Z. BARTON STOUT.'

Never was tribute better deserved. - - - THE incident mentioned below actually occurred in a little western town, not long since: 'We had, some time ago, a protracted meeting held here; and among the converted was a certain Mr. C——, who had always been considered a 'first-rate' horse-jockey: in fact, on *that* subject, he was always 'well posted.' At the time of his conversion, he was proprietor of a very fast trotter: and what to do with his '2:40 nag,' he was at a loss to know: but one day, shortly after he had become a pillar of the church, he met his old friend L——, a noted dealer in fancy horses. 'Friend L——,' he said, 'I have awakened to a sense of the evil course I have formerly pursued; I have realized a change, and joined the church; and I intend to lead a different life in future.' L—— replied that he was glad to hear it, 'for you know, C——, that you have 'lifted' me in our trades many a time; and *now* I hope you will be a little easier with a poor fellow.' 'Well,' says C——, 'you know I am the owner of the fastest trotting-horse in this county, and the change that I have experienced will not admit of my keeping such an animal. To make a long story short, I will sell him to *you* (*as we have always been good friends*) for seven hundred dollars!' L—— objected, and gave as a reason, that he had not that amount of money

just then to invest in horse-flesh. 'Never mind that,' replied C——, 'I will sell you the horse *on time*, and you can *win* that much with him before next fall!' This is an actual fact, you may rest assured. The 'parties' reside not a thousand miles from this place. - - - 'A CERTAIN elderly deacon, not a hundred miles from a flourishing town in Massachusetts,' writes a friend, 'more remarkable for his financial capabilities than for his knowledge of art, yet who, nevertheless, wishes all men to think him a connoisseur of works of the brush, happening to be at a lady's house, where there were being shown, by a very clever painter, some portraits, that were remarkably good likenesses, and were also excellently colored, forthwith proceeded to criticise. After looking at them some time, in all possible lights, and pronouncing the likenesses 'quite good,' he very pompously asked the name of the artist. On being told, the name of one of our resident artists, 'O ho!' says the old gentleman, 'they are moderate — moderate; but then they can bear no comparison with these paintings on the wall,' glancing at some fine French colored lithographs. 'But,' said my friend, 'these are French prints, and consequently cannot be compared with oil paintings, being in an entirely different style of art.' 'Yes, yes,' remarked our critic, 'I see, I see *now* what they are: I did not look very closely at first: but then they are not to be compared with the paintings in the parlor: do n't possess the life-like color that makes those pictures so remarkable. They are barely passable — barely passable!' And having delivered himself thus, he settled back in his chair, with an air of conscious taste and knowledge. About this time my friend was getting irritable, when happening to look up at the old gentleman, lo! and behold, astride of his venerable nose was a pair of a little the greenest spectacles you ever saw! My friend, for fear of an explosion, suddenly 'vamosed.' What *is* criticism? About seven-eighths of all that is said upon art amounts to *nearly* as much as that of the venerable deacons, who saw 'through green glasses darkly.'' *Apropos* of criticism: here is a little bit of '*Theological or Culinary Criticism*,' which we derive from an esteemed city friend, which strikes us as being quite as 'rich' as the foregoing: 'Uncle DAVID and Poppy TEALE were elders in the —— church of H——, in D—— County, 'York state. Both were very deaf, and although occupying the front seat at church, could seldom hear the sermon. On one Sabbath, Rev. Dr. C——, from the city, occupied the pulpit, and his full voice was heard by each of the good old men. When the benediction was pronounced, while all the congregation were standing in silence, Poppy TEALE put his mouth to the ear of the other, and shouted with all his strength of lungs: 'I say, Uncle DAVID, was n't that REAL POT-PIE!' The audience very slowly and (*perhaps*) solemnly retired. - - - Is not this a beautiful passage which we quote from the letter of a lady-correspondent in Boston? It so impresses us: 'I awoke this morning, silently reciting a poem by WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK. My dear husband had read to me before retiring, from LONGFELLOW'S 'FRITHIOF'S SAGA' the description of a mid-summer night in Sweden, where he says the watchman in his tower can see the sun all night long; speaks of the 'long, mild twilight,' as 'the silver clasp which unites to-day with yesterday,' and more that is very beautiful. The memory of the reading mingled with memories of the gifted dead, so that I answered the 'Good Morning' which was just then spoken, with asking: 'Is not a true poet de-

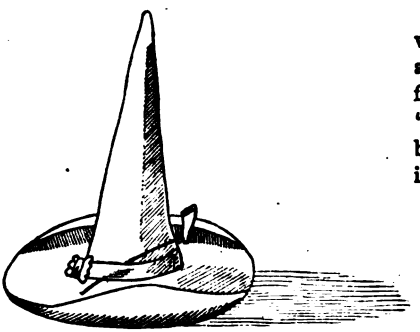
parted, like that sun of the Northland, which scarcely sets, and bears a golden glow along the horizon to his rising; and those who abide in the high places of literature never lose sight of his glory?' - - - JUNE is *supposed* to be upon us, although a good deal in advance as we write; but it is even warm now, and will very soon be warmer; and when the fervent heats *do* come, what can we better recommend to our readers, 'here and elsewhere,' than our old friend and KNICKERBOCKER-lover, *Lucius Hart's Plated and Britannia Double Ice-Pitchers*, which may be found (as well as all other Britannia and silver-plated goods, at the lowest wholesale prices) at his extensive store, Number Four and Six, Burling-Slip? Step down John-street to Burling-Slip and examine these now most seasonable pitchers. They are characteristically and quaintly advertised by Mr. HART as follows: "One SWALLOW does not make a SUMMER,' saith the proverb, but SWALLOWS from the PATENT ICE-PITCHER, taken 'all on a Summer's day,' will make one feel as if he were fanned by the breezes of AUTUMN.' Now is not that prettily expressed? - - - OUR friend 'C. H. P.' requests us not to publish his epistle: but how can we help it? It is too good to be kept private, while there is nothing in what we shall quote from it that might not be proclaimed from the house-tops. Will not the public be glad to hear from the *pen* of one whose *pencil* hath such a cunning skill? Moreover, will they not be glad to know that the observant eyes of 'JOHN PHŒNIX' are not to be 'lost to sight,' as was at one period seriously threatened? Yea verily: and 'hence we view' the reason why we venture to present a portion of our friend's epistle:

'I AM glad to be enabled to give you satisfactory intelligence touching the dimmed orbs of our beloved PHŒNIX. I think he has reason to 'bress de LOR' he got any eyes leff,' as the faithful NANCY would say. From the earliest stage of the difficulty to the present, he has been favored with no lack of advisers, and so beset with injunctions to 'take' all sorts of compounds, that the effect has been to add to the trouble by causing them all to become complete eye-sores to him. Indeed he has absorbed so much of drugs as to be almost made a drug of, if such a thing were possible. Not only have they fed him upon the rarest chemical decoctions, such as iodide of potassium, ipecacuanha, and other choice diet, but he has been 'multitudinously' regaled with that 'songster of the night, sweet Calomel.' He has also been 'shingled over' and clothed with poultices, as with a garment; and all these combined assaults effected at last a palpable *change*. 'And such a change! Oh! pills, and draughts, and plasters! ye are wondrous strong, and lovely in your strength, as is the glare of a 'bunged' eye inhuman.' Their effect was sufficiently potent to repair the existing obliquity, and educate the pupils into parallelism. This aberration removed, no particular difficulty is visible upon inspection of the organs. I have looked into their depths with all the earnestness of my Uncle TOBY when gazing into the melting orbs of the Widow WADMAN, and discovered no appearance of opaque matter; not a speck of sand, dust, chaff, beam, or moat, (nor draw-bridge, nor portcullis, for that matter,) any where floating therein. The slight remaining infirmity is doubtless seated more deeply: but the clutch of the disease is loosened, and a few well-delivered raps-medicinal upon its knuckles cannot fail to disjunct it altogether. The improvement is certainly so decided as to give him the occasional use of his pen without danger.

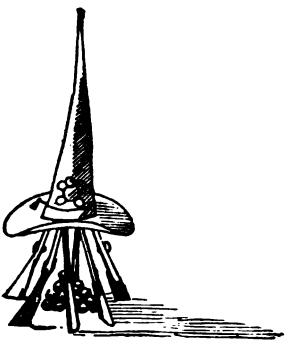
'I have perpetrated a small drawing of the new army uniform, as amended by PHŒNIX, which, if somebody who has borrowed it shall return in season, I will forward herewith. I have thought the new hat to be worthy of separate consideration, as to its convertible qualities; and some of the useful adaptations suggested by its form are shown in the rough sketches I inclose:'

And here come the *Illustrations of the Army Hat*, devised and introduced

by Floyd and Company, United States Hatters. And this, be it understood, was the envelope to the epistle which contained the drawings:



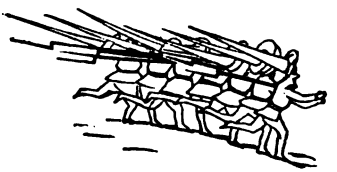
We open with a *full-length* view of the 'new and improved article' of American military uniform. Standing thus as it were 'alone in its glory,' the reader can behold the good taste that 'rules' in the war-department:

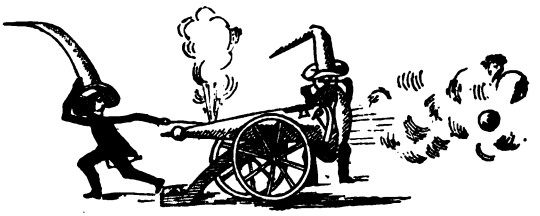


The second illustration exhibits the usefulness of the new 'Army Hat' in protecting arms and munitions of war. Observe how it broods over and covers them, like as the cap-sheaf of a wheat-stack covers and protects the grain beneath it, 'in Autumn's stormy hour:'

Our next cut represents a single specimen of a brave American soldier, and exhibits his terrific aspect when rushing upon the foe. Is it not replete with action? Reader, stand back!

Notice the formidable appearance of the troops in their new uniform, even during a retreat. They are hastily departing, like those at Bladensburgh, because, as the custodian of that battle-ground remarked, 'they do n't seem to take no interest:'





One of the most ingenious uses to which the new 'improvement' may be put, is represented in the subjoined engraving. How easy thus to transfer a body of infantry into an effective corps of 'red artillery!' And the terrific nature of the 'arm' is only equalled by the celerity with which it may be 'brought into the field.'

Perhaps there is no one thing in which the 'Army Hat' may be made more remarkable, than in its utility in transporting the progeny of the soldiers from place to place. This is well set forth in Drawing Number Six. It will not require a very close scrutiny, to recognize in the contents of the hat-basket a higgeldy-piggeldy group of 'little folk;' and one of them has a finger to his nose, in a very suspicious manner:

What would Anthony Van Corlaer have thought, could he have converted *his* hat ('fitted' like the one depicted below, 'with a brazen lining') into his favorite warlike instrument? But we live in an age of 'improvement:'

In the next cut, it is shown, how that, by a dexterous dodge, the 'Hat' entangles the weapon of the enemy, who, being instantly perforated, collapses. He receives the sword of his adversary, and 'expires without a groan:'

We come now to what we consider the *chef d'œuvre* of our artist. It shows 'how the Curatii are discomfited by a *coup de Hat.*' Perceive the rapid 'action:' observe the *chiar'oscuro:* notice the masterly 'handling:' remark the 'breadth' of the entire group: look at the fore-lengthening of the principal figure: view the sanguinary aspect of the entire scene:

Our tenth and last cut exhibits the extraordinary effect of a distant body of troops, under the 'New Hat System:'

Thus has it been shown, what an 'arm' has been invented, and is contained in the new 'Army Hat.' Every day adds to the inventorial and mechanical evidences of the genius of our country! - - - The other day we chanced in at the Apollo Rooms, where Troye's Oriental Paintings are to remain on exhibition a few days. The pictures are of large dimensions, embracing views of the Dead Sea, the River Jordan at 'the Ford,' the Sea of Tiberias, an Eastern Bazaar, and of a Syrian Ploughman, with magnificent Damascus in the background, and snowy cloud-embraced Hermon towering afar off. The artist has chosen for his subjects places famous in Scripture history, and faithfully represented on canvas the scenery, the purple sky, and soft atmosphere of the Orient, giving us also a very correct idea of the costumes, traffic, and rural occupations of the Syrians. - - - One of the things 'open to objection' in a person connected with an 'organ' of the Public, that many-headed monster, we think to be this: that he is expected to be wise, witty, or sententious, upon all occasions. Simply impossible. Do you happen to know *this*, reader, that every one Man is an epitome of what is termed The Public? Will you pardon the egotism that may be implied in what we are going to say? It is simply this: let *any* man, we care not who he may be; unlettered, 'lacking advantages,' and all that; but let that man express what he felt *when* he felt it; let him *write it*, as he told it to his friend, when he felt it, and all hearts will respond to him. This is the first time that we have said it, but we are going to say it now; namely: that, whether some little thing from our humble pen, which came from our heart, and brought the tears to our eyes, or something quite otherwise, which made us laugh so as to make the very echoes of the silent sanctum reverberate; we have, in twenty-five years' experience, found that we were not alone in our sorrow — not alone in our mirth.

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